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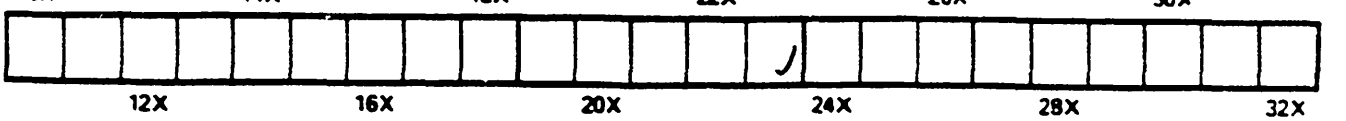


OLD-TIME COUNTRY COURTSHIP.

F. S. Challener.

EARLY OCTOBER.

—J. W. Beatty.

AN OLD FARM.

—Homer Watson.

RETURN OF THE FISHERS.

—C. S. Hagarty.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

CANADA'S NATIONAL FAIR.

FEAST OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS.—DECORATIVE PANEL.
—G. A. Reid.

THE magnificent success of Canada's National Exhibition of 1904 is a striking demonstration of the progress the Dominion is making toward nationhood. There are many notable and excellent industrial and agricultural exhibitions throughout the country, from Halifax to Vancouver, but that held at Toronto unquestionably takes the lead. Here are presented exhibits from almost every part of our wide Dominion. Those from the Yukon, from Edmonton, from New Ontario, were a genuine surprise to the visitor. The exhibits of our great railways, the Intercolonial, Grand Trunk, and Canadian Pacific, bring vividly before us the immense extent and exhaustless resources of our great country, especially in the magnificent live-stock exhibit, which cannot be surpassed, if, indeed, equalled, in the world.

The progress in high-class manufactures in all kinds of machinery, in carriages, automobiles, pianos, furniture, is an "eye-opener" to visitors from abroad, who have very inadequate views of the status which this young nation has attained. It was a cause for patriotic pride to note, displayed on nearly the whole of the very best of these exhibits, the announcement, "Made in Canada."

This annual exposition has become a national institution. We strongly commend the suggestion that its successful management take a long look ahead, plan for the far

COUNTESS RUSSELL.

—Sir P. Lely.

future, increase its area, and add year by year to its buildings upon a definite system. It already surpasses any annual fair held on the continent, and would thus in a few years have an equipment worthy of comparison with the great international expositions of the world. The commercial value of such an institution it is difficult to estimate. The sales secured through the advertising thus effected must be enormous, and capable of indefinite expansion.

The history of such fairs is an interesting record of human progress. They were originally, however, great gatherings for the purchase and sale of goods, or the hiring of servants, occasionally associated with religious festivals and popular entertainments. In the 5th century fairs were established in several French and Italian cities. The fair of St. Denis was instituted by Dagobert in 629, and the fair of St. Lazare by Louis VI. Aix-la-Chapelle and Troyes trace their fairs to about the year 800. Alfred the Great introduced them into England in 886, and in 960 they were established in Flanders.

Fairs for the sale of slaves were common throughout Germany and the north of Europe about the year 1000; and in 1071 they were encouraged in England by William the Conqueror. Slaves were sold also at St. Denis, and French children were taken in return to be bartered away in foreign countries:

A BREEZY DAY.

—F. McG. Knowles.

this trade was prohibited through the efforts of Bathilda, a wealthy freed-woman.

These fairs were of great value during the Middle Ages, and especially serviceable in rude and inland countries They had numerous privileges, and afforded special facilities for the disposal of goods. While commerce was burdened with every possible kind of taxes and tolls, and travel was not only difficult, but frequently unsafe, the fairs had generally the advantage of being free from imposts, and the merchants enjoyed the protection of the Government for their goods and persons.

Many fairs were associated with religious festivals, perhaps to insure a large concourse of people. In many places they are still held on the same day with the vigil or feast of the saint to whom the principal church of the town is dedicated. It was even customary in England and Germany to hold the fairs in the churches and churchyards.

To the priory of St. Bartholomew in London, founded early in the 12th century, Henry I. granted in 1133 the privilege of holding a fair on St. Bartholomew's Day. It was at first a great place of resort for traders and pleasure-seekers, but it declined in importance until it was only attended by itinerant showmen and the owners of a few

WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE.

—H. Spiers.

CLEARING UP.

—W. E. Atkinson.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Frank C. Cox.

stalls. The August fair of Horncastle, Lincolnshire, was long the largest horse fair in the kingdom, and was resorted to by dealers not only from Great Britain, but also from the Continent and the United States.

Fairs were held at Greenwich at Easter and Whitsuntide, which attracted large crowds of visitors from London to partake in the many amusements; but Greenwich fair was suppressed in 1857 by the police, the inhabitants having complained of it as a nuisance. Walworth, Camberwell, and Peckham fairs have also been suppressed. The most important mart in Scotland for cattle and sheep is Falkirk fair or tryst. The largest fair in Ireland for the sale of cattle and sheep, fruit and flowers, for a long period, was that held at Ballinasloe, in the counties of Galway and Roscommon. About 25,000 head of cattle, and 75,000 sheep, most of which are raised in Connaught, were annually brought to this fair. Donnybrook fair, celebrated for its noisy mirth and pugnacity, is now abolished.

In France the St. Denis fair, near Paris, both commercial and religious, was continued till the French Revolution in 1789. Lazare, St. Laurent, St. Germain, and St.

YORK STREET, TORONTO, TEMP. 1896.

—C. M. Manly.

Ovid fairs in Paris were also suppressed in the same year. Permanent markets have taken their place, as far as the sale of goods is concerned, and the popular shows and entertainments that used to attend them are now confined to the celebration of national holidays and church festivals.

In France a few fairs are still in existence, and enjoy a good trade. The most important is that of Beaucaire, which rivals the great fairs of Germany and Russia. It dates from the 13th century. In the very heart of the town an extensive square is appropriated for it, and thousands of stalls are erected, in which is offered for sale everything that forms an article of commerce. It is believed that often as many as 200,000 traders from all parts of the world assemble here. After dark the whole town is given up to gaiety, and the numerous show and concert and dancing saloons turn it into a pandemonium. It is estimated that the trade of the week of the fair amounts to $4,000,000 or $5,000,000.

The annual fairs in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other cities in Holland are scenes of great popular rejoicings. For several days and nights the streets are paraded by joyous crowds, and the usual sobriety of the Dutch yields to boisterous demonstrations.

The principal fair of Italy is that of St. Mary Magdalen in Sinigaglia, which is attended by traders from all parts of central and northern Europe, north Africa, and the Levant. Fairs of less consequence are held in other parts of Italy, as well as in Spain and Portugal. The most famous fair of Madrid is annually held on May 15th, at the hermitage of San Isidro del Campo, when the grand pilgrimage and festival of San Isidro draws thither crowds of the population. The great Hungarian fairs are held chiefly at Pesth, where the industrial products of Hungary are brought for sale.

The fairs of the greatest European importance, however, are those of Germany. They originated there, as in many other countries,

through religious festivals. Hence fairs were called *Kirchmessen*, church fairs, the German word *Messe* (fair), being derived from mass. The most prominent fairs are those of Leipsic, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Frankfort-on-the-Oder and Brunswick. The Leipsic fairs date from the 12th century, and are the most frequented. The principal articles of trade carried to the fairs are furs, yarn, silk, cloth, cotton goods, ribbons, hardware, toys, china, glass, and earthenware, drugs, grain, hides, leather, dyestuffs, colours, oils, alcohol, coal, and paper.

The most celebrated fairs of Russia are held in Nizhni-Novgorod. The January fair is specially for timber and articles in wood, and takes place on the frozen river; the July fair is devoted to the sale of horses; but the Peter-Paul fair, beginning August 5th, and lasting until the end of September, embraces every known product of Asia and Europe and exceeds in magnitude all other fairs in the world. The traders present during this season often number 200,000, and comprise representatives of every race and nation. The principal articles of trade are tea, grain, cotton, wool, horse and camel hair, hides, iron, copper, jewels, and furs; but every kind of manufacturing and agricultural produce is brought to this market. The sales amount to nearly $100,000,000. The Russian Government erected a bazaar for storing furs, shawls, and tea, and drew from each fair a rent of $200,000. This enormous building was destroyed by fire in 1864.

PENTRE DDU.

G. E. Spurr.

A great fair was long held at Mecca, during the annual pilgrimages. It has declined from its ancient magnitude, but the concourse still amounts to 100,000. The largest fair in India is held at the vernal equinox at Hurdwar, on the Upper Ganges. It is the season of the yearly pilgrimage, and from 200,000 to 300,000 strangers are then assembled in the town; every twelfth year, which is accounted peculiarly holy, nearly 2,000,000 pilgrims and dealers visit the pl

This fair is supplied with every article of home produce, and not only elephants, but tigers and other wild beasts are offered for sale. Previous to the British occupation, the fairs usually ended in bloodshed; but now perfect order is preserved.

According to Prescott, in both Mexico and Peru, long before the discovery of America, fairs were held for trade and barter. In the city of Mexico 50,000 persons were assembled.*

The first international exposition was held in Paris in 1844, and was so successful as to lead to the holding, under the inspiration of Prince Albert, in 1849, of the World's Fair in the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. This great structure has seldom been surpassed or equalled even by the great fair at St. Louis. It covered an area of nineteen acres. The fair was attended by over six million persons, had seventeen thousand exhibitors and, contrary to all ex-

EVENING GLOW.

—W. Cutts.

Modern national and international expositions have taken on the additional character of competitive displays of product for the encouragement of art and manufactures. The first industrial exposition of this character was held in Paris in 1798. These were repeated triennially down to 1849. In Great Britain the first industrial exposition in London in 1828 was a failure, but at Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham and Dublin successful local exhibitions were subsequently held.

pectations, left a profit of nearly a million dollars. It was hoped that this celebration of the triumphs of industry would inaugurate the reign of universal peace, but scarcely was it over before the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny began a series of wars which have been almost continuous in many parts of the world. Almost every country has its national or international fair. Conspicuous among these were those held in New York, Munich, several in Paris, Vienna, and other capitals of Europe. Australia, New Zealand, and Brazil.

*Abridged from Appleton's Encyclopædia

Our own Canadian fair, under the presidency for a score of years of the late John J. Withrow, developed from small beginnings to an institution of national importance. It is capable of indefinite expansion and improvement. It has become a great clearing-house for the exchange of ideas, and is thus of very great educational advantage. We think the mere entertainment part has been more than sufficiently developed, and especially the side shows, which but detract from the oils and water colours, without recognizing the important results which have been already achieved, and discerning the promise of still greater results in the future. Through the kind co-operation of His Majesty King Edward, Senator Drummond, and many other lovers of art, a very admirable loan collection was displayed which not only gave great pleasure to the observers, but cannot fail to aid greatly in the cultivation of taste and promotion of artistic skill.

ONTARIO FARMYARD.

—S. M. Martin.

study of the really magnificent and valuable departments of the exposition. The recent development of the process industries has proved of great interest. The new and improved machinery of all sorts is a continual surprise.

No criterion of the growth of civilization of any people is more striking than its artistic development. In this respect our national exposition is a milestone of remarkable progress. No one could visit the elegant art building, and study the paintings on its walls, in both

The present writer is no art connoisseur. He knows little of "values," or "tones," or "breadth." His criticism of the latter phrase would be somewhat like Sidney Smith's. "Yes, madame, just about two feet six wide." But the suggestions of beauty, the noble ideals presented, the poetic feeling and subtle interpretation of nature in many of these canvases appeal to every heart and mind.

Our Canadian artists, we think, excel in what may be called feeling. The landscape artists of France have

marvellous skill of technique, richness and ripeness of colour, but somehow seem to us unsympathetic and prosaic. We do not include in this, however, the Brabazon school. The English and Canadian landscape art, on the contrary, seems suffused with deep poetic feeling akin to that expressed in Wordsworth's verse.

Through the courtesy of the Ontario Society of Artists, and of its secretary, Mr. Robert F. Gagen, we

The delicate beauty of this titled lady gives slight indication of her strength of character. When her husband was under impeachment for high treason no counsel was allowed him, but the Countess Russell was permitted to assist him in writing "to help his memory." In spite of every effort to prevent the carrying out of an unjust sentence he was cruelly beheaded. His attainder was reversed immediately after the Revolution, and his father

RAINY DAY, CAPE ANN.

—R. F. Gagen.

are enabled to present half-tone copies of a number of the pictures kindly loaned for this exposition, or displayed by our Canadian artists. These half-tones, though admirably executed, give, however, a very inadequate conception of the richness of colour and texture of the originals. Some of these are of historic interest, like that of West's "Death of Wolfe," loaned by the King, and Sir Peter Lely's "Countess Russell," loaned by John Payne, Esq.

was created Duke of Bedford, 1694, the patent stating among the reasons for conferring the honour, that this was not the least, "that he was father to Lord Russell, the ornament of his age." The noble wife survived her martyred husband forty years, dying 1723, at the age of eighty-seven.

The restfulness of Mr. Homer Watson's picture of "The Old Farm," with the quaint thatched grange, and meditative kine, and deepening shadows in the back-

ground, appeals to our sensibilities in this hurried and restless age. Contrasted with this Old World scene is the more familiar Ontario farmyard of Mr. Martin. We all have seen it a hundred times; but somehow it looks more beautiful and picturesque in the painting than when, as boys, we drove the cattle home, or herded the sheep.

BELFRIES OF ST. DENIS.

—Charles W. Jefferys.

Mr. C. S. Hagarty's beautiful seaside picture, with its nut-brown fisher-women in their quaint Norman caps, takes us back to old Dieppe, or some other of the quaint Breton or Normandy fishing villages. Mr. G. A. Reid is master of the art of pictorial decoration, as shown by his mural paintings in the City Hall, and by the harmonious festal procession shown in the initial cut on first page. There is something almost picturesque in the rhythmic cadence of these figures, made more picturesque by the sharply outlined trees beneath which they march.

A human interest is given to some of these paintings by the introduction in noble landscape of a bit of sentiment, as in Mr. Challener's clever "Old Time Country Court-

WHERE THE BOATS COME IN.
—J. T. Rolph.

important thing for either book or picture. In Mr. Spiers' suggestive canvas, "When the Day's Work is Done," the title and the picture reinforce each other. How suggestive of repose is every line of the weary horses and rider amid the deepening twilight of the scene. In Mr. Atkinson's "Clearing Up," we can feel the sense of passing storm in the shadowed mere and in the brightening sky.

Quite often we find many artists going far afield in search of the picturesque, but Mr. Manly has found it in our very midst. We cannot help thinking the scene looks better in the painting than amid the somewhat sordid surroundings of the Little Jewry of our city slums.

There are fine exhibits of some of those seaside bits which lend themselves so readily to artist use. The broad reaches of river or shore, the picturesque net reels and billowing sails and fishing gear of Mr.

ship," and Mr. Cox's striking picture "Good-Night." A dash of humour in the former, and the somewhat pensive twilight effect of the latter, are singularly pleasing.

"What a thought that was," says Ruskin, "when God made a tree." Small wonder that the Druids held in special reverence the oak, sacred to the mistletoe, and that the ash tree, Ygdrasil, plays so marked a part in the Norse mythology. Mr. Beatty's "Early October" indicates the wonderful transformation of wood and grove in our glorious autumn months, when the forest is like a Joseph with his coat of many colours. Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles is more frequently seen in marines than landscapes. In his "Breezy Day," he cannot quite get away from the water, and the slow canal barge contrasts with the energy of outline in his majestic trees.

A good title is an

HIGH TIDE, CAPE COD.
—S. S. Tully.

Cutts' "Evening Glow," recall some sunny afternoons of our holidays. Mr. Gagen's "Rainy Day, Cape Ann," has all the sombre magnificence of the ocean shore after a storm, when the sea-gulls shriek, and the waves boom upon the rugged rocks.

> "Break, break, break on
> thy cold crags, O sea,
> I would that my tongue
> could utter the thoughts
> that arise in me."

MOONRISE.
—F. H. Brigden.

Mr. Rolph's "When the Boats Come In," and Mr. Tully's "High Tide at Cape Cod," interpret other phases of this seaside life which has such an ineffable charm for the artist and the lay tourist as well. Mr. Jefferys' "Belfries of St. Denis" is a very effective picture, thoroughly French in landscape and architecture. The "ever whispering poplars," and the quaint belfries, silhouetted against the sky, from which we can almost hear the ringing of the Angelus, bring a sense of calm and peace.

Moonlight effects are notoriously difficult to secure; but the blending of obscurity and high lights, the sense of mystery and suggestion, are all embodied in Mr. Brigden's admirable "Moonrise."

Mr. Verner has made Indian subjects specially his own. His many pictures of stately bison are a memorial of a feature of our landscape for ever passed away. Markedly effective, too, is his canoe brigade on Lake Superior, the texture of the bark canoe is shown, and the moment of pause from strenuous effort is admirably indicated, as are also the canoes appearing vaguely through the mist in the background.

ON LAKE SUPERIOR.
—F A. Verner.

MY MOTHER.

BY W. A. MACKAY, B.A., D.D.

Place—Cromarty, north of Scotland.
Time—A.D. 1836.
Scene—A Highland wedding solemnized in Gaelic.
Clergyman—Rev. Dr. McDonald, the famous Apostle of the North.
Bridegroom—John MacKay, aged 29.
Bride—Marion MacKay, aged 22.

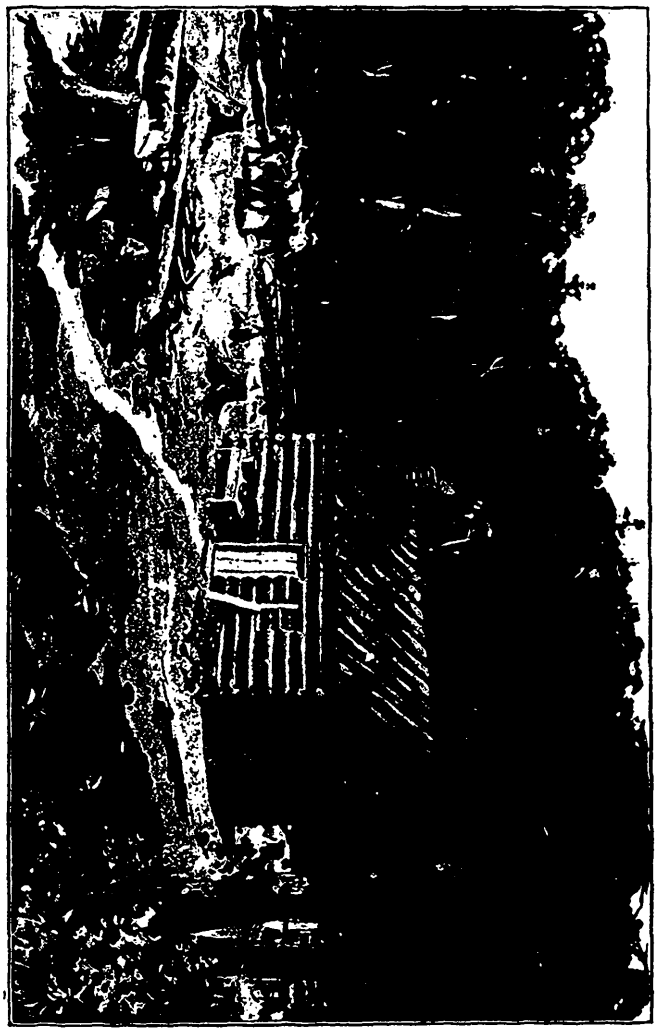
THAT bridegroom was my father, and the bride was my mother. The latter is to be the subject of this paper. The wedding had a touch of romance about it. My mother's people, wearied of the oppressions of Highland landlords, had hurriedly determined to emigrate to America. My father was at the time slowly recovering from a fever; and at first it was arranged that he and his people should follow my mother and her people to this country two years later. But with that determination and impulsiveness which characterized his whole life, my father the day before that set for the sailing, roused himself, and that he might not be separated from his affianced, set out alone on foot to the port, nine miles distant. The effort was too much, and although he accomplished the journey and went through the marriage ceremony, he suffered a severe relapse, and required the tender nursing of his young bride during the ten weeks of ocean voyage.

MY MOTHER IN THE EIGHTY-SIXTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

In the summer of 1836 they landed in Zorra, Ontario, having little more than Adam and Eve had when they began housekeeping. But they possessed heroic faith, sound bodies, strong wills and indomitable perseverance. Happy in each other's love, they set to work to build a log shanty, and hew out for themselves a home in the dense forest. The nearest neighbour was two miles distant, and I have heard my mother tell how, when the fire went out, she had to go that far to get a brand. There was no road cut, but only a "blaze" by which to trace the way. Bears and wolves infested the woods, and mosquitoes swarmed like the flies of Egypt.

The little log cabin was only twelve by eighteen feet, and nine or ten feet high. The roof was constructed of basswood logs, hollowed out and laid alongside each other, with the hollow side up. Then other logs, similarly hollowed, were laid

on these with the hollow side down, and so as to overlap those underneath. Such a roof was waterproof, but by no means proof against the fiercely driven snow, and we sometimes woke up in the morning to find the bed covered with the beautiful flakes. It gave us, however, no rheumatism or cough, but on the contrary developed healthy muscles and stout lungs. The beds of us boys were, of course, in the loft, and to them we mounted by means of pegs driven into the wall. The openings between the logs of the walls were filled with moss obtained from the trees, and were daubed with soft clay. The fireplace was constructed of stones, wood and clay. There was one window of four panes of glass, six by eight inches each.



INTERIOR VIEW OF A PIONEER'S HOUSE.

In such a house my mother, only twenty-three years of age, and more than two miles from the nearest neighbour, spent her first winter in

Canada. For part of the winter she was day and night alone, father having to go fifteen miles to thrash wheat in order to get flour, which he brought home on his back. In after years she used to tell how the wolves one night came howling round the shanty, and how she took a blazing brand of fire and chased them away. A bear, however, succeeded in carrying off their only pig.

Humble and solitary as the pioneer cabin was, the blessing of the Most High rested upon it. The incense of prayer and praise ascended every morning and evening, and the Divine Hand was recognized in every event and every experience.

My father in some respects was a striking contrast to mother. He, impulsive, energetic, practical; she, quiet, meditative, devotional. But they were alike in their industry and frugality, their intense love for their children, and readiness to deny themselves of the ordinary comforts of life for their sake. I have known father thrashing wheat with a flail, feeding cattle or felling trees every day during the long winter, and then working at his loom till midnight. His education, like that of all the pioneers, was limited; but he could read and write, and he had a passionate desire to have all his children well educated. The girls received all the training the common schools of the time afforded, and were then sent from home for a time to learn sewing and domestic science generally. We boys had to work hard morning and evening; but very seldom, summer or winter, were we kept from school, no matter how pressing the work might be.

Much has been said in criticism of the strictness of family discipline in pioneer days. And as compared with the insubordination and looseness of to-day, the early discipline was strict. We were expected to complete our work as far as possible on Saturday night, so that there might be no unnecessary work on the Sabbath. The wood was to be all carefully piled up on one end of the hearth, and no sticks brought in on the Sabbath; even the water for Sunday was to be carefully looked after on Saturday evening. Our shoes must be cleaned over night. On the Sabbath whistling was strictly forbidden, and our conversation was to be "becoming the day." All this discipline was trying enough to boyish nature, but it did us good; it taught us to bear the yoke in our youth and to respect authority. If we had more of it to-day there would be less need for the Sunday Alliance. The curse of our day is lawlessness, and that lawlessness begins in the nursery.

Of a family of eleven, nine—six sons and three daughters—grew up to manhood and womanhood. Of the six sons, five entered the Christian ministry. The other remained on the homestead to take care of our parents.

It is of mother that I wish to speak particularly in this paper. I have elsewhere written at length of the faith and nobility of our pioneer fathers.* But what of the mothers? I fear I have not done them justice. Have they not even more to do than the fathers in determining the character of the children, and consequently that of the State and Church. Some of the choicest virtues are not seen so much in the public as in the quiet obscure life. Many a Christian woman, living in private life, manifests a glory of character not to be found in the glitter and glare of fashionable society. Certainly, to learn aright the lessons of pioneer life, we must study not merely the character of the men in their relationships one

* "Pioneer Life in Zorra." By Rev. W. A. MacKay, B.A., D.D., with Introduction by Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., M.P.P. Toronto: William Briggs.

to another, but also that of the women in the quiet home life.

My first remembrance of my mother is that of kneeling at her side and repeating after her the Lord's prayer. There, with her hand quietly pressed on my head, she would say, in her native Gaelic, "A Thighearn beanniche mo chalachiam," "O Lord, bless my boy." I can still see her, as bending over the cradle, she used to sing so softly and sweetly:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon my little child.

How sweet the memory of those Sabbath hours when, beneath the spreading beech, she talked with us of heavenly things; and sometimes, with tears in her eyes, entreated us to give our hearts early to Jesus, and not to allow childhood's days to be spent in sin.

Just now as I write I have in my mind a picture of my mother, which I wish I could transfer to paper.

INTERIOR VIEW OF A PIONEER'S HOUSE.

Her face is radiant with heavenly joy; her eyes, hazel brown, indicating depth of religious feeling; her voice tender, gentle, soothing; the words of counsel or comfort flowed from her lips like music, and dropped into the heart like balm. Near by her I see the little old spinning-wheel, at which she worked so industriously, sometimes till the midnight hour, making yarn that would be woven on father's loom into garments for her household. I see her as she was wont to visit her children in bed always before she retired to her own, carrying a candle in one hand, and with the other tucking the bedclothes around us, impressing a good-night kiss upon the lips of any little urchin who might be awake. My mother was neither a Mary nor a Martha, but a happy combination of both.

Among the most sacred memories of my mother is that of her evening and morning devotions. Always when the time came, she sought some place of retirement—in winter some quiet room in the house, and in summer the woods near by—where, completely secluded from every human eye, she poured out her soul in prayer. Sometimes I, stealthily and unseen, approached her. But the scene was too solemn for me, and awestruck, I hastened away, walking on tip-toe lest I should disturb her. Few things more powerfully impressed my boyish heart or more effectually influenced my course of life than these hours.

I have seen my mother retire for prayer, often wearied, and sometimes sad and broken-hearted, but from that seclusion she emerged with a face radiant with the light of heaven, and braced to meet the trials and hardships incident to the life of the early pioneer women of this country. During the day the joy of her heart found frequent expression in her singing, in a soft, sweet, treble voice, verses of a psalm or snatches of Gaelic hymns or songs.

My mother's religion was intensely experimental in its character. She knew the letter of her Bible and catechism as few do today; but she rested not in the letter; she sought the spirit. Brought up among a people who were stubbornly attached to old Highland usages and who regarded church organs and hymns as inventions of Satan, she cheerfully learned to give these their proper place in worship, while she emphasized the essentials. Forms and ceremonies were of little consequence to her, but she clung to a personal Christ with all the intensity of her being. She walked with Jesus, talked with Him, lived with Him, and lived on Him, and became more like Him to the end.

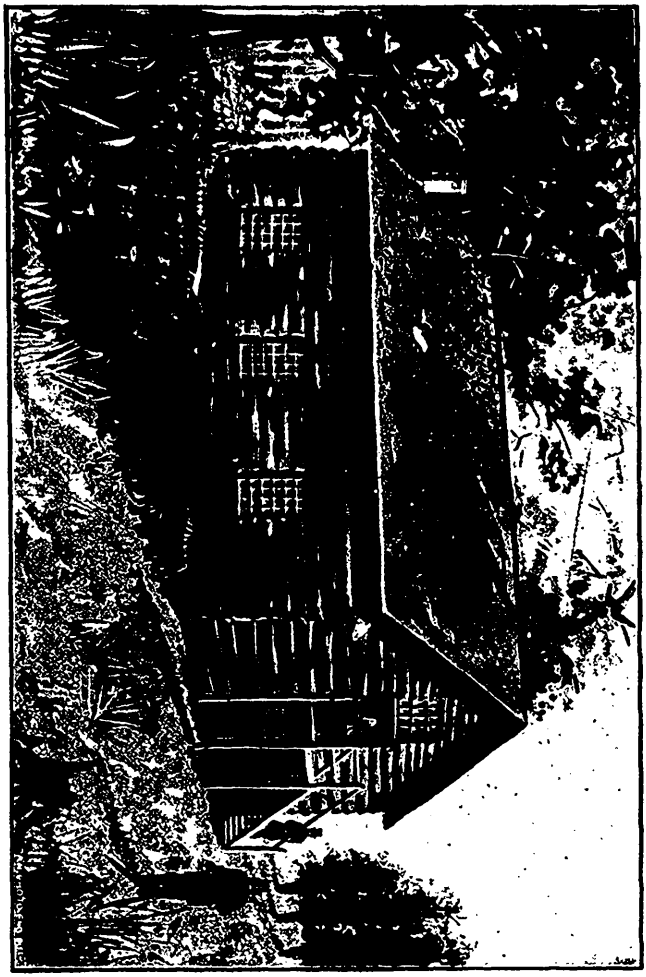
The following story, which, with many others of a similar kind, she often told her children, strikingly illustrates the character of her own religion.

"There was once," said she, "a man who owned a garden that was full of useless or harmful weeds. But one day a stranger gave him the seed of a plant possessing wonderful vitality. This seed the man sowed in his garden, and then went his way, not thinking of it for some time. But one day, opening his garden gate, he was surprised and delighted to see that the seed had not only produced a beautiful plant, but that the plant had such power as to destroy all the weeds in the garden. And he beheld from one end of the garden to the other this beautiful flower, and enjoyed its sweet fragrance.

"That garden," said my mother, "is the human heart, by nature full of evil. The seed is the grace of God. Get grace into your hearts, my children, and it will destroy the

evil, and make your hearts pure and your lives beautiful."

In few things did the pioneers set a better example to parents of the present day than in their determination to bring up their children under Christian influence. We lived five miles from a church; but the Sunday was very exceptional, indeed, when father and mother and the four or five children who could walk that distance and back, were not present. Well do I remember that pew in the end gallery in which we sat; first mother and last father, with the children in the order of their ages between, the youngest, of course, sitting next to mother. In the pew there was a well-thumbed Gaelic Bible and psalm-book, and we were all expected to remember the text when we returned home. It was not necessary to look on a book when singing, as the precentor "lined" the psalm.



ZORRA'S OLD LOG CHURCH, ERECTED 1822-3.

After returning from the church, having travelled ten miles, some of us set out gleefully on another mile

journey to our Sunday-school. We were not told that this was hard work, and so we never thought of it in that light, but we felt that life was real and earnest and should take serious account of eternity.

Early in life I was removed from the sacred influence of home and placed in circumstances of peculiar peril, but thanks to my mother's counsel and prayers, I was sustained, and the very dangers that beset my path became beacons of warning to guide me to duty. And if, through a Christian ministry extending over a whole generation, I have been of some service to my fellowmen, it has been largely due to my mother's teaching and example before I was thirteen years of age. I cannot but observe how striking the contrast between the profound anxiety of so many of these Highland Scotch pioneers for the moral and religious upbringing of their children, and the criminal indifference in the same matter manifested by so many parents to-day!

I have spoken of five of her sons entering the ministry. I do not know that my mother ever requested any of her boys to become ministers. But we were taught to be truthful and honest, to fear God, to love the right and hate the wrong. We were in a hundred little ways instructed that the great end of life was to do good. As we grew up this conviction increased until we felt that the ministry was our calling, and that we would not be happy in any other course of life. To-day we hear very much about the ever decreasing number of candidates for the Christian ministry. The great remedy lies in the home and with the mothers.

A kind providence so willed it that for many years my mother sat under my ministry, and nearest to my pulpit, just in front of me, so that her eye was ever upon me. And next to the power of the Spirit was the inspiration of her presence. How her face would light up with a heavenly smile, as I presented to my hearers the beauty of the Saviour's character, the tenderness of His love, the efficiency of His atonement and the glories of the eternal world. Into that world she has now entered and is enjoying the presence of Him whom she loved and served so well through a long life of eighty-seven years on earth. Will any one say that this woman, quietly living in humble life, belonging to no club or society, known only to her own family and a few others, did not exert an influence for good incomparably greater than many of the women of so-called "culture" and "society" of to-day?

THE FALLING LEAVES.

Lightly He blows, and at His breath they fall,
The perishing kindreds of the leaves; they drift,
Spent flames of scarlet, gold aërial,
Across the hollow year, noiseless and swift.
Lightly He blows, and countless as the falling
Of snow by night upon a solemn sea,
The ages circle down beyond recalling,
To strew the hollows of Eternity.
He sees them drifting through the spaces dim,
And leaves and ages are as one to Him.

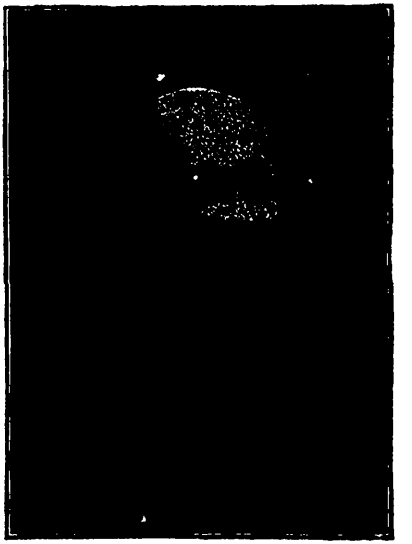
—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

RECENT SCIENCE.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

WHEN a mathematician intends to analyze the effects of some cause over a wide field of phenomena, he wilfully neglects in his calculations a number of secondary causes interfering with the same phenomena; he tries to ascertain the effects of the main cause in their simplest form. He calls then the result which he has obtained "a first approximation." Later on, after all the effects of the main cause have been studied in detail and verified upon thousands of applications, and when it appears that the main cause is not sufficient to explain all the phenomena, then a generation or two of explorers apply their energies towards disentangling the effects of all those causes which were neglected at the outset, but some of which may entirely alter the aspect of the phenomena. They endeavour to find a new expression for the law enunciated in the first approximation, to discover some still broader generalization of which the first would appear as a consequence, or as a particular case only.

All sciences proceed in this way. All "natural laws" (as was admirably expressed once by Mendeleeff, in the discussion of his own periodical law), have the same character of successive approximation—Kepler's laws of the movements of planets; the Boyle-Marriott's law of gases; nay, universal gravitation itself, whose cause and relations to attractions and repulsions at small distances have yet to be found. The more so is it true of the series of great discoveries



PRINCE PETER ALEXEIVITCH KROPOTKIN.

which were made in 1858-1862; the kinetic theory of gases, the mechanical theory of heat, the periodic law of chemical elements, the physico-chemical basis of life, the cell theory, the origin of species. All these are now under revision, not because any one doubts the mechanical origin of heat and electricity, or the physical basis of life, or the mutability of species, but because nearly all that could be done on the solid ground of the "first approximations" has been done, and new, still more generalized expressions of these natural laws are sought for. Of course, the "man in the street" and the semi-scientist who knows something of the results of science, but is not familiar with the methods of scientific discovery, never fail to raise at such times their voices and to proclaim "the failure of science." In reality, however, these are periods when the birth is prepared of

still wider and still deeper generalizations.

The naturalist wants to know the cause of the variations which we call "accidental." Are they really hap-hazard, or, maybe, do they take certain definite directions—partly under the influence of environment, and partly as a result of previous evolution? And if it be so, what is the real part of natural selection in the evolution of new species? In other words, the naturalist is no longer satisfied with saying that—supposing there were no other causes at work but the accidental individual variations which appear in each species, the hereditary transmission of these variations, and natural selection in the struggle for life—these three causes alone would do to explain the origin of species and their marvellous adaptation to environment. He wants to know, not how species may have originated, but how they do originate in reality.

It would be materially impossible to give even a faint idea of the immense, overpowering amount of work which is being done now in this direction, and still less of the numerous side-issues involved in this work. One group only of these researches will consequently be analyzed in the following pages: the work that is being done, experimentally, in order to see how the structure, the various organs, and the forms of plants and animals are modified by environment. "Experimental morphology" or "physiological morphology" is the name of this young branch of science.

Variability is a law of nature. Just as there are not two men exactly alike, so there are not two plants or two animals which would not differ from each other in many respects. It appears, however, that variability, even if it be quite accidental and "hap-hazard," has its laws. If we measure the length of the wings in a great number of birds, or the dimensions of many crabs, or the stature of many men, we find that the accidental differences below and above the average are submitted to the same laws as accidental errors in a physical or astronomical measurement. The number of small variations is very great, while the larger ones are relatively few. Moreover, it appears that although individual variations are greater, as a rule, than they were supposed to be, they soon reach a limit. Galton has proved, and biologists have confirmed it, that the more exceptionally some peculiarity is developed in a number of individuals, the more their descendants will have the tendency to revert to the average type; there will be a "retrogression"—a "return to mediocrity"—unless some external or inner cause tends to accentuate variation in the same direction.

Altogether, Quetelet's law applies only to those cases in which variations are strictly accidental—that is, hap-hazard in the true sense of the word; in such cases the variations in one direction compensate those which occur in the opposite direction; and if we figure them by means of a curve, the curve is symmetrical. But in very many cases the curves are not symmetrical; the variations below the average are not equal in numbers to those above the average. We have then, as W. T. Thistleton-Dyer would say, "a stimulated variation." The curve may even indicate by its form the appearance of a new incipient species, modified in this or that of its features. In such cases it is the duty of experimental morphology to step in and to find out which cause or group of causes may tend to modify the species.

An immense amount of work is being done now in this domain;

and it is a growing conviction among biologists that, at least as regards plants, there is not one single organ which could not be modified in a permanent way by merely altering the conditions of temperature, light, moisture, and especially nutrition, under which the plant is reared at certain early periods of its development.

There is no lack of evidence, also, taken from the higher plants. The experiments of Gaston Bonnier are especially striking. He shows how, by transplanting several plants from a valley to an Alpine level in the Alps and the Pyrenees, or vice versa, he entirely changed, in one single generation, both the general aspect of the plant and its inner structure. Both were rendered "Alpine" in a plant taken from the valley, and vice versa, and new races or varieties adapted to their new surroundings —"incipient species," to use Darwin's words—were thus obtained under the direct influence of environment.

During the last few years Bonnier has made his experiments even more conclusive by submitting plants to artificial cold and excessive moisture—permanent in some experiments and alternating with warmth and dryness in others. In this way he transformed valley plants into their Alpine varieties in the course of a couple of months. He took several annual and several bi-annual plants—obtained from the same seeds or from a division of one individual—and divided them into four lots. Lot 1 was brought up in a box provided with a glass wall turned northwards, and kept by means of ice at a low temperature, which only varied between 38 degrees and 48 degrees Fahr., while moisture within the box was kept at from 80 to 96 per cent. Lot 2 was cultivated in the open air at Fontainebleau, and was thus submitted to the usual summer variations of temperature (59 degrees to 86 degrees Fahr.) and moisture (from 64 to 91 per cent.). Lot 3 was submitted, like Alpine plants, to the extremes of temperature and moisture; it was brought up at day time in the open air, and at night in the iced box. Finally, there was a fourth lot, submitted to the same conditions as 1 and 3, but less severe, in a warmer box. In two months the plants of the first lot, and especially those of the third lot (submitted to sudden changes), had already taken the general and the special characters of Alpine plants—smaller size; stronger stems with short internodes; smaller, thicker, and stronger leaves; and, with those of them which bloomed, a more rapid blooming. The plants of the third lot had even taken the reddish colour of the leaves characteristic of Alpine plants (due in both cases to the presence of anthocyan), while those of Lot 1 remained quite green. Lot 2 remained, of course, unchanged; and the plants of Lot 4 were more similar to those which had grown in the open air than to those of the two other lots. No better proof of adaptive forms created directly by environment could be given.

Another series of equally successful experiments was made by Bonnier, in order to see whether Fontainebleau plants cultivated on the shores of the Mediterranean, would not take the well known characters of circum-Mediterranean vegetation, due to the special climate conditions of the region (woody stems, broader, thicker, leather-like leaves with strong nerves; and so on). Two lots of plants belonging to forty-three different species, some of them bi-annuals, but originated in each case from the same individual, were

grown—one lot at La Garde, near Toulon, and the other at Fontainebleau, in soil brought from La Garde. Nearly all species of the first lot took, in the very first generation, more or less the Mediterranean aspect, but none of them showed variation in the opposite direction. During the second summer the changes were even more marked.

If Bonnier's experiments stood quite alone, they would already carry a considerable weight; but at the present time any number of similar researches and experiments could be mentioned—all telling the same tale of a direct action of the conditions of growth for producing considerable and rapid adaptive changes in plants. Joh. Schmidt, for instance, obtains at will the anatomical structure of the leaves in the sea-pea (Lathyrus maritimus) which characterizes the East Danish or the West Danish specimens of this species by simply adding more or less salt to the water with which he waters his cultures, or by altering the amount of exposure to sunlight during germination. W. Wollny, taking up the whole question of the influence of moisture upon the forms and the structure of plants, proves by experiments conducted in three separate conservatories—one very dry, the other very damp, and the third of an average dampness—that this factor alone is capable of producing the most important modifications in plants, both in their forms and their structure. A great dampness increases, of course, the growth of the stems and leaves, but hinders the development of chlorophyll; the stomates appear on both sides of the leaves and increase in numbers and size; while the thorns of our common furze (Ulex europoeus) are completely transformed into leaves—that is, he obtains by surplus moisture the opposite of what Lhotelier obtained in a very dry atmosphere. And so on.

Experiments tending to prove that adaptive characters in animals may be a direct result of their physical environment are evidently less numerous than they are for plants. Not only are such experiments more difficult, but they require also accommodations which the zoologist seldom has at his disposal. Our marine and lacustrine biological stations are few, and inland zoological stations are still smaller in numbers. Still, there are already a few researches which will throw some light on the subject.

In lower animals variations are easily obtained by altering their surroundings. Thus Kunstler has found that with the protozoa a slight change in the conditions of their life, such as the keeping of the basins of the zoological garden all the year round under glass, results in considerable variation which renders certain species unrecognizable. With higher organisms variation must necessarily be slower, but it is none the less evident. H. M. Vernon, who has experimented upon something like ten thousand larvae, or plutei of echinoderms—chiefly sea-urchins—has found that the sizes of the larvae and the proportions of their different parts may be altered by mere changes of temperature. If the temperature of the water in which the fecundation of the eggs takes place be lowered to 46 degrees Fahrenheit, be it only for a minute, or raised beyond a certain limit, the obtained larvae are by about 5 per cent. shorter than the average ones. If a small quantity of fresh water, or an extremely small quantity of uric acid, be added to the salt water in which the larvae are bred, they will increase in size by from 10 to 15 per cent.;

and in all cases the proportion of the appendages to the body will be altered. Individuals which, if they were found isolated would have been described as separate sub-races, are produced by mere changes of temperature, salinity, and proportion of nourishing substances in water.

The researches of Dr. A. Vire into the cave-dwelling animals of France, and especially the experiments he has made, under Milne-Edwards, in a laboratory specially arranged for this purpose in the obscurity of Paris catacombs, are still more conclusive. It is known that the animals which live in caves and subterranean streamlets offer certain peculiarities. In most cases they are blind; their eyes have been atrophied, while the organs of touch and smell (Leydig's "Riechzapfen") have taken a considerable development. The animal takes altogether a form so different from its nearest relatives living in broad daylight that the cave-dwellers are usually described by zoologists as separate species. As to the current explanation of the cave-forms, it is well known. Out of countless accidental individual variations which occur in each species (slightly less developed eyes, slightly increased organs of the other senses) natural selection has picked out, in a long succession of generations, those individuals which accidentally exhibited variations favourable for cave-life. They survived and left progeny, while those which did not exhibit the useful variations died out. An explanation, by the way, which it is easy to suggest, but very difficult to submit to the test of experiment. Volumes have consequently been written to prove that such a "retrogressive variation" of certain organs offers no difficulty for the theory of natural selection.

The researches of Vire lead the whole discussion in a different channel—that of experiment. A few years ago Vire and Raymond discovered in the Cevennes caves two crustaceans which were described by Dollfus as new species (Sphaeromides raymondi and Stenasellus virei). Both crustaceans had no eyes, but the organs of touch (fine, movable hairs) and the organs of smell (the "Riechzapfen") had taken a considerable development. The latter were especially large in comparison with those of the common Asellus which lives in the open-air little streams about Paris. It was found also that while the common Asellus of the streams has a well-developed eye, coloured black, the same Asellus has it much paler when it lives under ground, and only a red spot is retained in the catacombs; finally, there is no trace of an eye in the Cevennes Stenasellus. This was the result of observation. Then, since 1897, Vire began direct experiments on these animals, which he continued in the laboratory opened in the catacombs. These experiments are only at their beginning, but still they have already given some important results.

A considerable amount of research is being made at the same time in order to find out the physiological causes of colour and coloration in the animal kingdom. Every one remembers, of course, the charming chapter "Colour and Environment" in Wallace's "Darwinism," written from the point of view of natural selection.

In the Arctic regions (he wrote) there are a number of animals which are wholly white all the year round, or which only turn white in winter. . . . The obvious explanation of this style of coloration is that it is protective, serving to conceal the herbivorous species from their enemies, and enabling

carnivorous animals to approach their prey unperceived. (And further on:) Whenever we find Arctic animals which, from whatever cause, do not require protection by the white colour, then neither the cold nor the snow-glare have any effect upon their coloration. The sable retains its rich brown throughout the Siberian winter. . . . Then we have that thoroughly Arctic animal, the musk-sheep, which is brown and conspicuous; but this animal is gregarious, and its safety depends upon its association in small herds.

But what about the Polar fox, it may be asked, one of the most gregarious animals in Steller's times?—the Arctic and sub-Arctic birds, which surely need no protection, when they come together in scores of thousands to rear their progeny in the Arctic and sub-Arctic lands?—the white Arctic owls?—or the Yakute horses?—which also breed in small groups like the musk-sheep, never undergo artificial selection, and yet display that well-known marked tendency for a white coating? So much so that Middendorff, in our discussions in the early times of Darwinism, used to make of these horses a favourite argument to prove the necessity of a physiological explanation as against the natural selection explanation of the dusky and sandy coloration of these animals.

The matter is, however, beset with great difficulties, which one realizes in full on reading the honest statement and analysis of our knowledge—or, rather our ignorance—in these matters which is made by Miss Newbigin in her book "Colour in Nature" (London, 1898). We certainly are bound to recognize that the beautiful colours which we see on the wings of the butterflies and the moths are in some way connected with the physiological activity of the insect. Surely, as has been shown by Scudder and further confirmed by A. G. Mayer, in 1897, the markings of the butterflies and moths are not accidental but structural. The markings are disposed symmetrically in the consecutive interspaces between the nervures; the ocelli are usually situated between the same branches of homologous veins; and so on. Even when the markings are changed in our experiments, the changes, as indicated by Fisher, follow certain rules; while other changes may be explained either by an arrest of development or an increased internal activity for maintaining the necessary temperature, as was suggested by Urech. We surely may continue to say that the markings of insects are "accidental;" but we must take the word accidental in the sense Darwin used it—that is, due to causes still unknown—and in no other sense but this.

One fact relative to the colours and the markings of a number of butterflies and moths is, however, well established by this time; namely, that they depend to a great extent upon the conditions of temperature and light under which the caterpillars and the pupae of these lepidoptera have been reared.

Finally, we have the well-known experiments of E. B. Poulton, who changed the colours of several common species of British caterpillars from green to various hues of brown and grey by rearing them amidst darkened surroundings (black and brown twigs were mixed with their food, or they were placed in dark-painted boxes, and so on), and the experiments of J. T. Cunningham on fishes. Poulton's experiments are so well known to the general reader from his most interesting popular book, "Colour in Animals," as also from Wallace's Darwinism," that a mere reference

to these now classical researches is sufficient. As to the experiments of J. T. Cunningham, although they are less known, they are also very conclusive. It is known that in most fishes the upper surface is more or less coloured, while the lower surface remains uncoloured and has a silvery aspect; and that this double coloration is generally supposed to have originated as a means of protection for the fishes. It evidently permits a fish not to be detected by its enemies. However, Cunningham made experiments in order to see whether the absence of coloration on the ventral surface may not be due to the absence of light falling upon it. He consequently kept a number of young flounders in two separate basins, one of which was provided with mirrors so as to illuminate the lower surface of the fishes as well, while the other was of the ordinary sort. The result was that, after a time, a certain amount of coloration appeared on the ventral sides of the flounders of the first basin, and then spreading both ways towards head and tail. It is true that small spots of pigment appeared on the ventral surfaces of a few fishes of the second basin as well, as they often do in nature; but the percentage of spotted individuals was small and the spots did not increase.

It must be confessed that all these researches are only first steps towards the foundation of a science of which the need is badly felt—the physiological experimental morphology of animals. These first steps are in the right direction; but they are very slow, and probably will remain slow so long as the matter is not taken in hand by physiologists. Consequently, without even attempting to touch upon the wide subject of variation in free nature, or of palaeontological evidence, I will permit myself to mention here one set only of observations taken from this vast domain, because they throw some additional light upon the facts mentioned in the foregoing pages. I mean the well-known collection of land molluscs which was brought together by J. T. Gulick, and which illustrates the incredible amount of variation which takes place in the family of Achatinellae on the small territory of the Oahu Island of the Sandwich group. Having lately had the privilege of examining this collection at Boston under the guidance of Professor Hyatt, who gave me full explanations about the work he is doing now upon this collection, I will take the liberty of adding a few words to what has been said about it by Wallace and Romanes. The Oahu Island has, as is known, a range of mountains nearly forty miles long along its eastern coast. Several valleys are excavated on the inner slope of this range, and each valley has its own representatives of the Achatinellae land molluscs, which could be described in full conscience as separate species, more than one hundred in number, with several hundred varieties. A broad valley separates this range from another shorter and lower range running along the opposite coast.

We have thus a solid body of evidence growing from year to year, and showing us how variations in the structure and the forms of animals, and especially of plants, are arising in nature as a direct result of the mutual intercourse between organism and environment. To this Weismann and his "neo-Darwinist" followers will probably reply that all these facts are of little value, because acquired characters are not transmitted by heredity. We have seen that in plants they are.

We are consequently authorized

to suspect—although proof or disproof of this has not yet been attempted—that something similar will be found in animals; that, for instance, the cave animals of Vire, born from his Asellus specimens in the underground laboratory, will not have the eyes so developed. and their olfactory organs so undeveloped as they are in the Asellus taken from an open-air stream.

As to Weismann's theoretical views, one remark only need be added here to what has been already said, namely, that most of the founders of our present knowledge about fertilization refuse to accept Weismann's theories, and that one of them, Boveri, has lately proved by continuing his series of remarkable discoveries that the whole question of heredity is still in a state in which generalizations like Weismann's are premature. They surely stimulate research. But no sooner are they born than they must be recast, new discoveries still rapidly following each other.

A HALF-CENTURY OF LIFE.

BY W. F. C.

Fifty Summers—
Of the burden of a Father-love
That guards before, behind, beneath, above,
In daylight and in darkness still the same,
Faithful amid unfaithfulness, a flame
That led me all the race;
To see and know His face,
My soul, fail not!

Fifty Winters—
With the warpings from the blasts of earth,
The chill benumbings, the dull wretched dearth
Of Spirit life, the drear dark wanderings away
From Him we loved; yet all the while the sway
Of sceptre borne in love
Binds to the home above—
My soul, faint not!

Fifty Springs—
Of newborn life, of budding hope, of snows
Departed and the warm sweet fragrance blows
Across the opening flowers of life, and youth
Is breathed anew in hearts that see the truth.
The rapture of the Spring
Has taught my heart to sing—
O soul, sing thou!

Fifty Autumns—
With mellow light of suns that shine along
The hazy uplands with a quiet tone
Telling of realms far-stretching beyond time.
O God, how wonderful the ways of Thine!
The luscious fruits of love
Are showered from above—
O soul, feast thou!

Midland, Ont.

VENICE.

BY HENRY ATKINS.

A BY-WAY IN VENICE.

THIS is the magic place of all the world!
Imagination's very dream come true.
Could those great flags against the church unfurled
Elsewhere have countered such delicious blue?
Only Enchantment, gaily in control
Of all things wonderful, could reunite
Such colour, form, material, and soul—
Unveil a second Venice to the sight!

That gondola beside the water door
Of the Palazzo—moored beneath the trees—
There's sheer enchantment—what could move you more?
Its very mirror, trembling to the breeze,
Seems more substantial: see above the wall
Pomegranates, oleanders, pearl and red—
Watch its reflection mount to meet the fall
Of every dropping petal, wept or bled!

And domes and towers, and Art in its own clime—
Art of uplifted stone and brush and pen—
These are the past, wonders of that old time
When gods still went among the sons of men.
Then Venice bloomed, the blossom of the hour—
The last sweet petal at its heart uncurled;
Slowly they fall—but still how fair the flower!
This is the magic place of all the world!

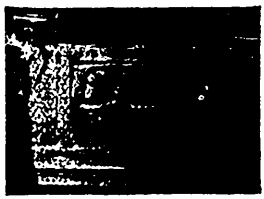
—*The Outlook.*

MONTMORENCY FALLS.

MONTMORENCY AND ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

MONTMORENCY FALLS IN WINTER.

EACH visit that one makes to the fortress city of Quebec, but



THE GOLDEN DOG.

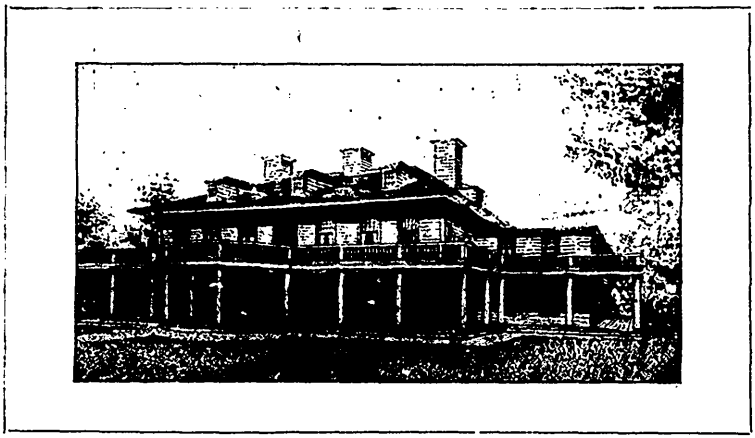
deepens the fascination of its old-time memories and its present beauty. It possesses an air of quaint mediævalism that pertains to no other place in America. The historic associations that throng around it, like the sparrows round its lofty towers, the many reminiscences that beleaguer it, as once did the hosts of the enemy, invest it with a deep and abiding interest.

The memories of the ancient city have been woven into prose and verse, but by none so successfully as by our Canadian author, William Kirby, whose "Golden Dog" is by all odds the finest Canadian tale yet written. Over the doorway of the Quebec post-office is carved an effigy of the Chien d'Or, shown in our cut, which gives its name to Mr. Kirby's striking story. We had the pleasure of reading this tale before its publication, in fifteen manuscript volumes, and few visitors leave Quebec without enriching themselves with a copy.

We have in previous numbers of this magazine written much concerning the city itself, but little about its magnificent environs. As seen in the sunset light from its lofty citadel, few prospects in the world are more striking than that of the mighty river sweeping to the sea between the rocky cliffs of Quebec and Levis. Everything speaks, not of the battle's stern array, but of the gentle reign of peace. Grim-visaged war has smoothed his rugged front, and instead of rallying throngs of armed men, groups of gay holiday makers saunter to and fro on the magnificent Durham Terrace. Instead of watchful sentries uttering their stern challenge, youths and maidens softly repeat

the olden story first told in the sinless bowers of paradise. Ravelins and demilunes are crumbling into ruin. Howitzer and culverin lie dismounted on the ground, or have become the playthings of gleeful children. Instead of the rude alarms of war, strains of festive music fill the air. Slowly sinks the sun to the serrated horizon, while a rolling sea of mountains deepens from pearl gray in the foreground to darkest purple in the distance. The whole valley becomes flooded with a golden radiance. The winding river, at whose mouth Jacques Cartier wintered his ships over the Canadian people, besides being the scene of many historical events.

The falls of Montmorency River add a touch of grandeur to the scene. About a mile up the St. Charles stands the cross erected on the spot where Jacques Cartier and the crews of his three small ships spent the winter in 1539. To the left is seen the immense establishment of the Beauport Lunatic Asylum, which can accommodate over a thousand patients. A little further on can be seen the iron temperance cross erected by Father Chiniquy when curé of the parish of Beauport.



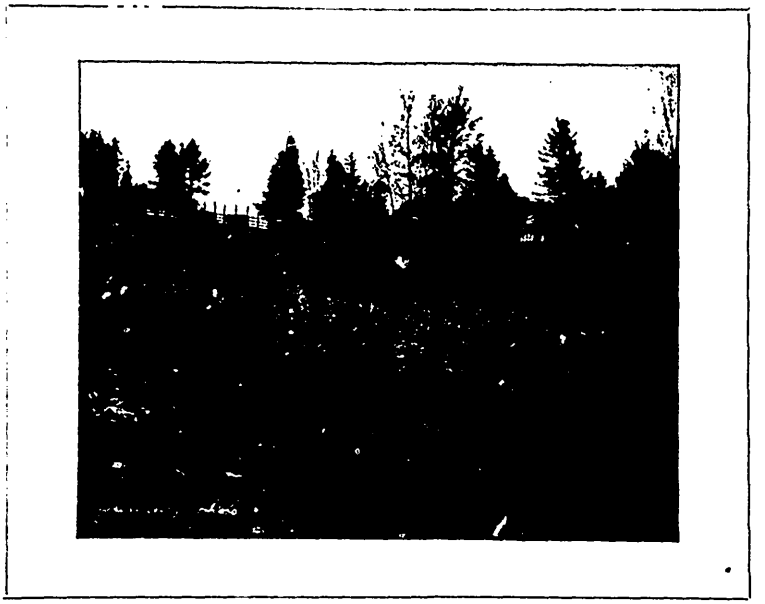
KENT HOUSE, MONTMORENCY FALLS.

three hundred and sixty years ago, beneath the fading light, like the waters of the Nile under the rod of Moses, seem changing into blood.

A visit to Montmorency and St. Anne de Beaupré has been made easy by the splendidly equipped trolley line of the Quebec Railway Light and Power Company, whose commodious electric cars run at frequent intervals between Quebec and St. Anne. It is difficult to describe the dainty beauty of the scenery along the route of the St. Anne Railway. It is one of the richest spots in natural picturesqueness in Canada, and has been the cradle of

During the siege of Quebec, in 1759, the district between the Beauport River and the Montmorency was covered by a double line of forts and redoubts, and was defended by an army of nearly fourteen thousand men. From the tower of the Beauport church, also, Vaudreuil saw, one dark night in June, the abortive attempt of his fireships against the English fleet anchored at the entrance of the North Channel. These fireships, which cost the French over a million, did no damage to the English, as the sailors, swarming out in their boats, recklessly took them in tow and stranded

On reaching the top of the cliff by the elevator Kent House comes into full view. This large house was originally built by General Haldimand about 1791, and afterwards became the residence of the Duke of Kent, father of the late Queen Victoria, and commander-in-chief of the British forces in Canada. This building practically remains in the same condition as when occupied by His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. It was on the heights and grounds surrounding this building that Wolfe's invading army had its encampment during the siege of Quebec in 1759. The historic associations and the charming view make the Kent House and grounds a place of inspiration and delight.



MOOSE, IN GROUNDS OF KENT HOUSE.

them on the Isle of Orleans, where they quietly burned away.

The Montmorency River is crossed by the railway within two hundred yards of the great falls, where the river makes a sheer plunge, a mass of snowy foam, in mad, headlong rush down the precipice of two hundred and fifty feet. From the top of the dam, which can be seen, to the foot of the falls, is two hundred and seventy-four feet, or one hundred and fifty feet higher than Niagara.

In the Kent House spacious grounds is an admirable collection of native animals. Here may be seen large moose, male and female, which are regarded as the best held in captivity; they are so tame that they will eat spruce-boughs from

TOBOGGAN SLIDE IN THE GROUNDS OF KENT HOUSE.

the hands of the visitor. The Provincial Government has protected the beaver for the past several years. The result has been so successful that almost every lake in the northern wilds, and especially in the National Park, is now overrun with these animals. Here they may be seen in their work of building huts and gathering food, in the form of poplar and cherry branches.

About half a mile from Kent House are the famous Natural Steps. They are a succession of rocky ledges, which seem to have been cut out of the solid rock ages ago, between which the river sweeps along, "fringed by a fragrant wood of low spruce and hemlock, soon to brawl and foam over the brown-gray rocks in tiny cascades, before its final plunge."

The Falls of Montmorency in winter attract many visitors to Quebec for tobogganing. A cone is gradually formed by the freezing spray, until it attains a height of over a hundred feet, and though the sport is often dangerous, very few accidents have happened.

The Canadian Lourdes.

The following is the account by an English writer in Sunday at Home of his visit to the Canadian Lourdes, St. Anne de Beaupré:

About two hundred and fifty years ago a little vessel was toiling up the wide St. Lawrence towards the French settlement then lately founded at Quebec. Suddenly a terrible storm sprang up, and the little ship was on the point of foundering, when her crew of pious Bretons, accustomed to the worship of St. Anne, appealed frantically to their patron saint, and promised that wherever she might deign to land them in safety they would there erect a shrine in her honour. They kept their word. Their little wooden chapel at St. Anne de Beaupré has been replaced by a tremendous church which might

almost be called a cathedral; and the devotion of that little handful of fishermen is represented now by the worship of countless thousands.

The last time I was in Quebec, I discovered that a pilgrimage would start for St. Anne de Beaupré next morning—a pilgrimage, by the way, organized, not by French Canadians, but by Irish Roman Catholics, who form a considerable proportion of the labouring population. I determined to accompany them. So I handed over my half-dollar, climbed up into one of the cars, and sat down to examine my fellow-passengers at leisure. They were a curious set of pilgrims, I must say. In one corner was a French-Canadian, who evidently had the reputation, much coveted among the folk of that country, of a *raconteur*, or story-teller. His anecdotes and chaffing jests kept half the car laughing. Then there was an obviously bridal young couple: he, with his silk hat and white tie; she, swathed in clouds of spotted muslin, and crowned with the produce of an ostrich-farm. Only in one group could you read the pilgrim intention at a glance: an old woman and her three daughters, dressed in deepest black; one of them never lifting her eyes from her prayer-book, the others continually telling and kissing their beads and crossing themselves.

After an hour's travelling the train stopped at a very large platform. Leaving, we passed a row of sheds erected for the shelter of pilgrims in case of rain. Beyond these, again, were several "Magasins de l'Eglise"; which reminds me that I have seen one of these "church shops" in the East of London, close by a ritualistic church. The shop-woman had laid out a great stock of crosses, scapularies, pictures of saints, penknives with microscopic pictures of the shrine in the handles, and similar *objets de piété*. The trade in these souvenirs, however, had hardly begun. All the pilgrims were bent first of all on visiting the shrine itself: and here it was, rear-

NATURAL STEPS, ONE-HALF MILE FROM KENT HOUSE.

BASILICA OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

ing its huge bulk by the side of the "magasins." On the doorstep of the church stood a young man, well dressed, but blind, silently holding out a tin mug for coppers. He was the only beggar, by the way, whom I saw at St. Anne. The great church was crowded with a vast and reverent congregation, and the service was just beginning.

The most striking object on entering the church, is the main altar, a magnificent piece of work in white marble, covered by a canopy also in marble and brass, supported by columns. The face of the altar has two exquisite carvings, one in particular, that of "The Last Supper," being a masterpiece. The chancel stalls, the bishop's throne, and communion rail are in marble, magnificently carved.

Presently a stately priest entered the pulpit, and I waited with interest for him to begin his sermon. There was much that was good in the discourse, and there was a good deal of wisdom in his remarks on the value of prayer, and on the spirit in which prayers should be offered and answers expected. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice," he quoted, "and other things will be added unto you." "Le bon Dieu," he said, "does not give you all the favours you ask, because he thinks them injurious to you." It was "the good God" here, you will observe. But whereas in one sentence he would refer to God as hearing through St. Anne, in the next he would describe St. Anne herself as hearing and answering prayers. For instance: "Why does she heal or grant success only to some and not to others?"

I was a little surprised, by the way, that the sermon was in French and not in English, as the day's pilgrimage was an Irish one, and I asked one of my neighbours the reason. "Oh," said the good woman, "there was to have been an English sermon, but there are so

few English priests in Quebec that none could come to-day."

The service now drew to a close. The priest offered a short prayer; during the collection a solo was sung by a fine boyish soprano voice in the distance; and the congregation streamed out to dinner. Now was my opportunity to go for a tour of inspection round this famous church. Those great fluted columns supporting the roof were painted to look like marble. The arches along the top of the walls were filled with pictures, the subjects of which formed a curious medley of scenes ancient and modern, mediæval and imaginary. In one arch you saw a ship locked in the ice of St. Lawrence Gulf, with St. Anne and the Virgin Mary hovering over the mast-head. In another was a picture of a modern pilgrimage, with the pilgrims in the ugliest fashion of nineteenth-century raiment. Along each side of the building was a row of little subsidiary chapels, each with its altar, and each with an inscription both in French and in English. I noticed a wax model of a human hand, with a great spike driven through it, and blood apparently pouring from the wound. This was the "Ex voto," or thank-offering, of some grateful soul who deemed herself indebted to the royal saint for some blessing vouchsafed. Most of these offerings, however, took the form of artificial flowers. In one chapel, dedicated to "L'Ange Gardien," stood an angel leading a little child by the hand.

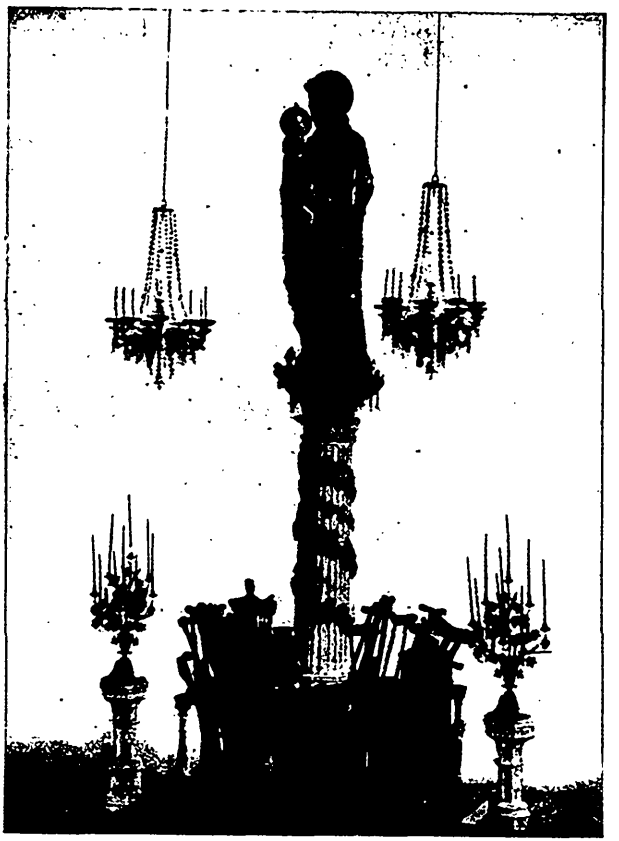
SECTION VIEW OF THE CYCLORAMA PAINTING OF THE CRUCIFIXION AT ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Behind the high altar were two glass cases full of spectacles, with the inscription, "Reconnaissance à Ste. Anne," the gratitude no doubt being for sight restored or improved. High above these hung curious festoons of pipes and tobacco boxes, which might signify either that the owners had been cured by devotion to St. Anne of their devotion to "my Lady Nicotine," or that they

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH, ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

had voluntarily given up smoking in fulfilment of vows they had made conditionally on the receipt of some saintly favour. By far the most interesting feature of the building, however, consisted of the crutches, walking-sticks, and even artificial legs, left behind by rheumatic or paralytic devotees who had thought themselves cured when on pilgrimage, and attributed this mercy to the saint. A pile of these discarded helps had been deposited round a solitary column, surmounted by a statue of St. Anne, in front of the chancel rail; and just inside the west door of the church was a great trophy composed entirely of similar articles, towering up as high as the organ-loft.

Of course the church had its relics: the supply of "relics of the saints" is, as we know, only limited by the demand. The most precious relic of St. Anne de Beaupré is alleged to be a fragment of one of St. Anne's own bones, which was brought to Canada in 1670 by Bishop Laval, and is closely guarded in a little box in the vestry. The



STATUE OF ST. ANNE AND THE VIRGIN, AND ONYX COLUMNS, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

other contents of this curious clerical museum include the first statue of St. Anne that was set up in Canada, a wooden image brought from France in 1661, and displayed on the front of the church then existing at Beaupré for two hundred years. There is also a "ciborium," of solid silver, from which in the course of two hundred years the communion wine was dispensed to innumerable pilgrims.

On the outside of many a church in France—that is, the old France—you see painted the words, "Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité," or "Republique Francaise." This signifies that the building is the property of the civil authorities. No such secular interference would be permitted for a moment in Canada. On the outside of the great church at Beaupré you read a series of inscriptions, thus: "St. Anne, ancestor of the divine Saviour Jesus, pray for us"; "St. Anne, mother of the immortal Virgin," "Refuge of Fishermen," "Consoler of the Afflicted," "Healer of the Sick," "Protector of Sailors," and "Help of the Dying." Looking

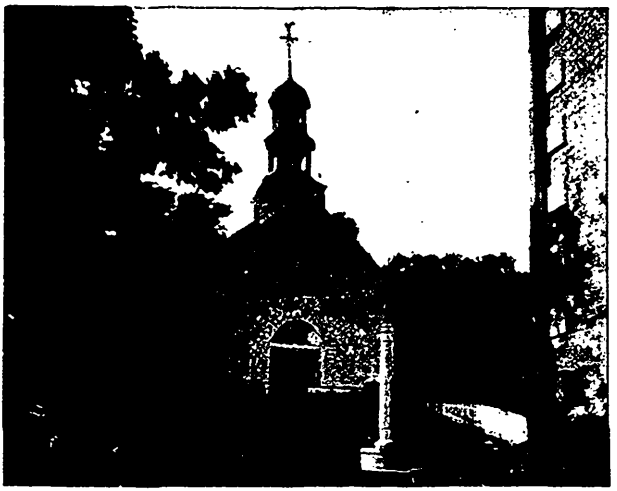
PYRAMID OF CRUTCHES IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

across the road, your attention is attracted by a number of pilgrims at a drinking fountain, the central column of which is surmounted by a statue of St. Anne. The water is supposed to have miraculous effects; and the devoted visitors are drinking it, dipping their hands into it,

or applying it to their foreheads. The fountain is at the foot of a flight of steps leading up to the old chapel, the predecessor of the great church ; and this little building is well worth a visit. Its walls are covered with old paintings which make up in quaintness for what they lack in artistic skill. The most highly valued of these is one presented by the Marquis de Tracy, viceroy of Canada, two hundred and thirty-five years ago, in recognition of his deliverance from a storm when on his voyage to Canada. The Marquis and Marchioness are depicted as paying their homage to St. Anne.

Another ancient canvas shows us the escape of a Quebec merchant from a maritime peril of another sort, in the year 1696. The painter has gratified his imagination by showing Jesus Christ on a cloud amongst cherubs in the sky, and St. Anne on another cloud beseeching his protection for the sailors. Only a little less ancient, dating from 1709, is a picture presented by the crew of the "Ste. Anne." Their ship was dismasted in a storm, and only saved by the interposition of its saintly namesake, who in this case is attended in the sky by a trio of cherubs. Another picture was presented by the crew of the "King's Hero,"

In thanksgiving for the protection given by St. Anne during the British invasion, when eighty-four ships sailed into the St. Lawrence under the command of Captain Walker. The whole fleet was destroyed on the beach of Eggs Island, and the invaders abandoned their project.



OLD CHAPEL OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The Scala Santa, a picturesque edifice, occupies the ancient site of the presbytery and priests' garden. The large flight of steps inside the building, which the worshippers ascend kneeling, contains relics from Palestine, and is built in imitation of the steps that Our Saviour mounted, during His Sacred Passion, in the Palace of Pontius Pilate. They are an exact copy of the Holy Stairs still preserved in Rome.

The road running between the old

LA SCALA SANTA, ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

church and the new is lined with little stalls, which, in competition with the "Church Shops," attract the pilgrims to purchase ecclesiastical souvenirs. I forthwith purchased whatever I could find in the shape of literature, including a little book called "Wonders and Relics of St. Anne de Beaupré." This is the bound volume of a monthly publication, The Annals of the shrine, in which accounts of the miracles wrought by St. Anne are set forth *pour encourager les autres.* It is a very marvellous record.

On the 26th of July, 1887, a farm-

er's daughter was helping her father to load hay, when she suddenly lost her balance, fell from the top of the load, and struck a hay-fork, one of the prongs piercing her chest below the collar-bone and coming out at her back after passing through her left lung. The father feared that when he drew out the fork the child would bleed to death. He uncovered his head, fell on his knees, and promised that if St. Anne would cure the child he would have a high monument set up in her honour and would publish the fact in The Annals. Then, making the sign of the cross, he drew the fork out. Not a drop of blood fell from the wound, and the child rapidly recovered.

The Annals contain innumerable cases of illness for curing which the "Mother of Mary" is praised. On a single page we read of a Canadian going to "thank St. Anne for having cured his child, whose body was covered with sores, and he had cried night and day with pain"; of a child eight years old who had had paralysis from the age of two, but on visiting Beaupré "he recovers the use of his limbs and walks before the father"; of seven children in one family attacked by fever, which suddenly ceased; and then of two women afflicted with the dreadful disease of cancer, who were immediately cured on vowing to make a pilgrimage to St. Anne.

The methods by which St. Anne is described as intervening are sometimes very remarkable. For instance, there is an unhappy gentleman at the point of death, his disease being declared by the doctors to be quite incurable. "One day a person with whom he was unacquainted calls on him and gives him a parcel, saying, "Here is a statue of St. Anne which you have won at a certain lottery." Of the very existence of the lottery the gentleman is described as ignorant. However, he takes "a valuable ring off his finger, puts it on the head of the statue, and prays to the saint for recovery." At first, as we are not surprised to hear, nothing happens. "Oh," he says, "St. Anne will not hear me, will not cure me!" And "in a moment of childlike faith"—we should have imagined it to be a moment of childlike resentment—"he places the statue in the garret." At the same time he sends his wife to Beaupré "to pray there, to complain, to renew his vow at the foot of the miraculous statue." Recovery follows—of course, or the case would not be mentioned in The Annals.

Nor are the saint's blessings always physical or moral, as is indicated by the following:

MR. EDITOR: Our establishment is indebted to St. Anne for a great many favours. Last fall, I asked her to send us a fixed number of boarders. The number received was the exact number asked for. This year, we presented seventy-one pupils for the competitive examinations established by the Government among all the schools of the country. I asked St. Anne to obtain for us seventy prizes or diplomas. That very number was realized. In a few days we are to commence a novena in thanksgiving: nine Masses will be said in the Church of the Redemptorist Fathers of our city.—BR. M. JOSEPH.

One grateful mother, in sending for publication an account of her infant child's complete cure from paralysis and blindness, says: "How can I sufficiently thank our patroness, who is never invoked in vain?" The editor passes this over without criticism, though, as even the preacher on the occasion of my visit admitted, the facts are far from bearing out such an assertion. As I came away from the shrine at the end of the day, I saw a little boy hobbling disconsolately up the path to the station on his crutches, sorely disappointed, no doubt, that he could not leave them behind him. That little boy, of course, will not have his case mentioned in The Annals.

The number of pilgrims who flock to St. Anne de Beaupré every year in hope of miracles is enormous, the pilgrims coming by thousands daily, in special trains, and by specially chartered steamers, from north, south, east, and west. It is a very pleasant trip, especially by steamer from the centres of population along the river; and with the combined attractions of a summer excursion and the hope of temporal or spiritual advantage, the priestly organizers at Quebec have not much difficulty in filling up the ranks of the pilgrims. It would be astonishing, indeed, if some percentage of those afflicted with various ailments were not relieved either during their pilgrimage or soon afterwards. It is scarcely necessary to say, in writing for intelligent Protestant readers, that in no single case is there the slightest proof of the saintly interference to which the blessings are invariably attributed. In the alleged cases of cancer, which at first sight are perhaps the most striking of all, there is no convincing evidence that any cancer was present. In the case of many others, such as those who have been cured of rheumatism, sciatica, and other nervous or obscure complaints, the mental elevation accompanying the supreme act of faith, with the effect of excitement on the nerves, may account for everything.

In the case of rescue from shipwreck, and kindred mercies, there is, of course, not a scintilla of evidence that the subjects would have been any less fortunate if the name of St. Anne had been entirely unknown to them. In some instances, too, the evidence quoted by the narrators is sufficient to convince any unbiased mind that the deliverance was wrought by the most ordinary and mundane of methods. That must be a very innocent person who writes to the shrine giving two instances of what he considers the extinction of fire by the saint. He tells us of a poor woman whose house caught on fire and who ran for help, crying out, "Good St. Anne, save my house!" Finding a man and his wife, she brings them back with her, and they put out the fire, which had not caused much damage, though the house was a wooden one. "Praise be to St. Anne for her miraculous protection," exclaims the narrator. In the other case, the woman was unable to run for help to her neighbour, for she knew him to be absent. "Earnestly recommending herself to St. Anne, she manages to erect a sort of scaffolding in her garret, and throws a few bucketsful of water, which reach the flames and extinguish them immediately. Thanks be to St. Anne, who is never invoked in vain!"

There is much in the reverence paid the relics of St. Anne in which Protestants will not share. Dr. Buckley, editor of The Christian Advocate, in his book on faith cure, has shown many nervous and other affections to have been cured by a strong impression on the imagination or by the "expectant attention" of the patients. Their spiritual exaltation and deep religious convictions are of course a great aid in bringing about the relief. Thus are explained many of the remarkable cures at Lourdes, St. Anne de Beaupré and elsewhere.

Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

—*Charles Dickens.*

CONSTRAINT.

Matt. xiv. 22.

BY C. FLEMINGTON.

"Lord, it is evening. *Must* I go
Over the sea, to 'the other side,'
May I not wait till the night is o'er,
And here, at Thy blessed feet, abide,
And gather strength for the coming day,
And then, in the morning light, away?

"Lord, if I *must* embark to-night,
In this boat of mine so frail and small,
Come Thou with me and I shall feel
Secure, for Thou art Lord of all.
The angry billows Thou canst still,
And raging storms obey Thy will."

"Where is thy courage, trembling one?
Where is thy faith, thou timorous soul?
Canst thou not rest in thy Lord's command,
When storm-clouds gather and billows roll?
He who *constrains* thee now to depart,
Is able to keep thee, where'er thou art."

"Lord, it is night. Canst Thou see me now,
Out on the sea where Thou bidst me to go?
Dost Thou know I am tossing about on the deep,
That I prayerfully, patiently toil and row;
Wondering oft if I've lost my way,
Straining my eyes for the lingering day?

"Lord, it is night, and I feel afraid;
Wildly the tempest rages around,
Fiercely the waves dash over the ship,
The thunders crash with an awful sound
And lightnings terrible cleave the sky.
Master, deliver! I perish, I die!

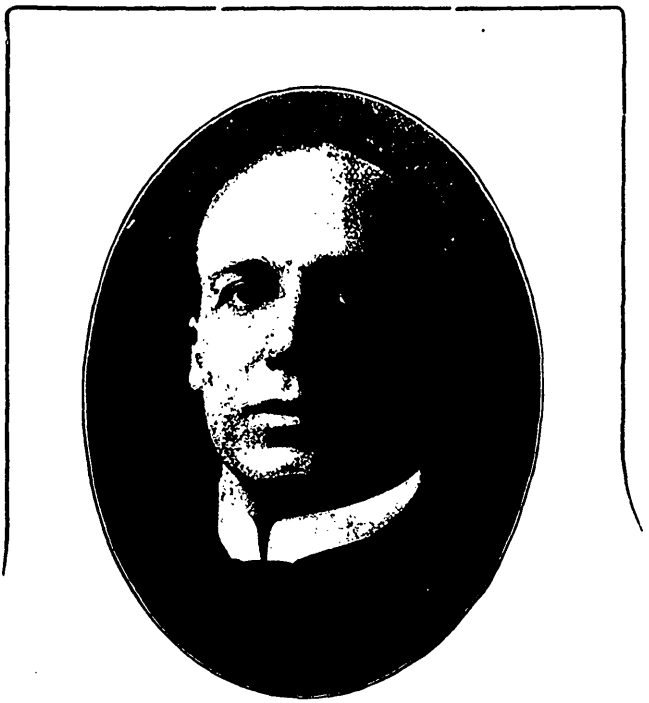
"Lord, I am losing heart and hope,
Against my own will I fear and fret,
Hast Thou forgotten Thy gracious word?
Surely against me are all things set:
Raging tempest, upheaving wave,
Thickening darkness. Save, Lord, save!

"Lord, it is Thou! at Thy coming I feared.
Jesus, forgive me! I doubted Thy love.
Now let me rest in the calm which Thou brought'st;
Joy in the Light Thou hast brought from above.
Fleeth the storm-cloud, still is the sea,
Home draweth nearer: *Thou art with me.*"

Point de Bute, N.B.

THE YOUNG MAN PROBLEM.*

BY ALFRED W. BRIGGS, M.A.



ALFRED BRIGGS, M.A.

IN that much-discussed article by the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, Mr. Bok asserts that only twenty-two of every one hundred young men, taken at random in the cities of the United States, attend church on Sunday, and he comes to the conclusion that a young man will come fast enough to church if he is given something to come for, and that it rests rather with the average minister than with the average young man.

It is not my purpose, however, to approve or disapprove of Mr. Bok's statement, or his conclusion, but I think I am quite safe in saying that we in Canada can pride ourselves on a very much larger percentage of attendance at Sunday services.

However, here our pride must end, for the percentage of attendance at League or other week-night services is lamentably small, and, with some exceptions, not growing larger. These exceptions are the various clubs associations, classes or societies that are now being organized in our Toronto churches for and by young men.

A little over four years ago I had the privilege of speaking before the Toronto Methodist Social Union on

* An address given at the Toronto Conference, 1904. (See additional note on page 476.)

young men's work, and I had then to deplore the fact that, whilst in every church there could be found a Ladies' Aid, a Mission Band, a Sewing Circle, a Missionary Society and many Sunday-school classes for young women, there was not a church in the city that could boast a Man's Aid, and few that could say that they had even a satisfactory Sunday-school class for young men.

Now, through pioneer work in various churches, and the splendid encouragement of the Methodist Young Men's Association, there are no less than seventeen young men's clubs or associations in this city.

At that time we Methodists were, and are still, I think, slow to grasp the need or reach for a solution. Our Roman Catholic friends had long seen that to save an old man was to save an unit, while to save a young man was to save a multiplication table; and our cousins to the south of us have for years been combining remedies for a disease that has fortunately attacked us later than it has them.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew is over twenty years old. The Brotherhood of Andrew and Peter is about fifteen years of age. The first is confined to the Church of England; the second is spread over no less than twenty-five denominations and sects in the United States, and numbers its members by the hundreds of thousands. Latterly the St. Paul's Brotherhood has sprung up amongst our M. E. kinsfolk across the line, and other similar organizations have been begun and operated successfully.

The distinctive feature of these brotherhoods is the dual rule of prayer and service: prayer for the brotherhood and the spread of Christ's kingdom among men; service, to make one effort each week to bring some young man to a church service.

The St. Andrew's Brotherhood is world-wide; that of Andrew and Peter is but little less so. The others referred to are not so well known, but are spreading.

Another type of work for young men is that of the Baraca Bible Class—not unknown in Toronto—under whose federation it is said no less than seventy thousand men are enrolled; a flexible organization, making large provision for the social, literary and athletic proclivities of its members, but having as its central feature its Bible class, and within that charmed circle an inner ring of secretly pledged workers striving to bring their fellows into Christian fellowship.

Besides these there are hundreds of Bible classes, literary clubs (more or less under church auspices), and other independent associations whose work, if not entirely spiritual, has always the tendency of lifting up ideals, giving clean companionship, and making the Church a social centre of no small value.

Some of these are well-to-do financially, and have made sickness or accident insurance a feature of their work; others have erected large and substantial club-houses, with gymnasiums and other features, rivalling in importance and certainly surpassing in value the purely social clubs on which they have, to some extent, been modelled.

It may be said, however, that of all of them the really successful ones appear to be those held together, not because of their social or literary advantages only, but those that have held up largely what may be termed generally *the spiritual;* and this fact cannot but be to us at once a lesson and an inspiration.

During the past four years we in Toronto (and I am not fitted to speak of a wider sphere, although I cannot see why our experience may not be used in every city and town, and possibly in every village and countryside, if the need is

there), we in Toronto, I say, have been passing through an experimental and transitional stage, patterning our organizations on our rather vague knowledge of clubs elsewhere, and fashioning our associations to meet what appear to be local conditions.

We have in Toronto, as I have said, about seventeen societies or clubs in all of which one can see some good and the possibility for much more. We are feeling our way. Some are prospering in whole, others in part only, and the course of others, I am afraid, will be much like that of a humming-top—a good deal of noise at first and a good many spasms at the end. But from them all we are getting a good working model, and this movement or eruption (not irruption) will find its proper level and become solid ground.

And in this the Methodist Young Men's Association, to which I have already referred, is working steadily, heartily, with no little foresight, and is spreading amongst the clubs an enthusiasm, not only of competition in games and debates, but in its whole tendency and movement, a zeal towards something higher, something better than the average young man thinks about and which the Church alone can give.

I have only suggested the need for all this; but if we accept the statement that a third of our population is about twenty-one years of age, and that thirty-three per cent. of the people in Ontario are Methodists, that is one good reason for an intense interest by every pastor and official and member in any movement that our Church can take hold of to increase its usefulness in God's vineyard. The Church is an institution of many methods, and it cannot afford to fail in any one of them.

But we are not going to fail. You and I are now standing at the dawn of a day that is going to see in Canadian Methodism a movement by which, if rightly guided, with the experience of others to help us, with a material neither too hard nor too dry to mould, we can turn out, long before the sun has reached his zenith, such a man amongst men, of body, brain and beauty of soul, that you and I can say that he has lived in that ideal country whose horizons, as Miss Willard once said, are bounded on the north by sobriety, on the south by gentleness, on the east by integrity and on the west by honesty.

This is the young man's day, in business, in finance, in professional life, and why should not, therefore, the young man come to the front in church life as well?

Art has represented the apostles as old men, but at the time they were chosen they were young men, and they were chosen by a young man.

The Church wants a sound body in a young man as much as any trainer wants it. It wants a sound mind in a young man as much as any teacher or professor can. It wants an upright, conscientious man as much as any master or employer can ask. The Church alone supplies the true incentive for all these, and points and leads the way.

If these, then, be objective points, how can you or I frown at any honest effort towards them? If one could dissect the objects of the clubs I have mentioned, they might be considered of a threefold character: the first to attract, the second to interest, the third to uplift. Each of these is worthy of effort for itself alone. Let us understand this. Let us understand that the spiritual is, on occasion, necessarily subservient to the athletic or social or literary. Let us make the necessary sharp distinction in our minds between direct spiritual work and the work of attracting and interesting, though with the former always in view.

Once recognized, this will put in proper and logical place much that is misunderstood.

That much depends on the leader is as true in this work as in any other. It may be that the ideal leader is non-existent, but the man required is one of common-sense and tact above all; athletic, perhaps, a little, or with literary leaning, but in the end and always, a man above reproach, standing himself, in the fear of God and before men, straight.

I have not touched at all on the boy problem. But before closing I would like to say that it is at least as live and important as the young man question, for its solution, if it did not solve the latter, would certainly lighten the labour now required to attract and hold the flagging interest of the young man.

The boy problem is distinct from that of the man. It has been proved over and over again that it is unwise to mix men with boys. But that is all another story, and not for me to deal with.

And now, if I have in any way shown the need of special work, for and by "young men"; if I have somewhat indicated that this is the time to go in for it manfully, hopefully, energetically; if I have thrown out any suggestions or pointed out any lines along which work may, under proper guidance, be carried out successfully; if I have in any way aroused your interest, quickened your sympathy, made plain any difficulty or removed any doubt, then I have delivered my message, and I can, with you, look forward to and help on in this Conference year a great realization amongst our young men of those

> Four things a man must learn to do
> If he would make his record true:
> To think without confusion clearly,
> To love his fellow men sincerely,
> To act from honest motives purely,
> To trust in God and Heaven securely.

ACQUIESCENCE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

I would not leave my post on earth, dear Lord, but at Thy will;
And if Thou bid me tarry here a little longer still,
I will not fret nor murmur: I am sure Thy choice is best;
And Thou wilt help me not to long too much for heaven and rest.

It is not wrong, though, is it, Lord, to *think* of rest and home—
So that I do not wish them mine before Thy time has come?
For, now I feel more weak and tired, the yearning deeper grows,
And I cannot keep from wondering when my day of life will close.

And it seems to speed earth's slow-winged hours, and bright her darkened sky,
When I can picture to myself the glorious world on high;—
I muse upon the joys amid its scenes so wondrous fair,
Until, sometimes, I fancy that I must be almost there!

But indeed, indeed I would not go ere I my work have done;
If I *could* cast the cross aside, with the crown not fully won,
Methinks that even heaven itself would scarcely heaven be,
When I found I had unfinished left that Thou didst trust to me.

Then make me very patient, Lord, and glad to do Thy will,
If Thou dost choose that here on earth I tarry longer still:—
And, after all, it may be such a little, little while
Till I shall hear Thy sweet "Well done," and see Thy loving smile.

Toronto.

THE REDEMPTION OF PALESTINE BY THE JEWS.*

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

"He that owns no land is no man."—THE TALMUD.

ANTI-SEMITISM, which formerly figured as religious prejudice and now appears mainly as commercial jealousy, is at root an expression of the universal tyranny of majorities, and the dislike for all that is unlike. Instead of regarding its Jews as part of the nation and their wealth as part of the national wealth, every nation regards them as aliens and invasive and triumphant rivals. Even in the United States of America—that conglomerate of peoples—this distorted view has been imported by its European constituents. And everywhere the Jew is contrasted not with his actual neighbours, but with an idealized Frenchman, Briton, Teuton, etc. Bill Sykes is not "the Englishman," but Fagin is always "the Jew."

Against the complex evils that threaten the Jew in the modern world—persecution without and disintegration within—what remedy, the Christian may wonder, has the Jew sought—the Jew of legend, with millions of money, the press at his beck and cabinets at his call? Alas, such power as Israel truly owns, he has been too timid or too anti-Semitic to use. The Jews have been lucky indeed when Jewish politicians and journalists have not worked against them. As for the great financial houses, they have only intermarried their money bags for family profit. Profusely charitable, they have had no glimmering of a national policy beyond passing on the problems to posterity and Providence. The history of Israel in exile is the rambling story of a race without leaders, in circumstances which would have taxed Moses himself.

> No master-spirit, no determined road,
> But equally a want of books and men.

Had Disraeli remained in the Ghetto he might have applied his unifying intellect to Israel instead of to the British Empire, as sprawling and incoherent in his day as Israel in ours. Till the appearance of Dr. Herzl one could say with

* The heart of the Hebrew, whithersoever he wanders, turns with a passionate love to the land of his fathers, to the land hallowed with such holy memories, the land the more dear even for its tragic associations. For years there have been sporadic attempts to plant Jewish colonies on its sacred soil These have met with only partial success. But the new movement known as Zionism, the growth of recent years, has given greater definiteness to this endeavour. The bitter persecution of the Jews in Russia, Roumania, and other parts of south-eastern Europe is driving them into exile. The new world is the goal of the hope of many and already the Jewish problem confronts the American people. New York has the largest Jewish population of any city in the world. Every fourth man on the island of Manhattan is a Jew. Much of its wholesale and retail trade is in their hands.

But the longing for repatriation in their own land is still the passionate desire of many "dreamers of the ghetto." The disturbed conditions of the East seem for the present to prevent its consummation. The British Government has recently offered an ideal salubrious highland in Uganda as an area where they may develop an autonomous colony under British protection; but this they believe is not their final goal. Their aspirations are well presented in the accompanying article by the most able and eloquent exponent of Hebrew hopes and longings.—ED.

Isaiah: "There is none to guide her among all the sons whom she hath brought forth."

It was not indeed till 1860 that Israel seems even to have become conscious that a policy is essential to a people. In that year the Alliance Israelite Universelle was created. Let us review briefly this and other embryonic organizations, vaguely travelling towards the Herzlian idea, though against their own wills. Their history shows how Providence shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.

Shocked by the Mortara case,—the forced baptism of a stolen boy in the Papal States, seven Parisian Jews (naturally not men of importance in their community) founded, amid infinite opposition from Jews and Jewish journals, a body to defend the honour of the Jewish name, wherever attacked, encourage handicrafts, and emancipate the Jews from ignorance and vice as well as from external disabilities. They professedly ignored the Jew's political or religious opinions and were thus subconsciously a racial, national body. Dumas *fils* and Jules Simon were among their sympathizing subscribers. Narrowly escaping being broken up into branches for each country—for the Jews were still uneasy at this development of a brain-centre—the Alliance has remained a unique international influence, which being under no Government has intervened successfully with all. Of its central committee, twenty-three members are drawn from Paris, the other thirty-nine from the United States and every European country except Russia and the Balkan States, with an odd extension to Curacoa. Its best work was done in 1882, in sifting 20,000 Russian refugees for the United States, but it still nobly influences Jewish life throughout the world, organizing industries, schools, and agricultural colonies.

It is supplemented for the British Empire by the Anglo-Jewish Association, formed in 1871 (when it was thought the Alliance would be split in two by the Franco-German feud), and possessing twenty-one branches in England, fourteen in the Colonies and one in India. Lord Pirbright (Baron de Worms) and Sir Julius Goldsmid have been among the presidents of this British Alliance. Two special committees sprang from it —the Roumanian (which promoted the Mansion House meeting of 1872), and the Russo-Jewish (in the black days of 1882). The Israelitische Allianz zu Wein, formed in 1873, limits its diplomatic and other activities to Austria. And this very year a German Alliance for work in the Orient has been formed on the lines of the French.

But the compulsory limitations of these and other minor bodies are painfully obvious. They have moral power, but no might to back it with. They have not even warrant to speak on behalf of Israel: they are self-constituted bodies, bureaus of philanthropy, which pauperize Israel politically. Most Jews are scarcely aware of their activities. Their financial backing is scant. The income of the Anglo-Jewish for 1900 was £6,470, and even the Alliance had a deficit of 97,000 francs. But how can any organization interfere all over the world? It is the labour of Tantalus. Much more practical were it for the Jews of all the world to protect the oppressed concentrated into Palestine. How fantastic of the Alliance to publish a prayer-book in Ethiopian for the Falashas, the Jews of Abyssinia! The Alliance is at best the embryo of a political organism. These bodies have not even the skill to utilize their diplomatic opportunities. The Russo-Jewish Committee in its negotiations with Russia, had at one moment the thick end of the stick. It held certain evidence of

barbarities which Russia did not wish published. Russia promised to let the Jews out of the "Pale" if the committee would keep their revelations in the drawer. The committee agreed, and the Jews are still in the "Pale."

Now, even as these institutions created in Israel a rudimentary political consciousness, so has there been an embryonic evolution (which is really a retrogression) towards the old pastoral life. Here again the pioneers of the transformation did not dream of national life in Palestine. But all roads lead to Zion.

It was Alexander I. and Nicholas who within the last century turned Russian Jews into agriculturists; with the result that despite the "May Laws," which drove fifty thousand Jews back from the villages, about a hundred thousand, massed in 278 colonies, or in private farms, are now engaged in gardening, dairying, vine-rearing, bee-keeping, tobacco-growing.

From Russia the road to Zion led straight. It was under the influence of Russian rabbis that the Alliance reluctantly created the Agricultural School near Jaffa, which has been the foster-mother of Palestinian colonization, while the establishment of the Chovevi Zion Society with that direct object was Russian Jewry's reply to the "May Laws." Founded in 1882 secretly, the Chovevi Zion received the sanction of the Government in 1890. From Russia the movement spread to Austria, Germany, America, and though not professedly national, evoked a revival of Hebrew literature. But the funds of the society were small, the sites chosen often unsuitable and the land which had lain fallow for nearly the whole Christian Era was a desert. Devoid of tools, the poor Russian immigrants often tore up the ground with their fingers. Starving and half-naked, they clung to the holy soil, fever putting them under it, till at last the Redeeming Angel passed by in the guise of Baron Edmond de Rothschild on his honeymoon.

This immortal philanthropist, who had no sympathy with the national idea, but merely desired to help these poor creatures, as well as to prove that the Jew could be restored to the soil, became the mainstay of the old colonies and the founder of new ones. He planted eucalyptus trees to mitigate malaria, imported machinery, built a great wine-cellar. What did he not do? But in the final reckoning, despite a show-colony or two, he was no more successful than the Chovevi Zion. After a whole generation of labourers, and an ocean of tears, after all the work of two millionaires and a host of societies, how stands the account?

Twenty-four colonies (hardly any paying), covering 62,500 acres (not a hundred square miles), supporting (with heavy convention) five thousand souls. The raisins of Rosh Pinah find no market, the wine accumulates in the celebrated cellar of Rishon-le-Zion, and is sold off under cost price; the vines, smitten by phylloxera, have had to be replaced by American vines, which bear a grape of another colour, needing other treatment, and the great wine-cellar may have to be shifted. Baron Edmond has retired, a voice of weeping and complaining goes up from the colonies he so long subsidized, and many of the labourers, robbed of their ancient dream of becoming peasant-proprietors, are flying; 305 colonists of the "Gate of Hope" were assisted back through that gate last year. The colonies of the Odessa branch are in like despair, while Artouf, a Bulgarian colony, is living on charity.

Baron Rothschild has transferred

his colonies to the Jewish Colonization Association, called for short the Ica.

What is this Ica into which the long chain of destiny has now brought the fate of the Palestinian colonies?

The Ica was founded by an Austrian anti-Zionist and millionaire, Baron Hirsch. His wife, the great-hearted Baroness Clara, was the only other shareholder. Desiring to break up the Jewish congestion, he sent Colonel Goldsmid, of the British army, and the Chovevi Zion, to organize agricultural colonies in the Argentine. But droughts and distances from railways and markets brought discontent and desertion. If Palestine with all its magnetism could not produce paying colonies, how could the raw Argentine? The solemn reports of these costly colonies, weighed against the sum of Jewish misery, read like a burlesque. Moiseville has 825 souls, all told. Mauricio 1,045. From Entre Rios last year 560 families fled in despair, and even the recent more optimistic forecast of the *Frankfurter-Zeitung* cannot cover the breakdown of the general scheme. Baron Hirsch also tried Canada, and established Hirsch, undeterred by the fate of Moosomin (subsidized by the Mansion House Committee in 1884), the colonists of which threw up their farms as soon as the term of subsidy ended. Exactly the same thing happened at Hirsch when the first demand for repayment of loans was made. The runaways were replaced by the inhabitants of Red Deer, a Chicago-assisted colony of Russian Jews, which had broken down on its own account. Oxbow and Wapella, self-made colonies, still flourish, though they are very tiny and only valuable as proving the Jew *can* live by agriculture.

Even blacker reads the record of the Baron's or other people's settlements in the United States. Failure after failure, misfortune after misfortune, floods and droughts and desertions, a heart-breaking history, tempered only by gleams of hope in New Jersey. Failure in Louisiana, and failure in Dakota, failure in Colorado, and failure in Oregon, failure in Kansas and failure in Michigan, failure in Virginia and failure in Connecticut. In vain were the settlements called Palestine, Hebron, Beersheba. There was no balm even in Gilead (Kansas).

Baron de Hirsch is dead, but the Ica, after paying over a million and a half pounds in legacy duty to the British Government, goes gaily on its prodigal way; a centipede, trying to walk with every leg stepping out in different directions; and overhead flutter and fluster the benevolent busybodies, the Anglo-Jewish Association and the Alliance Universelle. The Allianz zu Wein sends "the Wandering Jew" (who comes from Roumania) to Rotterdam; there the Montefiore Association forwards him to New York, whence the B'nai B'rith Order and the Hirsch Fund Committee distribute him about the States—a golden chain of philanthropy and futility. Millions flow into a bottomless bucket, and the Jewish misery is greater, and the Jewish honour less than when the Alliance started. Heavens! It was in this very Paris, birthplace of the Alliance, that *Mort aux Juifs* was scribbled on the walls. And just as the Alliance can effect nothing politically, so can the Ica, with its mocking millions, effect nothing practically so long as either continues to overlook the first principle of action—concentration. Even when many forces are concentrated on one spot, there is no concentration of policy, and regeneration is replaced by pauperization.

It was not till the other day that Herr Bambus, of Berlin, read a

paper in which he denied that the bulk of the forty to sixty thousand Jews of Jerusalem lived on charity. Probably not more than half came under the influence of the Chalukah!

But a country must be built up, not propped up.

"A people must redeem itself," said Dr. Herzl.

Dr. Herzl's movement is a movement for the integration of the scattered forces of Israel, and the expression of this unity by a national, politically guaranteed home in Palestine, that may serve as a shelter for the homeless and oppressed, and a beacon for those prosperously sheltered elsewhere.

Like so many other agents in this fateful, epical drama, Dr. Herzl started with no partiality for Palestine. His book, "Der Judenstaat," published in 1887, which was intended to be his sole contribution to the national migration it preached, is willing to accept the Argentine equally. But he, too, has been set on the road to Zion, even as he has been transformed willy-nilly from a writer into a man of action of the first order. It is the best sign of the progress of his cause that his book is already obsolete. Yet in a sense all his ideas have become realities. The annual Congress is the embryo of a National Parliament. In a brief five years he has piloted his scheme through storms of abuse and hostility from every class of Jews, till the vapourings of a visionary have become a political possibility, discussed at four great international congresses, approved by the German Emperor, not disapproved by the Czar, favourably considered by the Sultan of Turkey, the Ruler of Palestine, worked for by societies throughout Europe and America, and South Africa, capitalized by a hundred and thirty thousand shareholders, and constituting the greatest Jewish movement since the foundation of Christianity. The Federation of American Zionists embraces some one hundred and fifty societies, including one in Manila, and sent twenty-four delegates, two of them ladies, to the last congress, which boldly invaded London; while the notorious American formula "America is our Palestine, Washington is our Zion," begins to lose its gloss. The Rev. Stephen S. Wise is starting a new American magazine to destroy it utterly.

Professor Gottheil, of Columbia College, is president of the American Zionists, Mr. Clarence I. De Sola, of the Canadian societies. The president of the French Federation is Dr. Alexander Marmorek, of the Pasteur Institute. The famous oculist, Mandelstamm, is the leader for Russia. In England the best-known workers are Dr. Gaster and Sir Francis Montefiore. But by far the most powerful personality in the Zionist party, after Herzl, is Max Nordau, who has become the great orator of the movement. Yet that it remains after all, a poor man's movement, despised and feared by the prosperous, is shown by the fact that the Trust is only now able to contemplate becoming an effective legal instrument. Famines and crises in Russia and the war in South Africa have retarded the already slow accumulation of the quarter of a million pounds necessary. Very romantic beneath all the prose with which anti-Zionists charge Zionism—for anti-Zionists find it in the same breath too prosaic and too poetic—is the office in the shadow of the Mansion House, where the "shekels" arrive with communications in every language under the sun. "The biggest company on earth," the Trust has been styled by Mr. J. de Haas, a talented young Zionist of apostolic fervour.

But the Trust will not start operations in Palestine till it obtains a charter giving it at least the status with which the Chartered Companies of India, Hudson's Bay, or South Africa have started.

The task to which Israel is thus called is of an originality congruous with his unique history. Motherlands have always created colonies. Here, colonies are to create motherland, or rather re-create her. It is not essential that all her daughters shall return to her skirts. Long before Titus conquered Jerusalem, Jewish settlers had followed in the wake of Tyrian and Phœnician commerce. The problem is simply to set up a centre of Jewish life and concentrate all one's labours on it. Gradually it would become the magnet of the race.

The task is difficult—more difficult, perhaps, than any in human history, beset with more theological and political man-traps—unique in its problem of migration. But the very greatness of the task should stimulate the most maligned of races to break the desolate monotony of this brutal modern world by the splendour of an antique idealism.

Palestine is a country without a people, the Jews are a people without a country. The regeneration of the soil would bring the regeneration of the people. It is marvellous that the country should have remained comparatively empty for eighteen hundred years, but it cannot remain unexploited much longer. The age of electricity is upon us, and the problem of Asia. Now or never is Israel's opportunity. Another generation and Palestine will be populated by Uitlanders and dominated by Germany. Another generation and the Western Jew will have lost the warmth of Jewish sentiment. In the Jew, as in Palestine, there have been more changes during the last generation than during all the centuries of the Christian era. Neither the Jew nor Palestine can wait longer. The Red Sea was divided for Israel's first exodus; it is united to the Mediterranean for the second. The Suez Canal has brought the world to the door-step of Palestine. And Palestine is the centre of the world.

But without railways and telegraph wires radiating from it, it could not be a nerve-centre. These are now being provided. The Jaffa-Jerusalem railway glides picturesquely between the mountains and, though it does not pay as yet, a harbour at Jaffa would work miracles in its balance-sheet.

The French Beyrout-Damascus line runs through the magnificent panorama of anti-Lebanon and Mount Hermon, and the old black basaltic towns respond to the living note of the red-tiled stations. Despite this line's opposition to the projected British Haiffa line, there will ere long be connection with the Persian Gulf, the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, one of the richest in the world, will be opened up, and Mesopotamia become indeed a blessed word. The Sultan's scheme to connect Damascus with the Holy Places of Islam means an extension down Arabia to Mecca, and as the Mussulmans of the world are subscribing and the contract for rails has been placed with a Belgian firm, the project is likely to materialize. Persia has already begun to have railways, which must ultimately extend till they meet those of India. Thus switched into connection with the world's markets, there is no reason why Palestine, with its eleven thousand square miles, including the Lebanon district, should not support even all the eleven million Jews who are scattered through the world.

But, it may be asked, if the failure of the Jewish colonies in Palestine is so marked, what hope is there for the Herzl scheme?

But the Jewish colonies have not so much failed as sown their wild oats. They have garnered a plentiful crop of experience, and the Zionists have Baron Edmond to thank for paying the 'prentices' premium. The colonists never learnt to swim because they had the cork-jacket of his capital to recline on. The privation of publicity brought other evils and scandals. An absentee philanthropist is as bad as an absentee landlord, and the Baron was both. Palestine was governed from Paris; the Gallicization of the colonists was the least of the evils. The motto of the French Jews of the days before Dreyfus was "France is our Zion." The motto of the colonists was "Zion is our France." Their wines even imitated Medoc. And Rothschild himself could not obtain full legal security of title. Sometimes the Turkish officials expelled the colonists, always they hampered their activities. At Petach Tikwah the old drainage works became choked; the Government forbade them to be reopened, and a third of the colonists promptly died. Baron Edmond offered to buy from the Government the neighbouring malarial marshes in order to plant them with eucalyptus trees, but was told his offer could not even be submitted unless he paid heavy bribes. Nobody is allowed to build a house without Government authority. But a stable may be built. Hence many colonists had to live in little huts, put up ostensibly as stables. 'Tis a poor sort of Zionism that has to progress by dodges.

Short of some great national aim, and with far stronger legal guarantees, it were madness to colonize Palestine. The Chovevi Zion Society, in disavowing Zionism and professing only to create Jewish agricultural settlements in Zion, is like a mountain determined to produce nothing but a mouse—and with the cat waiting! It was a mark of Herzl's political genius to say at once: till we get our charter not a single Jew shall enter Palestine. What! Shall we redeem Palestine and enrich the Turkish revenue only to find ourselves as we were; with no "legally-assured home," having achieved only the irony of becoming strangers in our own house! Already there is a tendency for one Jewish colonist to employ two Arab charateen and thus be outnumbered on his own soil. *Sic vos non vobis* has been Israel's motto long enough. Wherefore the Sultan's reply to the first Zionist Congress—the shutting of Palestine to any more Jews, though paralyzing to the Chovevi Zion, simply played into Herzl's hands. The two millions, at which Herzl from the first placed the capital of the Trust and which, after his interview with the Sultan, he declared to be immediately necessary, would not be used to "buy Palestine," as people have crudely imagined.

Had there been a little more of the business-like spirit of Jeremiah in the first colonists of Palestine, the prospects of Zionism would be brighter. In Palestine the last thing thought of seems to have been the market. The Zichron Jacob in Samaria is the show-colony. It rears wheat, silkworms, bees, boasts in all some two thousand inhabitants who walk in paved streets, read in a library, lie sick in a hospital—in brief, a model colony. Yet, to judge by the report of two inhabitants, writing in Die Welt, the organ of Zionism, it is not so much a model colony as a colony made on a model. They doubt whether wine should have been the staple product at all.

The critics therefore recommend concentration upon table-grapes, and especially upon raisins, the raisin-producing zone in the world being far more restricted than the wine-producing. Es-Salt (the ancient Ramoth-Gilead or perhaps Mizpah), a tiny corner cultivated by the Arabs, exports four to five million kilogrammes of raisins, while California itself only exports forty millions.

No less a transformation must the Jew's land undergo. For, as in the vision of Jeremiah, the fruitful place is a wilderness and all the cities thereof broken down. "The land flowing with milk and honey" is a stony desolation, relieved only by the Jewish colonies or an occasional Arab oasis. Like a deserted house or a forsaken fane, Palestine has gone to ruin. There are no olives on the Mount of Olives. The country around Jerusalem is a dreary stretch of stone, roadless, hopeless.

But all this can be set as of yore. The old wells can be dug up, the old aqueducts repaired, the old trees replanted, the still-terraced hills reclaimed. In Egypt the Bahr-Yusuf still testifies to the engineering genius of Joseph; his descendants, if they constructed no such great canal, at any rate eked out the water-supply and "the former and the latter rain," by an artificial system of channels and gutters. It is to such great public works that the money of the Trust would be applied, not to pauperizing private persons. If Egypt can be raised from insolvency to prosperity, why not Palestine? Nay, the prosperity of Egypt must needs overflow into Palestine and thus make tardy amends for Pharaoh's oppression of the Children of Israel. By the creation of railways, roads, harbours and national and industrial enterprises, and the development of its mineral resources, the coal and iron, Palestine will be prepared for its role in the evolution of Asia and of civilization.

A brief review of the present position of Palestine will show that there is nothing chimerical in the scheme of making her habitable by the Jews. On every hand there are signs that she is shaking off the slumber of ages. Besides wine, Palestine exports maize, olive-oil, sesame, soap, wool, oranges, colocynth, beans, lupines, bones, watermelons, etc. The official statistics neglect the objects, literally "of bigotry and virtue" the flowers pressed cruciform, the carven mother-o'-pearl shells, the rosaries, the pictorial paper-cutters, taken away by the 3,000 tourists and the 4,500 pious pilgrims whose entertainment must form a considerable source of profit, and together with the inflowing streams of charity account for the difference between imports and exports. Salt-farming could be carried on at the Dead Sea. Good hotels and tea-gardens for Americans may make Palestine as popular a resort as Egypt. Already people are beginning to tire of Cairo. And there are sulphur baths at Tiberias. The hot season may doubtless be tropical, and the cold season frigid, yet the mean of the hottest points registered at Jerusalem for fifteen years is 84 degrees F., and of the coldest 44.4 degrees. The rainfall of twenty inches is distributed over about fifty days.

Palestine is not destined to be simply a pastoral country. The suburbs of Jerusalem and Jaffa are increasing at such a rate that one almost foresees the time when Jerry-building will be traced to Jericho. The bulk of the Jews live in towns in Jerusalem, in Tiberias, in Safed, and for these Jews urban industries must be created—olive wood carving, embroidery, ready-made clothes, straw-plaiting; bas-

ket-making, soap and glass manufacture, jam-making—all were suggested at a recent conference of the Colonization Societies, now at last awake to the actualities of the problem. The Ica has set up a weaving-room in Jerusalem, the wool and silk of which are placed in Palestine and Egypt. A dyeing-factory and a lace-factory are in preparation.

Meantime the Turkish Government itself starts a work which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts could not carry through at her own expense. The terribly inadequate water supply of Jerusalem is to be improved. Assuredly the waters of life are quickening Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is again a Jewish city. But what a city! Lepers, beggars, ophthalmia, stink, starvation make her a worthy capital of Judea; the metropolis of misery. Rent by the fierce schism of Sephardi and Ashkenazi, she likewise typifies the disunion of Israel.

Zionism will change all that. We have seen the failure of every other prescription, we have followed the largely unconscious evolution by which—even against his will—Israel's feet have been turned Zionwards at the very moment in history in which it is possible for him to reoccupy the country for the world's benefit and his own. Our examination has been purposely confined to those practical aspects without which the noblest dreams are a form of opium-eating. But the dullest imagination must feel what a world of romance and spiritual hope, what a ferment of religious revival and literary and artistic activity must attend and follow the home-coming of the Wandering Jew.—*Frank Leslie's Monthly.*

THE TREE OF LIFE.

BY ALICE C. HAMMOND.

In the land of the desert and palm,
Where creation in slumberous calm
  Waits the secrets the ages unfold,
When the caravan halts at the even,
'Neath the arch of the star-lighted heaven,
  This mystical legend is told:

Where the river of Paradise flows,
And the faithful enjoy their repose
  Within sound of its silvery tide,
With its leaves of miraculous healing,
The great love of Allah revealing,
  The tree of life grows by its side.

'Neath its boughs stands the Angel of Death,
And the tender leaves chill at his breath,
  But each bears as it falls at his feet,
The name of some mortal, forgiven,
Whose vacant place waits him in heaven,
  For the tale of his years is complete.

Then the Death-Angel, silent and strong,
Goeth forth from the midst of the throng
  Of seraphs who wait round the throne;
By mortals unseen, without warning,
In deep night, in the first gray of morning,
  He speaketh the names of his own.

And when, in that last solemn hour,
Each soul feels his terrible power,
  In the valley of darkness and gloom;
When he seeth the frail body languish,
As the spirit is racked in its anguish,
  And dear ones stand mute in the room,

He lays a green leaf on the breast,
And the agony fades into rest,
  And victory follows the strife;
He stilleth the heart that was aching
And weary well-nigh unto breaking,
  And so heals the fever of life.

The legend is curious and old;
Yet beneath its quaint husk it may hold
  A meaning both sacred and deep;
For of all the good gifts that He giveth
Who thro' the eternities liveth,
  He gives His beloved ones—sleep.

And when I am quiet at night,
My loved ones withdrawn from my sight,
  And I, in the dark, wait alone,
In fancy I see the leaves falling,
And hear the swift-winged angel calling
  The name that has long been my own.

And I know, when the leaf shall be laid
On my heart, by its healing touch made
  Too quiet to thrill me again;
It shall give me content from my longing,
And re t from life's busy cares thronging,
  And peace from my passion and pain.

WORDSWORTH AND HIS POETRY.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

ORDSWORTH is pre-eminently a poet of the gentle, tranquil, out-door world; an enthusiastic, self-acclaimed

> Worshipper of Nature, hither come,
> Unwearied in that service: rather say
> With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
> Of holier love,—

to declare with a felicitous pen the beauties of the verdant earth and changeful sky, from the "happy genial influence" of a wayside daisy to the solemn splendour of the "clouds that gather round the setting sun."

Never, indeed, to any poet did Nature announce herself "ambassador for God" with readier acceptance. More than that, she is the sage interpreter of His inarticulate language in every elemental evolution; the evangelist of His living gospel through the medium of inspired sense.

> He had early learned
> To reverence the volume which displays
> The mystery—the life which cannot die;
> But in the mountains did he FEEL his faith;
> There did he see the writing—all things there
> Breathed immortality, revolving life,
> And greatness still revolving infinite;
> There littleness was not; the least of things
> Seem'd infinite; and there his spirit shaped
> Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he SAW.

And again,

> He look'd—
> Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
> And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
> In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
> And in their silent faces did he read
> Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
> Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
> The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form
> All melted into him; they swallow'd up
> His animal being; in them did he live,
> And by them did he live: they were his life,
> In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.

Thus is he best understood, away from walls of brick and stone, the din and roar of ceaseless traffic, the atmosphere of all pretence and artificiality. His poetry unconsciously belittles it, stamps it with vulgar assumption, relegates it to the realms of vain materiality; but underneath the broad blue arch of heaven, in contact with all the forms of humble, natural life, near to its sources and its destiny, he is powerful in delineation, he is masterful in simplicity.

Moods he has none, unless it is the uniform imperturbable mood of serenity. Be it in the murmur of the happy running brook, or the deep, unutterable sorrow of mankind, the same placidity of temper pervades and permeates it all: some simple, compensating joy for every sacrifice; some sweet, upwelling consolation for every sorrow.

Circumstances were kind to Wordsworth in the endowment of temporal benefits. Exempt from the diverting obligations of providing a livelihood, his fancy was at liberty to range, unpinioned, the loftiest heights of poetical imagination and repose. Indeed, one can hardly conceive of a man of Wordsworth's temperament, who seemed to exist in a continual atmosphere of poetry and ideality, being hampered by the cares of maintenance or reduced to the exigency of sordid trade. Yet one cannot safely speculate on such expediency as being utterly disastrous to the quality of his genius. Exalted as he lived in fancy and de-

sire, he ever maintained a sympathetic affinity with the every-day, commonplace incidents that make up the sum of humanity's existence.

Herein lies the charm, the potency, the refreshing individuality of Wordsworth's artless verse. The trivialities, the little inconsequential details of every-day life, passed lightly over or entirely ignored by poets of the loftier passions, are here sanctified and enveloped in a metrical flow of commiserative language. His strong and active sympathies are ever with the weak, the oppressed, the afflicted in body or in mind. Age and its accompanying decrepitude elicit the tenderest chords of his creative faculty; while, wrought to an intense, exalted strain of emotional pathos is his almost supernatural comprehension of the deep, unutterable loneliness of the human soul, the touching, aching solitude of minds isolated by sentiment and circumstances from the sympathies of mankind.

Who has not searched, with dim, tear-blinded eyes and swelling heart, the lonely snow-bound moor for a sight of the lost, wandering child who, in sad, undying tradition

> —trips along
> And never looks behind;
> And sings a solitary song,
> That whistles in the wind."

Of a less tragic character, but equally plenary in its pensive power to touch the deepest sources of inarticulate sadness, is that matchless "Song of the Solitary Reaper," which, without detriment to the whole, cannot be anatomized, even in verse:

> Behold her, single in the field,
> Yon solitary Highland lass!
> Reaping and singing by herself.
> Stop here, or gently pass!
> Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
> And sings a melancholy strain.
> O listen! for the vale profound,
> Is overflowing with the sound.
>
> No nightingale did ever chant
> So sweetly to reposing bands
> Of travellers in some shady haunt,
> Among Arabian sands:
> No sweeter voice was ever heard
> In spring-time from a cuckoo-bird
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides.
>
> Will no one tell me what she sings?
> Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
> For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago:
> Or is it some more humble lay,
> Familiar matter of to-day?
> Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
> That has been, and may be again!
>
> Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
> As if her song could have no ending;
> I saw her singing at her work,
> And o'er the sickle bending;—
> I listened till I had my fill:
> And, as I mounted up the hill,
> The music in my heart I bore
> Long after it was heard no more.

Distinct from this sweetly melancholy strain is a gentle inoffensive humour that views without intolerance or contempt the frailties and absurdities of human nature in a world where,

> —'Tis a thing impossible to frame
> Conceptions equal to the soul's desire,
> And the most difficult of tasks to KEEP
> Heights which the soul is competent to gain.

Buoyancy of spirit, a cheerful and optimistic interpretation of life, are characteristic of Wordsworth's verse; there is in all his works only a rare admission of

> The fear that kills,
> And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
> Cold, pain and labour, and all fleshly ills;
> And mighty poets in their misery dead,

clouding the radiance of the sanguine vision that persisted in luxuriating in the sunshine of simple joys, and dwelling on the memory of its glory when withdrawn.

There is a wholesome absence of that restless, futile probing into the dim mysteries of the unknown, that wearisome and unavailing endeavour to wrest the secrets of the hereafter; a simple acceptance of life and its

conditions breeds a calm, unquestioning reliance in the good and beauty of the future.

> One adequate support
> For the calamities of mortal life
> Exists—one only—an assured belief
> That the procession of our fate, howe'er
> Sad or disturb'd, is order'd by a Being
> Of infinite benevolence and power,
> Whose everlasting purposes embrace
> All accidents, converting them to good.

No one has depicted with a more delicate or masterly hand the sources of life or of destiny than has Wordsworth in his sublime, inimitable "Ode to Immortality." Every sensitive, reflecting soul has paused, rapt, beholding the workings of his secret, unspoken being mirrored in the vivid imagery of the poet's luminous language. His divine origin is invested with such inspired significance, his destiny clothed in habiliments of such celestial refulgence,—

> What though the radiance which was once
> so bright
> Be now for ever taken from my sight,
> Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the
> flower;
> We will grieve not, rather find,
> Strength in what remains behind,
> In the primal sympathy
> Which having been, must ever be;
> In the soothing thoughts that spring
> Out of human suffering;
> In the faith that looks through death,
> In years that bring the philosophic mind.

Wordsworth, like many another genius, was not widely popular in his day. His appointment to the Poet Laureateship, 1843, was laconic admission of his merit, but served to familiarize him little more than formerly with the general public. He escaped ridicule and scathing censure, to be ignored and neglected, treatment almost as dispiriting to a sensitive, aspiring nature as unfavourable or hostile criticism. But Wordsworth, confident of his own ability, sensibly reliant on the purity of his purpose, could afford to gracefully dispense with ephemeral recognition, as he toiled hopefully and unceasingly for the fruitage of the waiting years.

Indeed, "toiling," in connection with Wordsworth's verse, is an erroneous word. No poet is less constrained or hampered in his style; there is no suggestion of labour in all his varied verse. His songs are the free, spontaneous outpourings of a genuinely poetic nature. He sings because he must; because the beauty and design of all he sees and hears possesses him wholly.

> The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
> wood,
> Their colours and their forms were then to
> me
> An appetite, a feeling, and a love.

His was something of a new order of poetry, a style not contemporaneous in sentiment with the stirring spirit of the times. Men's minds at that transitive period were not susceptible to the songs and pipings of simple nature's muse; the world of gentle passions and quiet, contemplative joys was relegated to the taste of the effeminate, the conservative, the tenders of humble firesides. The stirring ballads and resonant clash of arms of a Scott, the strenuous, incentive passion of a Byron, were more in harmony with the martial, blind, adventurous spirit of the times.

Wordsworth, himself, we find, did not escape the prevalent infection. The impetuosity of a generous, impulsive nature led him to take sides with the exponents of republicanism during the French revolution, a period when,

> The meagre, stale, forbidding ways
> Of custom, law and statute, took at once
> The attraction of a country in romance,

but the saner, wiser consideration of the man led him to retract this

improvident step with the candid expression:

Liberty,
I worshipp'd thee and find thee but a shade.

Justice cannot be accorded Wordsworth's achievements without a tribute of regard to his sister, in whom he found that perfect congeniality of thought and harmony of sentiment that did so much to foster and direct the finer instincts of his genius, and to whom he has so delicately and tenderly referred in,

The time when in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey: with leaps and springs
I follow'd on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her! fear'd to brush
The dust from off its wings.

And again, in gracious acknowledgment of the noble, elevating influence that did so much to mould the character of his earlier years, when

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

Peacefully and tranquilly as he lived, so he died,

Rich in love
And sweet humanity, he was, himself,
To the degree that he desired, beloved,

while the fame that should have woke sweet music to his dying ears only faintly echoed from posterity, verifying another instance of the mournful truth of the great tragedian, who declared:

The worthiest poets have remained uncrown'd
Till death has bleached their forehead to the bone.

Bloomfield, Ont.

THE NEED OF TO-DAY.

BY KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

It is better to stand alone with God,
Than to stand with the crowd on error's side.
It were better to bow 'neath the scourger's rod,
To face e'en the cruel, mocking word,
Than to turn away from the Christ who died.

"Aye! but we do not so," you say?
"Our faith is in Christ—we would die for Him."
Hearken! His cause is on trial to-day,
Wherever the truth calls for yea or for nay,
He is seeking the souls who will stand with Him.

'Tis the cause of the weak against the strong
To-day, as it was when He walked this earth.
'Tis the cause of the right against the wrong,
Though the wrong be established through ages long,
And the right may seem but of yesterday's birth.

Still are men building the tombs to-day
Of those whom a past generation slew.
Oh, for eyes so single to truth's white ray,
Oh, for ears so attuned to God's great yea
As to know His cause—when as yet 'tis new.

FROM COAL PIT TO PARLIAMENT.

BY WILLIAM E. JOHNSON.

THIRTY-FOUR years ago James Keir Hardie, a miner's lad, worked in a coal pit of Ayrshire County, Scotland, at a shilling a day. He had been working there for two years then. Far under the ground, he only saw the sun once a week, and that was on the Sabbath. While in this black pit, this stripling learned to write shorthand at odd moments. He had secured a few leaves from an old text-book, and practised the hieroglyphics under the ground, scratching them with a nail on an old whitewashed board.

Recently I spent an afternoon with this same Keir Hardie at his own fireside at Old Cumnock, about forty miles south of Glasgow, Scotland. He had mastered the shorthand art. He had been elected to Parliament. He had spoken in behalf of the workingman all over two continents. He had organized, and was the chairman of the Independent Labour Party of Great Britain. He was editing the most successful labour publication in the British Empire, responding to calls for lectures and talking to labour gatherings. He had tasted the bitters and sweets of life.

By the fireside of his comfortable home, the rugged Scot tugged at his somewhat elderly pipe, stroked his scraggy brown beard and talked with me regarding the past, with its starvation and struggles; the present with its undertakings, his hopes and fears for the future. Mrs. Hardie, the goodly Scotch matron, provided the tea, but her husband went her one better by presenting me with a unique teapot on which was graven that quaint old Scotch proverb, "Guid gear's in wee bouk," which conveys the Anglo-Saxon idea that good things come in small packages.

Old Cumnock is in the heart of classic Scotland. Through the backyard of Mr. Hardie's home runs the old Lugar, which Burns immortalized in—

> Beyond yon hills where Lugar flows.

We have all heard of—

> Old King Cole, that merry old soul;
> A merry old soul was he.
> He called for his pipe; he called for his bowl;
> He called for his fiddlers three."

Well, this was Old King Cole's country. He was born and raised there—so they say.

A mile west of Mr. Hardie's home still stands the old home of Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. Old Cumnock, moreover, was the home of William Murdoch, the discoverer of gas, and the banks of Bobby Burns' Lugar reflected the first gas light that the world ever saw.

In the graveyard on Gallows Hill lies buried Taylor, who preceded Robert Fulton in steam navigation. Taylor had a little steamboat splashing about on Swinton Lock while Fulton was drawing pictures in Philadelphia.

Furthermore, those hills about Old Cumnock were the headquarters of the old-time Covenanters. Indeed, if the graves of Covenanters who were shot, hanged, and quartered by the Royalists hereabout should open and the people come out, there would be enough

strange folk gathered for a country fair. Alexander Peden, the prophet of the sect, lies buried on the hill top. He died a natural death, but when the Royalists discovered the place of his burial, they dug up his corpse, dragged it through the streets and buried it on Gallows Hill, the place of execution for Covenanters and dogs. Peden's followers planted a thorn tree on the grave, which still stands, and every descendant of a Covenanter carries in his bosom a twig from this tree. Presently the grief-stricken followers began planting themselves on Gallows Hill, and thus it became a graveyard.

It was in this atmosphere that Keir Hardie was born. Here he lives. In spite of his surroundings he is not a poet—merely a labourer, a thinker, a philosopher, an agitator and reformer.

Mr. Hardie's first experience as a public speaker was in the local Good Templar lodges, where he would speak "for the good of the order." It was there that he received his early training in oratory.

When scarcely twenty years of age, young Hardie joined a local labour union—a risky thing to do in those oppressive days when the "white slaves" had few liberties. His employers discovered the fact and not only blacklisted the youth in all the collieries of the district, but also blacklisted the boy's father and relatives. That was a crisis in his life. William Baird & Co. then, as now, controlled all of the collieries of the district, and to be blacklisted meant that one must starve or leave the country.

An oldtime friend tells me a story which illustrates the character of the boy, who was a worthy father of the man. An explosion in the mine killed several men and imprisoned the rest, among whom was young Hardie. The boy, who was then working a pony, seeing that he was imprisoned, and not likely to ever see the light again, went coolly back with his pony to work, fearing, doubtless, that should he happen to live, his genial employers would fine him for lost time. Hours after, when the rescuers dug them out, the boy had become tired and was found asleep.

In later years, when Hardie became a member of Parliament, having been elected from West Ham, he managed to keep that body in convulsions most of the time.

In the first place, the new member deliberately attended the sessions wearing his usual Scotch bonnet instead of the regulation high hat. All England was astounded. That a member of Parliament should wear a cap instead of a high hat was an outrage that shook the Empire to its foundations. Joe Bailey's refusal to wear a spike-tailed coat at a Washington reception a few years ago was nothing to this commotion.

Mr. Hardie is also a photographer. He told laughingly of his career as a maker of pictures. When he made a lecturing tour of America, some years ago, he took with him a camera and a supply of photographer's materials. He made snaps of points of interest all the way from Fort Wadsworth to Puget Sound. When he returned home he took his films to a photographer and found that his camera had been broken all the time and he did not have a single picture. That ended his career as a photographer.

When Mr. Hardie was blacklisted in Ayrshire, he spent no time bewailing his fate, but walked forty miles across the country to Hamilton, where friends enabled him to open a news stall on credit. From this he drifted into journalism and, years later, founded The Labour Leader, of which he is still the editor.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE AFTERGLOW.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

CHAPTER I.

IT was night, late, a still August night. I had strolled down into the garden. The moon hung like a great white ball above the apple-trees, and the stars were strewn thickly across the blue. The lights were out in the house. Grandfather and "Little Mother" had gone to rest. I had stolen out to be alone with the night and with God. I could feel the fever burning in my cheeks, but the night wrapped her peace around me like a cloak of silvery down.

It was only a few days before that I had paid a hurried visit to the city. Symptoms of an old illness returning had driven me to seek a specialist. In an hour I knew the bitter truth that only the surgeon's knife could save me from death. Even in the most skilled hands my case was very doubtful. With all the strength of my young womanhood I rebelled at first against the doctor's decision. Life had never been so sweet before. Life had never offered so much to hold. But I tried to choke back such thoughts. I had meant to-night to tell my friend, Dr. Allan, Dr. Geddis' assistant, in the village.

I had meant to tell him as much as was consistent with the delicate understanding between us. But to-night as we walked home, a misunderstanding arose. A little cutting remark on my side, one a little more so on his, taken up all the more quickly by me in my nervous condition—the breach broadened with every word. We parted at the gate with a few dignified words, a cold hand-clasp.

It was little more than a year since Frank Allan, with his graduating honours fresh upon him, had come to practise with the experienced Dr. Geddis in our village.

He had been favourably received from the first, some of the prognostic sort predicting he would ultimately supplant Dr. Geddis, who only laughed in reply and declared his willingness to be put upon the shelf when Dr. Allan had accumulated a sufficient amount of experience to constitute him a formidable rival.

Dr. Geddis had always manifested a helpful interest in the work, secular and religious, of the village, thereby keeping himself in friendly contact with all the young people and in sympathy with any scheme of wholesome progression.

We had been friends from the first, the friendship ripening into deeper, finer sensibilities as the weeks rolled by, and we almost unconsciously unfolded our inner tastes and temperaments to each other. No doubt, like many others in the first stages of mutual admiration, we had invested each other with qualities and characteristics superior to their real proportions, but, the reverse of its doing us either harm, I think it rather incited us with a desire to really be better, to live up to our highest standards for the sake of what we either of us hoped to be.

Still, I was not blind to his faults. I knew he was impulsive. I knew the provocation had been mine to-night. My conscience troubled me as I stood there in the quiet of the garden. Why, oh, why, had things happened so on what might be one of my last nights on earth? But surely I would see him again before that terrible hour on Monday when I must descend into the valley alone.

Saturday dragged itself along on leaden feet, while I tried to make the necessary arrangements for my illness, put all my little drawers and possessions in order, and, above all, to keep a cheerful, hopeful countenance before grandfather, whose eyes followed me with childlike affection, and gentle "Little Mother," whose voice was unusually caressing and subdued. But, through all my outward seeming occupation ran the invisible thread of eager desire for reconciliation with Frank, that increased, as the evening lengthened, into a feverish anxiety.

Sunday morning, the last one of August, dawned beautiful and radiant with sunshine. As I rose and sat before my window, looking out upon the earth spread out in all her dewy fresh-

ness, I could scarcely bring myself to realize that I might never again behold a Sabbath sunrise, never again bathe my spirit in the holy hush and sanctity of its dawn.

Everything on the earth was so beautiful, so full of life, of happiness, of song. Although the last day of summer, there was as yet no hint of autumn's desolation. Life was so sweet now that I must face its dark uncertainty; yet I know that mine was entirely in the hands of Him who giveth and taketh at His will; and as I drew my Bible to my knees, I raised a silent prayer that my will might ever be His: to live—to die; even now, with youth, with friends, with hopes.

I employed the interval before church time in final preparation of the lesson for my class at Sunday-school. I had only had it a few months, but in that time a bond of sympathy and common interest had grown up between us.

I had often been discouraged by the lack of interest on the part of some, the irregular attendance of others, and generally by the absence of evident results of my sincere efforts on the part of all; but lately there had appeared a more encouraging attitude on their part toward the school and their own class. Some of them had been received into the Sunday-school choir, which had resulted in a stimulation of their interest.

To-day the lesson was the beautiful story of the unparalleled test by faith of Abraham. How this story appealed to myself at this crisis of my experience, can be surmised. I had recognized a call for sacrifice, almost, it seemed to me, as great as that to Abraham. Life, with all its promises of fulfilment, of love, of happiness, each pleasant duty was my Isaac. Could I lay it all, trustingly, upon the altar for His sake; relinquish all my claim upon it without seeing, without knowing, what reward the trial was to bring? Time, an inner voice whispered, would reveal that. I would seek for grace to bind my Isaac with a willing hand.

I had meant to speak to my girls in some way of what was lying next my heart, but when, at the close of the lesson, I sat down and looked into their young, restless faces, so full of a happy expectancy, an eager love of life and what it was to bring them, I could not bring myself to speak to them of death; and so I only closed by saying, with a tremor in my voice I could not control:

"I shall be unable to be with you next Sunday, girls, perhaps for many Sundays. Miss Ashton will take your class in my absence. I hope you will all be as kind and attentive as you have been to me, and continue to maintain your reputation as one of the best classes of Bible students in the school."

They looked at me a little wonderingly, but the last bell sounded, and immediately the curtains were drawn, and they filed out, each clasping my hand for a moment as they passed.

CHAPTER II.

As I hurried down the street, I felt rather than saw, for I had not meant to glance that way, the windows of Dr. Geddis' office staring down blank and unfriendly upon me. Turning off from the main street, I sought an unfrequented path home, through a quiet, shady lane, bordered on either side by close-reaped undulating fields, with here and there a wide-spreading maple, under which the cattle were lying, giving themselves up to placid rumination.

Half the distance I paused in the grateful shade of a small clump of willows, and turned my eyes upon the sun-wooed landscape. Away to the south, stretching along the whole southern horizon, lay the village, wrapped in the languor of the August sunshine. A softly-tempered breeze played among the tree-tops that interspersed its pretty cottages from end to end. Here and there their red roofs and tapering chimneys rose among the green foliage like alternate red and green beads upon a string, while at either extremity huge, painted farm barns stood out prominently like sentinels at her gates.

As I sat here, with the village spread out before me, gazing upon those fields and woods that had surrounded me from childhood, that had grown into my affections like human things, I reviewed my life from my earliest remembrance, calling to mind many trivial events and circumstances that seemed long forgotten.

First, I recalled the story of my mother, whose love and care I had never known; how she had married, very young, a strange Irish lad who had been hired to work upon her

father's farm ; how she had incurred the deep displeasure of her parents, who had turned them both from their doors with scant provision, to make their own way as best they might. For two years they made brave, unaided efforts to start themselves in life, efforts that drained the strength of the delicate girl to the last drop, so that when the tiny baby that came within the last year brought increased demand for effort, the little mother's was a silent response : a silence that was never broken.

Helpless, discouraged, there was no resource for the young husband but to yield the tiny baby to the care of the unrelenting parents, on the condition that he relinquished all claim to it or interest in its welfare.

There was no need to have raised any new barrier. In less than two years death had raised an insurmountable one, that mocked at their simple human device.

And it was about this time that I, that little babe, first became conscious of the atmosphere that surrounded me. Unnatural as it may seem, the deep resentment nourished against my mother, in the heart of her own mother, had descended to me. No baby innocence, no childish prattle, had power to charm away that spirit of injured pride. I was an interloper : the fruit of disobedience, the memory of which rankled in the recesses of her stern puritanical bosom.

But those early days were not entirely without love. There was one always kind, invariably gentle, who had been about me almost from the first, of whom. distinct consciousness dates from the time when I awoke from fitful, feverish slumber to find her dear face always near me, tender, lovingly pitiful, and against whose bosom I nestled with a sense of rest.

Through days and days she nursed me with a mother's love, seeking to revive the colour in my wan cheeks, while that other stern face seemed to soften and relent as I learned again to walk, weakly tottering from one chair to another.

It was my mother's only sister, then a girl of nineteen. Pretty and admired by others, she became to me the personification of all that was ideally lovely and good. Never once then, nor in all the after years, did her unvarying kindness fail me : no frown ever marred the smooth serenity of her brow or crabbed care trouble the depths of her dark, saintly eyes.

She became my star of hope, my earthly idol, my " Little Mother," and when I was four years old, and she left home to live with a childless great-aunt, my childish grief amounted to despair. For days I wandered inconsolable, refusing sympathy, turning a deaf ear to all her promises of toys and sweets · but when I found that every week brought her back, the mile did not seem such an interminable distance nor the days so hopelessly sad.

How I used to sit and watch for her on the expected days ; watch until my eyes began to grow blurred with fears of coming disappointment, at last to be rewarded by a glimpse of the familiar fat pony and, above all, that glorious vision of loveliness to my enchanted eyes in white and blue ; a bound, a silence too deep for words, while the tears were all kissed away with smiles and laughter, and we sprang away to the shady yard hugging paper sacks bulging with fragrant sweets.

And then the grief of parting, when the pony again drew up to the gate, and I was left in silence, straining my eyes until the last speck of white and blue disappeared round the Poplar Bend.

Little, trivial things, but to the heart and imagination of a lonely child, epochs of a life.

As time went on and I became more and more drawn by the magnetic influence of this heart, I became half-unconsciously repelled by the cold reserve and sternness of the other. Alone, unaided, I fought out the passions of my nature, at times all the rebellious forces within me rising up against the injustice of the restrictions and petty punishments inflicted upon me. Keenly my sensitive intuition was alive to the contrast between the love and confidence existing between my little friends and their mothers, and to that between my grandmother and myself.

I resented the indignities I often suffered in their presence. Appeals and entreaties, which I seldom dared to make, were, when ventured, worse than vain, only serving the purpose of confirming her in resolutions against the indulgence of any foolish license. It was wholesome discipline to keep me ever conscious of the fact that on me rested the chastisement of my mother's sin.

Many a night I would leave my merry school companions at the gate with a vague sinking at the heart, to steal softly in to deposit my pail and

satchel in their accustomed place, while those stern eyes followed me narrowly or deigned to take no notice at all.

There were times innumerable when I would have given all the coveted possessions of my imagination for one smile, or the privilege of burying my face even in her skirts, to sob out some childish wrong suffered at school, or beg forgiveness for some hidden fault.

When I was sick she would wait upon me indefatigably, administer with careful exactness her simple home remedies; sometimes, even, she would lay the back of her fingers against my forehead for a moment, while I closed my eyes in alternate hope and fear that they would linger there.

At long intervals, as I grew older, the ice of her reserve would melt perceptibly. She would speak quite unreservedly on subjects of general interest, even consult me on little matters of taste or dress, and when I had begun to hope a new understanding growing out of my maturer development was about to be established between us, some inadvertent word or trifling circumstance would occur to destroy the whole fabric of our reconciliation.

Enlarged as seemed the sorrows of my heart, I never went to "Little Mother" with any tales of sorrow or injustice. A proud reserve withheld me from any confidence on that subject, and by a tacit understanding we always avoided any allusion to, or discussion of, my home life. Conscious of it she could not fail to be, but in her wisdom she ignored it as completely as if it did not exist, treating us all, when together, with a charming, open candour that never failed of its results.

But there was one Friend to whom I had long been accustomed to go, of whom I had learned at Sunday-school, and of whom my eager thirst for knowledge grew out of the assurance that He was a God of love: that magic word which, to my mind, was the key to all happiness, the wand that opened the treasure house of all coveted store.

Out of all the confused knowledge that I eagerly gleaned, I gathered and clung to the distinct impression that He was a Friend who, if I earnestly sought, would help me to conquer all my hasty petulance of temper, bear meekly and without resentment all the annoyances and wounds of my injured feelings, and who, when I had succeeded in quelling the formidable enemies of my perverse nature, would take me to a very beautiful place where "Little Mother," my own, lost mother and myself, would always be very, very happy together.

So I began to steal away up to the old chamber to read and ponder over the chapters in a large, old Bible, whose more forcible attractions, I fear now, were pressed leaves and flowers, small cards and pictures scattered indiscriminately among its pages, and which possessed an agreeable faculty of sifting out at unexpected moments.

However this may be, the Book possessed a secret power and attraction of its own; the wonderful stories of a strange people in a far-off, unknown age of the world (it contained no marginal references), the beautiful rhythmical flow and language of its spiritual songs, that appealed to my poetical imagination even then; and, best of all, the story of the Man Jesus, whose strange birth and cruel crucifixion possessed an unwearied fascination, combined with the beautiful characteristics that always surrounded Him with the pale halo of light, as represented in its only illustration, setting Him apart from comparison with all other beings.

All this I felt in my vague way, dressing it up often erroneously with my distorted childish fancy into dreams of the far past, or calculating in a remote way its influence on the present. I understood so much of its bearing that it seemed strange to me, incomprehensible, that what was spoken of so openly and unreservedly at church and Sunday-school was seldom mentioned at home.

I understood that God was a spirit, not a visible presence, who made Himself present in the speech and actions of those in whom He dwelt; therefore, if I wished to experience this power, that would give me a new grasp over difficulties, I must yield myself unreservedly to Him.

And so I struggled along over my thorny path, enduring the prick of some encounters with a stoical persistency of good-nature, but in many others overcome by the enemy and compelled to acknowledge defeat. These failures were a continual source of dismay and mortification, of which nothing but the longest and most dolorous fits of repentance could absolve me.

These oscillating, up and down experiences sent out a very flickering, uncertain light, failing to impress beholders, I fear, with a very persuasive

sense of the efficacy of my spiritual weapons; which in the first handling was little wonder, that, without competent knowledge, were often awkwardly wielded and suffered to have the edges turned.

CHAPTER III.

It was through the influence and financial help of "Little Mother" that I was sent away to school at fourteen. Those years of schooling were not unlike the usual experiences of schoolgirls, with their routine of studies, formation of new acquaintances with each succeeding term, and the occasional holidays between these, when those not too far away hastened home with delight.

It was always optional with me whether I went or stayed. I loved the quiet and seclusion of my room at town, surrounded by my books, and when through with these, never wearied of sitting by the window and watching the groups of human faces that passed.

I was thus occupied one day when a visitor was announced and I turned to greet my uncle. In a few words he told me the worst: my grandmother was ill—there was no hope—"Little Mother" had sent for me to come. Trembling, I gathered together my few necessities, and we were soon on the way. It was a matter of ten miles, and the trees were casting long shadows across the driveway as we entered the gate.

One deep silent embrace from "Little Mother," and all the pent-up conflict of my thoughts broke forth in uncontrollable sobbing. I found myself alone in the little room where, beyond its thin partition, I could hear the light, sometimes hurried footsteps, the occasional articulations of a voice now strangely weakened by the shadow that hung above it; then complete silence, when I longed to steal forth and make my presence known.

When she opened her eyes to find me sitting there so sad and passive, she did not wonder, or seem to have remembered my absence. How I longed for some word to say, but, gazing, silence grew upon me, and I could only move my hand to brush back from her forehead a stray lock of hair and steady the glass she grasped so eagerly to moisten her parched lips.

And when the hue visibly deepened on the pallid cheeks, and the laboured breathing gradually shortened, I could have cried out for anguish, but I spoke no word: my lips were sealed. How freely I forgave her all the injustice I had suffered! How I longed to tell her I was sure we would understand each other better now, but to those fast closing ears few messages could penetrate. Suddenly a fire flashed on my brain:

"Grandmother — my mother — you forgive my mother?"

How strange and hollow sounded my voice in my own ears. Something of a former shadow rested on her face at the mention of that name. She repeated, as if reviving an old reflection:

"A wilful and disobedient child."

"But you forgive her now, *now*," I repeated entreatingly.

She looked at me fixedly, scrutinizingly.

"Yes, you were ever like her, with your quiet, meek ways, but back of it all a headstrong, indomitable will that ill brooked restraint. Well, I have done my duty by you—it's hopeful you'll show more discretion in some matters than your mother."

Through the open window opposite the sun was fast drawing sombre clouds about it, from the folds of which it looked out with a red glare. I felt a vague oncreeping sense of darkness, but that instant "Little Mother" put one hand about me while the other gently took up the one on the bed. Instinctively I took the other, so cold and unresponsive in its touch.

Had it not soothed and tended in gentler moods my mother, and perhaps even myself? And then I prayed that it might even now be clasping another Hand, that in the severing of it from mine would indissolubly link it with the saintly dead of all time.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The voice was so soft and full of a tender entreaty, it might have been that of a pleading angel. Slowly the feeble eyelids on the bed lifted themselves, and for one moment looked full into the tearful ones that bent above them.

"Life—life," the white lips hoarsely whispered, catching at the last word. "It is going—it is almost past."

The daylight paled into twilight, and when the first star peered out, faint and flickering in the western sky, our watch was over and we sadly crept away.

. . . . . .

It was decided that I should go back to school for at least a couple of years. The little farm was let to tenants, and grandfather would make his home with them for the present. Hitherto I believe I have said very little concerning my grandfather. He was my grandmother's senior by many years, and was now, in consequence of a life of arduous, unremitting toil, aged and spent beyond his years. His was a very simple life indeed. He had not been learned nor clever; his highest maxim was to deal honestly in all transactions, avoid all appearances of contention with his neighbours, and do them an accommodation on any upright terms. Underlying this simplicity was a deep reverence for all spiritual things, a love and respect for God's people, combined with a ready acceptance of the predominance of good over evil.

For all this, in all domestic relations he was as wax in the stable hands of my grandmother. He felt it wiser, in view of his natural hatred of strife, to offer no opposition, to attempt no extempore argument.

Even from my earliest years I perceived in a thousand ways his mild advocacy for me. There were surreptitious little fishing expeditions to the neighbouring pond; clandestine rides on the horses' backs to and from the fields, with private indulgences in sweets in a secluded corner after market-days.

That he held his real regard for me in abeyance did not veil my perception of its existence, and as an acknowledgment of sentiments, I loved to do little tasks for him in the house or in the garden.

We had not grown apart during my four years away at school, and now that that epoch in my life was closed I purposed to return and cherish the remaining years of my grandfather, who had visibly failed. In the meantime the farm had been exchanged for a neat little cottage about a mile from the village. where we prepared to re-establish our housekeeping, and it is here, after two very quiet but happy years, my story begins.

CHAPTER IV.

Grandfather and "Little Mother" were waiting for me in the garden on my return, and as their mildly chiding eyes looked into mine, I felt a little pang of reproach for my prolonged absence. The remaining hours of the day were very quiet, indeed. It seemed enough to sit undisturbed together and bathe in the liquid beauty of the fading day.

The sun lingered lovingly on the tree-tops in rosy touches as if in gentle premonition of the change of nature near at hand. We lingered to see the stars come out one by one, and the moon to deepen from a pale blue opalescence to a flushed rosy irradiance, casting faint shadows along the dampening grass.

Inside we sang together old hymns, and then lapsed into silence—a silence too deep for words, the warm pressure of our hands more eloquent of our thoughts.

To me it seemed so wonderful that to-morrow night, perhaps a week from to-morrow, I might be as completely separated from all this as from a world that I had never known. I had always loved to think of heaven as described by Addison in his "Vision of Mirza": "A vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them." With "persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands on their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers." With "a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices and musical instruments."

We were roused from our reverie by voices and steps upon the walk. My heart beat to the thought of one whom it might be—but it was only our next-door neighbours, who dropped in on their return from church. It was half after nine when they had gone. I need not expect any one that night.

I sat down and wrote a little note asking him to forgive me for my part in the estrangement as I had already forgiven him, that was all, asking "Little Mother" to deliver it in case I did not recover. Otherwise, nothing need be said or done. I also prepared a little message for my girls, provided I never met them again in the class-room. This done, we knelt together, opened our hearts to the Giver of all life, and lay down to sleep, a sense of holy calm brooding over my spirit like a benediction.

When I came downstairs in the morning, the furniture and carpet had been removed from the room I was to occupy. Soon after, the doctor and

nurse from the city arrived, and "Little Mother" was mechanically moving here and there in an effort to assist in the final preparations.

Finally, all was ready. Just one long embrace, one long, deep gaze into each other's eyes, a last murmur of "Little Mother," "God bless her," then a sudden oppression of the air that I vainly strove against as I caught, indistinctly, glimpses of her face, now Dr. Geddis', now hers again, then darkness, in which I felt myself floating off, away into vague, misty unreality.

They told me afterwards that it was three weeks from that morning that I first awoke to consciousness of the scenes about me, and feebly asked for "Little Mother." The nurse spoke to me very soothingly, gently urging some mixture from a glass upon me, and when I turned my eyes inquiringly about the room, told me I must remain very quiet for the present; I had best not see any one but herself. She would do everything necessary for my comfort, and if I just submitted to her care without questioning, all would be well.

Three days later, quite forgetful of my former charge, I again repeated my request. It was answered much the same as on the former occasion, and further attempt at the most fragmentary conversation was discouraged.

Although weak even to utter helplessness, I soon began to take an interest in the things about me, and longed for information of the little world outside my door.

Every day I repeated my request for "Little Mother," but my nurse would tell me to wait yet a few days—in a week I would be stronger. She remained uncommunicative, forbidding a single intrusion into my room, except, of course, Dr. Geddis.

It struck me that there was something unusually protective and subdued in his manner, that was sometimes terse even to abruptness. Although he remained in my room scarcely an unnecessary moment, he was invariably gentle, even trying a few times to make me smile.

I noticed once on his entrance he cast a glance of quick inquiry towards Miss Batton, who returned it with a dull, indifferent response. From that moment a foreboding of something amiss, something they were concealing, took possession of me. Was it concerning myself, or was it—Heaven help me, I prayed—"Little Mother"?

Restlessness grew upon me. I introduced her name at sudden, unexpected moments, and hungrily scanned Miss Batton's face for betrayal of some knowledge. I was disappointed in this: it looked back as mildly imperturbable as a wall. Put off by refusal after refusal, I at last grew unbearably miserable. The sight of Dr. Geddis' kindly face that afternoon broke down the last barrier of endurance.

"Where is she?" I cried, in a childish abandonment of sobbing, stretching out my weak hands toward him.

"Why do you keep her from me? Something has happened—she is ill."

"No, she is well—now—and happy," he replied, in a constrained voice, but his manner denied the direct significance of his words as he cast one swift glance at Miss Batton that said as plainly as if he had spoken, "The time has come; leave us alone."

I never could recall the words he spoke to me that beautiful October afternoon, when the sun shone across my room in mellow radiance, making little changeful shadows of the curtains against the wall as they swayed before the half-opened window.

His voice was very soft, very low, but not so low that I lost for one moment the dread import of his words. I did not swoon then, nor even cry out, but I was conscious of a numbing pain creeping up, up, up, until it seemed to clutch and grip my heart, and on, on, chilling to ice the drops in my strained eyes.

Then he went on to talk about myself, the necessity for self-control, for the exercise—but I have forgotten the rest; I was only conscious of one crushing load that weighed upon me: she was dead; "Little Mother" was dead, buried away for ever from my sight. Ill only three days, she had spoken of me at the last.

It was too horrible, too stupendous, to take in all at once! My head became so tired, so confused, yet ever with that knowledge uppermost, that from an old habit I attempted to clear it by a light stroke of my hair away from my forehead. At that moment he arose and gave me something to drink; then there seemed a sudden snapping of all my hold on life, and then—oblivion.

Slowly, wearily, hopelessly, I crept back to life. All the glory of autumn had bloomed and gone, and the earth was covered with a light mantle of snow, when I was propped up for the

first time in a large chair before the window. Miss Batton was gone, and a neighbour woman had been engaged to wait upon me and do the work. She was a kindly, unobtrusive soul, did not weary me with prattle nor make any efforts to draw me into conversation. She never mentioned that other name that lay so constantly upon my thoughts during those lonely hours, for which I thanked her without words. That name was so bound up in the sanctuary of my hidden thoughts, that the sound of it on other lips was desecration.

Grandfather came and sat beside me, seemingly afraid of the long, thin fingers I stretched out to him—he who had been content to take so little and demand no more.

Why had not God let me die with "Little Mother," when I was so near death's door? One little slip of the surgeon's knife, the smallest fraction of an inch, and all would have been over; we would have lain so sweetly together under the grass.

Was every link severed that bound me to the past? One day I ventured to inquire of Frank Allan from Dr. Geddis.

"Young Allan? Why, he's out in the North-West somewhere," he replied, in undisguised surprise, lightly tossing me the flowers he had unpinned from his lapel. "Went on the harvesters' excursion last fall."

The harvesters' excursion, I remembered, was the very Monday of my operation last August. And as if to explain the enigma I was trying to solve in connection with it, he resumed:

"He ran up to Trenton on unexpected business the Saturday before, met an old college chum, who induced him to go out with him, sent me a telegram to that effect, and that's the last of him to my knowledge."

"I suppose he'll return with the excursionists," I remarked, in as careless a tone as I could assume.

"Oh, likely enough, although I believe he thought he'd stay and settle there."

I could not repress the tremor in my voice, nor regulate the movement of my hand as it fell upon his sleeve. I was so hungry, so eager, for news of him.

"Do you never hear from him? Does he never write?" He looked at me with a new intelligence that was neither pitiful nor offensive, as he answered:

"I received one communication from him, relative to his business affairs here, the week after his arrival; that was all."

He turned at the door with his hat in his hand.

"Be a brave little woman, and we'll have you out of here before long. I wish you were able to take the air these fine crisp days; they'd brighten you up wonderfully."

I turned my head away wearily, wondering if summer, winter or spring days would ever be the same to me again.

The days and weeks that followed were lonely and monotonous in the extreme. I was still unable to occupy myself with any physical exertion; only some little slight hand-work, that always left time to think, think, think. Over and over again I revolved in my mind the circumstances of all that had befallen me, questioning the purpose here, the intent there.

Doubts, questions, assailed me in perplexing succession, until, failing to unravel in my human way the complicated threads, out of sheer weariness I gave up, yielding to more utter hopelessness than before.

The neighbours and friends who called to see me failed to draw me from myself. They touched me only as some remote outer influence, the impression of which faded even as they passed. I seemed to have outgrown them, and all the everyday things that claimed their interest; to be immeasurably isolated from the world of thought and action about me.

There was nothing in the experience of those people who came and went, who laughed and sang so joyously, to remind them of the depths to which I had been plunged, and I vaguely wondered if henceforth I would be separated from humanity for all time.

Despair and happiness were such uncongenial companions! They could never be reconciled to each other.

Even the girls from my class who came to visit me, seemed to recall relations that had existed in some far-off time, and which I now felt no interest to renew.

Almost unconsciously a little hardness and bitterness began to creep through all my reasoning, tinging it to a sense of injury and injustice.

I almost resented as intrusion the bright faces of the girls gaily nodding to me as they went dashing past, bound on sleighing or skating parties. What were they, or who was I, I

asked, that their life should be so radiant and mine so cruelly shorn of every joy? Was it only the impartial dealing of Fate, as sceptics said, or was it the refining, the moulding, that I needed, by God's hands?

Slowly physical strength came back to me. Feverishly I took up the duties of the household, in an eager effort to drown the sense of pain and disappointment that threatened to engulf me, while all the time a vague restlessness was growing on me to get away from home, to divert my thoughts with something more absorbing, something that would cut the associations of the past.

I revolved scheme after scheme in my brain, only to be confronted in each by the fact of grandfather's growing dependence and his reluctance to change.

No, I would stay here with him to the last. If it was God's will that I should wait here in inactivity, in a restraint that seemed to cramp and cripple every energy of my nature, that now, more than ever, longed for action, should I act in wilful contravention to it?

And so I began to pray in a very humble way for a will subservient to His in all things, not seeking my own ease, but finding consolation in serving at his call.

Gradually I came to take up my old life with a new appreciation of its solemnity, and with it came a revival of the sweet, unquestioning faith of other days, a strengthening and deepening of the old hold on spiritual things, with the belief in the God of love who does not willingly afflict His children nor take pleasure in their pain.

There were, indeed, times when the sense of my loss threatened to overwhelm me and my heart almost broke with longing to look into the eyes of "Little Mother" once again; but in such moments a Voice came and spoke peace to the troubled waters, and they became still.

I thanked God that out of that chaos of bitterness of spirit, of cynicism, of wavering faith, I had at last come forth, consecrated, with the springs of my heart coursing with faith in Divine goodness and love for all mankind.

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

"O captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done!
The ship has weathered every wrack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But, O heart! heart! heart!
Leave you not the little spot
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

"O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells!
Rise up! for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding;
For you the call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
O, captain! dear father!
This arm I push beneath you;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead!

"My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
But the ship, the ship is anchored safe, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor comes in with object won!
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with silent tread,
Walk the spot my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

"I AM MY BROTHER'S KEEPER."

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

THERE was a machine-shop in a large city near the centre of the United States, and the men who worked there were railroad men, for the shop belonged to a great road so long that one end stopped when it touched the Pacific Ocean and the other end when it reached the great city at the Great Lakes. Two men worked in these shops side by side—one a strong, stalwart man whose head had begun to show threads of grey as he bent over his bench or turned to the great trip-hammer that shaped the iron in his tongs. The other was a young man. Perhaps Tom Sweet was twenty-five, tall, strong, handsome. Not handsome with the beauty young girls admire, but handsome because of the character marked in the shape of the head, the steadfast look in the eyes, the form of the face, the expression of the mouth, the motion of his hand, and the way he carried himself as he stepped back and forth at his bench adjusting bolts and bars and heavy pieces of steel and iron.

It was in November, a few weeks before Thanksgiving. Both men looked sober, and Tom, who was usually whistling some sweet tune, looked perplexed and puzzled. Tom had been hardly a year in the State University, but left to earn money in the machine shop so as to finish his course in his special work of electrical engineering. He had been thinking about how little he had toward the amount he needed.

Two years previous, his father, who was a prosperous physician, died. The mother had her home, and the comforts, but not the luxuries, of life. She was frail, and Tom was thinking of her and what a good mother she was. He wished his sister Kate need not feel obliged to teach in the city school; that little Ted would not wear out his shoes and outgrow his knee-breeches quite so fast. Then Tom, as he stepped back and forth, back and forth, at his bench, began to think about what was particularly puzzling him.

The innocent face and great blue eyes of the odd little chap that was himself twenty years ago came up before him, as our youth has a way of coming up and looking at us from over beyond the misty line of to-day's horizon. This face of the little Tom had a questioning look, as though it really did not know whether to approve of the Tom of to-day or not. And, away back in the far-off days, he saw the little Tom gather up his Noah's Ark, with all the precious, broken-legged animals, turn away with them, and go across the street to lay them on the bed of a little playmate who was suffering from a broken limb. He saw a tear drop from that little Tom's eyes and roll down on Noah's red coat and rest like a blood-stain on the hand of that little boy. But Tom remembered how happy that little Tom was when he heard the other boy declare, just like a big boy, that he was "a blessed old duffer," because he brought the Ark.

Then, ten years later, when he gave up trying to get the prize of $5 in the mathematical contest because another boy needed the money; and in the high school—he smiled as he remembered the horrid squeak of his cheap shoes that cost two dollars because he took half his allowance to get the other boy some shoes, too.

Tom went on fitting bolts and bars, but his mind got hold of a shining thread and it connected link after link of golden opportunities which had come to him, and he was glad that he had gathered these opportunities for the great King, to lay before Him at the last.

It seemed strange that all the past should come up in this way, and that bright, eager childish face with its questioning look should stand before him. "Lucky it is, that at ten years of age one can't see what a selfish fellow one wants to be at twenty-five," said Tom to himself. Then, after a few minutes' thought, he added, with a sigh: "My! but I'm in danger of being meaner at forty!"

"But can I?" he asked himself after a time of serious thinking. And he looked toward his fellow-workman and again said to himself, "But can I?"

This was a puzzling question. How many lectures he had heard on

"labour and capital!" How many bright visions he had seen as he listened to some sociological student as he planned air-castles in which the working-man might dwell! There always seemed some beautiful way out of every dilemma which never involved sacrifice or hardship to any one, even to the "other fellow" who had plenty of "capital." Here, to-day, was a practical problem which meant help from some one who would, if he helped, have neither labour nor capital. Could he solve it in this way when it meant sacrifice to him—to Tom Sweet?

"No, I cannot do it," he said to himself.

Then he looked at Mr. Howden, who stood by the great trip-hammer.

Ah! Tom did not feel sure of himself. "*Must* I? No, it is none of my business." Tom sighed. "Ought I? There's my education—I must give two more years to that. And—and there's Ellen! She'll wait—yes—but —*I can't*. It will take years to make it. No knowing when I'd get work again. And if I do this thing—it's no use; I simply can't do it."

The ghost, the dim, shadowy ghost of that other Tom was looking through tears. Tom saw it. Instantly he saw the old red school-house in the country and Ellen's face looking from the window out on the playground. He saw the walnut grove and the ravine where they hunted for fossils and the water came from under the roots of a dead tree and petrified all the twigs and branches and sticks it touched. And Tom heard the teacher telling about this hardening process as it went on year after year.

That was fifteen years ago. Perhaps the whole ravine was petrified now! How glad he was that day to give his walnuts to the lame boy who could not gather them! Perhaps he would not do that now. The twigs, and the leaves, and the blossoms, and the fruit at that dripping spring grew hard—grew harder and harder and at last turned to—stone.

Then came another day, while Tom was in the high school, when he went with his father to Mexico and into a cathedral. And he heard the chorus of the "Dies Iræ"—

"*Judex ergo cum sedebit,*
Quicquid latet adparebit."

("When the Judge shall then be seated,
All that's hid will be repeated.")

Over and over it went in his mind as the wheels went round, the trip-hammer up and down, the lathes back and forth, back and forth—

"*Ju-dex-er-go-cum-se-de-bit,*
Quic-quid-la-tet-ad-pa-re-bit.

"*Quic-quid-la-tet*—all that's hid, all that's hid," and the trip-hammer came down with force, and the man with the long strip of iron looked over at Tom with troubled eyes.

"All I might do, *all I might do—ad-pa-re-bit*, will be repeated, will be repeated—Horrors!" exclaimed Tom to himself, as he pushed his damp brown hair from his forehead with his grimy hand and looked again at the troubled face of his fellow-workman.

The whistle sounded, the machinery stopped, and when the men were going out to dinner, Howden, Tom's fellow-workman, said, as they separated at the door: "You know, Tom, what a mighty good wife I've got. This lay-off of the men means a hard winter to a fellow with five children."

"Yes, I know," replied Tom, sympathetically. "I've been thinking about you. But keep a stiff upper lip, Howden, something'll turn up for good."

"Hope so; but 'a stiff upper lip' don't always get potatoes and salt."

"Stiff upper lip, stiff upper lip, stiff upper lip," began to go over and over in Tom's mind just as the words of the "Dies Iræ" chorus repeated themselves.

Suddenly, as a cold blast struck him, and he remembered that Howden had not worn an overcoat this fall, the thought changed to, "Be-ye-warmed-and-clothed-and-fed. Be-ye-warmed-and-clothed-and-fed."

"Bosh! what's got into my head to-day?" he exclaimed to himself, as he tried to whistle. "Why under the sun am I worrying about Howden and his family? Am I my brother's—Botheration! What possesses me to think about such things?"

But he did think. At noon he told his mother and sister and little brother about the lay-off of fifty men. "Was he one?" "No. Only men doing certain work. Howden was one."

Mrs. Sweet knew Mrs. Howden. Kate knew two of the Howden children who went to her school, and Ted Sweet and Ted Howden played in the same school-yard and recited in the same classes.

Edward Howden's sober face told his wife of some impending ill. She followed him to the door after dinner.

Mrs. Howden was a brave woman, but her knees grew weak, her heart grew sick, and the burden almost unbearable, as she listened.

"'No work after the first of December?'" she repeated. "O Edward, what a Thanksgiving is before us!" and she looked up piteously.

"It is no *use*, Edward, to carry this burden," she said one morning two weeks later, as she sat at the breakfast table with her husband, dreading to leave him and call the children. "But what can I do? I heard the clock every hour of the night, and it is pitch dark all day long. I hardly have strength for the duties before me."

"It breaks my heart, Elnora, that I have brought this burden upon you," and the strong man choked back a sob as he forced his food into his mouth.

"Why, Ned, *you* did not bring this burden on me. I am sorry I spoke. I *will* be brave. God will not forget us."

The heroes and heroines are not all known to the world. The battle of life is carried on by soldiers who fight against fearful odds. To feel obliged to stop in the midst of the battle, with darkness and storm all around, haversack empty, unable to see how supplies can possibly come gives a sinking of heart that is inexpressible. It is a gloom like pitch darkness for a man who wants to care for his family to be obliged to fold his hands because he cannot find work. But the hardest part falls on the loving, tender-hearted wife and mother who at home, with scant food and fire, prays for her husband's success. When the stress and strain are hardest it is easy to forget that "God's in His heaven," easy to forget that the Great Commander knows all about the battle and all about His soldiers—that He cares.

That very day Mrs. Howden wanted a piece of cloth, and—was it an accident that caused her, when reaching for the bag of pieces, to upset a box of scraps and paper clippings, and for one little poem to curl around her finger like a thing of life? When she straightened the clipping she smiled as she recognized a long-ago favourite poem. She leaned back against the closet door and began to read—

In the secret place I'll hide thee
While the tempest passeth by,
Hear the still, small Voice beside thee
Softly whisper, "It is I."

This was the last verse, but she read and re-read it. She looked through the poem and read aloud another verse—

Jesus, yes, I'll trust Thee ever:
Cast on Thee my every care;
Naught from Thee my heart shall sever;
Thou shalt all my burdens bear.

And this verse she repeated over and over. She went to her Bible, which had seemed like a sealed book during all these past days. She bowed her heart in prayer with the old assurance that God is the Father. It had been hard to trust, hard to believe that God knew and loved; but now—if He only would forgive the distrust! Peace came.

The children knew a change had come over the mother. The Thanksgiving would not be a dreary day now.

When the father came home at night his face, also, was brighter.

Tom Sweet had been to the superintendent that day, and asked to go out with the men who were to have the lay-off and have Mr. Howden take his place.

The superintendent questioned Tom as to his motive. At first he hesitated. At last he frankly said: "As a college student I was in a Bible class in our church for four years, and the motto of the class was always before us: 'I am my brother's keeper.' The teacher kept it before us. Somehow, now, that motto helped me to make my decision."

The superintendent whistled. But he did not forget Tom.

As this is a true story, the end is not yet. The end—why, the end will be in eternity. But, to-day, Tom is receiving a large salary in a mining town in New Mexico, and the Ellen whom Tom knew and loved in the West makes a beautiful home for this man who is learning that the only way the world can be made better and happier is for each to do as he would be done by—for each man to feel certain that he is his brother's keeper.—Zion's Herald.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more.

—*Byron.*

THE FREE KIRK AND THE WEE KIRK.

BY W. T. STEAD.*

The present crisis in the affairs of the United Free Church of Scotland is but the latest phase of an age-long controversy between the two nations which inhabit Great Britain. It is only another chapter that is being added in the romantic history of the Scottish War of Independence. The temporary triumphs of the predominant partner are usually the prelude to the complete victory of the Scot.

The case against Scotland, on the predominating partner principle, is hopeless. North of the Tweed there are but five millions; south of the Tweed thirty-two. The North Briton is in a permanent minority of over six to one.

It is true that the Scotch, although in a permanent minority, have succeeded on the whole in keeping their predominant partner in a state of subjection which contrasts strangely with his nominal ascendency. At this moment the Prime Minister of the King is a Scotchman, and so is the Leader of his Majesty's Opposition. The Archbishop of Canterbury hails from north of the Tweed, and so does his Grace of York. Of the occupants of the front Opposition Bench, Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Bryce all represent Scottish constituencies. The chief law officer of the Crown to-day is a Scotchman. His successor, if the Liberals came in to-morrow, would be a Scotchman. Since 1866 there has been no Liberal Prime Minister but a Scotchman. As the Greeks by their arts subdued the Romans victorious in arms, so the Scotch have contrived to mount upon the shoulders of John Bull even at the moment when he was most predominant.

Nevertheless the Scotch are momentarily worsted. The Scotch ideal of the Church has once more been trampled under foot by the English courts, and great is the consternation thereupon ensuing.

Dr. Rainy declared, in the Free Assembly Hall last month, that it was "supremely ungodly" to deny to the Church a right to change her doctrine from time to time as fresh truth breaks out of God's Word.

The spectacle of the present Lord Chancellor of England using his position as a member of the English House of Lords to instruct Scotch Presbyterians as to the impossibility of holding at the same time a belief in predestination and a belief in the offer of salvation to every man, was worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan at their best. The Scotch have sharpened their minds upon such controversies generation after generation, and they must have felt, on hearing Lord Halsbury's oracular decision, somewhat of the same puzzled bewilderment that overwhelms an old salt when a counterjumper from the Midlands, who has just learned the difference between a tiller and a marline-spike, undertakes to demonstrate that it is mathematically absurd to tack against the wind. As for the profane public outside Scotland, Lord Halsbury's apotheosis as authoritative theologian excites a smile of good-humoured amusement.

The Wee Kirk raises £13,000 per annum. The money is not sufficient to pay insurance and taxes of the 1,100 churches ceded them, which amount to £40,000 per annum. The United Free Church spends on its colleges alone as much money as the sum raised by the Wee Kirk for all purposes.

The judgment of the Lords will take effect in the natural order of things on October 30th. It is, therefore, assumed that the law will take its course, and that nothing can be done until next spring, before which time Parliament will not be able to intervene. The functions of the Scotch judges of the Court of Session are purely administrative. They have no right even to protest against the ruling of the Supreme Court. But to a mere Southron it is hard to believe that the ingenuity and resource of the shrewdest legal heads in North Britain will fail us at this crisis. The Scotch judges who tried the case in the Court of Session was unanimous in affirming the right of the United Free Church to its own churches, manses, colleges and missions. A foreign tribunal sitting in London reversed this unanimous decision, and by five votes to two made over the whole of the property of the historic Free Church to a handful of thirty-one ministers. The question arises whether the Scottish judges cannot

* Abridged from the September number of The Review of Reviews.

put a sprag in the wheel of this monstrous decision. Are the resources of civilization so completely exhausted that the judges of the Court of Session cannot contrive some subtle method of taking the wheels off Pharaoh's chariot so that Pharaoh may not reach his prey until the waves of a Parliamentary Red Sea are about to overwhelm him and his myrmidons?

The eleven hundred churches, with their manses, colleges, and missions, can no more be administered by the thirty-one Wee Kirkers than a Cunarder could be navigated by a half-blind paralytic. The dislocation of this vast machinery, now in full beneficent activity, is a disaster against which the courts are as much bound to provide a remedy as they would be to prevent the command of a steamer passing into incompetent hands. The Wee Kirkers admittedly cannot even pretend that they are capable of attempting to discharge the first and most vital duty of trustees. It would be too monstrous even for opera-bouffe to take away this immense factory for the conversion of sinners into saints, because of some illegal alterations in the machinery by the present managers, in order to hand it over to a new set of men who are admittedly incapable of keeping the machinery going. If the whole be greater than a part, then it must be a worse sin against a trust to shut the Church up than to continue for six months to allow it to be kept going by men who continue to commit a slight illegality in their definition of its doctrines.

The Wee Kirk is a little puffed up by the prospect of being the lord of all it surveys. Its members honestly believe that they have been placed in this position of extraordinary trust and of unique authority by Divine Providence in order to deep a latitudinarian Church from slipping further along the down grade. They feel that he would be a very atheist who would deny it. The arm of the Lord has been made bare in their behalf. The pride of their adversary has been abased in the dust. Their wrongs have been abundantly avenged.

There is something splendid al t the magnificent assurance of the Wee Kirkers. There has been nothing like it since the memorable confession of Jeanie Deans' father that there were only two men—himself and one other—who held the pure and undefiled doctrine of the true Kirk of Christ in all broad Scotland—and he was not very sure of the other. The Wee Kirk is full of an awe-inspiring faith in its providential mission. Like the stripling David, it has gone forth with sling and stone against the giant of Gath, and the insulting Philistine has bitten the dust. Woe be unto them if, after such a manifest token of Divine interposition on their behalf, they were to faint or to falter in the execution of the colossal task now imposed on their shoulders. They will see to it that they will purge the chairs and pulpits of the Free Kirk. It will go ill with George Adam Smith, and Marcus Dods, and Dr. Whyte, and a few others who are marked down for discipline. But with the rank and file they will be lenient—for a time. Only for a time. The magistrate bareth not the sword in vain, and the Civil Court, having placed the power of the sword in the hands of the Wee Kirkers, they dare not shrink from wielding it in the cause of the true faith delivered to the fathers, and by them embodied in the immutable Confession of Westminster, Anno Domini, 1647.

The net summing-up of the whole matter is that the tribulation which has befallen the United Free Church seems likely to result in a much-longed-for and sorely-needed revival of religion in Scotland. The descendants of the Disruption Fathers have been at ease in Zion. The flaming enthusiasm, kindled at the altar of the great sacrifice of 1843, has burnt itself out. The Church has ceased to appeal by martyrdom to the heart of its youth. The decision of the House of Lords gives it a chance of renewing its strength, and of once more bringing back the nation to first principles. The prospect of having to go out into the wilderness may not be realized. It is difficult to imagine that the Scotch members will not compel Parliament to interfere to avert this great upheaval and dislocation of the Church. But the contingency must be faced. And the mere facing of it, with the certainty that the Free Kirk will not wince, or faint, or falter, whatever the consequences may be, will have, and is already having, a powerful influence in inspiring Scotchmen and Scotchwomen with fresh faith, the uprush of which will bless millions lying far outside Scotland.

"The practical consequences," says Professor Goldwin Smith, "of the judgment of the law lords in the case of the Scotch Free Kirk are mon-

strous, and as the judges were divided we may not be guilty of presumption in doubting, on the ground, not of legal technicality, but of broad common-sense and justice, the soundness of the decision, or at all events in desiring an interposition of the sovereign power to mitigate the extravagance of the results. The paramount claim of conscience seems to be a peculiarity distinguishing religious from financial associations. To the theory that a Free Church cannot change one iota of its doctrines, enlarge liberty of thought on any point, or alter its relations to any other Churches without forfeiting its whole estate to a dissentient minority, however small, is surely a direct contradiction of the vital principle on which all free Churches, whatever their original specifications, must be founded. This would seem to be a case for Parliamentary intervention."

"The 'Wee Free' Church of Scotland," says The Congregationalist, "into whose hands, by the decision of the English House of Lords, all the property of the United Free Church passes, will soon have to face some practical difficulties connected with the trust. Taxes, insurance, and other dues, amounting to about $200,000, must soon be paid. This sum cannot be taken from the trust funds. The less than thirty little 'Wee Free' Churches cannot raise the money. If they could do this once, the next year it would have to be raised again. This is only one of the questions which would make the situation amusing if it did not involve such grave perils to a great denomination and even to Scottish Christianity."

The Rival Kirks.*

'Twas on that shore whence Renfrew's coast
To Glesca you may scan,
That I found alone, a-breaking stone,
A dour, yet cheerful man.

His work was heavy, his heart was light,
His beard was sandy and grey,
And he chuckled and crowed, as he mended the road,
In a most exultant way:

"Oh, I am the Kirk and the Meenister,
And the Elders and Managers true;
I'm Precentor and Choir, and I see to the fire,
I'm Beadle and worshippers too."

I said: "It's little the Southron knows
Of the North; will you please assist
The Saxon to see how a Scot can be
Such a singular pluralist?"

"'Twas a message came, on Rainy day—
'The Kirks are joined, ye see;
Ye're now, if ye please, United Frees,'
But we murmured, 'Bide a wee!'

"And we said: 'Which Kirk the bawbees may hold
Is a delicate question, which
A case affords for the House o' Lords,'
And they argued it out as sich.

"And now I'm the Kirk and the Meenister,
And the Elders and Beadle true;
And as for finance, why I've got the Manse,
And, man, I've the bawbees, too!"

—*London Daily Chronicle.*

*The only "Wee-kirker" in Kilmalcolm, Renfrewshire, is a road-mender, who has caused great consternation by demanding the keys of the kirk.—Daily Chronicle.

A PRAIRIE SUNSET.

BY BERTHA FERNE.

The Lady of the West with blushing face
Had gathered up the kirtles of the day,
Onward to speed, with her accustomed grace,
To other shores and other climes away;
But, as if loth to leave the prairie bowers,
She cast a halo o'er the sea of green,
Retouched with radiant smile the cloudlet towers,
And strewed with lavish hand her glittering sheen.

. . . . . .

Then, hastily she rent the film of eve,
Severed the cord which to us moored her barque,
Shot an arch smile—lest some lone flower might grieve,
And vanished, with the coming of the dark;
Only to smile again at break of day,
And with her winsomeness drive night away.

Hespeler, Ont.

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

BY WILLIAM R. STEWART.

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

THE term "Captain of Industry" would be a comprehensive one indeed if all to whom it applies were as versatile as Sir William Van Horne. With not more than half a dozen peers among the great railroad organizers of the past half-century—if so many—he has found time to become as well practical engineer, electrician, surveyor, painter, architect, author, geologist, botanist, antiquarian and student of history. Sir William has admitted that four hours' sleep in twenty-four is sufficient for him. It has, perhaps, required the extra hours to make so many men of one individual.

The career of the president of the Cuba Company has been cited as affording one of the best biographical studies which it would be possible to conceive for the encouragement of youthful ambition. Perhaps this is so. I say "perhaps," because there are two lessons which may be drawn from it, and while the one is calculated to stimulate effort, the other might have a very contrary effect.

The lesson of his life is that of perseverance, application, patient industry and keen and intelligent observation. Had the future head of many

railroad systems not possessed when a youth the qualities necessary to the development of those characteristics, he would not have been equal to the discharge of the great tasks which confronted him later. It was the thorough mastery of detail, the intimate knowledge of everything which concerns a railroad, which enabled Van Horne, when at the head of the great systems which he successively managed, to delegate to others those very details, and concentrate his energies upon the larger problems of organization and expansion.

During the formative days of the Canadian Pacific, after the engineering difficulties of building a trunk line across a continent had been completed, and the directors were confronted by the task, equally formidable, though differing in nature, of turning the undertaking into a paying enterprise, Sir William's entire attention was absorbed in the problem before him. As with many other men who possess a deft pencil, sketching while talking business was one of his favourite methods of application, and for months as he travelled to and fro between Montreal and Vancouver, thinking out new plans for the road—a line of steamers on the Great Lakes, steamships on the Pacific, palatial hotels owned by the company, and branch lines north and south to feed the main one—persons who happened along in the wake of the new manager picked up sketches he had made all the way across the continent. It is told by one of these persons, himself a prominent railroad man, that once he found, sketched on a blotting-pad in a St. Paul hotel, a picture of a locomotive, the head and front of which was made in the form of a dragon, snorting fire and smoke, speeding over a prairie at the head of a train of cars. On the locomotive were the letters "C. P. R.," and in the distance were several other trains which the former was leading. It was Sir William Van Horne, executive head of the Canadian Pacific, who had drawn the fantastic sketch, and the incident illustrates the extent to which the idea of Canadian Pacific pre-eminence possessed him, and how completely the interests of the corporation filled his thoughts.

Van Horne as a boy had been the same. The thoroughness with which he afterward managed great systems of transportation was no more marked than the pains with which, as a telegraph-operator, at the age of thirteen, he had performed his duties in the despatching office of the Illinois Central at Chicago. At a still earlier age, when working as office boy at the station in his native town in Will County, Illinois, his quickness of apprehension and evident purpose to familiarize himself with every detail of the work of the road had attracted notice. Among other things, he there taught himself telegraphy, which formed the stepping-stone to his subsequent railroad career.

Descended from an old Dutch family in New York, Sir William Van Horne—plain William Cornelius Van Horne until the late Queen Victoria knighted him for his services in completing the Canadian Pacific Railway—was born near Joliet, Illinois, in 1841. The early death of his father, a lawyer of small means, compelled him to strike out into the world for himself, and to contribute to the common support.

Leaving the employ of the Illinois Central in 1858, young Van Horne filled various positions on the Joliet division of the Michigan Central until 1864, when he went to the Chicago & Alton. His progress during these years had been continuous, and at the age of twenty-one he was train-despatcher, filling a post of much responsibility and importance. From train-despatcher he rose to be superintendent of telegraph, and then division superintendent.

As a new division manager he went to East St. Louis, and at once distinguished himself by the vigour of his conduct of the operations of this division of the road.

By this time Sir William had come to be recognized as a man whose services were of value to any railroad. The Wabash offered him the position of general manager, and he resigned his connection with the Chicago & Alton to accept.

In 1874 Sir William became general manager of the Southern Minnesota Railroad, a line then in the hands of a receiver, which he soon extricated from its financial difficulties, extending and improving the property and converting it from a bankrupt to a profitable concern. His success was recognized by his elevation to the presidency of the company. In 1880, he was selected by the directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to take control of what was to be the greatest railway organization in the world.

The career of Sir William Van Horne since then has been so much a part of the general history of the con-

tinent that even the briefest narration of its principal incidents might appear to be superfluous. The construction of the great transcontinental line within fifty-four months of its inception—much less than half the time required by the contract with the Canadian Government—is typical of all his after management of that corporation's affairs. The system built up during the seventeen years of the Canadian Pacific's existence embraces twelve thousand miles of railroad, extending throughout Canada, Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, and its steamship lines reach to China and Japan. It has also an Atlantic line of steamships.

When the war with Spain closed, and the evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish troops assured to that island an era of comparative prosperity, Sir William Van Horne was among the first to note the commercial possibilities which awaited its development. It was but another example of his quickness to grasp the potentialities of a situation. Accompanied by a corps of competent engineers, he went to Cuba and mapped out a route for a railroad across the island. But there were more than engineering difficulties in the way. With the same vigour which years before had overcome the mountains and forests of the West, Sir William set himself to remove the new obstacles. With abundance of capital at his command, he proceeded to purchase large tracts of land, which were combined into a broad private right of way from one end of Cuba to the other. Other purchases gave him transverse rights, penetrating every section of the country into which the extension of a railroad track seemed desirable.

At his residence on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, Sir William is one of the most genial of hosts. He is a lover of comfort and art, and his library and working-rooms are full of interest. In addition to a comprehensive collection of the general literature of the world, are copies of every procurable work on the North-West. He is a connoisseur in Japanese art, of which he has an almost priceless collection, including personal gifts from the Emperor. Many charming products of Sir William's own brush intersperse the paintings of the old masters.

At his place of business, whether in Montreal as chairman of the board of directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or in lower Broadway, New York, as president of the Cuba Company, Sir William is unconventionality itself. He wears his coat on a peg in the wall, and sits on the table when he feels like it. To newspaper correspondents who visit him in search of copy, Sir William hands out a cigar, and then proceeds to discuss almost anything except the subject on which they have called. In the end he will answer their questions by taking up a pencil and writing out his own interview. If anything is added to the interview, the correspondent need not call a second time.

The wealth of Sir William Van Horne is considerable. His salary of $60,000 as president of the Canadian Pacific Railway has formed but a small part of his real earnings. Opportunities for investment came frequently in the pioneer days of the opening of the great Canadian North-West, and Sir William has made many hundreds of thousands through his timber and mining interests in Manitoba, Assiniboia and British Columbia. He is also heavily interested in the Canadian pulp industry, and is a principal stockholder in the Dominion Coal and Iron Company, which is the "United States Steel Corporation" of Canada.—Leslie's Magazine.

THE TRUE IMPERIALISM.

Here, while the tide of conquest rolls
  Against the distant golden shore,
The starved and stunted human souls
  Are with us more and more.

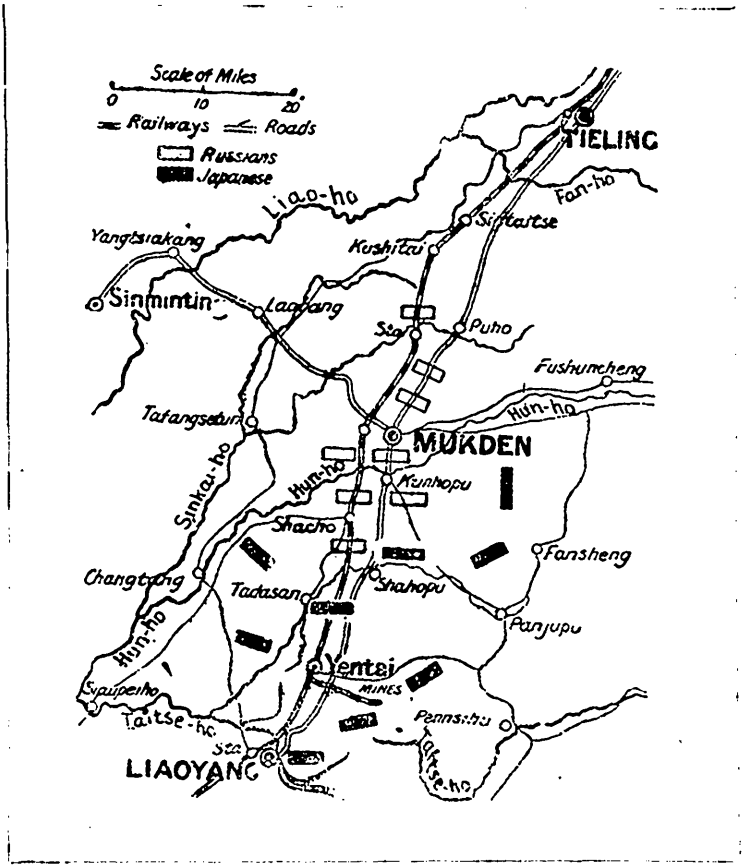
Vain is your Science, vain your Art,
  Your triumphs and your glories vain
To feed the hunger of their heart
  And famine of their brain.

Your savage deserts howling near,
  Your wastes of ignorance, vice and shame—
Is there no room for victories here,
  No field for deeds of fame?

Arise and conquer while ye can
  The foe that in your midst resides,
And build within the mind of Man
  The Empire that abides.

—*William Watson.*

Current Topics and Events.



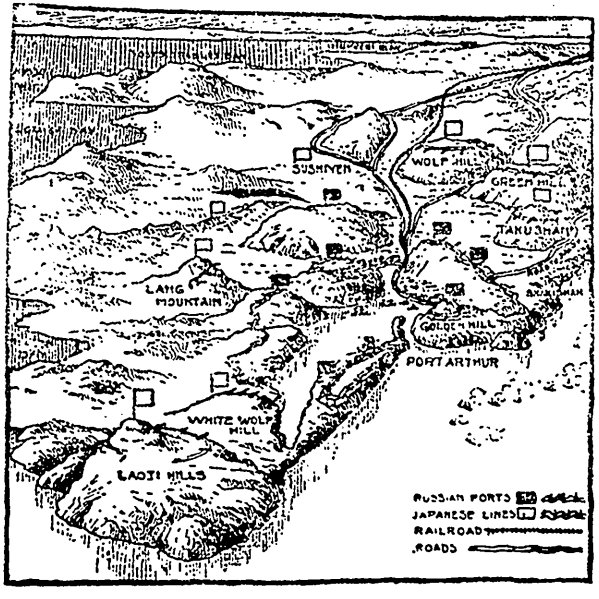
MAP SHOWING RETREAT OF RUSSIANS AND ADVANCE OF JAPANESE.

The great war game, like some gigantic game of chess, continues to be played with remorseless skill, as though the pawns were mere pieces of red and white ivory instead of masses of living, sentient, suffering humanity. Goldwin Smith remarks upon the injury to the ideals of morality and humanity through the whole civilized world gazing with fevered interest upon this slaughter of mankind. Herr Bloch argued that war was becoming so disastrous, so destructive of both men and money, that it must inevitably break down or burn out like a fire for lack of fuel. But the Czar, his three hundred thousand troops in the Far East forced back and back, levies another three hundred thousand to reinforce their ranks or take their places. The Japanese "elder statesmen" coolly calculate that half a million young men come of age every year, so that there is food for powder for a long time to come.

It is noteworthy that at the same time two great gatherings meet in the United States to declare war against war—the great peace conference in Boston and gathering of interparliamentary representatives of many lands and many tongues at the St. Louis Fair. The latter body has appealed to President Roosevelt to call a new

session of The Hague Court of Peace. This he has agreed to do. Let us pray that He who turns the heart of the children of men as the rivers of waters are turned may stay the effusion of blood and bring peace to the war-vexed nations of the earth.

Were it not that they have been so radically and remorselessly wrong in breaking their solemn pledges to evacuate Manchuria, and so cruel and oppressive of all their subject races, one must feel profound sympathy with baffled and defeated Russia. It



LOCATION OF HILLS FROM WHICH THE JAPANESE ARE BOMBARDING PORT ARTHUR.

seems to us that the words of the Scripture are fulfilled, "He made a pit and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

Our map shows the line of retreat of the Russians, and that of the advance of the Japanese, who are, at the time of writing, making a great flanking movement which will compel the evacuation of Mukden, and probably the Tieling Pass as well. In this narrow gorge, to which river, railway and road converge, the great battle of the campaign will probably be fought—unless the Russians retreat once more.

The capture of the Yentai coal mines will cripple the Russian railways, and the need for guarding their lines of retreat must require a full army corps. It is strange that the enterprising Japs, with their facilities for disguising themselves as Chinese, have not been able to cut the Russian lines of reinforcement and retreat, the iron artery through which flows their very life-blood. The mobile Boers repeatedly broke down bridges and blew up railways in the Transvaal. But presumably the Japanese know their business better than an outsider or stay-at-home strategist. Possibly they may not wish to encumber themselves with a lot of Russian prisoners. It is not every nation that can deport captured hosts by thousands, and feed and clothe and guard them, as the British did the Boers at Bermuda and Ceylon.

The tragedy at Port Arthur grows more and more dreadful day by day. The horrors of famine and fever are added to those of shot and shell and bursting mine. The valour and

POSTPONED TILL FURTHER NOTICE.
—From Punch.

fidelity of the brave Russian forlorn hope must command the admiration of even their foes. Our diagram shows the enormous difficulties of capturing fort after fort, and, by mine and trench and sap, working nearer and nearer to the doomed fortress.

Political Caricature.

From the days of Gilray and probably long before, the tremendous influence of caricature as a political force has been recognized, but never was it so recognized as to-day. It is employed in nearly every civilized country. The skill of a Teniel, or a Nast, embodies in a cartoon more of irony, or satire, or scoff and scorn than the most eloquent leader writer can give in a column. It was the crayon of Thomas Nast more than any other force that drove Boss Tweed from the councils of Tammany into state prison. Caricature is, however, a perilous power, and has often been used to embroil nations and fire the passions of the people. The scurrilous attacks on Queen Victoria the Good, by the French viper press, drove England and France to the verge of war, and acrid German cartoons are still the cause of serious estrangement between those brothers in blood, the Briton and the Teuton. The diplomatic tact and genius of King Edward were never more conspicuous than in his placating both these alien peoples and securing more cordial relations.

Thousands will catch the idea of the cartoon who will not read the most able argument. A glance over the pictures in this number will show the spirit of the foreign press on the great issues of the day. London

TRYING THE LION'S TEMPER.

British Lion: "Now, then, Bruin, don't, I say don't, or—or——"

[The seizure of some British steamers by the Russian Volunteer cruisers, and the sinking of the "Knight Commander" by the Vladivostok squadron, have greatly exercised the temper of the British nation.]—Hindi Punch.

Punch is never low or scurrilous, but always—rem acu tetiget—touches the very spot. It will be remembered that authentic documents show that Kuropatkin plotted the conquest of India, and that the Russification of the buffer states and of Thibet was part of the plan. This performance, however, has been indefinitely postponed. This makes all the more galling to Russia the extension of the British sphere of influence over "the roof of the world."

"NEUTRALITY."

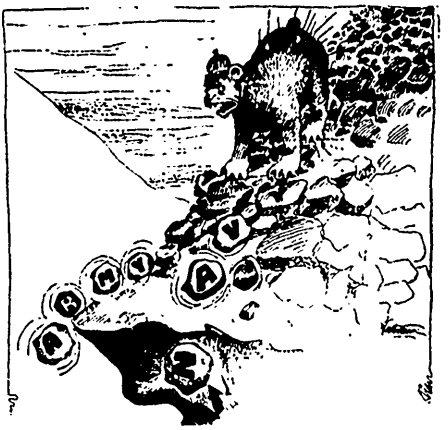
Dame Europa—'Glad to hear, John, that you are not harbouring any of these pugilists on your premises.'

Chinaman—"Bless your heart, ma'am, they've been fighting in my back garden for the last six months."—Punch (London).

British India has a Punch of its own, and is naturally a good deal interested in the attempts of the Bear to twist the Lion's tail by the seizure and sinking of British ships. But the Bear has found it expedient to discontinue the process, to disavow the acts of its pirate ships, and give orders for their cessation.

China has a particularly difficult role to play in maintaining neutrality. She is like the grist between the upper and the nether millstone—ground by both. She wants to stand fair with both the great antagonists, however much her sympathies may be with Japan. To prevent the quarrel from sweeping into its vortex the nations of Europe is the supreme object of diplomacy. Punch again hits off the situation very well.

The beginning of strife, says Solomon, is like the letting out of waters, one can never know what flood of disaster may follow. The prophet who would have foretold that in eight months the Russian army and navy in the Far East would have been so thoroughly demoralized or destroyed would have been considered a very Cassandra. Yet our cartoon on the Russian advance indicates how liter-



THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE.

—St. Paul Press.

ally this is being fulfilled. The greatest peril to Russia is not the hosts of the Mikado, but the seething unrest and corruption of the empire within. A veritable reign of terror prevails. A gang of murderous Anarchists in Geneva check off one after another of the ministers of oppression, and he forthwith meets a violent death.

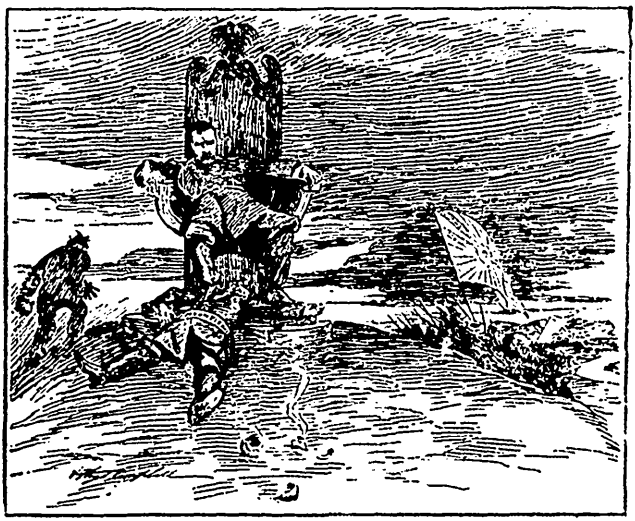
The man least to be envied in all the world is the autocrat of all the Russias. Seated on his throne he sees the flower of his army defeated by the mobile forces which a few weeks ago he derided as insolent pigmies. Skulking assassins slay one after another of his ministers, and menace his own life and dynasty. How great a contrast he presents to his uncle, King Edward, living in the affections of his people, vociferously applauded at an assembly of working men as the first diplomatist in Europe.

The Dominion Elections.

Again the electors of Canada are called upon to choose the men who will govern our country for another term of years. This duty should be performed reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and in the fear of God, as the marriage service says. We have in this favoured land the grandest inheritance ever committed to any nation. Let us be jealous of its fair fame. Let no unhallowed hands be laid upon its sacred ark. It is ground for congratulation that the leaders of the two great parties in the state are men of unimpeachable honour, of high Christian character and of unstained reputation. We hope the campaign will be conducted in a high-minded and genuinely patriotic manner.

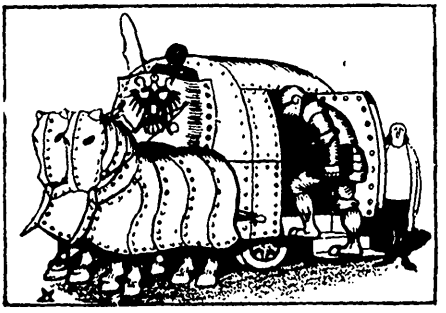
The Presidential Campaign.

The merry war is waging on platform and press from Texas to Oregon. Nothing is sacred in the eyes of the



"AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS."

—Campbell in the Philadelphia North American.



THE NEWEST FROM RUSSIA.
A Bombproof Minister. —Jugend.

cartoonist. The President is shown in the most ridiculous attitudes and surroundings. His strenuous life, his "big stick" speech, his Cuban campaign, are repeated ad nauseam et ad odium. This cannot fail to break down the respect that should encompass the chief magistrate of a great country. Not for him is the divinity that doth hedge a king, but the head of the nation lies bare to the most vulgar pictorial abuse and scorn. Even his personal characteristics are exaggerated and caricatured. He glares like a fiend with goggle eyes and gnashing teeth, and is a perfect bugaboo of ugliness. How fortunate are we Britishers in the theory that the king can do no wrong. The bitter attacks on their Presidents are in large degree responsible for the assassination of three of them, and lessens the reverence for the office. It was not of an ideal monarch but of the odious persecutor Nero that Paul wrote, "Honour the king."

Every Canadian has had cause to hang his head and blush with shame at the recent revelations of corruption in Parliamentary elections. The wholesale bribery, the use of the basest elements of society to frustrate the highest purposes of citizenship, the venial scoundrelism that confesses its willingness to sell its vote for a bottle of whiskey—these are things that we have been apt to attribute to Arizona instead of Algoma. The basest of states may now say, "Art thou become as we are?" Canada, with all its vaunted uprightness and integrity, has had shameful exhibitions of crime and misdemeanour against the highest interest of the state. The revelations of our last municipal elections in Toronto, and of more recent ones elsewhere, throw a lurid light upon the degradation of a public trust.

The red hand of the saloon appears in all this infamy. We may be sure that in the referendum campaign it got in its fine work, and that in any conflict to abolish the drink curse the saloon will fight with desperation. Yet one sole encouraging feature is the outburst of indignation in the organs of public opinion of both political parties at the crimes that were revealed.

The man who appeals for the suffrages of Canadians must show himself free of all complicity with these lewd fellows of the baser sort who would sell their honour for filthy lucre or for free drinks.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

The recent death of Sir William Harcourt and of Senator Hoar, at almost the same time, removes two veteran statesmen of the noblest type. The mother and the daughter land mourn together their lost leaders in the age-long fight for the rights and liberties and higher civilization of mankind. No petty politicians or huxtering self-seekers were they. Each feared God, and feared only Him. Each loved his country as his life. Each helped to make his country worth living for and dying for. Each had opportunities of becoming rich beyond the dream of avarice, if he would betray his sacred trust. Each, like our own Sir John A. Macdonald, died a poor man—Senator Hoar conspicuously so. In an age of "graft" and fraud and guile, we will not despair of the Old Land or the New when they breed such statesmen—worthy successors of Hampden and of Washington.

AN OVERGROWN INFANT INDUSTRY.

Religious Intelligence.

Over the Seven Seas.

Over the Seven Seas blue and deep
They came to the land that gave them birth.
From the mango grove, and the stately palm,
And the evening storm, and the morning calm—
Where the waves glint gold 'neath a smiling sky,
And birds of beauteous plumage fly—
They came from the fairest lands on earth
To the far North land that gave them birth.

Over the Seven Seas blue and deep,
They came to the land that gave them birth.
From the Southern Cross, and the Northern Lights,
And the Eastern dawns, and the Western nights.
From the prairies lone, and the wigwams frail,
Where red men walk the white man's trail—
They came from the fairest lands on earth
To the far North land that gave them birth.

Over the Seven Seas blue and deep,
They came to the land that gave them birth,
From a thousand fights on a thousand fields,
With a blood-red cross on their battle-shields,
While along and aloud their voices rang
With songs no craven soul e'er sang—
They came from the fairest lands on earth
To the far North land that gave them birth.

Over the Seven Seas blue and deep,
They *go* from the land that gave them birth.
With their hearts more knit and their faith more strong
To the ends of earth to the war 'gainst wrong
They have pledged their word to their Leader sage—
Their word they keep—read history's page!
They go to the fairest lands on earth
From the far North land that gave them birth.

—*Nicholas Wills.*

The Salvation Army.

A good deal of enthusiasm was aroused by the International Congress the Salvation Army held recently in London, England. A vast throng of delegates, from every part of the world, met and rejoiced together, and planned fresh conquests. Certainly the Army shows a broad and cosmopolitan spirit. Distinctions of race and colour and class were entirely lost at this great gathering. Delegates from India, Africa, New Zealand, and the "Islands of the Sea" met the white race as brothers, and greeted each other with the hand of friendship even when they did not understand one another's speech. It is wonderful how in its brief history the Army has entered almost every field in the world and gathered its sheaves.

That grand old hero, General Booth, in his seventy-sixth year, has completed his evangelistic tour in an automobile from Land's End to Aberdeen, preaching three times a day, and stirring the souls of thousands. John Wesley would make just the same use of the automobile were he alive.

It is with regret that we learn that Commissioner Evangeline Booth is to be recalled from Canada, and assigned to other important work. She has made multitudes of friends during her sojourn among us. and has given a great impetus, especially to the social work of the Army. We are, and have been from the beginning, in heartiest sympathy with the good work accomplished by this noble agency. We have just one criticism to offer. In a very large part of the field which it occupies, it has been the ally of the Churches, and has won their sympathy and co-operation. In certain other parts, however, it has been a divisive force which has alienated the sympathy which it would erwise have enjoyed.

Take the island of Newfoundland, for instance. There the community is divided chiefly into Roman Catholics, Church of England, and Methodists. Each of these maintains not only its own churches, but its own day-schools. While the advent of the Army affects neither the Church of England nor Roman Catholics appreciably, it finds in Methodism a prepared soil, and sometimes divides a small interest, and by establishing a fourth school weakens that of the Methodist people, so that instead of having a good school all the year, there are perhaps two poor schools for part of the year. This, we think, an unwise policy of the Army.

Similarly among the Indian missions of British Columbia. The Army, with its uniforms, its drums and tambourines, has sometimes won the Indians from the Church by which they were converted, and which fostered and cared for them. There is surely

room enough and need enough for all the energies of the Army in the larger centres, and in unevangelized regions, without proving a divisive force in these small communities. On our remonstrance with Commissioner Herbert Booth on this subject, he said the policy of the Army was to call in its outposts, and not establish new ones, but in many places this cause of complaint still exists.

The Mission Boards arrange not to interfere with each other's sphere, nor to overlap in their work when there are so many fields calling for aid. So, we think, should the Army.

The Young Man Problem.

At the meeting of the Toronto Conference, in June last, an admirable address on the young man problem was given at the Epworth League meeting by Mr. A. W. Briggs, barrister, of Toronto, the accomplished son of our Book Steward. It made such an impression upon the audience that we requested Mr. Briggs to give us its substance, that it might be brought prominently before our ministers and members who are interested (and who are not?) in the young man problem. In the Conference, on the following day, Mr. Briggs' address received very strong support and commendation—the sharp criticism of young men's clubs by one speaker calling forth very strong testimonies from others as to their practical benefit in bringing into the Church many persons who would in all probability not have been brought in by any other means—and the report on this subject was very strongly endorsed.

A few days later the Toronto Young Men's Methodist Association invited a number of ministers to their mid-day lunch. Eighteen addresses on the young man problem were made in eighteen minutes—expressing sympathy, making suggestions, and urging co-operation. Among the suggestions was one of importance by the enthusiastic leader of the Forward Movement for Missions among young people, Dr. F. C. Stephenson. There was just one idea, he said, big enough and grand enough for young men's clubs to grapple with, and that was—in addition to their athletics, their debates, their literary culture—the great idea of missions, the evangelization of the world in the present generation. If aggressive Christian work be made the essence of young men's clubs they cannot fail to be an instrument of power in all our churches.

The General Board of Missions.

The annual session of the General Board of Missions, held last month in Lindsay, was the most important and satisfactory in the history of the Society. An increase of $13,000 in the income, and the opening doors for missionary work on every hand afford cause for great gratitude. In the unavoidably rapid extension of the work there was some apprehension that the income would not suffice to meet the necessities of the case, but after providing for the needs of Foreign, Indian and miscellaneous expenditures, the Board was able to make grants to the Home Missions, which, when added to the amounts these missions will themselves raise, will give an average of ninety-three per cent. of the basis of distribution adopted by the Board. This is somewhat better than they have been able to do in any former year.

Another gratifying circumstance is the fact of the Board being able to reduce the balance of liabilities against mission property by $75,000. Indeed, the whole balance could have been wiped out, but it was judged prudent to keep something in reserve for unforeseen emergencies.

The report of the Young People's Forward Movement was well received. The turnover of missionary literature on this occasion was greater than the combined turnover of the three past years. The Missionary Bulletin was especially commended. The increase in the givings of the young people amounted to over one-third of the whole increase of the Society, including legacies and contributions. The General Board considered the Forward Movement a mighty force, not only because of its financial ingatherings, but because of its educative influence.

The Board adopted a decision in favor of the memorial asking for a better organization of Sunday-schools for mission work. Each Sunday-school is to be asked to appoint a missionary secretary, and the funds raised by the schools may be set apart according to the wish of the school for specific missionary work, such as schools among the heathen, hospital cots, and other like purposes.

The presence of a number of representative laymen (men to whom time is money, and sometimes very large money, but who give it freely to the great missionary cause), added much to the interest and profit of the sessions. After careful review of the

whole situation, the Board appropriated a gross sum of $334,000, which is within the gross income of last year, and closed their session in a most hopeful spirit, feeling confident that the Church will fully measure up to the responsibilities of the hour.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR CONVENTION.

The incoming of a host of consecrated young Christians is always an inspiration to any city or town. The sixteenth convention of the Ontario Christian Endeavour Union, held in Toronto early in October, was no exception to the rule. The conventioners were alive with Endeavour vim and enthusiasm. Fully four hundred delegates were with us from all parts of Ontario. A choir of three hundred voices, assisted by a string orchestra, contributed considerably to the pleasure and inspiration of the meetings. The evening meetings were held in Massey Hall, those of the daytime in Cooke's and the Metropolitan Churches.

Interest in the convention was greatly increased by the presence of Professor Amos R. Wells, editor of The Christian Endeavour World, of Boston. Professor Wells has to a marked degree the faculty of holdings the minds of the young. The meetings were optimistic throughout. The Christian Endeavour movement reports increased prosperity. The "increase" movement across the line has in two years added more than ten per cent. to Endeavour membership. In China and Japan Endeavourers are to the fore. Next year the convention of the Union will be held in Belleville, on October 10th, 11th, and 12th.

Dr. Chown, our zealous Secretary of Moral Reform, returning from the Toronto Island, whither he had gone to show his sympathy with the young men in a friendly athletic contest between the clubs of the Metropolitan Church and Broadway Tabernacle, assured the present writer that there were in this city not less than a thousand Methodist young men enrolled in this association. What an opportunity for Christian culture and Christian service! "I have written unto you, young men," says John, "because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

Thirty years ago or more Charles Kingsley invented the phrase "muscular Christianity." The world has had many illustrations of it since. The leaders of the great missionary

Bishop Potter: "There; that new label ought to make the drink a blessing!"

movements among young men have been also leaders in the field of athletics. John Mott, Robert Speer, the Right Honourable Ian Keith-Falconer, Sir Arthur Blackwood, and many more. These have challenged the admiration even of the careless or godless young men. They show that the Christian is not a milksop, that he was the noblest type of man, a true Sir Galahad, "whose strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure." Let our young men everywhere be enrolled in such practical Christian brotherhoods. It may be an evolution from our Epworth Leagues, as, indeed, they in many cases are.

Bishop Potter's endeavour to give a high moral character to the saloon has not been a success. It is but a vulgar tavern, after all, the more dangerous for its semi-respectability. The papers report two young women who had never tasted beer entering this highly moral resort, and, trusting to the placard that good beer could do no harm, taking their first glass. They were soon unquestionably drunk, and arrested as such in the streets of New York. Thus the saloon still bears the pirate brand and still conceals a lurking fiend within.

A development of modern times is preaching by telephone. The pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, has had his church connected with a city hospital by telephones. By means of megaphones in front of the pulpit, and receivers in the hospital wards, the patients can hear his words distinctly.

Book Notices.

"The Hymn-Book of the Modern Church." Brief Studies of Hymns and Hymn-Writers. The Thirty-fourth Fernley Lecture. By Arthur E. Gregory, D.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. ix-350.

The study of hymns, ancient and modern, is one of fascinating interest. The issue of a new Wesleyan hymn-book is made the occasion for this admirable Fernley Lecture. It treats in a learned and luminous manner the great hymns of the ages. It is remarkable how every religious revival is accompanied by a fresh outburst of song. On the wings of holy hymns the doctrines of the Reformation, of the Wesleyan revival, of the Moody and Sankey crusade, flew abroad. It is wonderful to note the catholicity of the hymnodies of all the Churches. Catholic and Protestant, Anglican and Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian, Trinitarian and Unitarian, unite in the song of praise. The study of these soul breathings of the devoutest minds in all the Churches encourages a hope of the reunion of hearts in the Church of the living God. "rent as it now is by many unhappy divisions." "In our most solemn moments of life," says Dr. Gregory, "we draw nigh to God with the same words. Our morning and our evening hymns, our Christmas carols, and our Easter anthems are one, our battle songs, our penitential prayers, our hymns of adoration, are the same. Even more impressive is the fact that in the Holy Communion the same hymns are sung in the great cathedral where men kneel before the high altar and in the homely village chapel where simple folk sit down at the Lord's table. In the service of love, in the prayer of penitence, and in the sacrifice of praise, we are already one in Christ Jesus."

This is a book of broad sympathies, of warm-souled eloquence, of profound and fascinating interest.

"Readings from Modern Mexican Authors." By Frederick Starr. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-420.

Mexico is decidedly the foremost of the Spanish-American countries in its political, economic, social and literary development. Under the wise administration of President Diaz, it is fast taking advanced place among the well-governed countries of the world. One of the most striking illustrations of its intellectual development is the virile and vital native literature which it is producing. It will be a surprise to many readers to know the quantity and quality of this literature. The writer of this book has made it a sympathetic study, and presents the result in over four hundred pages of translations from living or recent Mexican authors. They embrace chapters in history, biography, public polity, drama, narrative and fiction. They are thoroughly Mexican in topic and in colour, and form a series of "Mexican pictures painted by Mexican hands." A portrait and life sketch of each author is presented, and a strong idiomatic translation of his work.

"Old Truths Newly Illustrated." By Henry Graham, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-229. Price, $1.00.

In this book the author gleans from the ministry of over thirty years some three hundred illustrations which have been found helpful in applying divine truth to many minds. If in our sermonizing we would follow more closely the example of the great Teacher and Preacher, who without a parable spake not unto the people, we would more readily win the ear and heart of our hearers.

"A Ladder of Swords." By Gilbert Parker. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Pp. 291. Illustrated.

A new historical tale by Sir Gilbert Parker is a literary event. He has forsaken for the time his native Canada, the land of Pierre and his people, for the romantic island of Jersey. He gives a vivid picture of the spacious times of good Queen Bess. A French Huguenot refugee and the lady whom he loves have fled from the cruel court of Catharine Medici to the Channel Island which still asserts a semi-independence of Great Britain. By Jesuitical plot he is haled to the court, but his manly beauty and sturdy Protestant-

ism so catch the eye and impress the mind of the virgin queen that she makes him a court chaplain as the only means of frustrating the attempt to send him to the Bastile or the scaffold. The vanity and fidelity of the good queen are clearly limned, as is the perfidy of the man who came so near being King of England, Leicester. But by God's grace and the queen's favour the plot against the Camisard preacher is foiled, and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

"Starting-Points for Speakers, Preachers, Writers, and Other Thinkers." By John Horne. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 160. Price, 60c. net.

This book is an admirable selection of quotations from men of note, chiefly recent writers, on a wide variety of subjects, well indexed. It will be found very useful for teachers and preachers. The following from Lord Rosebery is a characteristic example: "The British Empire is not a centralized Empire. It does not, as other empires, hinge on a single autocrat or even on a single Parliament, but it is a vast collection of communities spread all over the world, many with their own Legislatures, but all with their own Governments, and, therefore, resting, in a degree which is known in no other state of which history has record, on the intelligence of the individuals who compose it. Some of the empires have rested on armies, and some on constitutions. It is the boast of the British Empire that it rests on men."

"The Entering Wedge." A Romance of the Heroic Days of Kansas. By William Kennedy Marshall. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 274. Price, $1.00.

The story of the Kansas immigrants who carried the spirit of New England and its love of liberty into the borderland of slavery is one of the most stirring in the annals of the neighbouring Republic. That movement was indeed the entering wedge which split the country in twain and led to its reunion on a higher moral plane. Nor was it without its baptism of blood. The stirring story of John Brown, and his fidelity to truth and freedom, and the massacre at Lawrence, always stir the heroic pulses in our souls. In the form of a romance the record of these stirring days is reproduced.

"The man that is not moved at what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessing of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave."

"Black Dyke." By Ramsay Guthrie. Author of "On God's Lines," etc. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-310.

The romance of the mine is one of fascinating interest. Among the collier lads John Wesley found some of his bitterest persecutors and most zealous converts. The contact with the elemental forces of nature develops a sturdy strength of character in these gnomes of commerce. Of this Thomas Burt, M.P., the Northumberland miner who rose to the Treasury Bench, to whom this book is dedicated, is a striking example. Ramsay Guthrie writes of that which he knows. He makes us see the things which he describes. His character-painting is akin to that of J. M. Barrie. He has, like Barrie, a fine vein of humour, and can also touch the fount of tears. The religious sentiment is the Methodist and evangelical, and the book is an addition to those "Methodist Idylls," those annals of the poor which have made Methodism so rich in religious biography.

"Ecclesiastes." Words of Koheleth, Son of David, King in Jerusalem. Translated Anew, Divided According to their Logical Cleavage, and Accompanied with a Study of their Literary and Spiritual Values and a Running Commentary. By John Franklin Genung. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-361. Price, $1.25.

The book of Ecclesiastes is the paradox of Scripture. Its seeming cynicism and pessimism make it differ from every other book of the sacred canon. This volume discusses this crux of criticism, examines its history, the various theories as to its authorship and interpretation, and the position which it holds among the famous literary discussions of human life. The author furnishes also a new translation of the words of the preacher, fresh and vigorous, and often accompanied by illuminative comments—a book of special advantage to preachers.

"The Affair at the Inn." By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, Allan McAulay. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 220. Price, $1.25.

The automobile is asserting itself in literature. It would be hardly fair to say that it is the hero—or should it be heroine?—of this story, but it plays a very important part. The humour of the situation is in Kate Douglas Wiggin's best vein—refined, delicate, but excessively funny. A peculiarity of the book is that four distinct authors of note impersonate its four leading characters, and describe their respective adventures, yet the whole has a perfect unity. We have just one criticism, and that is the seeming tolerance of Sunday billiard-playing. The illustrations are very dainty and beautiful.

"The Report of the Bureau of Mines, 1904." By Thos. W. Gibson, Director.

Part I. of the Thirteenth Report of the Bureau of Mines comes to hand. An examination of its pages, with their maps and illustrations, will afford an enlarged conception of the resources of our country. The total output of mineral products for the past year amounted to $12,870,593. Professor Miller also reports some remarkable discoveries of nickel, cobalt, arsenic and silver ores in the unsurveyed territory along the line of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. The growing importance of the fuel problem makes us glad that the peat industry is being developed in Ontario, and promises something for the future. Part II. of the report will be a monograph on Ontario limestones.

"The Mystic Spring, and Other Tales of Western Life." By D. W. Higgins. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 407. Price, $1.50.

The stories in this volume relate to that storm and stress period of our national history when the foundations of empire were being laid in the new colony of the Pacific coast. Mr. Higgins went to the province in the early days when it was still in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and has been identified with its social, political and commercial changes to the present time. He was for many years Speaker of the British Columbia Legislature, and was one of the pathfinders of empire who accompanied the first rush of gold-seekers to what was then called New Caledonia. These are strongly-written sketches of dramatic or tragic incidents which took place in those early days. It is a contribution of real value to our national literature.

"The Silences of the Master." By John Walker Powell, Jr. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 62. Price, 25 cents net.

"As men grow more generally cultivated and refined," says our author, "the tragedy of human life deepens. When the physical wants of the being are satisfied, the deeper needs of the spirit make their cry heard. In God's apparent indifference to this call lies humanity's Gethsemane. The very heart of our Christian faith is belief in the Father-Love, which suffers with human sin and woe till man is redeemed and glorified." The book is a thoughtful study of the life of our Lord and His silences under idle questionings.

"Kant and Spencer." By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 20 cents.

Dr. Carus corrects the mistaken ideas afloat concerning Kant and his philosophy. He believes that these ideas are largely due to Spencer's misinterpretation of the great German. He severely attacks the position taken by Spencer.

"Ants, and Some Other Insects." By Dr. August Forel. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

This little book is a translation from the German, heavily laden with scientific terms. The author assumes that his readers have already wide acquaintance with the subject. It is an inquiry into the psychic powers of ants, and will prove valuable to the student of science.

"The Nature of the State." By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 15 cents.

This is a readable and logical little work on the relation of the individual to the State, and such matters as revolution, established government, and government in modern times beset by modern ills.