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"LORD ANGUS, THOU HAST LIED!"

THE
CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

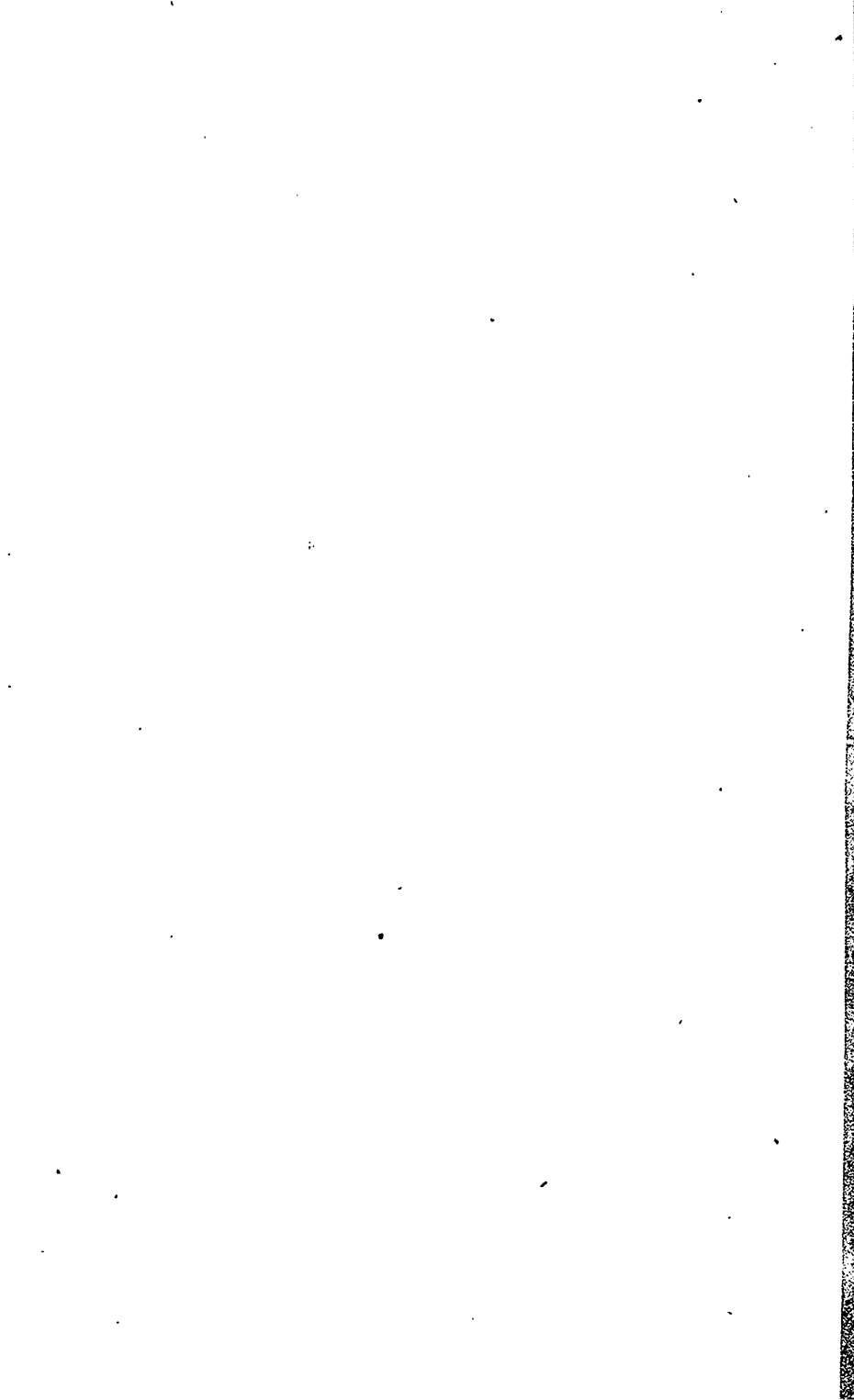
Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

VOL. XXVII.

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THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1888.

SCOTT'S MARMION.*

BY LILIAN DEXTER.



“THE CELTIC RACE
OF DIFFERENT LANGUAGE, FORM AND FACE.”

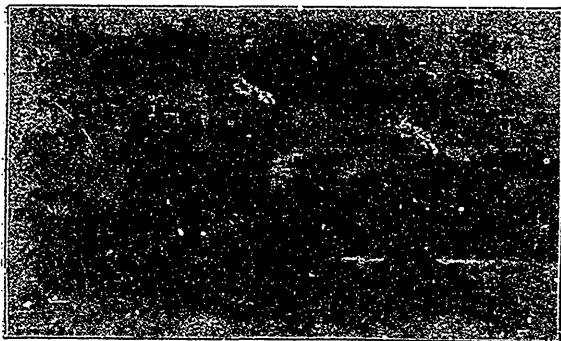
he enjoyed a trip to London, and was shown the places of interest in that city. Twenty-five years afterwards, when for the first time he revisited the Abbey and the Tower of London, Scott was surprised by the vividness and accuracy of his recollections of this youthful visit.

WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. A lameness, which appeared when he was eighteen months old, made him a delicate child. His parents sent him for medical treatment to his grandfather's at Sandy-Knowe, and there most of his childhood was spent. At a very early age, little Walter showed a fondness for poetry remarkable in a child so young. When he was about four years old his aunt took him to Bath to try the effect upon him of sea-bathing. While there

* For the fine engravings which accompany this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Ticknor & Co., the famous Boston publishers. The text is abridged from a well-written paper in the *Cottage Hearth*, Boston.

In 1778, Scott was sent to the High School at Edinburgh, where his career was marked by no great success. He was usually near the foot of his class, especially in languages, and it was not until he came under the instruction of the distinguished Dr. Alex. Adams, three years later, that he began to enjoy his work. In 1792 our author was admitted to the bar. But although nominally a lawyer, he still spent most of his time in historical and archæological research.

In 1805, the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published, and from that date until 1831, every year but one was marked by some work from his pen. Lockhart says nothing has ever



“FAR BLAZED THE SIGNAL FIRES.”

equalled the demand for this book. Edition after edition was sold as soon as printed. The poem was suggested by the request of the young and lovely Countess of Dal-

keith, who asked Scott to compose a ballad on the legend of Gilpin Horner. Many times before the poem grew into its exquisite form, the poet rode in company with Lord and Lady Dalkeith along the northern banks of the Yarrow, resolving that

“There would he sing achievement ligh
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the wrapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths the strain to hear,
Forgot the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bear burden to the Minstrel's song.”

The *Lady of the Lake* appeared in 1810. This was considered the most interesting, romantic and picturesque of Scott's poems. He himself says that in the *Lady of the Lake* his whole force was thrown on incident, while in the *Lay* his aim was style. The poem appeared just before the season for summer excur-

sions, and everyone was eager to see the now famous Loch Katrine, which previously had been little known, and less frequented. All the village inns of the vicinity were filled to overflowing with crowds of curious visitors whom Scott had sent,

“ Once more to view
The eastern ridge of Ben Venue,
For e'er he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray.
Where shall he find in foreign land
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?”

Marmion, which preceded the *Lady of the Lake*, was published in 1808. It is perhaps the most spirited of all Scott's poems. Critics pronounce it “the most splendid and powerful,” and the author says that his aim was description. *Marmion* was commenced in 1806. Constable offered a thousand guineas for the copyright before he had seen a word of it; and the price was paid before the poem was printed. Scott expended more labour on *Marmion* than was his custom in most of his literary work. He wrote easily and rapidly, but he resolved to work hard on *Marmion*, and he afterwards said that he remembered with pleasure the places where different parts of it had been composed. One of these favourite spots was a seat beneath a huge oak near the Tweed. Here the poet, accompanied by his dog, loved

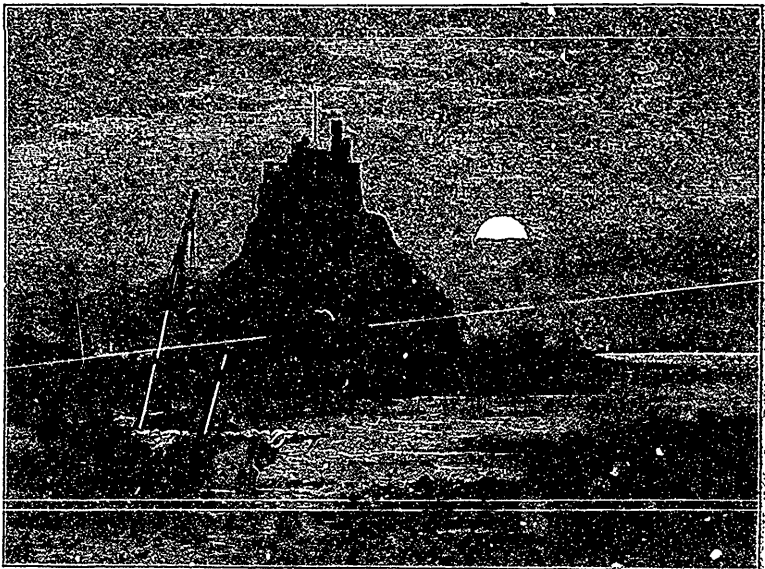
“ To stray
And waste the solitary day;
In plucking from yon fen the seed,
And watch it flowing down the Tweed.”

The plot of *Marmion* is slight, and the reader almost forgets the story, in admiring the exquisite beauty of the descriptive passages; as the thoughts of a traveller in Switzerland are continually directed from his destination by the fascinating landscapes which keep opening to his view. For this reason the poem furnishes a rich field for the illustrative artist.

The illustrations accompanying this article are taken from the superb edition of *Marmion*, by Ticknor & Co., Boston. This poem, in quarto form, has been magnificently illustrated by the best artists. It forms part of the noble edition of Scott's poems announced in our December number. *Marmion* is a tale of Flodden Field, the bloodiest battle ever recorded in the annals of Scotland. It was fought in 1513, and resulted in the

complete destruction of the Scottish army and the death of its leader, King James the IV.

James had encamped upon a hill named Flodden, which lay a little south of the border. Surrey, the English commander, was afraid to attack, so he endeavoured to draw the Scots from their strong position. Although usually an imprudent man, James was not so rash as Surrey had hoped to find him, and he refused the challenge. Surrey was therefore obliged to resort to another method of forcing an engagement. He moved around the hill, and thus placed himself between King James and Scot-



“AND REACHED THE HOLY ISLAND’S BAY.”

land. When James fully realized what Surrey had done, he grew alarmed lest he should be cut off from his base, and finally determined to attack. The Scots set fire to their huts, and under cover of the smoke charged down the north side of the hill upon the English. Each army advanced in four columns. The signal for battle was given late in the afternoon. For a time the Scots seemed to gain. The English ranks were thrown into confusion, and their standard endangered. But at this critical moment, when defeat seemed inevitable, Stanley and the Admiral came to the rescue. They charged the Scots on both sides. The latter fought with great bravery; but their



"ALONG THE BRIDGE LORD MARMION RODE,
PROUDLY HIS RED-ROAN CHARGER STRODE."

spears were no match for the huge and terrible English bills. King James, after having been twice wounded by arrows, was finally killed by one of them.

Their king slain, the Scots withdrew in despair at nightfall, and the next day completed their ruin. The English had lost five thousand men, and their opponents twice that number. The overwhelming effect of this defeat, was caused less by the numbers, than by the rank and influence of the Scots who were slain. There is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history, who did not lose a relative there. The body of King James was taken to Surrey, embalmed, and placed in the monastery at Sheen. Such was the battle which Scott has immortalized in *Marmion*

But, says Scott,

“ Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history.”

Although the hero of the poem is a purely fictitious character, he seems to most Englishmen more real than any of the historic personages among whom he fought.

“ Along the bridge, Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
His helm hung at the saddle-boy ;
Well by his visage you might know
He was a stalwart knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been ;
The scar on his brown cheek revealed,
A token true of Bosworth field ;
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
Showed spirit proud, and prompt to ire ;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick moustache and curly hair
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age ;
His square-turned joints, and strength of limb,
Showed him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camp a leader sage.”

It is difficult to realize that this brave man is a scoundrel, though such the readers of the poem know him to be. Marmion is an English knight, the favourite of King Henry VIII. He had loved Constance de Beverley, a “sister professed of

Fontevrand." This beautiful nun he induced to break her vows, fly with him from the convent, and accompany him in the disguise of a page.

For three years Marmion remained true to Constance. Then he met Lady Clare, a maiden both wealthy and beautiful, but the affianced bride of De Wilton, who was also a knight in the English army. Marmion determined to marry Lady Clare, and in order to execute this plan he convinced King Henry that De Wilton was a traitor. The angry monarch permits the two rivals to engage in mortal combat. In the battle test De Wilton was defeated and was supposed to be dead. Although Marmion



"SHE SAT UPON THE GALLEY'S PROW,
AND SEEMED TO MARK THE WAVES BELOW."

was relieved of his rival, Lady Clare had disappeared. To escape Marmion she sought refuge in the convent at "high Whitby's cloistered isle." And had placed herself under the protection of the Abbess of St. Hilda. King Henry, however, resolved that his favourite should marry the lady of his choice, even if she were a nun.

Constance de Beverley maddened by the infidelity of Marmion, attempted to poison her rival. But the monk, whom she employed to do the deed, betrayed her, and both she and her agent were discovered and taken for trial to St. Cuthbert's Isle, where

"In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned,
With massive arches, broad and round,
That rose, alternate, row and row,
In ponderous columns, short and low,

Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone."

Meantime Marmion is welcomed by the pursuivants at Norham Castle.

"Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck
With silver 'scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there with herald, pomp and state,
They hailed Lord Marmion."

The bark containing the Abbess, accompanied by her five nuns, and the novice Clare approached "St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle," whither she had been summoned to the trial of the rec-reant nun.

"Nought say I here of sister Clare,
Save this, that she was young and fair;..
As yet a novice unprofessed,
Lovely and gentle, but distressed.
She was betrothed to one nōw dead,
Or worse, who had dishonoured fled.
She sate upon the galley's prow,
And seemed to mark the waves below;
Nay, seemed, so fixed her look and eye
To count them as they glided by."

The trial is held.

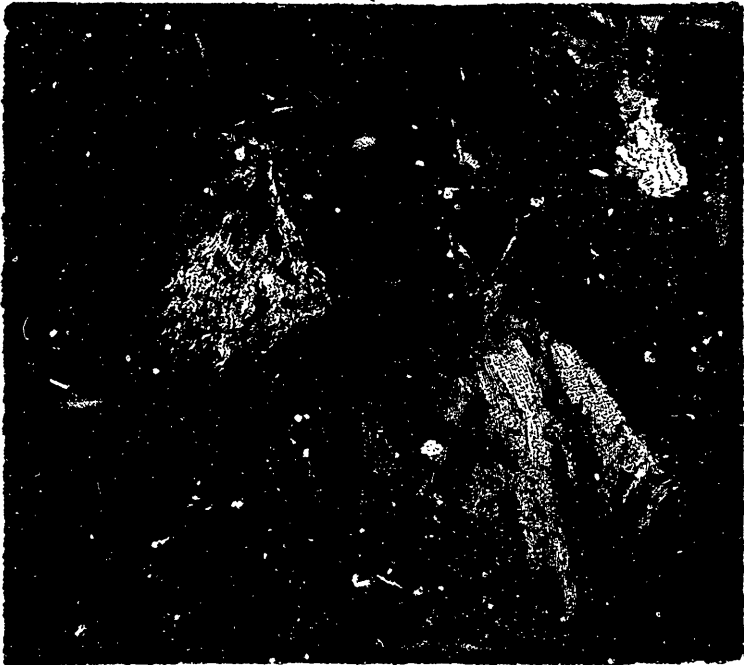
"In long, black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown,
By the pale cresset's ray.
The Abbess of St. Hilda, there,
Sat for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell
And tear-drops that for pity fell,
She closely drew her veil."

At last Constance speaks and discloses the fact that Marmion is not the noble knight he assumes to be, but a base deceiver. She repeats the story of Marmion's treachery and her own sin:

"And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse the bosom swells
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betrayed

This packet to the king conveyed,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.
Now, men of death, work forth your will
For I can suffer and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast
It is but death who comes at last."

The scene changes once more to Norham Castle. Marmion is seeking a guide to conduct him to Scotland, whither he has



"TWO GRAY PRIESTS WERE THERE,
AND EACH A BLAZING TORCH HELD HIGH."

been sent by his sovereign with a message to King James. The only guide at hand is a palmer newly arrived from the Holy Land. This palmer is none other than De Wilton himself, who did not die, but was dragged senseless from the battle-field. Then, ignorant of Marmion's treachery, he had fled to Palestine, and had now returned to his native land in the disguise of a palmer.

Thus the rivals meet once more, and De Wilton escorts his enemy to Scotland, where the latter has not been for many years.

“ I have not ridden in Scotland since
James backed the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton's tower.”

In Scotland Marmion views the gathering armies, and so vivid is the poet's description that we could see them, even if we had no other picture before our eyes.

“ Next, Marmion marked the Celtic race,
Of different language, form and face.
A various race of man ;
Just then the Chiefs their tribes arrayed,
And wild and garish semblance made,
The checkered trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes brayed,
To every varying clan.”

Again the scene changes. The bark returning to Whitby's with the Abbess and her attendants has been captured by the Scots. The Abbess and her nuns have been sent to England by the King's order, under the guidance of Marmion. The Abbess sees the palmer in Marmion's train, and recognizing in him an honest man, she tells him the dreadful secret that preys upon her.

“ At night, in secret there, they came,
The palmer and the holy dame.”

The packet is given to Wilton who now knows all.

By order of King James, Marmion is entertained at Tantallon Hall, the castle of Lord Douglas.

“ That night upon the rocks and bay,
The midnight moonbeams slumbering lay,
And poured its silver light, and pure,
Through loophole and through embrasure,
Upon Tantallon tower and hall,
But chief were arched windows wide,
Illuminate the chapel's pride,
The sober glances fall.
Much was their need ; though seamed with scars
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two gray priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
Yet could not by their blaze decry
The chapel's carving fair.”

Lady Clare is escorted to the castle by Marmion's squires, Blount and Fitz-Eustace.

“Then took the squire her rein,
And gently led away her steed,
And by each courteous word or deed,
To cheer her strove in vain.”

As the attendants loitered by the way to arrange their arrows, Clare wanders along the battlements, and sees lying in the path before her some armcur which suggests De Wilton.



“THEN TOOK THE SQUIRE HER REIN,
AND GENTLY LED AWAY HER STEED.”

“She raised her eyes in mournful mood—
De Wilton himself before her stood.”

When the story of his wrongs are told, the noble Clare sends her lover from her side to regain in battle his lost honour.

The next day Marmion prepares to leave the castle, still ignorant that De Wilton lives. In parting he offers his hand to his host, who has discovered the true character of the man he has entertained.

“Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke,



"SHE RAISED HER EYES IN MOURNFUL MOOD—
DE WILTON HIMSELF BEFORE HER STOOD."

My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone,
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Lady Clare proceeds on the journey with her escort. When the train reaches the English army, the battle of Flodden is beginning. Marmion, leaving Lady Clare in charge of the squires, enters the fight. Presently Blount and Fitz-Eustace follow him. And Clare is left alone to wander about the field. She hears a cry.

“ Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring,
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst ? ”

The wounded man is Marmion. She forgets that he is her enemy, when he calls for help. Like a true woman she thinks only of relieving his suffering.

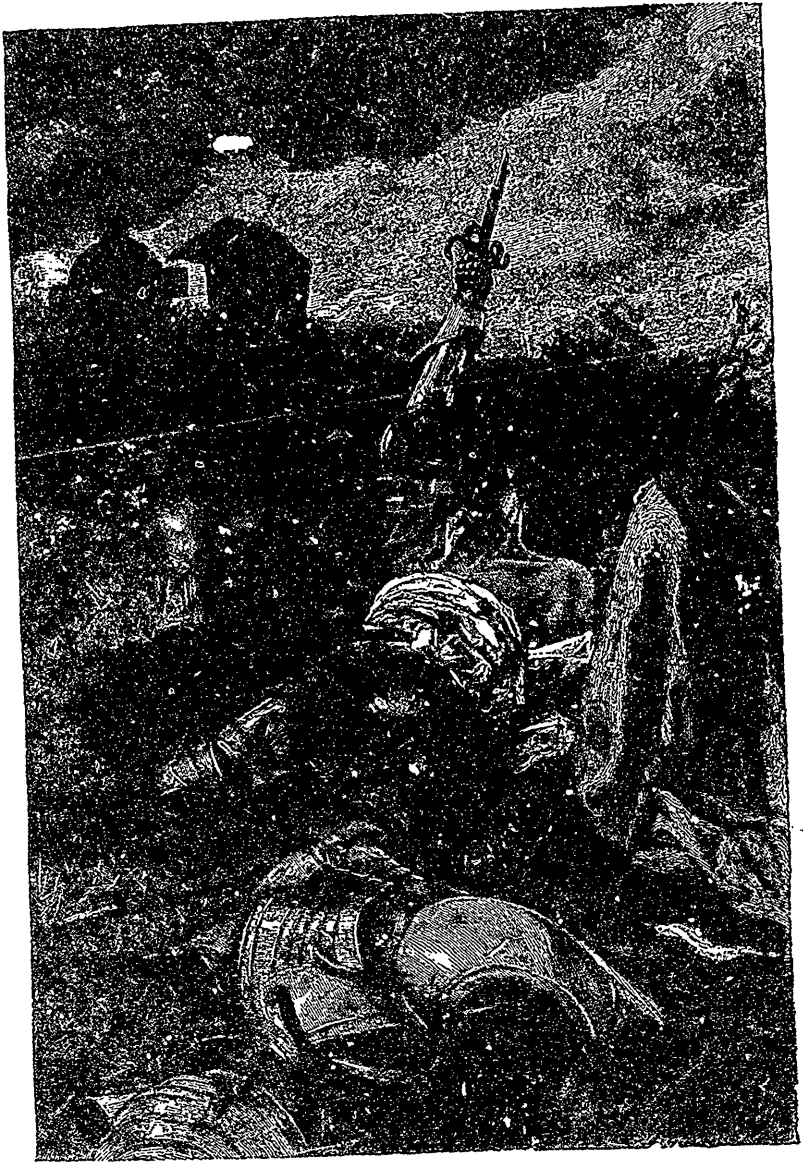
“ O, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade,
By the light, quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish ring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !

Marmion expires, soothed by the gentle ministry of the woman he has so deeply wronged. Thus ends the life of this brave warrior, whose valour we cannot help admiring, while we know that we ought to despise him.

The best judges of the day were quick to recognize the merit of the poem we have described. Mr. Gilchrist writes to Scott that Southey pointed out the following passage as the finest thing he had ever read :

“ The monk with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers ;
' O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
O think on faith and bliss !—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting scene.
But never aught like this.' ”

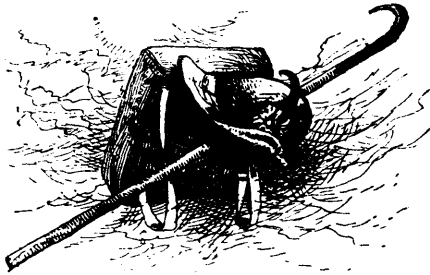
“ The war that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—Stanley !—was the cry ;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye ;
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted ' Victory ! '—
' Charge, Chester, charge ! On Stanley, on !'
Were the last words of Marmion.”



“HE SHOOK THE FRAGMENT OF HIS BLADE,
AND SHOUTED VICTORY!”

Before it was bound with Scott's other poems, 36,000 copies of *Marmion* were sold. It was followed in 1811 by the *Vision of Don Roderick*. In 1812 by *Rokeby*, and in 1813 by the *Bridal of Triermain*.

Although no other poet then living could have produced either of them, these later works were not equal to those which had preceded them. This fact Scott himself was the first to recognize. Byron was beginning to blaze with a lurid light that cast the healthful poems of Scott into temporary shadow. The most generous and least conceited of men, when he was aware of this fact, resolved to write no more poetry. He turned to prose. Marvellous was the genius of the man, who could write both *Marmion* and *Ivanhoe*, so different from each other, yet each so nearly perfect of its kind. "The Wizard of the North," long counted among the greatest of English poets, was yet to take his place as the greatest of English novelists.



THE NEW YEAR.

BY. A. C. SWINBURNE.

I KNOW not if the year shall send
 Tidings to us-ward as a friend,
 And salutation, and such things,
 Bear on his wings,
 As the soul turns and thirsts unto
 With hungering eyes, and lips that sue
 For that sweet food which makes all new.

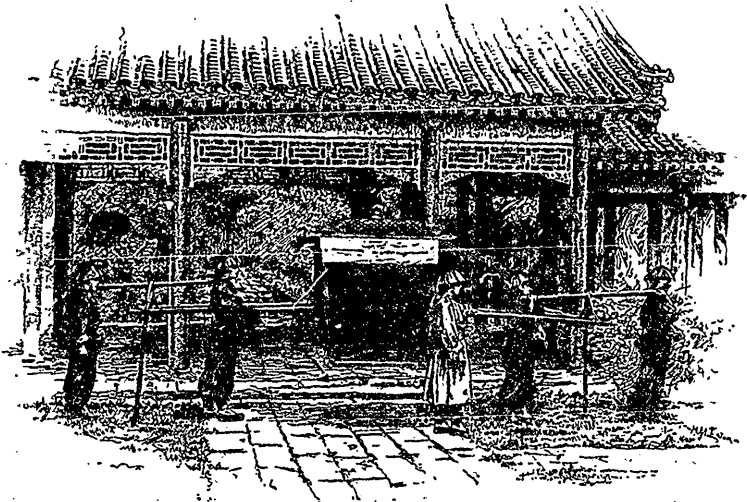
I know not if his light shall be
 Darkness, or else light verily,
 I know but that it will not part
 Heart's faith from heart,
 Truth from the trust in truth, nor hope
 From sight of days unscaled that hope
 Beyond one poor year's horoscope.



VIEW FROM MARBLE BRIDGE, IMPERIAL CITY.

RECENT EXPERIENCES IN CHINA.*

BY C. B. ADAMS.



SEDAN CHAIR.

It was early in the summer that we saw the shores of France grow dim in our wake, and mid-autumn found us landing from our last steamer—so long had we tarried—at Tientsin, a northern Chinese port known chiefly to the public by a frightful massacre of Catholic Sisters, which took place there in 1870. Here we took a house-boat.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more enjoyable than the three days' sail up the Peiho. After the dusty trains and thumping steamers, the peaceful glide through the golden autumn days and moonlit nights, on the winding river, was

* For the cuts illustrating this article we are indebted to the courtesy of the Publishers of the *American Magazine*, 749 Broadway, New York. This Magazine is a new enterprise of great promise. The accompanying article, which is abridged from its pages, and the engravings, are a specimen of its style of treatment and illustration. Each number consists of 128 double-column 8vo. pages, with several copiously illustrated articles. Among its contributors are Edgar Fawcett, J. T. Trowbridge, Rose H. Lathrop, Dr. J. P. Newman, Grant Allen, Rose Eytinge and Julian Hawthorne. Canadian subjects are well treated by J. McDonald Oxley. The price is \$3.00 a year, but subscribers to the *METHODIST MAGAZINE* will receive the two for \$4.25, instead of \$5.00 the full price.—ED.

the realization of the ideal in travelling. The brown stubble fields and the turning trees looked so like the Western world, it was difficult to believe that we were in the north of China. We could have sailed up that river much longer and not wearied of it. Peking, however, was our destination. Early on the third morning we came to a stop in front of a very high battlemented wall, along whose base lines of laden camels were led; and groups of curious carts, with two large heavy wheels, no springs, and flat floors without seats, were waiting for hire. The camels were taking tea to Russia; the carts were Peking carts in which the cross-legged occupant runs a fair chance of



CITY WALL, PEKING.

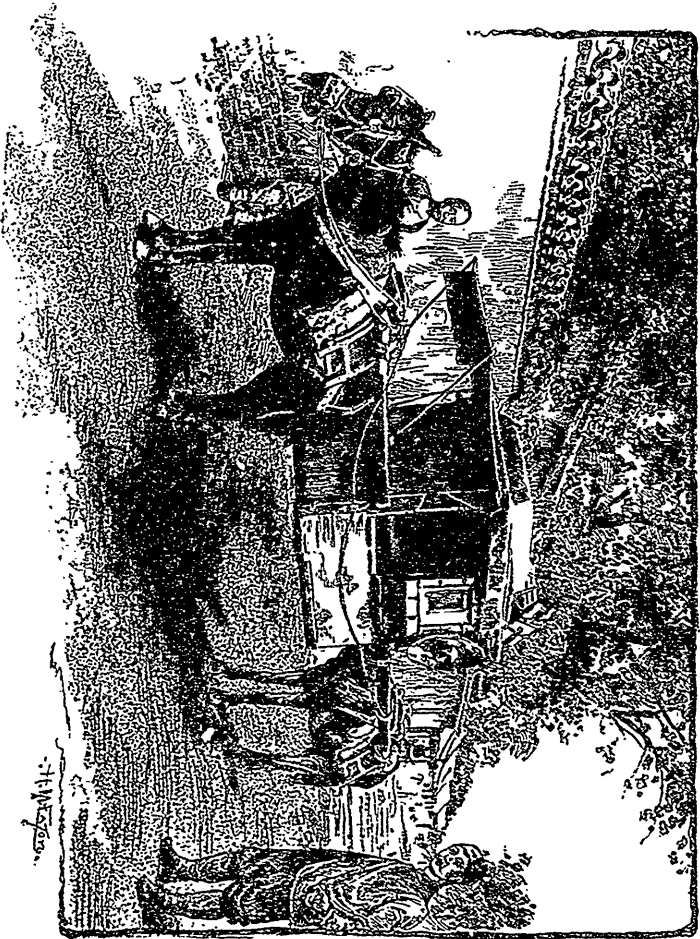
having his senses jolted out over the flag-paved highways leading to the capital.

This fate was not reserved for us, however, and we made the fifteen miles, during somewhat less than four hours, in sedan chairs carried by coolies. The swinging motion of a chair is very hard on an amateur back, and it was not without a sense of relief that I saw we were approaching the walls of Peking. Wheel-barrow, piled high with neatly cut crisp green cabbages, were the first things we saw on entering the outer gates. It was disappointingly a common place.

It was evening as we entered, just before the gates were closed. We were therefore spared the din and confusion of midday traffic, that we have since always regarded with increasing wonder and dismay. During the busy hours there is

an uninterrupted procession of camels, carts, mule litters, chairs, very fat Chinamen astride of very little donkeys, the owners of the poor beasts running beside them to accelerate their pace by continual blows, musical wheelbarrows, heavily laden carts with tandem teams, crowds of pedestrians—lines of wretched

MULE LITTER



beggars squatting along the wall with their heads in the dust, mingling their pitiful petitions in shrill voices with the yells and imprecations of the drivers—so that the arch overhead echoes with deafening uproar.

All foreigners reside in the Tartar city, but the glimpse we got of it was not more encouraging than what we had seen be-

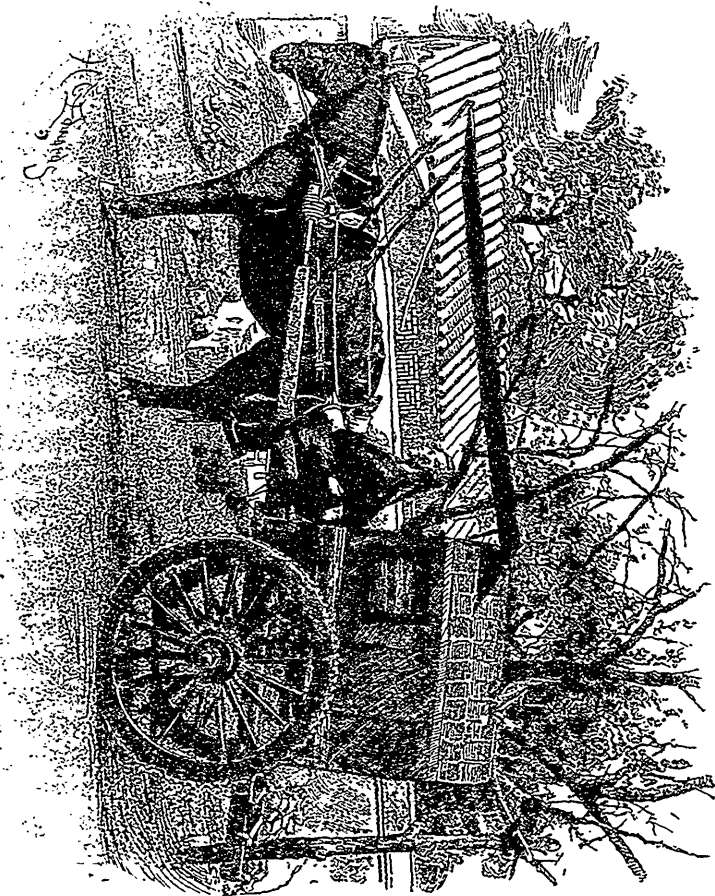
yond its gates; in fact, it all looks like a vast suburb. The streets, ungraded and unpaved, are dust-swept in winter, and quagmires in summer, with green suffocating pools in the hollows, that would create a pestilence in any other climate. The heavy cartwheels sink into bottomless pits during the wet season, and people have been actually drowned in the streets. The odours beggar description. Garbage and slops are thrown in front of the houses, and the city scavengers, dogs, rag-pickers and magpies feast at their leisure.

There is probably no race as uncleanly as the Chinese, to which their streets bear ample testimony. Notwithstanding the dirt, there are certain features that make the streets picturesque; the "bit of colour," so much in demand, is never wanting. The banks are showily carved and gilded; there are signs, streamers and tassels of all shades on the shops; big auction tents, made of thousands of bits of rag, where the energetic auctioneer—as naturally he should do on the opposite side of the world—begins at the highest possible price and bids *down*. There is an unending variety of combination in the colours worn by both sexes. The young women and children are wonderfully whitened and rouged to the eyebrow, with a streak of deep red in the middle of the lip, which is supposed to make the mouth look smaller. Tartar women do not disfigure their feet as the Chinese people do. They wear shoes like the men, or with an elevation under the sole of the foot, the toe or heel being unsupported. The small-footed women, contrary to our ideas, walk a great deal, and even work in the fields, though, it must be confessed, their gait is neither rapid nor graceful, as they balance themselves with their arms. Both women and children wear artificial flowers in their hair, and rarely in the coldest weather any headdress, while the men have wadded hoods, fur ear-protectors and various kinds of hats. They wear the most beautiful silk gowns with what was originally a handsome silk jacket, but now marred by use and with a long line of black grease down the back from their queues. All the well-to-do people dress in silk and satin, while the cotton, well wadded in winter, and sheep-skin worn with blue "skinny side out," protect the poorer.

The mandarin himself proves disappointing, in the matter of style, from our standpoint. He has a sable coat, and a feather hanging from the button on his hat, but the regardless mingling of the old and new, and the dirty and clean, is incompatible

with our ideas of a fine appearance. There is something dignified and graceful in his salutation as he shakes his own hands and makes a gracious bow. His formal and polite questions are, your age, your fortune, if your nest is full and if smallpox has yet visited it. It is thought unfortunate if a child passes

PEKING CARRIAGE.



a certain age without having contracted this disease, it being comparatively without danger to the young.

We will put the beggars in, as the shadow in the street picture. Were there ever any people with so little of the human being about them! They are not even Chinamen—they have no pig-tails—but their thick black hair stands in a bushy mass about their smeared, haggard faces; their only covering a bit

of sheepskin that they hold about their shoulders, reaching half-way to the knee, or a bundle of fluttering rags, little or no protection against the keen winter wind. Most trades in China are protected by guilds, and it is said neither beggars nor thieves are behind the more honourable professions in this respect. Each has its king, and by paying a certain yearly tribute to the robber king, you can insure your house against molestation.

Theft is punished in various ways—by whipping, branding, etc., according to the offence. It is not unusual to see men on the streets wearing the wooden collar, a heavy, large square of wood, with a round hole fitted to the neck. It is called a cangue, and is applied as a punishment for stealing. The wearers do not seem to be shunned in consequence. Every one apparently jokes pleasantly with the culprits.

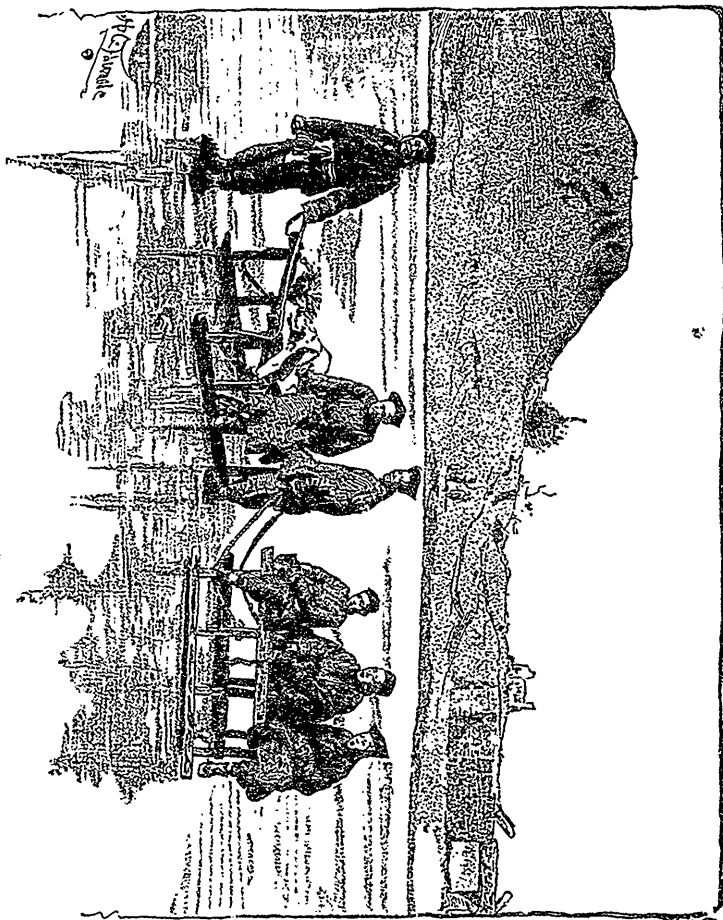
Chinamen in many ways are perfect children. They fly kites more than the little ones do, and watch the great paper dragons and fish as they float higher and higher, with placid enjoyment. One's attention is often attracted by a silent crowd, some seated, some standing around a man who, with suitable intonation and gesture, is reciting a story. He is a popular personage in Peking, and his audience stay rapt in delightful suspense listening to his tales. They are very fond of animals, and walk about the streets with their pet birds perched on sticks. These are very tame, and are trained to fetch and carry things. Hawks are very popular with the story-tellers, and crickets during their short term of life, are in high demand. They are kept in little straw cages. Those who are musical like them for their song, and those who gamble (and what Chinamen does not gamble?) spur them into fighting. Pigeons are used as messengers to carry the rates of exchange, and also to keep off the crows. They are provided with whistles on their tails, that make a peculiar sad moan as they fly. This only adds one sound more to the noisy town.

Every kind of ware is hawked about the streets: travelling kitchens with soup, rice, and mysterious messes; the confectioner, with sticks of candied crab apples and peanut candy; the barber, plying his vocation at the door; the packman, with groups of women around him, choosing artificial flowers and trimming-silk; the knife-sharpener, the man who rivets china, the pedicure, each with his distinctive call, rattle, or bell; and the Taouist priest, banging his gong till he is paid to be quiet—

all keep the echoes lively. After nightfall each man, as he walks along, sings to keep away the evil spirits. There are street lamps, but they are only lighted on holy days, which nearly always fall on moonlight nights.

No negro village can boast a larger percentage of dogs and children. The former are always fighting. Each house has its

ICE-SLEDGES ON THE CANAL.



dog, and each dog its beat, on which he allows no other to come without a fight for the proprietary rights over the refuse his claim contains. The children are dirty, fat and good-tempered, rarely disputing or crying. They seemed to be loved, yet when they die no burial worthy the name is given them. Ancestor worship seems to have extinguished all natural feeling in this respect.

It is easy to see from the great number of undertakers' shops, filled with large and expensive coffins, how alive these people are to the requirements of the dead, if I may use the expression. Funerals are their most gorgeous pageants, and although they do not quite accord with our idea of elegance, still expense is not spared. The embroideries used on the bier are unsurpassed in beauty of material and design. Armies of ragamuffins decked out in all the paraphernalia of the occasion, bear red staffs and umbrellas, while a deafening music is kept up as the procession moves on. The family, dressed in white—which they wear as mourning for a prescribed time—follow in carts. They burn gold and silver paper that the deceased may have funds, horses, carts, houses or palaces, men and women servants; all he may want is burnt in effigy, often life size. He is buried with pomp; his descendants worship at his tomb, and any titles that may accrue to them revert to him, instead of descending to the children. Thus a man may die a coolie, and live in memory as a prince. When children die they are put in boxes, or oftener wrapped in a bit of matting and piled upon each other in a cart drawn by a large black bull, that goes the round of the town every two or three days; and the grim old man who drives it is the only one who lays the little dead away in a common ditch, where such a thin sprinkling of earth is spread over them, the dogs dig them out. Foreigners in the last year have paid to get the skulls buried that were kicked up by their horses' feet near the city gates. What a curious people to find such a difference between progenitor and progeny!

Housekeeping, in China, is not an absorbing occupation—the servants are trustworthy and efficient. It does not take long to grow philosophical about the dust, and to realize that it is as impossible to keep a Peking house free from it as from a sun-beam. There is a major-domo known as a "head boy," who supervises the other boys and coolies. He is responsible for everything; makes purchases for the house, and is interpreter, and on everything bought by his master he gets what is known in the idiomatic English spoken in China as a "squeeze."

Coreans are seen in shoals on the street, at certain seasons of the year, when they come to bring tribute. Their white dress does not improve on close inspection, and to give an idea of their hats, which are made of horse hair, they must be likened to the wire covers we put over butter to keep off the flies, with a brim added; the hair is twisted in a knot on the top of the

head, which shows through. I speak of the men, as the women are never seen; even in their own country they emerge from their houses only after nightfall, when it is forbidden for a man to appear on the street.

Foreign residents are restricted entirely to officials, being composed of members of the English, Russian, United States, German, Belgian, Spanish, Dutch and Japanese legations, the custom service and the Tung Wen Kuan College. There are also a number of English and



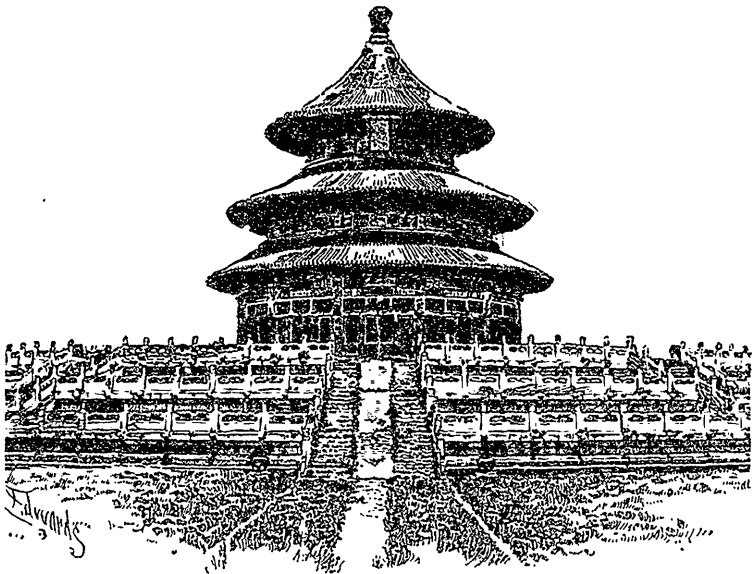
EAST FLOWERY GATE, IMPERIAL CITY.

American missionaries, but they are occupied with good works and rarely appear among the more worldly pleasure-seekers.

The only pleasant walk is on the city wall, a little world of itself, forty-two feet high. Trees, grass and wild flowers grow through the stones, and in the autumn it is bright with morning glories of every shade, and a good harvest of hay is gathered. No Chinese woman is allowed on the wall, but there are many neat little houses up there, inhabited by the lords of creation. They are expected to look after the place, so they settle themselves comfortably with their dogs and poultry, and pass the time, in mild weather, in gambling on mats in front of their doors. When the trees are bare there is a good view of the city, but as each house has its courtyard and trees, in summer the wall looks more like a town.

On a clear day the Western Hills are distinctly visible. This is the fashionable summer resort for the parched foreigners,

and there for two months during the great heat, they escape from the unbearable damp, breathless city, and live in Buddhist temples. Colossal gods share your room, the bronze temple bell hangs at your door; the monotonous droning of the priest, as he beats the gongs and rings the little bells, to let the monster know there is an offering of indigestible-looking cakes, made to him, wakens you betimes. Great gnarled Weymouth pines make a dense roof of green in the courtyard, where pools of purple lotus flowers wave their heads and roll the rain-drops on their broad flat leaves. The hill is covered with temples and graveyards, and paved paths lead up its steep sides from



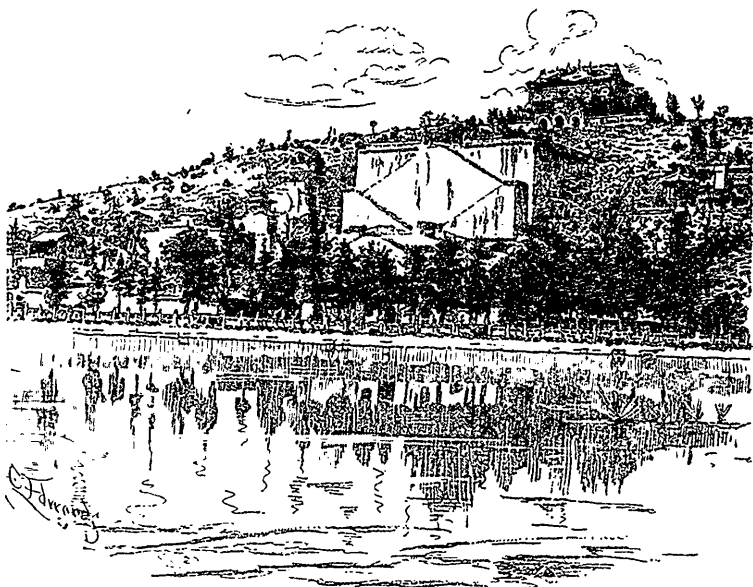
COVERED ALTAR TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, P'KING.

one to the other. Clear brooks bubble over the boulders down the ravine. The rocks are infested with scorpions and covered with maiden's-hair, and an edelweiss grows on the summit.

There is a tennis ground some two miles up the mountain, but it is questionable fun climbing to it, when there is the more solid enjoyment of a long wicker chair, on the breezy terrace, and an unending view over the vast plain waving with sorghum, corn and millet, the muddy Hunho rolling in the distance, and the setting sun gilding the pagodas and showering a flood of red light on the distant yellow roofs of the palace and walls of Peking. It is a fertile plain, divided into small fields that bear their three crops a year, and that without fertilizer.

The street life of the Chinese and their books is all we know of them in this century. No foreigner, no matter of what standing (unless we except physicians) is ever admitted in their houses. Even the minister's letter of credence moulds in his own safe; he cannot present it. All business is conducted through the Tsung-li Yamen (Foreign Office).

That august body pays visits to the Envoys on state occasions, at which times the peaceful compound is overflowing with chairs, carts and ragamuffin retainers, who flatten their noses against every window pane, or if the door is incautiously



SUMMER PALACE: "HILL OF TEN THOUSAND AGES."

left unlocked, they walk in. Meanwhile the masters are treated to an unappreciated foreign tiffin.

When it is their turn to entertain the foreigners, they never receive them at their private houses. Instead, there is a spread at Yamen, where a few Chinese delicacies come in play, such as bird's nest soup, shark's fins, preserved eggs—which are kept in straw till they turn perfectly black—parched watermelon seeds and apricot kernels.

This is as far behind the scenes as the minister gets in this wonderful country to which he is accredited. It seems little short of a miracle in these days that in the twelfth century that uncommon adventurer, Marco Polo, could have gained such

influence over them as to have been made governor of a province, and that the Jesuits in the latter part of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries should have been permitted to build the observatory and the most beautiful palace in China, which, such is the sarcasm of destiny, was destroyed later by their own people.

At present there is a halo of mystery that hangs about the court and all appertaining thereto. All state affairs at the palace are transacted after midnight, at which time the city gates are opened for officials to pass back and forth. When on



HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, SUMMER PALACE.

rare occasions the emperor leaves the palace, the public is notified of the streets he will take, and that they are closed to them, so that it is impossible even to catch a glimpse of him. The road he follows is covered with yellow earth (the imperial colour), and the inns which he stops are hung with yellow satin brocade. During his minority he leaves the capital only to worship at the tomb of his ancestors. The present emperor has arrived at an age when he chooses his wives. All the Manchu girls of his royal clan are sent to him to choose from. There are three empresses, the empress *par excellence*, the empress of the eastern and the empress of the western palaces, six ladies of the palace and seventy-two concubines. The first empress is never allowed to see or speak to any member of her family

after marriage. There is a story told about the present regent, that when she was sent on approval with the other Manchu maidens, her parents were so anxious she should not be chosen, that they padded her out to make her look hunchbacked, notwithstanding which she was the choice.



AUDIENCE OF FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES AT COURT.

There has been but one audience granted to foreign representatives, which was during the last reign. This memorable event, which the diplomatists of the two worlds valiantly fought to bring about for months, meeting with a stubborn resistance on the part of the Chinese government, took place on the 29th of June, 1873. The fight had been to get the Chinese to accede to the foreign ministers' dispensing with the Ko-tou, or prostration on being presented to the emperor which had

been from time immemorial required at the court of China. Genuflexions were equally impossible for the diplomatic corps, so our less imposing, but more easily performed bow was at last agreed upon. The audience took place in an out-building, called the Tgu Kuang Ko, or Purple Pavilion, outside the palace walls, and near the Catholic church, Pei Tang. After hours of waiting the foreign representatives were introduced into the hall, where the emperor sat cross-legged on his throne. They stood behind a table, some distance from him, and deposited their letters of credence on it. The emperor murmured some words to Prince Kung in Manchu, and he came and repeated them to the ministers, and in five minutes this imposing scene which the London *Times* called, "Breaking the Magic Circle," was at an end.

When the present emperor attained his majority, it will be curious to note what impression has been made on these astute diplomatists by foreign representatives, and whether the latter will be received more becomingly or not. Since the complete failure of French arms, it is only natural that the government should think more than ever of China and less of the rest of the world.

The railroad question is agitated with the energy of despair: A miniature train was sent from America not long ago, and the track laid in the palace ground, it is said much to the edification of the Emperor and regent. A country which heaves with sacred graves, like a stormy sea with billows, is scarcely a promising field for the engineer. Every grove has its god, every rock its spirit, and the people want them undisturbed.

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WHAT awful gifts of rapture or despair
 Hold thy closed hands, O thou New Year, for me?
 'Twixt thy far close and this thy January
 What mysteries shall be of love or prayer?
 The heights of life where I *would* walk are fair;
 But in the valley, where the damp mists be,
 I have groped blindly on. Ah, let me *see*
 The longed-for heights—let me respire that air
 And know its healing, whatsoe'er await.
 I dare not pray for any dear delights,
 Seeing my very days are turned to nights,
 Only I ask, whatever be my fate,
 Thy days, New Year, may witness me, though late,
 If not upon, yet making for the Heights.

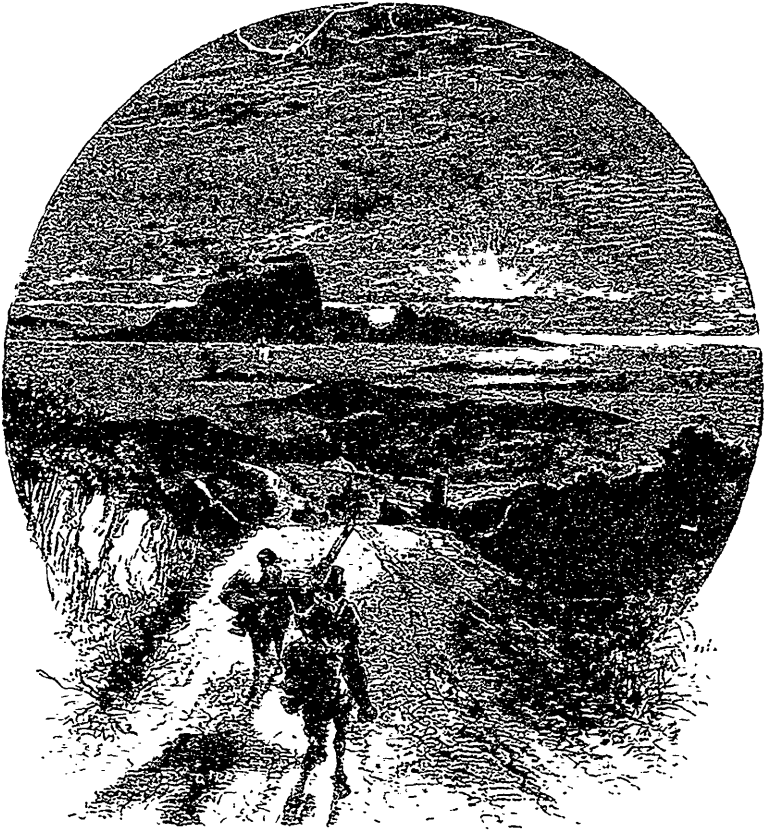
—Philip Bourke Marston.



ONE MAN'S PASS, DONEGAL.

PICTURESQUE IRELAND.

I.



CLARE ISLAND, CLEW BAY.

MANY hearts in Canada turn with peculiar fondness to that green isle of the sea, which for centuries has attracted the attention of Christendom for its picturesque beauty, its pathetic history, its political unrest and misfortune. There is much in its past to cause the thrill of patriotic pride. There is much in its sufferings to call forth the tear of sympathy. The home of wit and humour and eloquence, it has also been often the home of suffering and sorrow and poverty. Scourged by famine and by fever, its children have been exiled by thousands from its

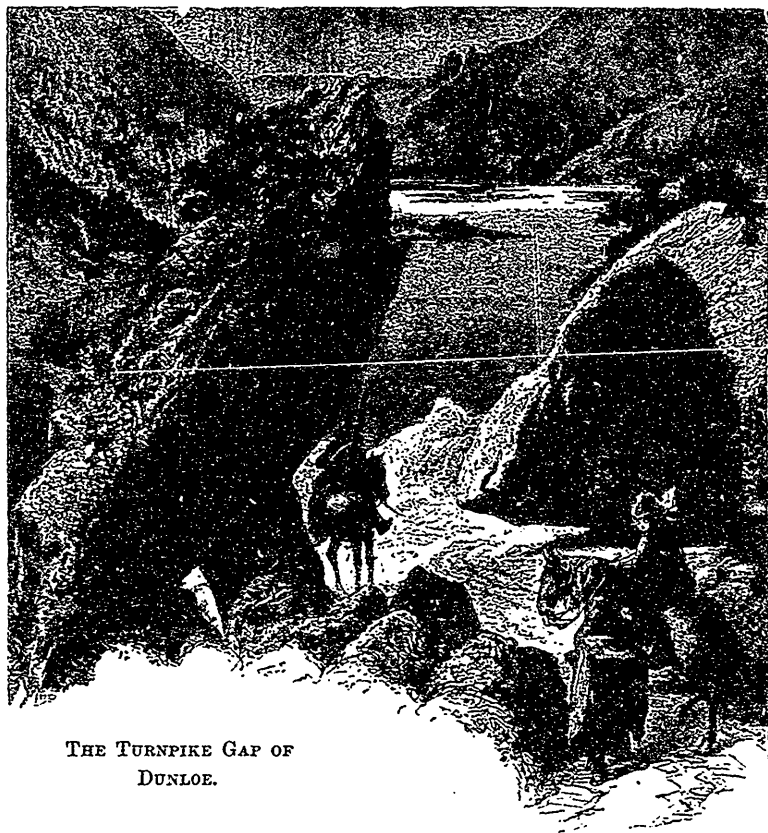
shore. From 1841 to 1851 its population decreased from 8,199,853 to 6,514,473—a falling-off of nearly 1,700,000—and ever since this exodus has kept up, though not at so great a rate.

In speaking of Ireland one must bear in mind that it contains two races widely different in their characteristics. The Protestant minority are thrifty, industrious, and, on the whole, prosperous and contented. The Roman Catholic majority are restless, turbulent, poverty-stricken and discontented. Canada and Canadian Methodism owes much to the Protestant emigration from Ireland. It was Barbara Heck, an Irish immigrant, who first brought Methodism to the New World and to this northern land. And at the present day Canadian Methodism owes many of the brightest ornaments in its pulpit, and many of its most useful and prosperous membership, to the Protestant Methodist population of Ireland transferred to our shores. In these illustrated papers we do not propose to discuss the social or political status of the Green Isle, but to present illustrations of its beautiful scenery which shall carry back the thoughts of many of our readers to some of the most picturesque aspects of that lovely land that still haunt their memories with an undying spell.

Ireland is rich in ecclesiastical remains—abbeys, monasteries, churches; for, in the earlier ages of Christianity in the West, she was indeed the "Isle of Saints." Her schools of theology were famous; to them men resorted from Britain and the Continent, and from them went forth great scholars, to teach and to preach, whose names are still commemorated in France, and Switzerland, and Germany.

There are few bays along the western coast of Ireland that surpass, in beauty and grandeur, Clew Bay, in the county of Mayo. At its inland extremities the town of Westport occupies the southwestern shore, while at the northwestern point its waters wash the town of Newport. Seen from the former, which is "set in its curve like a jewel in a tiara," the bay presents a sight of singular loveliness, especially on a summer evening, when the sun is sinking far away beyond Clare Island, lighting up the stretches of wide bright water, flowing round a multitude of islands, and falling on the ranges of mountains, covered with wild-flowers of countless variety of hue, that lock in its shores on the south and north, with the majestic Reek or Croagh Patrick, which rises to the height of 2,510 feet, terminating in a fine and sharply-defined peak, across which the

clouds often sweep and hide it from the view. It is consecrated, as its name imports, to the great tutelary saint of Ireland, and thither a multitude of devotees and pilgrims resort at stated seasons of the year, and climb to the summit of the mountain, performing "stations" and saying prayers at certain points in the ascent. But, apart from devotional exercise, the hill is well



THE TURNPIKE GAP OF
DUNLOE.

worthy of an ascent, nor is the task by any means formidable, and from its summit is obtained a magnificent view of Clew Bay, with all its fine environs, terminated at the extreme west by Clare Island.

Our initial engraving gives a view of this beautiful scene with, in the foreground, a characteristic bit of Irish life—the donkeys, laden with their peat creels, and an Irish swain and his sweetheart comfortably jogging along on the same sturdy pony.

That genial tourist, Mr. B. E. Bull, B.A., thus describes a visit to those loveliest of Irish lakes, the Lakes of Killarney.

"In no part of Ireland will the student in search of the grand and picturesque receive more ample reward than in the south-western portion of the island. Lakes, which in romantic beauty vie with the boasted ones of Switzerland; mountains, that for sublime grandeur might proudly rear their majestic heads in rivalry with Scotia's own 'Ben Lomond;' rivers and rippling streams, whose sylvan charms are as deserving the homage of the poet's pen or the painter's brush, as the more favoured banks of the classic Tiber or the grand old Rhine, continually surprise and enchant the wanderer through these lovely counties.

"But Killarney, the beautiful queen of the southern beauties, sits enthroned in rural verdure, and demands the homage of every pilgrim in search of the sublime and beautiful in nature. That homage would I pay, not by attempting to describe her enchanting loveliness, a task far beyond my humble power, but merely in offering a devout tribute at her feet in the shape of a brief outline of what I saw, and the impressions I experienced when wandering through her lovely dells, or skimming o'er her placid waters.

"It was raining, of course, when we reached Killarney; in fact, if my memory serves me, it rained every day we were in Ireland. I remember passing some remark in reference to the pluvial state of the weather to a Kilkenny native, who in a rich brogue replied: 'Och, shure, yer honour wouldn't call that rain, it's only perspiration from the mountains.' Killarney proper is a miserable town, noted for its uncleanness, with a population of about 7,000. Its inhabitants gain rather a precarious livelihood from the thousands of visitors who annually flock to the beautiful lakes. Its streets are extremely dirty and very narrow, sufficiently wide, however, to accommodate the hundreds of youngsters who live, grow fat, and develop into Irish men and women on the public thoroughfare. The houses are chiefly built of small stones, plastered with mud, the majority of them very antiquated, and, of course, all of them most gloriously dirty. Here you see the Irishman in all his glory. Poor, so poor that the grim monster hunger is continually hovering around his doorstep, yet withal, happy as a lark—laughing, jovial—his ever ready wit continually boiling over with fun. Superstitious and bigoted, devoutly religious at church, yet swearing, drinking, and carousing whenever an opportunity

offers; kind and generous towards his friends, yet vengeful and boiling over with bitter hatred towards his enemies, he presents an anomaly difficult to understand.

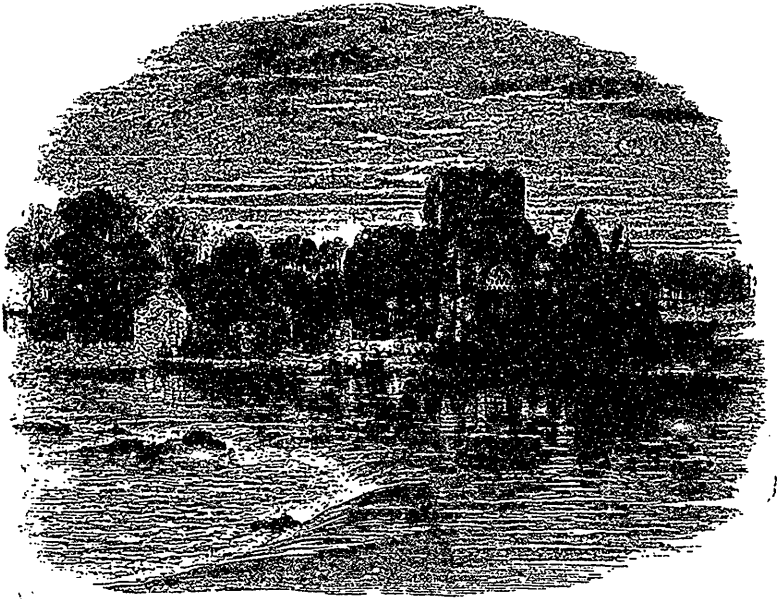
"The far-famed and lovely lakes of Killarney are three in number, styled respectively, the Lower Lake, the middle, Muckross, or Tae Lake, and the Upper Lake. The entire length of the three, from the extremity of the Lower to the head of the Upper Lake, is about eleven miles; and the breadth of the Lower, the largest, is about two and a half miles. The trip around them is circular. Starting from our hotel, we drove eleven miles, to the Gap of Dunloe, then through the gap on horseback, four miles, to the extremity of the Upper Lake, where our boats met us and conveyed us down the lakes home.

"At 10 a.m. we jumped on board a jaunting car, and after a lovely drive, during which we passed several fine ruins of ancient strongholds, and some beautiful modern country-seats, we reached the entrance of the Gap. Here was a scene of the greatest confusion. We were at once surrounded by about twenty men and boys, mounted on the most dilapidated specimens of horseflesh I have ever had the misfortune to see—each offering the services of the miserable rack of bones he called a horse, to convey us through the pass, and each expatiating loudly on the many excellent qualities of his own Bucephalus, and holding up those of his rivals to ridicule and contempt. In addition to these were females of all ages, many inviting us to partake of a nectar they called 'mountain dew,' being a mixture of goat's milk and whiskey, all begging, blarneying, and addressing us in tones cheerful or doleful, as best suited their purpose—that purpose, of course, being to catch a few pennies. Here is the mud and stone hovel of the grand-daughter of 'beautiful Kate Kearney, who lived by the Lakes of Killarney,' and who formerly inhabited the same cottage. Although the charms and beauty of the family have sadly degenerated, the pooten is still probably as good—if good it ever was—and the lineal descendant of the far-famed Kate dispenses, for a small remuneration, genuine 'mountain dew,' to the bibulistic tourist.

"The Gap of Dunloe is a narrow, gloomy defile or pass, lying between the Reeks and Purple Mountains. On either hand the craggy cliffs, composed of huge masses of projecting rocks, overhang fearfully the narrow pathway, and at every step threaten with destruction the adventurous explorer of this desolate scene. These immense boulders are clothed with dark ivy, and adorned

with luxuriant heather, while from their interstices shoot forth trees and shrubs.

“Through the whole of this pass we were accompanied by about a dozen women and girls, with bare heads and bare feet, who keep us in constant roars of laughter with their sparkling mirth, pungent witticisms, and quick repartees. At length we reach an elevated point on the Purple Mountains, and suddenly there bursts on our enraptured gaze a lovely view of the Upper Lake, and the rich scenery in its neighbourhood. Beautiful,



HOLY CROSS ABBEY.

indeed, is the prospect before us. Rapidly descending a winding path, in a few minutes we are at a ruin called Lord Brandon's Cottage, where we dismiss our horses, thankful that their bones have not collapsed during the journey. Here our boatmen met us, who had in the early morning been despatched from the hotel for that purpose.

“The Upper Lake, on which we now embarked, is two and a half miles long by three-quarters of a mile broad. Its wild grandeur strikes the observer with feelings of awe and admiration. Perfectly distinct in the character of its scenery from that of the Middle and Lower Lake, it combines the softer

beauties of wood and water with the stern sublimity of mountain scenery.

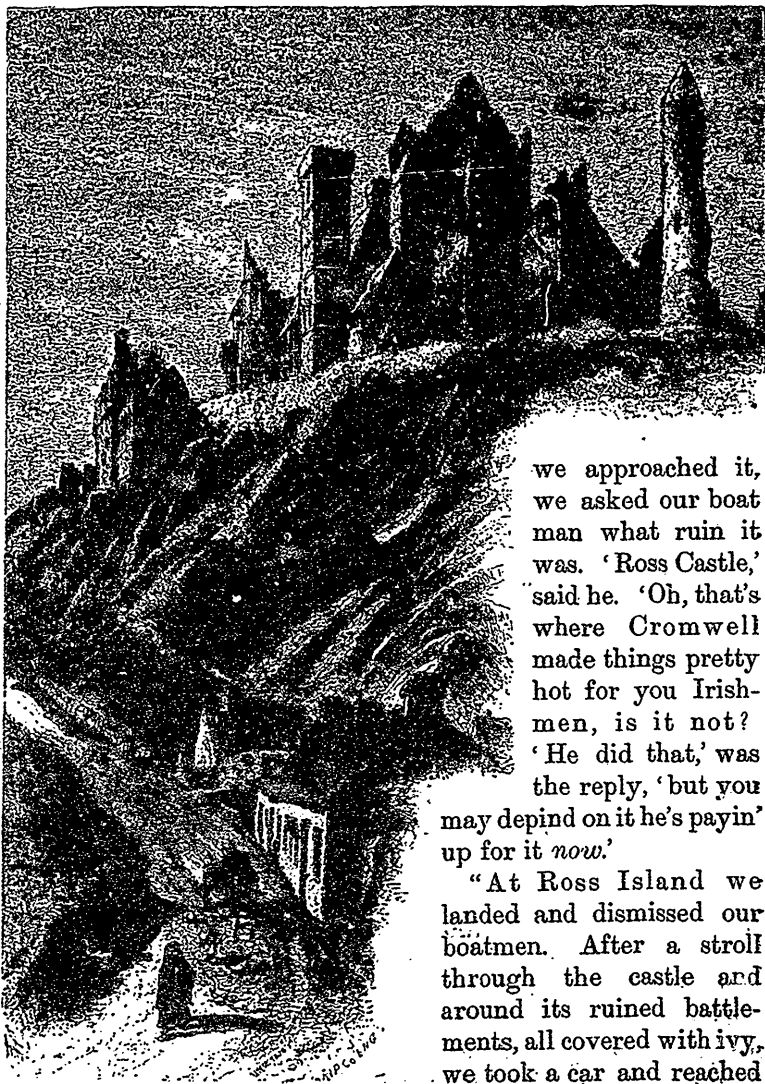
“Embosomed 'mid these majestic mountains, the lake appears to be completely land-locked. This mountain cincture imparts to the Upper Lake a solitary beauty and intensity of interest not to be found in either of the other lakes. Nature here sits in lonely and silent grandeur midst her primeval mountains. The very solitude and stillness seems to proclaim that here God sits enthroned in the majesty of His own works. Passing Arbutus Island, we enter the Long Range, a rapid stream three miles long, which carries the water of the Upper into the Middle Lake, when we come upon the Eagle's Nest—a rugged, cone-shaped mountain, 1,100 feet high, clad on its base with luxuriant verdure, but perfectly bald on its peak: Here the eagles have for centuries built their nests, hence its name. It is remarkable for its echo. A bugler, who always accompanies the parties, sounded a single note; the effect was wonderful—the solitary note rebounded from peak to peak, cliff to cliff, mountain to mountain, and finally died away in the distance with a soft, incomparable melody that challenges language to describe. Then he sounded a succession of notes. Instantly the mountains, like a huge orchestra, pealed forth. The numbers—

“ Now louder and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling the wild music floats,
Till by degrees remote and small,
The strains decay and melt away
In a dying, dying fall.”

“ About a mile further down, our boatmen ship their oars, and we are shot like an arrow down the rapid current of the stream, under the old Wier Bridge, into the Middle, or Tae Lake. This Lake is only about two miles long by one broad. The scenery is much similar to that of the Lower Lake. We, therefore, pass hastily through without comment, and enter the latter. The Lower Lake is the largest of the three, being five miles long by three broad, and studded with about thirty islands. It is noted for the glorious softness of its scenery, and is totally different in this respect from the Upper Lake. The one abounds in wild mountain grandeur, the other in a soft, bewildering flatness, very pleasing to the eye. The two largest of its islands are Ross and Innisfallen. On the former stands the picturesque ruin called Ross Castle, formerly the stronghold of O'Donoghue.

'The King of the Lakes.' Immediately under the ivy-mantled walls of the castle is the famous echo, 'Paddy Blake,' which, on being asked, 'How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?' at once responds, 'Mighty well, I thank ye.'

"This castle, in 1652, was garrisoned by Irish troops, and was the last place in Ireland to yield to the forces of Cromwell. As



THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

we approached it, we asked our boat man what ruin it was. 'Ross Castle,' said he. 'Oh, that's where Cromwell made things pretty hot for you Irishmen, is it not?' 'He did that,' was the reply, 'but you may depend on it he's payin' up for it now.'

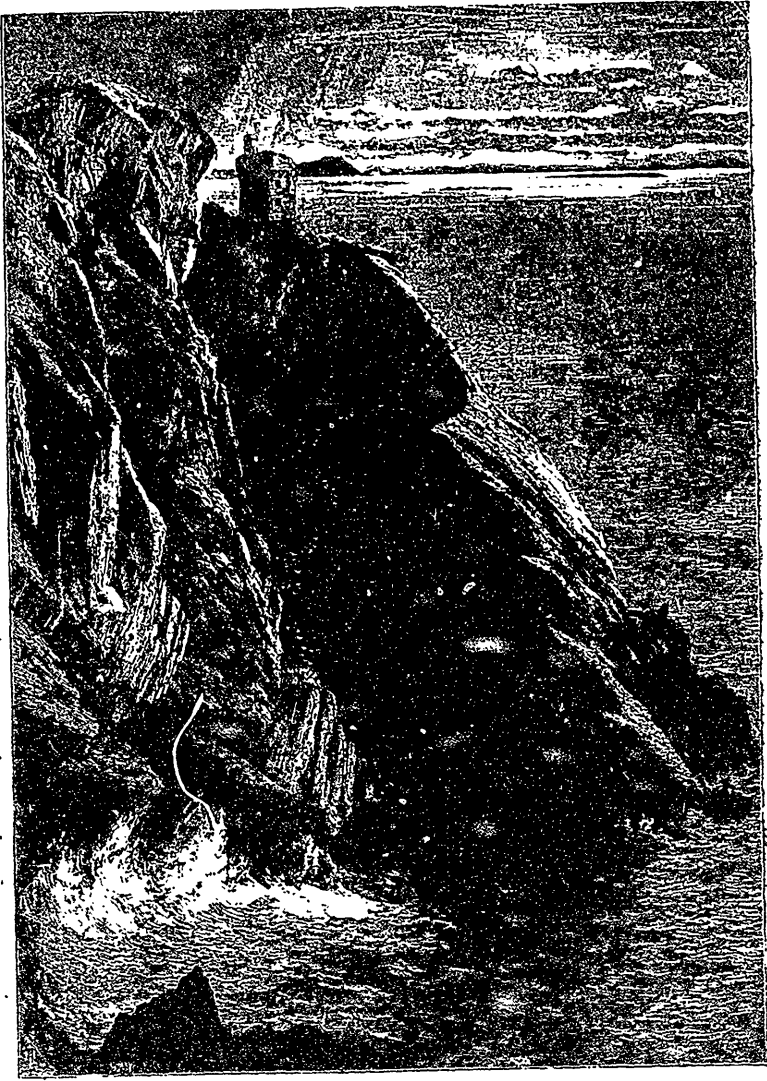
"At Ross Island we landed and dismissed our boatmen. After a stroll through the castle and around its ruined battlements, all covered with ivy, we took a car and reached our hotel, just as the shades of evening were falling, thoroughly delighted with our day's trip."

of evening were falling, thoroughly delighted with our day's trip."

In the county of Tipperary there were many monasteries and religious establishments, the ruins of which still attest their beauty. Such preëminently are Holy Cross Abbey, and the magnificent group of buildings that crown the summit of the Rock of Cashel. The former occupies a site such as monks of old loved—low-lying, and sheltered by some plenteous river, and in the midst of rich land. And so, as they say, even before the Normans came to England two monks built a cell there. In process of time a precious relic, supposed to be a piece of the "True Cross," set in gold and covered with precious stones, about 1110, found its way into the monastery; and gave the name of Holy Cross to the establishment. And so by degrees the abbey was augmented in its dimensions, and grew in greatness, and kings favoured it, and made its abbots Earls of Holy Cross and Peers of Parliament, and mighty miracles were wrought at, and pilgrimages were made to, the blessed well hard by, the sick going round it on their knees and drinking its waters to be healed.

"As a monastic ruin," says Dr. Petrie, "the abbey of Holy Cross ranks in popular esteem as one of the first, if not the very first, in Ireland."

But there are those who do not agree with this judgment, and who insist that Holy Cross and all the other ecclesiastical edifices in Ireland can bear no comparison with the mass of buildings that stand on the Rock of Cashel. The Rock is, indeed, a very singular object, being an elevated detached mass of stratified limestone, rising on one side sheer and high out of the surrounding plain, and on the other sloping steeply up. It is seen from afar in every direction, especially from the north and west, and itself commands from the summit a vast prospect. If the legend be true, that Satan bit this rock out of the mountain near Templemore (as the singular gap called "The Devil's Bit" seems to attest), he gained little by the performance, for St. Patrick was at hand, compelled him to drop the stolen fragment, and dedicated it to the uses of God. Upon this rock—at the base, and creeping upward—is a small town, with little to commend it to notice. Yet this is the ancient "City of Cashel," and long the seat of an archbishop. Like other places, it suffered often during the wars between the English and the Irish. The buildings which occupy the rock are: 1. A round-tower of brown gritstone, which is still entire. 2. A small but beautiful stone-roofed church, built of the same material, in what is usually called the Norman style of architecture, built in the



CARRIGAN HEAD, DONEGAL COUNTY.

early part of the twelfth century. 3. Occupying the whole space between these two buildings, and as it were embracing them, is the larger church, or cathedral, which was erected 1169 by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick. These buildings were erected at different periods, and were not exempt from the casualties of war. It was natural that the Rock in such times

should, in addition to its being nearly inaccessible, be strongly fortified. The walls of the cathedral were thick and solid, and at its western end there was built a massive square guard-tower, of great height, resembling the fortified castles which are common throughout the kingdom, and it was evidently erected for purposes of defence.

The county of Donegal is unsurpassed in the wild grandeur of its mountain scenery and the boldness of its sea-washed shore. At its southwestern seaboard, where the Atlantic rolls in to the Bay of Donegal, the mountain scenery is extremely fine. Carrigan Head terminates the southern end, and is a fine promontory rising like a wall out of the sea to the height of 745 feet; on the one side the restless ever tossing sea, on the other a deep and narrow gorge, cutting off on every side but one the approach to the solitary crag, shown in our cut; thence the range rises gradually for two miles and a half, till it attains its greatest altitude of near 2,000 feet at the summit of Slieve League. This is a stupendous object seen from the sea, out of which it rises like a mural precipice in a superb escarpment, and so steep that it looks almost perpendicular. To ascend this mountain from the sea-side of it is an exploit, if not of peril, certainly of daring, for the land ascent approaches so closely to that from the sea that the pathway becomes exceedingly narrow as well as steep, affording but very scant footway for the climber, a considerable portion of the rocky path being only two feet wide, and hence it has obtained the name of "One Man's Pass." We counsel no one that has not a good head and a firm foot to attempt this narrow ledge where the eye looks down upon a yawning abyss and the eagle swoops at the invader of its solitary domain. There is a safer ascent from the land-side, which most people take, and many who do so are under the delusion that they have performed the feat of this difficult ascent. By one way or other attain the summit of Slieve League, for, not only will you be amply repaid by the extensive view of the subjacent country, which you may sweep as in a panorama, from the coast of Mayo and Sligo southward, till, looking inward, you see the clusters of mountains that seem like the billows of the sea stretching far away to the north of the country.

Future chapters of this series will describe, and illustrate with numerous fine engravings, some of the most striking scenery in the counties of Antrim, Kings, Dublin, Clare, Cork, Kilkenny, and the wild west coast.

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF PROHIBITION.

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

WE shall consider the prohibition of the liquor traffic, both as an idea and a fact. When restraint of its evils was first entertained prohibition no doubt was an alternative, though a dim and shadowy proposal. Legal prohibition as an accomplished fact is of very recent origin—its first most conspicuous example in Maine being only thirty-six years old. With tens of thousands to-day the battle has been already won as an idea, but not as a fact, the cause arising sometimes from their being in a minority, and sometimes solely from lack of organized effort. The complete collapse of every other method to cope with the gigantic evils of this trade has driven thousands of thoughtful persons to prohibition as the only remaining remedy. This liquor Samson has heretofore broken all the green withs wherewith he was bound “as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire.”

For prohibition to gain a foothold it was first necessary to prove the insidious and dangerous character of alcohol. But to do this was no child's task. Brandy, when first discovered, was called *eau de vie*—the water of life, from its supposed power of curing disease and rejuvenating age. Whiskey, likewise, was considered “a good creature of God,” and of course the liquor-seller was His distributing agent. Many pulpits openly rebuked total abstinence societies; poets sang the praises of the “flowing bowl”; statesmen gloated over the immense revenue; physicians prescribed liquor for all “the ills that flesh is heir to”; the press was never quite so witty as when referring to the cold-water regiment; loyal toasts could only be drunk in liquor; it was considered indispensable in heat and cold, for physical strength and social good cheer, in short, “great was alcohol, and greatly to be praised.”

How much all this is changed! Physicians, preachers and editors, numbering tens of thousands, have already exploded the errors of the past; noble women have changed the social aspects of the question, and the great body of the people, who once thought alcohol valuable for nearly everything, now know that it is scarcely valuable for anything.

Prohibitory Legislation.

When once an idea has taken firm hold of the popular mind, in course of time it is crystallized into legislation, as when the people of England and America realized that slavery was wrong, the evil was abolished by law. So similarly with the liquor traffic. In Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, West Virginia, Texas, Maryland, Virginia, Mississippi and Florida, there are large prohibition areas by counties, and in the following six states and one territory prohibition has been enacted by statute or embodied in the Constitution: Maine, 1851, and again in 1884; Vermont and New Hampshire, 1852; Kansas, 1880; Iowa, 1882; Dakota, 1885; and Rhode Island, 1886.

Restrictions almost amounting to prohibition have been enacted by the nations represented in the administration of the new Congo Free State; prohibition is the law in our North-West Territory; prohibition is decreed in the case of the construction of public works; prohibition is the law respecting Indians; and only the other day the Governments of England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark, agreed to prohibit the traffic in spirits among the fishermen of the North Sea. What is beneficial to Africans, Indians, navvies, pioneer settlers, and fishermen, cannot be inherently bad for other people.

In old Canada, about thirty years ago, it was confidently expected that a prohibitory bill would be passed, but at the last moment it was betrayed by a political subterfuge. The Dunkin Act was passed in 1864; the prohibitory law for the North-West in 1875; the Canada Temperance Act in 1878; the Public Works Act, which prohibits the liquor traffic within ten miles on either side of the construction of a railway line, and which proved such a boon in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was passed in 1882.

The Adventures of the Canada Temperance Act in Legal and Legislative Circles.

This Act was passed on petition of the people with little or no opposition. It was evidently thought by the liquor interest that it would always remain a dead letter on the statute book. When the first conviction took place in Fredericton, the case was promptly appealed to the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, which declared that the Act was *ultra vires* of the

Dominion Parliament. On appeal, the Supreme Court of Canada, in 1880, declared that it was not *ultra vires*; which decision, on further appeal to the Privy Council in England, in 1882, was sustained.

Next came the proposed Boulton Amendment, requiring a majority of all on the voters' lists in favour of the Act before it could become law. This was shown to be absurd, for applying the same principle to members of parliament only a ridiculously small number would be elected, besides the anomaly of treating this election different from that of any other. Notwithstanding, it carried in the Commons, but to the credit of the Senate, for once, be it said, it failed there. The following year it was defeated in the Commons.

Next was proposed the Almon Amendment, in 1881, to exempt from the operation of the Scott Act, wines and malt liquors containing less than ten per cent. of alcohol. This was carried in the Senate but was not allowed to come to a vote in the Commons.

Then came an "interregnum"—a strange spectacle of an Act of Parliament administered neither by Dominion nor Provincial Governments, and during which the liquor traffic grew bold and defiant.

But time would fail to tell of the "Blue Ribbon" and "Red Ribbon" beer expedients, respecting the sale of which vendors were guaranteed protection by the brewers; of the contests with county councils for police magistrates; of disputed magisterial jurisdiction between counties and incorporated towns; of troubles with inefficient kid-gloved inspectors; of difficulties in securing constables to serve summonses; of legal appeals taken respecting hotel-keepers incriminating themselves, or the buyer being equally criminal with the seller; of the leasing bar trick; of the sad, sudden and unaccountable loss of the sense of taste, as sworn to by scores in the witness-box; of repeal voting being ordered before the expiration of the three years; and finally of the cattle-maiming, barn-burning, murderous threats and dynamite explosions of recent days.

Was ever any other law enacted by Parliament and ratified by the people so tried? Could any other Act brave such a storm? Till recently, in large sections of this Province, there has been no proper machinery to enforce the Act—in fact, generally speaking, it has been practically in operation only during the last six months. In view of these extraordinary

difficulties, how unspeakably childish to hear some temperance people say "I'll never vote for the Act again."

What public protests have been uttered by the liquor fraternity against these burnings and explosions? None. By their silence they sanction them.* What Church, benevolent society, or business firm, would allow such outrages to be perpetrated in their name without repeated and indignant protests? These men say, "Take our money for license, and all will be well." When the community cry "No, it is the price of blood," the only reply is "Then we will dynamite you."

Success of Prohibition.

We will now take a survey of some of the triumphs of prohibition of recent date. Turn to Kansas. Governor Martin, in his annual address, 1887, says: "Intemperance is steadily and surely decreasing. In no portion of the civilized world can a million and a half of people be found who are more temperate than are the people of Kansas."

Turn to Rhode Island. Governor Wetmore, in his annual address, 1887, says: "The official records of the police departments of Providence and Newport indicate a large reduction of drunkenness, and of that class of disorder and misery which intoxicants provoke and stimulate."

Turn to Maine. When this State was under license it had seven large distilleries and two breweries in Portland, besides a large traffic in West India rum. All this was swept away years ago. There are no distilleries or breweries in the State. While the average revenue in 1882 from the sale of intoxicating liquors in the United States was \$1.71 per head, in Maine it was only four cents and three mills (Appleton's Cyc., 1883, vol. viii). No wonder Governor Bodwell in January, 1887, said: "The experience of Maine for the last thirty years abundantly justifies the adoption of the prohibitory system."

Turn to Iowa. Governor Larrabee, April, 1887, says: "The only business which, in my opinion, has suffered by prohibition is the saloon business. No property has been depreciated by its enforcement, as saloons make room for better and more legitimate business. Prohibition is enforced in eighty out of ninety-nine counties, and in the remaining nineteen partially enforced."

Prohibition reduces Crime.—Providence, Rhode Island, is a

* Since the above was in type there has been one exception.

city of 197,000 inhabitants. The records for crimes of every kind are as follows: 1885-6 (under license) 6,473; 1886-7 (under prohibition) 4,323; a decrease of 2,150 under prohibition, or 33 per cent. For eleven assizes in succession, five and a half years, which is just the length of time the Scott Act has been in operation, the sheriff of Halton has presented the judge with a pair of white kid gloves. What license county in the world can show such a record?

Prohibition Conduces to Thrift.—Maine is a poor State in natural resources. Under license there was not a savings' bank in the State, now there are fifty-four. The depositors number 114,000, an increase of 5,000 over the previous year. Their deposits amount to thirty-eight millions of dollars. Our own Dominion, with superior natural resources and nearly seven times the population, has only about forty millions in the savings' bank. If our savings were equal to those of Maine we would have two hundred and fifty-three millions instead of forty, or in other words, Maine has in her savings' banks \$6.30 per head to our \$1.

What makes this immense difference? Perhaps the following will throw some light upon it. The revenue paid for liquor in the Dominion is \$1.17 per head, while in Maine it is only four cents.

Prohibition Saves Public Money.—The commitments to the Rhode Island State Workhouse, in 1885, under six months of license (the offences for which, the chief of police says, were almost wholly caused by the use of intoxicating liquors), were 309. Under six months of prohibition in 1886, they fell to 141. The average cost of maintenance is about \$2.10 per week, indicating a saving by prohibition to the State at the rate of \$18,000 per annum in this department alone.

Take Charlottetown, P.E.I., a city of about 12,000 population, as another example. The average number of arrests there per annum for all offences, under license, was 597; under the Scott Act 300—a decrease of 297. The great bulk of all arrests, as every one knows, arises from intemperance. It is estimated in police centres that on an average each "drunk" committed costs the community \$30. This includes cost of arrest, trial, service of jail officials, and board. Let us suppose that only half the Charlottetown arrests (a low calculation) were caused by drink, and there is a saving to the city by the Scott Act of \$4,440 per year, or \$31,185 for the seven years in which it has been in operation.

The Scott Act Decreases Municipal Poor Relief.—In the incorporated village of Acton, Halton county, Ont., during the last year of license, \$97 was expended for poor relief. Under the Scott Act last year, only \$25 was so spent—\$15 to an old man to reach distant friends, and the whole of the balance to feed tramps. Not one cent was needed for local charity.

Take also the township of Esquesing, Halton county. During the last four years of license the license money received (omitting the cents) was \$1,293; the amount paid to the poor in the same time was \$2,085, that is \$792 more than all the license money received. Further, in the following four years, under the Scott Act, instead of \$2,085, only \$502 was spent for poor relief—a saving of \$1,583. Of course, under these four years of Scott Act no license money was received, but the amount for poor relief alone, under license, exceeded by the sum of \$290 the total paid for poor relief under the Scott Act and the license money combined—thus proving the Scott Act to be a profitable investment. Multiply this amount, or even half of it, by the number of municipalities under the Scott Act, and the financial benefit in this department alone must mount up into the thousands.

The Scott Act is "Working."—During the year 1886 the fines imposed reached the sum of \$41,195; and the records for the year and a half ending October 31st, 1887, show that 3,029 convictions have been made, the fines for which at the lowest figure, \$50, will amount to \$151,450. The legal lasso is evidently tightening.

The Scott Act Reduces Drunkenness.—In the county of Halton for the year ending September 30, 1886, there were (of those residing in the county) only two commitments for drunkenness, which, considering there were abundant facilities for procuring liquor both east and west, is certainly a remarkable record for a county containing nearly 22,000 souls. (Ontario Prison's Report, 1886, p. 52).

In the counties of Bruce, Dufferin, Dundas, Stormount and Glengarry, Huron, Norfolk, Oxford, Renfrew, and Simcoe, during the license year, 1884, there were 211 commitments for drunkenness. If, as is freely asserted, there is as much drinking as ever under the Scott Act, of course we should expect to find 211 commitments again; but lo! under the Scott Act in 1886, the number has fallen to 81—a decrease of 130.

Again, in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, Elgin

(including the city of St. Thomas), Kent, Lambton, Lanark, Lennox, and Addington, Leeds and Grenville, Ontario, Peterboro', Victoria and Wellington (including the city of Guelph), there were in 1885, under license, 399 commitments for drunkenness, and in the next year, with only five months of Scott Act, the number fell to 200—nearly one half. (Ontario Prisons' Report, 1886, p. 6).

But it may be said that the general sentiment against drinking is prevailing everywhere, and therefore the same results will be found in license counties as well. Not so; there is very little difference, as the following figures will show in twelve counties continuously under license. In 1884, 2,248 commitments for drunkenness; 1885, 2,346; 1886, 2,314. In Welland and Wentworth counties (including Hamilton) there were steady increases each year. For York county (including Toronto) the figures are 1,661, 1,707, 1,705. (Ontario Prisons' Report, 1886, p. 6).

At the last Toronto Industrial Exhibition, where liquor was strictly prohibited, it is estimated that there were in attendance 300,000 visitors—an average city of 30,000 per day. According to the police, the good order was something remarkable compared with other years. Only five were arrested for drunkenness, and these confessed to the police magistrate that they procured their liquor in the city; all of which proves that "prohibition can prohibit, and that it is a good thing when it does."

The Scott Act reduces the Quantity of Liquor Consumed.—This is proved in three or four ways:—

(a) The following are the number of gallons per head consumed in the various provinces of the Dominion: British Columbia (no Scott Act), $7\frac{1}{2}$; Ontario (part under the Scott Act, which has only recently begun to be enforced), $4\frac{1}{2}$; Quebec (a considerable part under municipal prohibition), $3\frac{1}{2}$; Manitoba and the North-West Territory (the former under license and the latter under prohibition), $2\frac{1}{4}$; New Brunswick (one half under the Scott Act), $1\frac{1}{2}$; Nova Scotia (two-thirds under the Scott Act), $1\frac{1}{3}$; Prince Edward Island (all under the Scott Act), $\frac{3}{4}$. (Inland Revenue Report, 1886, Appendix A., p. xxix). Between British Columbia, with no Scott Act, consuming $7\frac{1}{2}$ gallons per head, and Prince Edward Island, all under Scott Act, consuming only $\frac{3}{4}$ of a gallon, there is a significant contrast. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

(b) Following is the record of Ontario as to consumption of liquor during the last five years:—

1882	-	-	-	-	-	5.29	gals.	per	head.
1883	-	-	-	-	-	5.62	"	"	
1884	-	-	-	-	-	5.53	"	"	
1885	-	-	-	-	-	5.35	"	"	
1886	-	-	-	-	-	4.55	"	"	

Showing a decrease of four-fifths of a gallon per head in comparison with the preceding year, which multiplied by the population of Ontario (1,923,228) gives a decrease in Ontario of 1,538,400 gallons. (Inland Revenue Report, 1886, Appendix A., p. xxix).

(c) The amount of liquor consumed in the Dominion in 1886 was 3.65 gallons per head; the average for the last twenty years was 3.94—showing that less liquor was consumed in our Dominion last year than the average of the last twenty years. (Inland Revenue Report, Appendix A., p. xxix). How is this to be accounted for? How comes it to pass that the decrease is contemporaneous with the Scott Act? There is no rational explanation, except that the Scott Act has caused the decrease.

(d) The average number of gallons in the Dominion per year taken for consumption during the four years preceding 1886 was 3,821,087; the number of gallons taken for consumption in 1886 was 2,478,098, a decrease of 1,342,989 gallons compared with the average of the preceding four years. (Inland Revenue Report, 1886, p. xvii). This, at \$2 per gallon, is a saving of \$2,685,978 in one year. But it is estimated that a gallon of whiskey sold by the glass over the bar makes \$4, which would give a saving to our country of \$5,371,956 last year—an amount which was left free for the necessaries of life, or for deposit in the savings bank.

It is worthy of remark, moreover, that the decrease was in spirits, contrary to the loud confident prophesyings of the Liberal Temperance Union.

How the Tide is Drifting.

1. *Popular Majorities.*—The present Ontario Government is sustained by about 10,000 of a popular majority, and the same Government in the previous election was sustained by about 3,000. The Dominion Government at the last two elections has likewise been sustained by slender popular majorities. The Scott Act, on the other hand, has a popular majority of 44,833.

2. *Parliamentary Majorities.*—The first vote in Parliament on the proposal to exempt wine and beer from the operation of the Scott Act stood 78 for, to 86 against—a narrow majority of 8 against. On the second vote last session the vote stood 47 for, to 136 against—a majority against of 89. This is probably the last we will hear of that proposal in Parliament.

The vote to repeal the Scott Act in the last session of Parliament stood 38 for, to 145 against—a majority against of 107.

The first prohibition resolution, in 1884, was lost on the following vote: 55 for, to 107 against—a majority against of 52. The second prohibition resolution, in 1887, was lost on a vote of 70 for, to 112 against—a majority against of 42. This was a gain, however, in favour of prohibition, in three years, of ten votes. A change of twenty-two votes in favour of prohibition would give a majority in the House.

3. *The Churches.* The supreme courts of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches of the Dominion, as well as the Society of Friends, and the Baptist and Congregational Churches in Ontario, have declared in outspoken tones in favour of Prohibition. The Methodists and Presbyterians, together, number nearly one-third of the people.

4. *Population under the Act.* Out of a population of 1,923,228 in Ontario, 1,072,000 (or more than one-half) are under the Act. Out of a population of 4,324,810 in the Dominion, 1,831,767 (or two-fifths of the whole) are under the Act. A few more counties passing it would place the majority of the people of this Dominion under its beneficent operation.

Scott Act Repeal.

Soon the question will be upon us, and it behooves every man to examine the subject carefully, and especially for discouraged temperance men to be reasonable. To expect any Act to work perfectly, the machinery for which has been in operation in large sections of the country only a few months, is unreasonable. To expect that a prohibitory Act will of itself stop the illegal sale of every single glass of liquor is likewise unreasonable—as much so as to expect that every single act of theft will cease, because a law against stealing has been enacted or even enforced.

What the Scott Act has Done.

1. It has succeeded in making itself intensely hated by the

liquor fraternity. Hence the circulation of repeal petitions, principally by hotel-keepers, bar-tenders and their friends. To do the direct contrary of what the liquor interest demands is always safe.

2. It has released the conscience of every Christian who voted for the Act from the awful responsibility arising from the results of the traffic.

3. It has proved a valuable educator of the public conscience. In the question of revenue *versus* boys, or greed *versus* humanity, the latter at last has gained the day.

4. The doleful prediction that the withdrawal of license-money would make municipal taxation burdensome has been proved to be false. Other items, such as increase of assessable property (of which there are several examples) and the marked decrease in the amount of poor relief, have really made the Scott Act a profitable municipal investment.

5. Where adopted it has made the liquor traffic disreputable, and is educating the people for total prohibition.

6. It has broken the backbone of the open treating system, which all agree to be one of the very worst evils that afflicted our land.

Responsibility of Repeal Voters.

1. He who votes for repeal votes for a return of the license laws, which never have been and never can be enforced. He votes against a law which prohibits the sale of liquor seven days in the week, and in favour of one which permits its open sale six days in the week, and is powerless to prevent its sale on the seventh. Despite resident License Inspectors, and an excellent Police Force, Toronto, under the Crooks' Act, furnishes about twenty or thirty drunks every Saturday night and Sunday for trial on Monday mornings.

2. Every man who votes for repeal votes for the return of the cursed treating system.

3. Every man who votes for repeal votes for the placing of additional temptations in the way of his own and his neighbours' sons.

4. Every man who votes for repeal votes for an increase of drunkenness and crime in his own community, which has been amply proved in the preceding pages.

Victory seems in sight. Yet, let none forget that Capital,

Appetite and Custom make a formidable combination, and consequently the contest for total prohibition may be bitter, long and discouraging. Let us hold fast "that we have attained," and continually make opportunities to plant the flag forward and upward, until, carried to the highest ramparts, from its ample folds fluttering in the breeze, this long afflicted world shall spell out—PROHIBITION.

DUNDAS, Ont.

A PSALM FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

O NEW Year, teach us faith !
 The road of life is hard ;
 When our feet bleed and scourging winds us scathe,
 Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
 Than any man's ; who saith,
 "Make straight paths for your feet," and to the opprest,
 "Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp like hope
 Above this unknown way,
 Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope
 And our hands strength to work while it is day.
 But if that way must slope
 Tombward, O bring before our fading eyes
 The lamp of life, the hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—
 Love of all human kind ;
 Love special, close, in which, like sheltered dove,
 Each weary heart its own safe nest may find ;
 And love that turns above
 Adoringly : contented to resign
 All loves, if need be, for the love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
 And whether bright thy face
 Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
 We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place,
 And trust thee to the end,
 Knowing thou ledest onward to those spheres
 Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years.

THE STORY OF METLAKAHTLA.*

BY THE REV. J. W. ANNIS, B.A.

THE names of William Duncan and Thomas Crosby deserve an honoured place on the glorious bead-roll of missionary heroes and worthies. Their patient toil and transparent goodness, their tact and genius in dealing with Indian character have tamed and Christianized the fiercest and most bloodthirsty savages of the Pacific Coast. While the world's wise men were sagely declaring that red men were incapable of civilization, these devoted men went to work and civilized them. Fort Simpson and Metlakahtla have become names full of promise for the Indian race. Fort Simpson was the centre of the Tsimshian Indians, notoriously the worst of all the tribes on the North-West Coast. The Hudson's Bay Company established a trading post there in 1821, and while they did not sell the Indians intoxicating liquors others did, and in contact with the traders whose moral status was declared to be "lower than that of the veriest unconverted savage," the natives learned only the worst vices of civilization and became more degraded, more superstitious, and more bloodthirsty than before.

The first effort for their improvement was in 1857, when William Duncan began his labours among them, followed some years later by Thomas Crosby. In 1876 Lord Dufferin visited the settlements and found these degraded cannibals transformed into useful citizens and devout Christians. He declares that he could scarcely find words to express his astonishment and admiration. Speaking to about two hundred leading citizens of Victoria, including the members of the Provincial Government, he said: "I have visited Mr. Duncan's wonderful settlement at Metlakahtla and the interesting Methodist mission at Fort Simpson, and have thus been enabled to realize what scenes of primitive peace, and innocence, of idyllic beauty and material comfort can be presented by the stalwart men and comely maidens of an Indian community under the wise administration of a judicious and devoted Christian missionary. I have

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seen the Indians in all phases of their existence—from the half-naked savage, perched, like a bird of prey, in a red blanket upon a rock, trying to catch his miserable dinner of fish, to the neat maiden in Mr. Duncan's school at Metlakahtla, as modest and as well dressed as any clergyman's daughter in an English parish. . . . *What you want are not natural resources, but human beings to develop them and consume them. Raise your thirty thousand Indians to the level Mr. Duncan has taught us they can be brought to, and consider what an enormous amount of vital power you will have added to your present strength.*"

When Mr. Duncan first landed at Fort Simpson he found human remains scattered on the beach and was told that there had been a fight between two bands of Indians a few days before and that the bodies he saw had been hacked to pieces and thrown upon the sand. "About the second day after my arrival," he says, "we were alarmed by hearing that an Indian had been killed close to the stockade. We hurried up to the gallery, and looking over the pickets we saw an Indian lying on the ground dying. We did not dare to do anything for him; we should probably have been fired upon if we had interfered. While we stood there two Indians came out of a house not far off and both of them fired at the poor man. Then we saw the canoe of a friendly chief and party come across the bay. They took the body back with them and burned it to ashes. I saw the smoke ascending from the fire that was consuming the body."

Another day there was a sacrifice of a slave woman, and Mr. Duncan says: "We heard a noise in the camp, and upon going up to the gallery and looking over the stockade we saw two bands of men leaving different portions of the camp, each band headed by a naked man who was tossing himself around and assuming the most fiendish attitudes. Each band also made peculiar noises with instruments which they carried until they came to the body. Then they surrounded it so that I could not see what was going on; but after awhile the two bands again divided and I saw each of the two naked cannibals with half the body in his hands, walking away followed by his party. The two bands of cannibals sat down about a hundred yards apart and the body was soon devoured."

The trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company was strongly fortified. Sentinels kept watch night and day. Only two or three natives were allowed to enter the stockade at a

time, and these only through a narrow angular entrance to the window where they might pass in their furs in barter for goods. The white men shut themselves in the stockade by night and never ventured out singly in the daytime. The Indians were intensely superstitious. They believed in a Great Spirit and in demons innumerable. They had no temples, no priests, no worship. They never prayed except when calamities befel and then they prayed to evil spirits. They had a firm belief in a future existence. "Their word for death was equivalent for 'separated' or parted in two as a rope that has been broken. They believed that the world was once wrapped in utter darkness and inhabited only by frogs. The frogs refusing to supply the devil with oolachan, his favourite fish, to be avenged he sneaked into heaven and stole daylight, which was kept there in the form of a ball and broke it over their heads, and thus gave light to the world. The devil's chief traits were lying and stealing. Earth and heaven were once in close proximity to each other, so that everything that was said in heaven could be heard upon the earth, and all the noises of the earth were distinctly heard in heaven. Finally, the children of men became so turbulent and caused such a racket that the chief in heaven could not sleep, and so he took the earth and pitched it as far as it is now from heaven.

The medicine-man had almost unbounded influence over the people. He taught that sickness was the result of an indwelling evil spirit, or of the wandering of the person's own spirit from the body. When sent for, he arrayed himself in a most hideous and grotesque manner, and armed with a mystic wand and a huge wooden rattle he advanced into the room of the sick man with a series of postures and jerks and proceeded to overpower and frighten away the evil spirit by giving vent to unearthly wailings and guttural sounds, vehemently brandishing and marking time with the rattle. Or else he gravely announces that the spirit of the patient has wandered away. He has caught it, however, and has it safely caged in a hollow bone he wears for the purpose, and with much rattle-shaking and incantation he re-deposits the captured soul in the head of its owner.

The Indians saw that white men were vastly their superiors, and they were intensely anxious to find out the mysterious secret which made the white men so great, so the school which Mr. Duncan opened was eagerly attended. When it had been in

operation about six months Legaic, the head chief of all the tribes, ordered it closed during the month of the medicine-feast, as his daughter would then be on a voyage to heaven. When she returned it might be opened again. Upon meeting a firm refusal, Legaic, with eight or ten warriors, rushed into the school-room, drove out all the pupils and standing over Mr. Duncan said: "You leave this house. I have killed many a man, and I will kill you." Mr. Duncan quietly looked him straight in the eyes. Under the steady gaze Legaic quailed, when one of his comrades cried out, "If you are a brave, cut off his head; give it to me and I will kick it on the beach." Legaic's pride was stung at this, and drawing his knife he was about to make a thrust when suddenly his arm dropped, and turning he went away. Clah, the faithful pupil-teacher of Mr. Duncan, stepped behind him with a drawn revolver just at the moment that Legaic lifted his arm to strike, and it was the sight of this that repulsed the would-be assassin.

The progress of the Indians was greatly hindered by the demoralizing influence of the white people, and by continued association with the unreclaimed savages who still practised their heathen rites. The work of the church and school was neutralized by their home life. "If you desire," says Mr. Duncan, "to train up your child to be a moral, refined, useful man or woman you would not allow him to spend his days and nights in dens of infamy, the associate of criminals. The Indian in his savage state is a child. In the adult the degradation of his surroundings has already done its work; in the child it is sure to do it unless he is removed from them." To obviate these difficulties it was determined to organize a Christian community, and for this purpose Metlakahtla, about twenty miles from Fort Simpson, the site of an ancient Tsimshean village, was chosen. Mr. Duncan did not require that those who accompanied him should be Christians, but that they should drink no liquor, observe the Sabbath Day, and give up all their heathenish rites and customs. "On the day appointed for removal," says Mr. Duncan, "the Indians came out of their lodges and sat around in a semicircle watching the proceedings. The question was asked, Will anyone stand out in the midst of the scoffing heathen and declare himself a Christian? First there came two or three trembling converts, and said they were willing to go anywhere and give up all for the blessed Saviour's sake. Others were then encouraged. On that day fifty stood forth; every tie was broken; children

were separated from parents; husbands from wives, brothers from sisters; houses, lands, and all were left. Many Indians gathered on the beach and watched our departure with solemn and anxious faces and some promised to follow us in a few days. The party with me seemed filled with solemn joy as we pushed off. I felt that we were beginning an eventful page in the history of this poor people, and earnestly sighed to God for His help and blessing." Others in large numbers soon followed. In their native state Indians are held in certain restraints by tribal relations and the authority of their chiefs, though there is really no law but their own wills, and their violent passions are unrestrained. At Metlakahtla all tribal relations were broken and the authority of chiefs renounced. A village council was elected by ballot. Policemen were appointed, caps and belts were provided them, of which distinction they were exceedingly proud. Manufactories were started. The Indians were taught various trades; such as soap-making, weaving, brush-making, salmon canning, etc.

When a sawmill was undertaken one old man said, "If it is true that Mr. Duncan can make water saw wood I will see it and then die." A co-operative store was started which also served as a savings bank; blankets and furs were received as deposits and interest allowed. At the end of the year the Indians came expecting to pay for the storage of their goods. Their astonishment was beyond bounds when they found instead that their ten blankets had "swollen" to eleven. A vessel was needed and the Indians all took shares in its purchase. At the end of a few months a handsome dividend was declared. On payment of the money the Indians were perplexed and amazed. When explanations were made they evinced their delight by calling it "slave," signifying that it did all the work and they reaped all the profits.

As the years went on, the Metlakahtlan community made rapid advancements in all the arts and comforts of life. Their houses were prettily decorated, their gardens nicely cultivated. Rejoicing in the knowledge of Christ themselves they longed to tell others the wonderful story of "Jesus, the mighty to save." Missionaries went out at their own expense. A sentence or two will illustrate their style of preaching: "Brethren and sisters, we all know the way of the eagle. The eagle flies high; he rests high; he always seeks the topmost branch of the highest tree. And why? Because he knows that there he is safe from

all his enemies. Brethren and sisters, Jesus is the topmost branch of the highest tree. Let us, like the eagle, rest on the topmost branch of the highest tree—on Jesus; then we, like the eagle, can look with contempt upon all our enemies and all our troubles beneath us.”

The fame of Metlakahtla spread far and wide. It was a wonderful story; the taming of the Tsimshean wolves, the civilizing of the savage cannibals. The news went speeding away south to all the tribes as far as Victoria. Away inland, over rivers and mountains, the story ran. Over bays and gulfs and shores it flew as on the wings of the wind to the north, even to the confines of eternal snow. From the far homes of the fierce Chilcats, six hundred miles away, came a deputation to see the marvellous being who had wrought such wonders. When they saw but a plain, unpretentious man they could not restrain their astonishment. “Surely you cannot be the man!” they said; “why, we expected to see a great and powerful giant, gifted in magic, that could look right through us and read our thoughts! No, it is impossible! How could you tame the wild and ferocious Tsimsheans who were always waging war and were feared throughout the whole coast? It is only a few years ago that all this country was a streak of blood, now we see nothing but white eagles’ down”—(their emblem of peace and amity). “We can hardly believe our own eyes when we see these fine houses and find the Tsimsheans have become wise like white men! They tell us you have God’s Book, we wish to see it.” When the Bible was placed before them and they were told that by following its teachings that the Metlakahtlans had become enlightened, each one touched it reverently saying, “Ahm, ahm”—“It is good, it is good.”

In 1881 their difficulties seemed overcome; peace blossomed on this fair community, their prosperity seemed assured. The future was full of promise. They were dreaming of unclouded sunshine. Alas that so soon the sky should be overcast and the pitiless storm should break on their unprotected heads. Mr. Duncan had been sent out by the Church Missionary Society as a layman. Later on he was expected and urged to take orders, even the title of bishop was not beyond his reach. His only reply was that he feared orders to him would be but as Saul’s armour to David: he preferred to remain in the future as he had been in the past, a simple missionary layman. The Society insisted also that the native converts be enrolled as

members of the Church of England and statistics be furnished for publication; and that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper be administered to them. Mr. Duncan declared, in reply, that his going among the heathen was to save sinners and not to glorify the Church, to teach them purity of life and not dogmas. That the Indians were not matured Christians as the Society seemed to imagine, but mere babes in their comprehension of religious truths, and that the forms and ritual of the Church were not suitable for them to follow; that the distinctive dress of clergymen and bishops especially, in the administration of the Lord's Supper, would perplex and bewilder the Indians in their present stage of progress.

The subject of communion caused Mr. Duncan serious consideration. He discussed it with the Church elders and more advanced native brethren. Three great difficulties were in the way. First, many of the natives would inevitably regard the sacrament as a charm for sin and a passport to heaven. Secondly, having been recently converted from cannibalism themselves they would accept the literal interpretation of the words "flesh and blood," and altogether miss the spiritual significance. Thirdly, their inordinate craving for spirituous liquors had made necessary the strictest prohibition and the giving them wine would be fraught with serious danger. They would be bewildered, moreover, to know how that should be commended by the Church which was strictly prohibited by law; and even if non-spirituous wine was used they would regard it as a covert indulgence in that which the law forbade. All agreed therefore, that, until the Indians were more advanced, instead of a blessing the introduction of the highest ordinance of the Christian religion would be a source of injury and stumbling. Mr. Duncan looked forward hopefully to its introduction in the future, and once suggested a modified form, but the Society insisted on its celebration in full detail, with the ceremony and vestments as in the Church of England, and charged that without such the Indians were receiving a "mutilated Christianity and false teachings." When persuasions and tempting offers failed, the Society made imperious demands.

But rather than adopt a course he believed to be injurious to the influence of Christianity among the Indians, Mr. Duncan determined to resign his post and seek a fresh field of labour among unreclaimed heathen tribes. An ordained clergyman was commissioned to take his place. In a few weeks the Metlakah-

tlans were in dreadful confusion. The wildest fanaticism prevailed. The organization was well-nigh wrecked. Mr. Duncan was compelled to return and was thanked by the Society very heartily for his timely interference. When every effort to relieve him from his position had ended in failure, the northern part of British Columbia containing three ordained clergymen was created a bishopric. Bishop Ridley was appointed to the see with headquarters at Metlakahtla and moved into the rectory that Mr. Duncan had vacated for him. All contributions from the Society to Mr. Duncan were stopped. The bishop opened an opposition school and brought over, by the offer of larger salaries, the teachers of Mr. Duncan's school. The profits from the co-operative store, upon which alone Mr. Duncan now depended for support, were seriously diminished by a rival store started by the Bishop with funds obtained from the Society, and which therefore could sell goods at prices which would leave no profits whatever. The school-room which the Indians had helped to pay for was taken over by the Bishop and opened as a rival church. Persistent efforts were made to win the Metlakahtlans from their allegiance to Mr. Duncan, but failed, except in the case of a number of former chiefs who hoped, through the Bishop, to regain the importance and power which they had lost. Troubles increased until the Metlakahtlans called a meeting of all their people, which was attended by neither the Bishop nor Mr. Duncan, and after a few earnest speeches the chairman asked, "Will you have the Bishop or Mr. Duncan as your leader?" The Bishop received not a solitary vote, every one being cast for Mr. Duncan.

The Indians had always supposed that the land belonged to them. Lord Dufferin had stated most emphatically, "In Canada the Indian title has always been recognized. No Government, whether Provincial or Central, has failed to acknowledge that the original title to the lands existed in the Indian tribes. Before we touch an acre we make a treaty with the chief, and having paid the stipulated price, we enter into possession, but not until then do we consider that we are entitled to deal with a single acre." The Indians in this case had never in any way given up their rights to the land. For twenty years they had dwelt at Metlakahtla in undisturbed possession. The Church Missionary Society now claimed their land. In reply they state, "The God of heaven, who created man upon earth, gave this land to our fathers; some of whom once lived on these

very two acres, and we have received the land by direct succession from them. No man-made law can justly take from us this, the gift of Him who is the source of all true law and justice. Relying on this the highest of all titles, we claim our land and notify the Society to move off the two acres."

The Provincial Government of British Columbia has persistently ignored all rights and titles of Indians to the land, and without treaties or stipulations of any kind has assumed control of all the lands of the province. Man-of-war vessels were sent up to overawe the Metlakahtlans. Surveyors were commissioned to measure off two acres in the centre of the village for the purpose of conveying it to the Church Missionary Society. Commissioners from Victoria declared to the Indians, "None of the land belongs to you, it all belongs to the Queen." The Chief Justice took occasion to say officially, "The Indians have no rights in the land." The Bishop told them that Sir John A. Macdonald had stated that the village site belonged now to the Church Society. The Metlakahtlans had exhausted their means in endeavouring to retain their land. They had sent a deputation to Ottawa. Mr. Duncan had visited England as well as Ottawa in their interests. All was in vain. Might and power lay with the white ruler; it was in vain that the Indian pleaded right and justice. Had they been still in savagery they would have raised the war-whoop and sought to avenge their wrongs in blood. As they were Christian citizens they had no redress. In spite of protest and pleading their heritage was now the property of another. For them remained but the grim alternative of entire submission, or to leave forever the homes of their fathers and the graves of their kindred and seek under a foreign flag that protection they had failed to find under their own.

They applied for a village site in Alaska, the Governor of which wrote, "I most earnestly endorse their request. The removal of these civilized and largely educated Indians into Alaska will not only add a number of industrial enterprises, but have a very beneficial effect upon the natives of that Territory. They will make good industrious citizens, whose influence upon the native tribes of Alaska will go far toward their complete civilization." Their request was readily granted, and early in August, with a sorrowful farewell to their homes and native land, they set sail. An eye-witness of their landing in Alaska says, "Their greeting of Mr. Duncan, who had been so long

absent, was deeply affecting, even the little ones meeting him with evident joy. They gathered under a large tree and sang a hymn in their own language, and so sweet were their voices and so touching the song, that tears filled many eyes." Their new home is a hilly island covered with pine timber. At least 1,000 Indians will be here with their property before winter—leaving stores, home, church, and their four hundred and eighty gardens behind them. Fort Chester is sixty-five miles from the old home in British Columbia, and the name Metlakahtla is to be given to the island. Said one of the Indians: "We must give up much, but we will keep our name in Alaska." Their story has been fully told to the world, but to those who saw their landing, the manly bearing, intelligent faces, and reverent manner of these few colonists have told a history which will never be effaced from their memories, and they will await news of their future with warmest interest and hope.*

ST. THOMAS, Ont.

*ED. NOTE.—The Rev. T. Crosby, writes under recent date, that the Metlakahtlan Indians were moving to their new home, and the Mission steam yacht, *Glad Tidings*, was employed in transferring their effects. He speaks in strong terms of condemnation of their cruel persecution which causes their expatriation.

The following is the latest information about the unhappy Metlakahtlas, of date: *Ottawa*, Nov. 14th, 1887.—The commissioners sent by the Dominion and British Columbia Governments for the purpose of reporting upon the condition of the Metlakahtla and Naas River Indians, have returned to Victoria. They found the Indians very much disturbed on account of the Metlakahtla troubles. That village now presents a dismantled appearance. Many of the pretty houses have been levelled to the ground, others have been stripped of doors and windows, and the winds play hide and seek through the deserted apartments. The church is badly wrecked. Bishop Ridley has seized what is left of the Duncan sawmill and cannery. To show the extent of the exodus, it is mentioned by an observer that on the Sunday the commissioners were at Metlakahtla, Bishop Ridley held service in his own church, and that only forty-three Indians—men, women and children—attended.

THAT great mystery of Time, were there no other, the illimitable, silent, never resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on swift, silent like an all embracing ocean tide, on which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which are, and then are not: this is forever very literally a miracle—a thing to strike us dumb—for we have no word to speak about it.—*Carlyle*.

A BOYCOTT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.*

AN IRISH STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY FERGUS O'DHU.

I.—THE THREATENING LETTER.

“JACK NORTON, take notice, ye land-grabber, you're ill-doins in takin the farm that Rory O'Redmond was evicted from is about to be visited on your owld Sassenach head. Thim that nevvver misses fires is on your track. Before you're many days older you'll faste on a spicy supper of Land League lead. Down with the grabbers! The land for the peple! So get your sowl made, me owld man, as soon as ye can, and look out for the brave boys that fears no noise, who'll soon relave Ballyorath of your hateful prisence.—(Signed) Captain MOONLIGHT. Erin-go-bragh!”

Such was the missive, duly embellished with skull and cross-bones, gun and coffin, which the postman one morning in the early part of 1882 delivered to Mr. John Norton, a considerable farmer of Ballyorath, County C——, Ireland. Breakfast was about half through: Mr. and Mrs. Norton, a couple of grown-up sons, fine, strapping fellows, a tall and graceful daughter, and two little girls forming the party. A dead silence followed the reading of the letter, which office had been performed by the eldest daughter, Mr. Norton, never dreaming of the nature of its contents, having handed it to her, as being the one most capable of deciphering its unique penmanship. Consternation had fallen on the little group. The elder members of the family well knew that such communications were not to be disregarded as mere empty threats. Too frequently were they the harbingers of all the evil they threatened.

At length the silence was broken by Mr. Norton. “Well, well,” said he, simulating an indifferent air in a vain attempt to put the others at their ease, “all we can do is to put our trust in God, and keep our powder dry. I have never wilfully wronged anybody, and until recent times my relations with all my neighbours have been of the most friendly description. But a great change has undoubtedly come over the people. Men who used to greet me kindly, in fair and market, now pass me, not only without the slightest token of recognition, but with a frown; and since I took that farm of unfortunate O'Redmond's,

* We reprint from the *Methodist Recorder* this graphic sketch of an incident of recent occurrence in Ireland, the truthfulness of which is positively vouched for by the writer.—ED.

who, through indolence and intemperance, first starved himself upon it and then put himself out of it, I fancy I can detect a threatening look in the faces of men who, before this agitation began, would have come hat in hand to me. And there is not a word now about how frequently on a busy harvest day I have sent my horses over to help that same lazy O'Redmond, or how more than once I lent him money to help him to keep up his stock or pay his rent—money which I have about as good a chance of getting back again as he has of ever being able to redeem his farm."

"That is all true, dear," interposed Mrs. Norton, "and many a time, perhaps unknown to you, have I fed O'Redmond's hungry children, and when he was in the lock-up for drunkenness slipped a florin into his poor wife's hand. But it was not for the sake of their gratitude we did what we did; and had I known how things have turned out when I helped them I could not even then have acted otherwise."

"Nor I," replied her husband, "but it was hard to have to listen to all the abuse that poor wretch gave me after all I had done for him and when I took the farm after his ejection, and there was not the slightest prospect of his being able to live upon it, let alone paying the rent."

"Yes," joined in the elder son, "and those very neighbours who scowl when they meet us are many of them in their secret hearts quite pleased that we have taken the farm, but they are every one so afraid of offending the Land League that they have to appear the opposite. The sneaking cowards—but I'll be even with them yet!" And with that he arose, and with a couple of strides gained the opposite side of the room, where he quickly dislodged a splendid rifle from its rack on the wall over the mantelpiece.

"No, Bob, we have a better weapon than that," said the father, as he motioned to his daughter to reach him the family Bible, and, putting on his spectacles, he read with a calm voice, the ninety-first Psalm, and went through the ordinary devotions as if nothing unusual had occurred, except that his petitions were perhaps a shade more fervent than usual.

"And now, my children," said he, as they rose from their knees, "let us just go on as if nothing had happened—doing our duty, speaking a kindly word and performing a kindly act even for our enemies when we are allowed to do so, and at all times preserving a friendly aspect towards them. Let us each say of the Lord, 'He is my refuge and fortress.' Then shall we 'not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that fleeth by day, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.'"

And, with a look of mutual affection, the little group scattered to their various avocations.

II.—THE SECRET SOCIETY MEETING.

In a low-ceiled, dimly-lighted room at the "Crownless Harp" tavern in the village of Ballyorath one evening a number of men sat surrounding a long table. They were for the most part of the lowest class of peasant farmers, with a sprinkling of more respectable, well-to-do working men, some of whom, truth to tell, did not seem at all at home with such company.

In the chair was a man of repulsive appearance; low-cunning, brutality, and unscrupulousness plainly writ on his bleared countenance. To his right sat the secretary, a ferretish-looking little man, with small, blinking, squinting eyes, which seemed to have business in all parts of the room at the same moment. He was the village schoolmaster.

A rather substantial-looking farmer was on his feet addressing the meeting. He seemed a good deal excited, and it was evident the majority of the meeting were not with him in all his remarks.

"I am the man," said he, "that has seen oppression. Thank God, I am in a different position now to what I was when some of you knew me first! But no thanks to the landlord; for all that was gained by the sweat of my brow in improving the land was clutched by his greedy fingers in so much added to the rent. Many's a day have I spent gathering the big stones out of my dismal swamp of a farm till the nails of my fingers broke and the blood flowed. Many's a whole day I have stood, knee-deep in water, digging trenches till I once caught inflammation in the lungs, and the doctor gave me up for death! And what did it all benefit me? Captain Layton, the agent, you know him well—('Aye! that we do' from several voices, with something added that was not a blessing)—comes driving up one day in his grand dog-cart, drawn by his two hundred guinea mare, attended by his liveried servant and two armed police, and said he, as he looked around at my improvements, 'McGrath, you are getting to be very comfortable, I see. I am afraid you have the farm too cheap.' My blood boiled, knowing, as I did, what he was all the while planning; and I just said to him, 'I am surprised, sir, to hear a gentleman like you make a remark which you know in your conscience is untrue. Had I been a drunken, lazy sot, like many a one of your other tenants, and done nothing to improve the property, I'd have been let alone—('Arrah! an' that's the thruth, any way,' from more than one member)—but because I have put my sweat and my health and my energies into the farm and made it worth twice as much to the landlord as it was when I took it (although it will be years before I get my own money out of it), you come and clap on more rent. You have raised the rent twice already, sir,' I added, 'and let me tell you that if you raise the rent again I'll leave it to you altogether, and

then you can let it to one of your favourite class, who won't trouble themselves to worl. the farm, or, in the long run, to pay the rent, either.'

"But it was all of no use, as you are aware, for the rent was raised again; and as I had neither the will nor the power to leave the old homestead, and lose everything, I stayed on. But I couldn't have kept body and soul together during the past bad years only for an uncle in America, who died and left me independent of grasping landlords and their ruthless agents. I have suffered all that, gentlemen, and I have seen others suffer worse. I have known the bed to be seized from under the dying; I have seen the widow and the fatherless turned out on the roadside, without a farthing of compensation, and left shelterless in the depth of winter, not because they were not good tenants and industrious, but because the landlord wanted to turn their bit of land into a grazing farm for himself. But I need not tell *you* all I know, for you are too well acquainted with such scenes yourselves. Still, withal, gentlemen, I cannot see my way to go in with this boycotting proposal. I don't like it. It isn't a manly thing to ruin a neighbour because he doesn't see eye to eye with us in this matter. We want freedom for our country, and we must grant that liberty of thought and action to others which we claim for ourselves. Let them pay their rents if they have a mind to. (Interruption from various members.) Some of you don't agree with me, I see," proceeded the speaker, "but I ask you, is it Christian-like for us to turn against the man that has been our neighbour for years, maybe, and not only break *with* him, but also break him *up* entirely, with his wife and helpless little ones, by this boycotting business? No, my friends, let us go on in a straightforward way; holding our meetings and keeping up a lawful agitation till we get our rights. But do not let us do anything that we would not like others to do to us, and (lowering his voice) that would, maybe, make it hard for us to meet our Maker at last, for whatever we may gain by such a course in this world, and that's uncertain, yet *what's all the world to a man when his wife is a widow?*"

There was a feeble attempt at applause from one or two when Mr. M'Grath had done, but it was instantly suppressed by the chairman rising to ask if there was anything more to be said on the subject.

A comical-looking character, with the typical Irish cast of countenance, who had been sitting up against the sharp corner of the table, although there were plenty of room at its side, hereupon arose, and, pulling his forelock to the chairman, began: "Arrah, sorr, but the toimes is hard! Me and my owld woman were just afther spakin' about these things 'tother night, as we were takin' a glaze uv the foire before goin' to bed; and nivver the disagrayment had we about the hardships

we have to put up wid now ; fur matthers is not improvin' fur the betther, boys, as yez all know. But who shud come walkin' into our little cabin wid an air as if the whole place belonged till him but that new-fangled craythur, who they say is paid by Government to go smellin' roun' people's back premises and pokin' intill ivvery corner uv their houses to luck fur 'nushances,' whativver they may be! Well, what d'ye think, boys, but this gintleman whin he spied the honest craythur of a donkey-ass tied till the owld bed-post, and the two harmless wee bonyeens (young pigs) in their illigant bed uv clane straw in the warrm corner next the foire, but says he, he says, 'D'ye know yer afther breakin' the law wid them craythurs in the same room wid yez? Is that any way fur Christians to live, cheek by jowl wid the bastes uv the field? I'll summons yez,' says he, 'at the nix sissions.' An' wid that he turned on his heel and walked out, and sure enough he was as good as his word, fur at the nix sissions I was summonsed, and had to pay a foine. It was only a troifle, it is thrue, bekase they allowed I didn't know no betther, but I had to promise I wud build houses fur the bastes. Dear be wid the owld toimes, siz I to Bridget (that's my owld woman, sorr!), whin this was a free counthry, and we cud do what we liked. The owld landlord (rest his bones, he wasn't *too* bad) didn't much throuble himself what families we had in our cabins, so long as he got the rint. But these are the hard toimes! and to be afther havin' long-nosed spalpeens, callin' thimselves sanytary offisurs, comin' smellin' about your houses is more of their onjustice to the poor down-trodden counthry."

Here the speaker, waxing hotly indignant at this fresh instance of British tyranny, raised his voice and his shillelagh simultaneously, and, bringing the cudgel down on the table with a whack which made everybody start, exclaimed: "Is it boycottin' yez ar talkin' about? Arrah, be aisy now, wid yez! Is it poor Widow Jones, the craythur that has nothing barrin' the little shop to keep body and sowl together wid, an' her large helpless family, an' owld White Edward, wid his wan fut in the grave an' the other out, and daycent Mr. Norton that niver wronged wan uv yez, but obligated some uv yez often, that yez talk uv boycottin'? Boycott the rack-rintin' landlords and the grabbers if you will, and thim scamps of 'nushance' men that'll be the ruination uv the country yit—don't let thim off; but forninst that again, don't break the poor craythurs that can illest afford the treatment and that niver did yez any harm forby payin' their thrifle of rint sooner than be turned out like cattle on the hoigh road. Boycott the innimy, and not your friends and neighbours, and the blessin' of the widdy an' the fatherless will be wid yez." And with this prophecy of somewhat doubtful ethics the speaker resumed his seat at the corner of the table, amid some applause, intermingled with

some rather personal and not complimentary ejaculations from the disaffected.

The chairman next rose to his feet and declared the meeting adjourned. The company immediately dispersed, some lingering a moment to ignite their pipes with a "coal" of turf extracted with the tongs from the fire.

It was soon evident that the adjournment of the meeting was only a feint, as a considerable number of the members came stealing back again one by one, or in groups of two or three.

The chairman resumed his former position, with the secretary by his side. "Are we all here?" the latter inquired, shading his little squinting eyes with his hand and eagerly scanning the countenances of those present.

"All but Jim O'Toole and Long Pat uv the hill," replied a dark-visaged man in the far corner of the room; "an ye know the job yez gave thin the last night uv the meeting is not done yit," and, peering out of the window, he added, "This is a dark night, and I shudn't wundhher but they are afther business, glory be to the saints, this blessed minute."

The chairman hastily arose, with a scowl on his face. "Whist, ye fool," said he, "d'ye want thim to hear thee at Dublin Castle, wid your roarin' mimbers' names at the top uv your cracked voice in that stoyle? Shure an' it's not maybe a couple uv yards from the house M'Gra' and the rest uv thim innocents are yit."

"Well, ye needn't be so hard on a sowl, Mr. Mulloy," the other responded sulkily, "I was only answerin' the quistyun that was axed by your clerk. But what are yez goin' to do in my case I'd loike to know?" continued the delinquent with a marked crescendo, "Here I am turned out uv house and home bekase ye wouldn't let me pay the rint; and where's your promise to support me and my family, and to revinge me on thim that wronged me? That's what I want to know. The Holy Virgin above —"

"Onst more," interrupted the chairman, "will ye howld your idiot's tongue, O'Redmond? D'ye want to bring the police in on us? Didn't we promise ye revinge galore on Norton for takin' your farm? Haven't we sent him the letther alriddy? And as for us not givin' ye lave to pay the rint, sorra the penny wud the landlord be the betther of you if ye had lave to pay it to-morrow. Did ye pay the rint whin ye had lave to do it? A purty martyr ye are, dhrinkin' and idlin' yerself out of your land, and thin throwing yourself upon the Land League when ye can do nò betther, and expectin' uz to support ye, whin if there had been nivver a Land League in the country ye wud have been out uv your farm all the same."

"Thru for you, sorr," here interposed a half-clad, wretched-looking man. "Rory O'Redmond hasn't paid his rint to my

knowledge fur many a day before the jintlemin in parliament that says they are workin' fur us day and night ivver said a word against payin' rint ; but luck at me ! I cud have paid my rint six months ago but yez threatened to shoot me if I wud do it (and pity ye didn't ! for sudden death wud be betther nur slow starvation) and yez promised ther wud be a comfortable hut and plinty of manes fur me if I wud only howld out. Well, I did howld out agin the landlord, and was turned out on the way-side. The thrifle I had saved is all gone now, and the thrifle which I got from the Land League (and it *wus* a thrifle) is all gone too, and now I suppose you will give me lave to bring my family into the workhouse, and ——

Here a noise was heard at the door, which was locked, and a stern voice demanded admittance in the Queen's name. Instantly every man started up, nearly all turning pale as death, and several pulled out revolvers which, however, at a signal from the chairman, were immediately concealed again. The chairman ordered the door to be opened, and about a dozen of the Royal Irish Constabulary, armed with rifles, entered, with warrants for the apprehension of several of those present, amongst others, the chairman. The names and addresses of the others having been taken down, the police marched their prisoners off to the station, whence, after having been permitted to pay a brief visit to their homes next day, under surveillance of course, they were sent off by car and rail to the county town, and safely lodged in the gaol as "suspects."

III.—THE GAOL INCIDENT.

The governor of the county gaol was brother to Mr. Norton who received the threatening letter, and like the latter was a Christian man. He was a retired army captain, and, being a man of great courage, as well as a strict disciplinarian was well qualified for the onerous and responsible duties of his position.

A number of persons "reasonably suspected of complicity in conspiracies against her Majesty the Queen and the Government" were placed by the Dublin Castle authorities under his care. Amongst these was Mulloy, the chairman of the Secret Society, which held its meetings after the proceedings of the local Land League had terminated. Suspects had many privileges not accorded to ordinary prisoners. They were allowed some material comforts in their cells ; had a common room in which they could associate ; had the privilege of providing their own meals if they did not care for the prison fare ; saw their friends frequently, and were permitted to write as many letters as they pleased, provided their correspondence was submitted to, and approved by, the governor.

One day Captain Norton sat in his office within the precincts of the gaol, reading, or at least trying to read, his newspaper.

But he was evidently unsettled and uneasy in his mind. He threw the paper from him and took it up again several times, but he evidently could not read. Something was evidently on his mind.

Captain Norton was a believer in Providence, but he was not a dreamer or idealist. On the contrary, he was eminently practical and matter-of-fact in his religious life as in everything else, and yet Captain Norton was this day completely arrested and "upset" by a mental impression. Whence that impression came the Christian reader will probably be able to form an idea. A visitor was just at this moment with the suspect Mulloy, and they had been closeted together for some time. A deep and irresistible impression was made upon the mind of the governor of the gaol that all that was going on between these two men was not right, and it was as though a voice spake to him regarding the prisoner's visitor, "Search that man before he leaves the prison."

He pooh-poohed the idea as a silly notion, but all in vain. It only returned with stronger force. If he took up the newspaper he could read nothing down its columns but the words "Search that man!" If he went back to his desk and tried to work, across the pages of his books he saw as it were written the words "Search that man!" He sat down before the fire to reason the thing out, and pictured to himself the awkwardness of his position should nothing incriminating be found on the person of the visitor, but among the coals he saw as it were written in characters of fire "Search that man!"

At length, in a state bordering upon desperation, he gave directions to a warder to have the visitor to Mr. Mulloy searched before he left the gaol precincts, and instantly his mind was comparatively at ease.

The warder intercepted the man as he was about to leave the prison, and, notwithstanding the indignant protestations of the latter, subjected him to a thorough search. In his pocket was found a letter which Mulloy had given him to post. This was, of course, quite against the rules, and presented a sufficient reason for detaining the man until the governor was summoned. Captain Norton took the name and address of the visitor, and in the name of Her Majesty seized the letter. Upon examination the missive, which was addressed to Mulloy's successor in the chair of the Secret Society at Ballyorath village, was found to contain a list of names of individuals who had incurred the displeasure of the society, and were condemned to suffer various penalties, together with directions as to the nature of those penalties and who were to carry the sentences into execution. Some women were to be relieved of their hair, bailiffs of their ears; others were to have their noses slit; certain farmers were to have cattle houghed; and one man, Captain Norton's own brother, at Ballyorath Farm, was condemned to be shot dead!

At first Captain Norton was so stunned with the discovery that he could scarcely believe that he was not dreaming. But as the truth gradually dawned upon him that God by His Holy Spirit had put it into his heart in this way to save his brother's life, he fell down upon his knees in an agony of prayer, excitement, and gratitude.

His next act was to report the matter and forward the confiscated letter to the Secretary of State for Ireland, and also write an account of the whole affair to the Prime Minister and from both of these statesmen he afterwards received kind and congratulatory replies. He then prepared to set off on a visit to his bother.

IV.—THE BOYCOTTED CHRISTMAS PARTY.

There was no doubt about it but the family at Ballyorath Farm were thoroughly boycotted. No near market could be obtained for their farm produce or stock. Buyers looked wistfully at Mr. Norton's fat cattle and sheep as they were driven into the fair, but so great was the terrorism of the times that no matter what laws were broken the mandate of the Land League had to be obeyed, and no one dared to deal with farmer or tradesman under the ban of that powerful organization. So Mr. Norton's sheep and cattle were driven home again and again, and only in distant parts of the country or in England could a market be found for them.

The only butcher in the village refused the family meat; the baker, bread; and the grocer, his commodities. They had to go a considerable distance for the ordinary necessaries of life; and even then these were obtained with difficulty, and as a great compliment.

Often might Bob have been seen returning from a distant town mounted on horseback, with a basket on his arm filled with tea, sugar, and bread; and with improvised saddle-bags reddened with their contents from the butcher's stall.

Christmas morning dawned crisp and bright. The single bell of the village church—for Ballyorath could not boast of a set of chimes—was rung more vigorously than usual, and over that whole country-side, where turmoil, hate, terror, had of late held high carnival, the words seemed borne by the crisp winter wind, "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

The Nortons were about to sit down to their Christmas dinner. Mrs. Norton and their daughter had cooked the dinner, and, judging by appearances, it would seem as though it were nothing to them if the whole race of servants were once and for all exterminated. Mr. Norton had been unusually grave since the departure of Captain Norton on the previous day. His face wore a solemn though not by any means a gloomy look, and he partook of his dinner almost in silence.

"I wonder," said Miss Norton, "what it was that brought uncle to see us so unexpectedly, and then brought him away again so quickly; and it Christmas-eve, too?"

"What brought him here you shall know by-and-bye," replied the father; "what brought him back again so suddenly was a despatch from Dublin Castle directing him to send Mulloy there at once, as it appears the ex-president of the Ballyorath Land League has turned informer in the matter of the murder of Lord N——."

Mr. Norton relapsed into silence again. After dinner his two younger children ran to him, and climbed upon his knees, and begged him to tell them a Christmas story.

"My dear children," said the good man, "I want you to think of God to-day as the good God who takes care of everybody, but especially of those who love Him and try to serve Him. Think of how He took care of His own Son, the baby Jesus, when the cruel King Herod would have killed Him, and how He sent His angel to warn Joseph in a dream because Herod sought the young Child to destroy Him. And God, who thus took care of His own Son, takes care of all those who believe in Him, whether young or old, and protects them. He does not send angels with messages now—at least, we don't see them. But He puts it into the hearts of men to do His will and go on His errands. He sent a message through your uncle to us—a message of love—an assurance of protection, and a call to trust in Him and serve Him with all our hearts."

The good man then recounted the incident which is already known to the reader, and which his brother had come down to relate to him. Though the merriment was now under the circumstances out of the question, yet they spent the remainder of the day happily and with subdued yet joyful spirits. A strange awe fell upon them as after the narration they all knelt together to return thanks to Almighty God for His sheltering providence and gracious deliverance from "the terror by night, the arrow that flieth by day, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

Soon after the agitation subsided, boycotting ceased. Tranquillity, confidence, and prosperity by degrees returned. And the Nortons at length came to see that they stood higher than ever in the estimation of their neighbours. But many a time they looked back to that memorable Christmas-day when, in spite of the cruel treatment which they received, and the more cruel fate with which they were threatened, the Christmas blessing of "peace on earth, good-will toward men, even on their part towards their enemies," fell upon them. Somehow the Babe of Bethlehem, whose advent and youth had been surrounded with so many fearful perils, seemed brought nearer to them ever since that day.

THE LOST SILVER OF BRIFFAULT.*

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.—FREEDOM.

MIDSUMMER and midday—a day so hot that the crystal air trembled and quivered and glistened, as if it were a veil of woven silver; and the white house of the Preston ranch seemed to shrink away from it into the thick shade of the surrounding mulberry trees; where also the birds, faint and silent, had hid themselves. But among the vines of the veranda, the grasshoppers, with their goat-like profiles, were busily running, and across the hot sand of the yard a large snake lay prone, with every glittering coil outstretched, basking in the fiercest rays of the sun.

A woman stood just within the door, a beautiful woman, with a complexion of that warm pallor so rarely seen except in the South. Her attitude was listless and sorrowful, and her eyes were fixed upon the brilliant reptile, so luxuriously stretching itself upon the fervid ground. It roused in her neither fear, hatred, nor anger; and she felt no desire to take up Eve's quarrel against the creature. "Let it alone," she said to the Negro servant, who was going, with an eager passion of hatred to destroy it. Intoxicated with sunshine, it was unconscious of danger; and to dismiss death, and say, even to a snake, "Live a little longer," seemed to Cassia Preston a pleasant thing to do, and it made a faint ripple in the sombre sameness of her thoughts.

She turned and went toward a door at the other end of the wide hall, and opened it softly. It showed her a room in the deepest shadow, whose atmosphere was heavy with the scent of dying roses and the sickly odour of valerian. On a couch, in the dimmest corner, there was a little drift of white muslin, and above it the thin, yellow face of a woman, apparently asleep. But she stirred as Cassia stood looking at her, and said, querulously, "I want some coffee, and tell Mammy to come and rub my feet."

"Mother, let me take Mammy's place. I do not think she will cor "

"No come! What nonsense! Send her here immediately."

Cassia shut the door and sat down by the fretful woman. "I can keep bad news from you no longer, mother. Mammy is her own mistress. Our servants are free."

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"Free! That is an impossibility. My servants were given me by my father. I have the papers. He told me they were made out in such a way that no one could take them from me—no one! They are mine; mine as much as the rings on my fingers," and she held out her thin hands, trembling with emotion and glittering with gems.

"I heard they were free nearly a month ago. I have no doubt it is true. All of Roseland's and MacKersey's have left. Galveston is full of runaway Negroes; no one dares to touch them, or challenge their right. The fields are empty; you can't hire a man for gold. The houses are empty; in many there is not even an old woman left to make a biscuit."

"I don't believe it! Who told you such things?"

"Sheriff Bowling. He called this morning for a little breakfast. He sold Chloe's son, you remember, and Chloe would not cook anything for him. She said she had hurt her hand; but would she have dared to make an excuse a month ago? He told me he was out herding his own cattle. His men were all gone. Our isolation has been in our favour, but a man called here three days ago, and even Mammy has been changed since. She told me he was going to Corpus Christi to look for his wife, Melinda, and she added, in a very significant manner, 'Thank God, when he find her dis time, he can keep her, till black Death come along to part them.'"

"If you heard talk like this a month ago, Cassia, you ought to have prevented the servants hearing it."

"How?"

"You should have suffered none of them to leave the place. You should have kept every stranger off it. I would have watched night and day. Whatever are our soldiers doing?"

"There have been reverses—"

"Reverses! There are always reverses in war. Napoleon had them. Washington had them. Are we to set our slaves free for reverses? I shall hold mine fast until the reverses are on the other side. What good will there be in the final victory if our property is all scattered far and wide, and we can't find it again? Keep the servants together, Cassia; any day, tomorrow even, may bring us better news."

"Better news will never come. The war is over. We have lost all, mother."

"How can you say such cruel things, Cassia? It wouldn't be just. See what I have sacrificed! Your father killed; your brother away fighting four years; very likely he is killed too; we haven't heard of him since April; think of all my sufferings! And then lose everything! No, it wouldn't be just or right. I will not hear it!"

"Don't cry, now, dear mother. There is no help for us in tears, and I do want your advice. The men are ugly and lazy:

instead of going to the fields they are hanging about the cabins. The women are just the same. I asked Celia this morning about the washing, and she said she did not feel like it. She said the same last week. Every meal is cooked more and more slovenly and irregularly. There is a feeling about the place that frightens me. I do believe it is the right thing to call the servants together and tell them they are free. Then I could get rid of all who refuse to work. Perhaps Mammy and Chloe will stay if we give them good wages."

"Give them wages? I wont do it! I'll die first! Pay my own slaves to work for me? I wont do it! I wont do it! They ought to be ashamed of themselves—"

Cassia's face darkened. "Let us be reasonable, mother; why should they be ashamed?"

"Born in the family—after all we have done for them," she sobbed.

"Perhaps they think they could have done better for themselves."

"Are you turning against me, too? O, Cassia, I never thought—"

"Come, mother, try and face the inevitable."

"To behave so badly—Mammy, too. It will kill me—"

Cassia walked to the window and stood a moment despairingly before the closed blinds; but, as her mother's sobs grew louder, she went back and soothed and kissed the petted, ailing woman into a calmer mood.

Then she sought her own room, ostensibly for her siesta, but she was far too anxious and restless to sleep. Nature had not only endowed her with beauty, she had given her also a clear mind and a moral bias that was, above all other things, upright; so that her duty, and the sense of its immediate necessity, weighed heavily on her.

She frankly admitted to herself that the servants had shown a remarkable patience and restraint. Rumours of their approaching freedom had been in the air for months. For three weeks they had believed in its reality; for three days they had been sure of the stupendous and glorious change in their condition. "It is no wonder they despise mother and me," she thought. "When the news first came we ought to have called them together and told them, and, as far as it was natural and possible, have rejoiced with them. Then we could have asked them to remain with us until John came home and agreed with them about their wages. But instead of that we have taken their labour as our right. I must do now what I know John would have done long ago if he had been here.

But good is only half good when it is past season. She felt, when she went down stairs, that her resolve had come too late. Already there were changes in progress, and delay had robbed

duty of every grace. She wandered restlessly about the house and garden until night-fall had brought all the servants into the kitchen and cabins; then she asked Uncle Isaac to gather them together. He was a very old man; he had been her great-grandfather's servant. She thought if any love or gratitude could be depended upon it was surely his.

Very reluctantly, and only after bitter weeping, Mrs. Preston had consented to have the tie broken in her presence. Cassia was certain it ought to be so; she wished it to be done as gently as possible, and she wished them to carry away into new lives a kindly memory of the old one. It was a most impressive gathering. Fifty men and women, of all ages and all shades of colour, were there, some with wool like snow, others in the strength of their prime and the beauty of their youth. Mrs. Preston covered her face and sobbed. Cassia, standing at her mother's side, said:

"Uncle Isaac, you served my great-grandfather?"

"Dat so, Miss Cassia. He was my fust master; bought me from de slave-ship *Lijah Hoole* eighty-two years ago."

"And you served my grandfather, also?"

"Ebery day ob his life—bery good master he was."

"And my father?"

"De last t'ing de colonel do, 'fore he go to de war, was to shake hands wid me. I hold de stirrup fur him. Mighty good man de colonel! And I nurse Mass' John, too, in dese arms—make his fust fishin'-rod fur him. Four generations ob de Prestons I hab served, faithful, Miss Cassia."

"Isaac, you are free now. You need serve none of us any longer. Mammy, Chloe, Jeff, Scip, all of you, even to little Coralie in her cradle, are free. You can all leave us to-morrow if you wish. You need never do anything for us again. Some of you played with father and mother; some of you played with Master John and me. You have been very true to us. I never heard any of you, man or woman, saying a word against the Prestons. You have also been very kind to us, very patient with us, and God knows we have tried to be very kind and patient with you. We have been one family. It is hard to part—to say '*Good-bye*.'"

It was impossible for her to continue. Most of the men and women were sobbing with all the passionate *abandon* of their childlike natures; Mammy had knelt down by Mrs. Preston's side, and was chafing and kissing her hands, and vowing "neber, neber, to leave her." Cassia stood among them, white and sorrowful, slow, large tears falling unconsciously from her eyes. At length Uncle Isaac said: "What does de madam and Miss Cassia want us to do?"

He had slowly stepped forward, and stood in his tottering age close to his mistress's side. She stretched out her white,

gemmed hand to him, and he touched it and bowed his snowy head over it with a native chivalry no art could have imitated.

Cassia answered for her mother. "Uncle Isaac, we would like all of you to remain on the place, at your usual work, until Master John returns. He cannot be long now. You know what Master John is; he will pay you the last dime of your right, if he sells the land to do it. Whatever others are getting you shall have. I promise for him. We will deal kindly and honestly by you."

Isaac turned and looked at the people. There was a slight hesitation; then Jeff, who was overseer, said: "Miss Cassia hab done make us a fair offer. I'se gwine to take it. I kin trust Mass' John and all de Prestons, I kin."

This was the universal sentiment, and Cassia, with a sense of great relief, accepted their service under its new condition.

"Here are the keys of the store-room, Chloe, she said; I am sure you would like to make an extra supper for all to-night."

"Thank'ee, madam, thank'ee Miss Cassia," came from every lip, and then, with even more than their usual deference, they left the room and went back to their quarters. Cassia walked to a side window and watched them, for as soon as they were outside the house they gave way to the deep joy in their hearts. Some of the women fell weeping on their husband's necks. A gigantic negress lifted her baby high above her head, telling it over and over, in constantly louder and shriller tones: "You'se free, Tamar! You'se free, Tamar! Free! free! free! The young drew together in little ebony squads around the white cabins; the elder ones gathered in Chloe's big kitchen. After the first few moments of rapture it was not all joy to them. There were wives and fathers and mothers who could not help feeling that freedom had come too late for their happiness. Their loved ones had been sold away, and they knew not where to find them. So they sat smoking and talking, almost sadly, in the big kitchen; while Chloe, and some of the women, killed and fried chickens, boiled the ripe young ears of corn, and made the johnny-cake and coffee. Gladly they brought out their hoarded pieces of fine linen or china, and the younger girls laid the tables for their first freedom supper.

That night Chloe's kitchen was a wonderful place. The cedar logs blazed and danced in the chimney, and threw great lustre across the tables, and the shifting groups of women, with their gay turbans and glinting ear-rings; across the more sombre groups of talking men, with their glowing corn-cob pipes and gleaming eyes and light blue hickory dress. Uncle Isaac had gone to his cabin to rest until supper was ready, and it was nearly ten o'clock when Cassia saw him, leaning upon Jeff and Scip, slowly totter across the yard, in order to take his place as master of the feast.

She was in her mother's room, a large, lofty apartment, with galleries on three sides. Mrs. Preston was asleep. She had wept herself to sleep, as children do. It had been a hard few hours to her, all the more hard because Mammy had not come to do the numberless little things which had become so necessary to her comfort.

Poor Mammy! she was locked in her own cabin. She was down on her knees, telling God, God only, how hard her duty was. Telling Him again about the three sons and the one young pretty daughter that were—she knew not where. Asking Him to send from among His legions of angels just one—one of the humblest—with a message from her heart to theirs. "Dey kin come back to me now, Lord," she pleaded; "gib dem de heart to do it, and slow 'em de way."

Her children had been her first thought. She had quite forgotten madam until just before Cassie saw Uncle Isaac go to the kitchen with Jeff and Scip; yet she had fully intended to do her usual duties, and when she rose from her knees and remembered them, her heart reproached her, and she went quickly to madam's room. Cassie met her at the door. Her sad, anxious face troubled Mammy.

"I clean forgot, Miss Cassia. I did, sure. I wont do so any more."

"She missed you very much, Mammy."

"I'se mighty sorry. I'll stay wid her now."

"No, no; I will remain to-night. Go and be glad with the rest, Mammy. You ought to be."

Yet though she had told Mammy to go, she watched her across the yard with a feeling of desertion. All the foundations of her life were shaken, and what was to come next she could not even imagine. She could hear down in the cabins the confused noise of a tumult that was altogether joyful; broken laughter, little cries, the echo of conversation, the movement of feet, the rattle of dishes. The wind had ceased, and the hot, still air was full of low whispers of song that swelled gradually into a burst of triumphant melody. She could not resist it.

"This thing can never, never, never happen again while the world lasts! I will at least be a witness to the joy of it." With this thought she went to an open window which overlooked the yard. Uncle Isaac sat in the full moonlight; the rest of the liberated servants were on the ground around him, or upon the door-steps of the nearest cabins. But Scip stood by his side, and it was his voice, in a low, intense whispering song, that had first startled her:

"Go down, Moses, go down, Moses, go down, Moses,

Go down into Egypt, and tell King Pharaoh to let my people go!"

With every line the man's soul gathered a passion of feeling

that no words can translate; and at the last one every voice joined in a chorus of the same gradual gathering of sound and feeling:

“Let my people go! let my people go! let my people go!”

The majority of Negroes are fine improvisors, and in the same manner Scip went over the whole story of the liberation of Israel in Egypt. Then Scip's sister, Hannah, and his wife Sadie, chanted the verses with him, till he gave the key-line to the last jubilant chorus:

“Hallelujah, Moses! Hallelujah!

Pass ober de Red Sea! pass ober de Red Sea! pass ober de Red Sea!

In the bright moonlight the scene had a weird and mystical grandeur, and though the meeting did not quite break up until the pathos of the setting moon was over it, and the gray dawn creeping up the eastern slope, Cassia lingered at the window, watching and listening until the last half-dozen went slowly to their separate cabins.

It is one of the saddest conditions of humanity that it cannot carry its loftiest enthusiasms into its daily work; nay, that they very often make daily work a hard and dreary thing. The feeling in the Preston household when the sun rose, and another day was to begin, was one of lassitude and even crossness.

Cassia had a most unhappy day. She saw that, at noon, the cows were still in the pens un milked; and the breakfast cooking in the cabins. The men were lounging about the kitchen, the women visiting each other and quite neglectful of their regular duties. Nor was this state of affairs to be wondered at. With the average intellect of children, they had also their ready propensity to make a holiday. And no one could deny that their circumstances excused the holiday feeling. It was perfectly natural that the first meaning of freedom to them, should be a condition of freedom from labour.

They were weary, also, with the excitement of the night, and to a majority of them had come, for the first time in their lives, a care and an anxiety about the future. Chloe's remark, as she fried the rice cakes for breakfast: “I'se not gwine to stay here. I'se neber *feel free* on dis place,” had only voiced the feeling dominant in most hearts. To dare to leave the place! To dare to take all their belongings with them, and go into the nearest town, and find a home for themselves! This was the general ambitious desire.

For three days Cassia bore, with admirable patience, the hourly provocations of her position. Then it became clear to her that the men had no intention of working the farm. They were simply idling around, waiting for something to turn up. They had many hopes of houses and lands of their own; they

had been told that when the victorious army entered Texas with the provisional government, something extraordinary would be done for them. They were simple as children, and they believed that, at the very least, the property of their old masters would be divided among them; and most had fully determined in their own minds what particular portions would be their own.

"I was born'd on de place, and I'se got a right to some of it," said Mammy to Chloe; "if dey'll gib me de down stairs and de cows and de chickens, I kin git along fust rate: and I'se not gwine to hab de madam 'sturbed at all; she's welcome as sunshine to her ole room."

"I'se gwine to La Salle, Sister Cinda," answered Chloe; "I'se got folks dar, and I'se sick of dis place. I don't feel free wid Miss Cassia's voice in my ear, and dat weary tinkle, tinkle of de madam's little bell. I jist hates it. I'se gwine to La Salle; plenty of big houses roun' dar, and, please God, I'll git my share in some ob dem."

There was no general noisy leave-taking, but one by one the servants stole away, usually in the night. And every day there was some change in their manner, which pained and angered Cassia. One hot afternoon as she lay languidly fanning herself under the mosquito netting, Mammy entered hurriedly. "Miss Cassia," she said, "Uncle Isaac's granddaughter has done come fur him. She says de ole man's all de kinfolks she's got, and she's boun' to hav' him."

"O, Isaac is going, too, is he? Very well."

"He'd like fur to see you, Miss Cassia, 'fore he goes 'way."

"I don't suppose he really cares; but I can come."

She spoke coldly and rose with reluctance. The old man stood beside a little ox waggon, into which all his earthly goods had already been packed. A middle-aged mulatto woman was standing beside it. Her face was not at all pleasant or conciliating, but through force of habit, and quite in despite of her inclination, she dropped Cassia a courtesy. Isaac extended his bony wrinkled hand, and said, "Good-bye, missee! De Lord bless you ebermore. I'se been in de fambly eighty-two years! Pretty hard to go 'way from it, now."

"Don't go, uncle. You have your cabin, and are as welcome now, as ever, to all you need."

"Judy wants me. I'm an ole man. I 'tended to go to heaben from de little cabin I love; but freedom done bring in changes, many changes, Miss Cassia. I was born'd free, and now I shall die free, bless de Lord! I asked Him for dis ting--tire Him out, askin' fur it--and now I'se kind ob sorry 'bout it."

"Sorry to die free?"

"Yes, I'se so ole, I kind ob sorry 'bout it. When my son, Jake, die--that was 'fore you was born'd, Miss Cassia--he talk

heap about de angels comin' down to de riber-side to set him free; said dey comfort him so, spoke rich kind words to him. Mighty fine ting to be set free by de angels and de heavenly trumpets all a-blowin', and de hosts of de Lord a-shoutin'!"

The old slave spoke out of the fulness of a heart set to the idea of freedom. He had no intention of wounding Cassia, no thought of petty triumph in his remark; but she winced under it, and asked, abruptly, if he wished to see the madam

"Come, gran'pa, we'se got no time fur to fool roun'—eleven miles to go 'fore sunset."

The tone admitted of no dispute, and Isaac, like a chidden child, answered:

"I'se got to go, Miss Cassia. Come on me kind ob hurried-like. Tell de madam I leave my 'spects ebermore to her."

Tears were in his eyes for one moment; the next his wrinkled face beamed with all the interest and delight of a boy going on a pleasure journey.

One morning Cassia woke up with a blind, beating, nervous headache. The sun was pouring into the room, the shades were undrawn, the flies excessively tormenting. For a few minutes her physical suffering was the only fact very clear to her, but suddenly an idea struck her with the invincible force of a presentiment—*Mammy!* She must have gone, too! She dressed hastily and went to her mother's room. Mrs. Preston was almost hysterical. It was nearly eight o'clock, and no one had been near her. She was as distressed as a neglected babe. As Cassia went to the kitchen she looked into Mammy's cabin. It was as empty as all the others.

The fire had been lit in the kitchen, the kettle placed beside it, and the coffee ground ready for the morning's first draught. But Cassia sat down on the rawhide chair, which had been Chloe's throne, and felt utterly unable to grasp the situation. So many things were necessary which she had never done in her life. Cool water was the first, but the well was very deep, and the bucket and iron chain the only means of reaching it. It hurt her hands to pull it, even a quarter full; and there was bread to bake, and no wood cut to bake it with.

She watched the coffee boil, and then she took her mother the much-needed refreshment. There was no necessity to tell her what had happened. She understood it when Cassia brought in the tray.

"Such ingratitude!" she moaned. "Mammy always had the finest dresses, the best room, the most time, the least to do, of any servant round here. I don't see how she could be so cruel—"

"Mother dear, there is no use now in complaining. We are alone, and we are in danger. Parties of freedmen are constantly passing. They all stop. While Mammy was here they

considered she had a claim on the place, and respected it; but if they find out we are alone, you know what may happen—you know what has happened—and we have not heard the half. What is to be done?"

"O, if John would come! It is so cruel, so thoughtless. He must know—"

"If John is alive he is coming as fast as a mortal man can come. But he is not here, and we must decide at once."

"Lock the doors."

"Then they will think the place deserted, and break into it. We should be at their mercy."

"But they will not dare to injure us! We are so near town—so well known. They would be found out and arrested at once."

"There are no officers, and there is no law. The Confederate government is dead; no other has taken its place yet. The last time I went to town I was terrified at the faces I saw. The streets were full of silent, sombre, waiting Negroes, and at every corner groups of white men were sitting, stern and watchful. The Negroes far outnumber the whites; the towns must be protected, the farms must protect themselves."

"What must we do, then?"

"I thought of riding over to Briffault's. I heard Mammy telling some passing Negroes that the captain had got back, and that none of their 'hands' had dared to leave the place. Perhaps they will be able to help us, or, at any rate, to tell us what it is best to do."

"We have never been friends with the Briffaults. I don't think you ought to go there, Cassia. The house always had a dreadful name. I have heard it said that it is unlucky to enter those big iron gates—that no one prospers afterward who does so."

"I don't believe 'they say,' and I cannot leave you long enough to go anywhere else, mother. Our nearer neighbours are as badly off as ourselves. I think it is the only thing to do."

Fortunately Cassia's pony had been taught to come at her call, and she also understood thoroughly how to saddle him. So, about three o'clock, she left her mother alone, and, riding in the shadow of the woods lining the banks of the stream, she managed to keep up a swift and steady gallop.

The Briffault ranch was seven miles away, and she knew its locality well, though she had never passed its gates; for it was built at the very edge of a swamp, and at certain seasons was almost unapproachable, except to those familiar with the treacherous paths. But in August there was no danger, and the place was a wilderness of beauty.

Nature laid a large, still, cool hand upon Cassia's fevered heart, and she rode slower, and let the peace around sink into

it, and calm her from head to feet. Presently she came in sight of the house, a large wooden building with deep latticed galleries. It stood in a kind of natural park, densely shaded, and surrounded by a high brick wall, the only entrance being through large iron gates of elaborate workmanship. Strange stories were told of these gates, and Cassia certainly felt as if she had entered a mournful shadow when she passed them. They shut with an angry clang, and her horse shied and became so restive that she did not mount him again, but gathering up her riding-dress over her left arm, led him down the great avenue.

It was literally "down," for the house stood in a hollow at the bottom of it. The trees met over her head, and the long, still banners of gray moss made a light inexpressibly shadowy and mournful. As she came nearer to the house she saw Captain Briffault coming to meet her. He carried his straw hat in his hand, and was exceedingly handsome, with the air of a man of fashion rather than of soldierly command. He had divined who she was, and he put her quite at ease by an introduction which left nothing but assent necessary. And Cassia entered at once without ceremony upon the business which had brought her to Briffault.

"We are quite alone, captain, mother and I, and we are afraid, and want help and advice." She did not feel as if any apology for the past was either necessary or in good taste.

He looked at the beautiful, anxious girl, with interest and admiration—at her large brown eyes, and full, calm lips—lips which gave him, in their every movement, the idea of sincerity and repose. The long folds of her habit, and the drooping plumes in her hat, imparted grace and dignity to her tall figure; and though Briffault did not at the moment analyze these things, he felt their united influence, and bowed to it.

"Come in, Miss Preston; my grandmother can give you better advice than I can. It is only four days since I returned. I should like you also to see my little sister; I brought her home with me, and she is very lonely."

He opened the door of a large, shady parlour. An old woman turned her head and looked at them. She was dressed in white, with a black lace shawl folded around her, a square of black lace on her gray hair, and black mitts covering partially her thin, yellow hands. Her eyes were black as coal, and they peered and flashed out of rings of darkness. She was nearly seventy years old, and her face had been gathering something Satanic with every year. Cassia's first thought was: "What a wicked-looking old woman!"

She hated the Prestons, and at any other time would have rejoiced in an opportunity for expressing her dislike, but just then every feeling and every effort tended toward one object—

the preservation of her power over her slaves. She had called them together at the first whisper of their emancipation, scoffed at the idea, and threatened them, not only with the terrors of the lash and the pistol, but with a still greater punishment—something supernatural and awful. They had long trembled before her; they believed firmly that she possessed dark and mysterious powers, and she kept them in subjection, as much by intellectual force as by the dread of physical punishment.

"Go, if you dare," she said to them. "I shall know all about it. I shall force you to come back—you understand what that means."

Their terror of madam was unbounded; the very vagueness of her threats increased it. None of the Briffault hands had left; but madam's watch for nearly six weeks had been a frightfully exhausting one. She had almost lived with her hand upon her loaded weapon. Most welcome had been the return of her grandson, though she very soon perceived that he had outgrown her authority, and had cultivated a will quite equal to her own. Almost in the moment of his arrival she had asked, with an air of displeasure: "Why did you bring Gloria home? She was safe in the convent with the sisters."

"I wanted her at home. She is quite safe here."

"Safe? And the slaves, all over, in a state of insurrection!"

"There are no slaves now, and, therefore, no question of insurrection. Why should people take what is already their own?"

From this position neither her anger nor scorn was able to move him. He was very polite, but very positive, for he was quite sure that in a few days the arrival of the provisional government would make further resistance a criminal and foolish act.

Cassia stated their necessity to Madam Briffault, and the case was one which touched her sympathy; but she declared herself unable to give any assistance. She did not wish her slaves to leave her own land: she was much averse to their even learning that the Preston ranch had been deserted. It lay, also, directly upon the high road to Galveston, and, under the circumstances, she did not think it wise to allow a man or woman to go there.

To this excuse Raymund Briffault listened with great annoyance. "Miss Preston," he answered, "Madam Briffault cannot understand, for she has not seen the changed world—the deserted farms, the empty homes, the towns full of absolutely idle, because absolutely free, Negroes. I will speak to my own servant, Adrian. He will probably, at my desire, hire himself to you. He was in camp with me, is a good cook, and will be worth, at this time, more than a couple of women."

He left the room, and madam's face eloquently expressed her

indignation and dislike. She had been disobeyed, and almost reproved, for the sake of Cassia Preston, and she promised herself not to forget the circumstance. And, although she did not speak, she managed to make the room feel so intolerable that Cassia was on the point of leaving it when she heard the rustle of starched muslins trailing down the wooden stairs, and then a light footstep and a little sharp, rippling laugh. At the same moment the door opened and a young girl entered. She bowed to madam, but went forward to Cassia with a pretty effusiveness:

"Raymund told me to come to you, and I was so glad. Can you imagine how dreary it is here? The convent at San Antonio was the gay world to this green desert." She had seated herself beside Cassia and taken her hand, and she chatted away like a school-girl among her mates. "My name is Gloria, and I am Raymund's only sister."

She was sixteen years old, but she had a singularly child-like look and manner. Her head was small, and covered with short, black, clustering curls; her eyes eager and brilliant. She had a red, handsome mouth, with swift smile, and small, sharp teeth; and her attitudes were full of little graceful movements, with frequent curious turns of the neck, as if she was listening. Altogether a fascinating, bright little woman, and yet, in spite of her pretty petulance and vivacity, she affected Cassia with a species of sadness.

Very soon Raymund returned. He had sent Adrian in advance. "He has a swift horse and a note, vouching for his good qualities, to Mrs. Preston. I dare say he will have supper ready when you reach home," he said, with an assuring smile. He was dressed for riding, and the horses were waiting. Cassia rose and bowed to Madam Briffault; she had advanced a few steps toward her, and would have offered her hand, but, in some peculiar way, madam made her feel that the courtesy would be unwelcome, and, indeed, impossible. It was a relief to pass out of her presence, and she felt sorry for the pretty, sad-looking girl who watched her away.

After passing the gates they fell into an even, and almost silent, gallop. The prairie was so still and dim, the stars so bright, their own personalities so vague and unknown to each other, that the ride made upon the consciousness of each the impression of a ride in a dream. But ere long they came to the Preston place, and, with a grateful heart, the tired, hungry girl saw the dancing fire-light in the big kitchen. Adrian, in his white cap and apron, heard their horses' feet, and ere his master called, he was hastening to the gate; for Adrian gave a service of love, and Cassia perceived that, to please Raymund, he had come willingly, for their comfort and protection.

"The coffee is on, captain; and the biscuit; and the fried chicken."

Raymund smiled his approval, and acting on the moment's grateful impulse, Cassia touched his hand, and said: "Will you dismount and eat with us?"

The fair lifted face was not to be refused. He answered gladly, "Yes, I will." They went in together, and he sighed comfortably as he looked around the room in which Cassia left him. It was so pleasantly white and cool. It was in such spotless order, and it had such a delicious atmosphere of repose, mingled with the faint perfume of sleeping flowers.

Cassia was agreeably surprised by the improvement in her mother's condition. The crisis had effectually aroused her. When she saw Cassia she said, with a trembling smile of satisfaction: "There is a fire in the kitchen again; it is really good to see it; and the boy whom Captain Briffault sent is making supper. I wish it was ready, dear; I believe I am actually hungry."

"That is a good thing to hear you say, mother; and Captain Briffault is going to eat supper with us. Come into the dining-room to-night; a little company will do you good."

The appeal, so often resisted before, was listened to at this hour. It seemed a relief to the anxiety and loneliness of her position, to discuss it with some one stronger and wiser than herself. So, leaning upon Cassia's arm, she went into the dining-room, and the gay, handsome, hopeful soldier soon won his way with the invalid recluse.

The meal was consciously lengthened out; then Captain Briffault sat with the anxious ladies until midnight, talking softly and solemnly of the cause which had been so bravely fought for and so totally lost. Many a one was named whose place would know him no more; and others, whose fate was yet unknown, but for whose possible return tender hearts watched with the terrible sickness of hope long deferred.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

ANOTHER year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

The Higher Life.

HITHERTO.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

STANDING in the early dawning
Of another opening year,
Oh, look backward with thanksgiving,
And look forward without fear!
For it may be richer blessings
Are laid up for you in store
Than you ever even hoped for
In the old years gone before ;
And if trials, cares, and sorrows
Are our Father's will for you,
He will help, as He has helped you
Hitherto.

It may be through many dangers
You may pass, but not alone—
One who knows the way will lead you,
In his footsteps plant your own.
If the road is smooth and easy
Follow closer still your Guide,
It is on the smoothest places
That the feet are apt to slide.
You will never lose the pathway
If you keep Him in view,
He will lead as He has led you
Hitherto.

In the shadow and the sunshine,
Joy and sorrow, pain and health,
In all times of tribulation,
And in every hour of wealth,
In the meetings and the partings,
Rest and labour, peace and strife,
In the valley of the shadow,
In the Everlasting Life,—
Yes, for ever and for ever
He will be the same to you,
He will love as He has loved you
Hitherto.

THE NEW YEAR'S POSSIBILITIES.

It is possible for you to make the coming year a new year in a new and happy sense by living wholly to the Lord. You may

walk every day in the light of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. Do you again doubt? If so, on what ground? Is the promise of your Lord too narrow to cover such an experience? Is His power inadequate? Is His love too small? Is the victory of faith only a partial victory? Is the joy of the Holy Ghost in a believing heart a summer torrent rather than a stream that never fails? The river of God is full of water. Do you doubt that this experience is attainable by you.

There can be but two causes for such doubt. The remembrance of your past unfaithfulness paralyzes your faith. You admit that there are some, a favoured few, who walk with God in white and rejoice evermore in His love. You see clearly enough that to doubt this would be to impeach the veracity of God who hath promised. But you say in your heart, This is not for me. I must move on a lower plane, and be content with admiring at a distance that which I shall never reach. There is no outreaching of faith and hope, and consequently no influx of new life, no access of strength and joy.

Another hindrance may exist. Your consecration is imperfect. This makes imperfection in all your religious life. It cuts you from the best that is possible for you. You keep back part of the price, and rob yourself of part of the blessing. You would be glad to have the fulness of present joy and future glory, but you do not meet the condition, which is entire consecration to God. This entire consecration is possible for you this year. What is it? It is to follow Christ without reserve. In these seven words you have both the description of what it is and the means by which it is to be attained. There is neither mystery nor impossibility about it. This heaven on earth may come to you with the New Year, and remain with you always.

Shall these possibilities become realities to you? For this you have been spared to see the beginning of the New Year. The perception of such possibilities is in itself an unspeakable blessing—to turn them into accomplished results is the work to which you are called of God.—*Nashville Advocate*.

REDEEM THE TIME.

The beginning of the new year is a good time to consider the use we are making and should make of our years. They are God's gifts to be used as He directs. Their object is a spiritual one—the culture and preparation of the soul for

eternity. The interests of the soul are paramount; its claims are highest and first. It thirsts for something more enduring and more satisfying than things of time and sense. If robbed of its rightful supremacy, it still clamours for attention, and its demands must be heard. Blind as we may be to the fact, all other interests exist for the soul. The material world is but a theatre for its discipline. Every discovery, invention, or human genius derives its highest value from the fact that it furnishes a wide sphere for the culture of the soul. The deepest question concerning any event, agency, or influence is, What character does it form? what nurture does it furnish for the soul?

The character we form here in the use of our probational advantages will determine our eternal destiny. The better the character the better the destiny; and the more time spent in the formation of character the better it will be. God says to us, "Redeem the time"—make the most of every day and hour in getting ready for heaven. We have not one moment too much for this work. The shortest life may suffice, if properly improved, for we shall be judged according to that which we have. The longest life is not too long, and not one moment can be wasted without infinite peril and certain loss. To whom much of opportunity as well as of talent is given, of him much shall be required. Every hour that the claims of the soul are neglected is worse than wasted, and will be the occasion of eternal and unavailing regrets. It is a mistake to suppose that heaven will be as blessed to those who defer their preparation for it till late in life as it will be to those who spend all their years in the service of God. Equally fallacious is the supposition that we can neglect the work of life a single year without suffering for it in eternity. There may be wasted years lying behind some who read this, calling to them, "Redeem the time."

The time to redeem is the present. The past is gone beyond recovery, and we know not whether we shall have any future to improve.

"All yesterday is gone;
To-morrow's not our own."

The present only is ours, and if not improved we cannot hope to retrieve its wasted advantages in the future. No miracle of grace or dint of application can restore lost opportunities. The only sense in which the past can be redeemed is to lay to heart the lesson its sins and failures teach, and begin at once to reduce it to practice.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The great event in the Parent Body is the opening of the West End Mission, London, with which the Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A., and M. G. Pearce are connected. The opening services were all that could be expected, and so far all are delighted with the success of the enterprise. St. James' Theatre and Wardour Hall have both been filled at the Sabbath and other services—at some, over 2,000 persons were present. Liberal gifts have been presented towards defraying the expenses. Appearances indicate that the Mission, with its numerous auxiliaries, will be eminently successful.

The Mission, established by Rev. Edwin Smith, near Clerkenwell Square, London, has also been attended with great success. In the east end, where it is said "poverty and vice sit enthroned," a marvellous work has been accomplished. Among the population of 240,000 are thousands of the most wretched class: fallen women, criminals, drunkards and shamelessly profane. The missionary, Rev. Peter Thompson, says: "Again and again has my heart failed me, and I have gone with weeping to stay alone to find refuge and strength and courage in God." At the end of the first year about 300 were converted and hundreds more reformed, or at least led to abandon their shameful lives.

The Central Hall, at Manchester, has more than met the expectations of its friends. A theatre has also been rented for Sabbath services. Missions have been established in various central places in several towns with a view to gather in those who had abandoned places of worship. Ministerial and lay agency have thus been combined in self-denying labours to "rescue the parish-

ing." The Rev. Thomas Champness, of the "Joyful News" department, has despatched two evangelists to South Africa, with more to follow, Appeals have been made to him to send some of his evangelists to Western Africa and also to India. The enterprise in which he is thus engaged is bringing forth much fruit. At least 100 ministers are now labouring on home missions.

The Wesleyan foreign missionaries, like many others, have often had to encounter difficulties in their work by reason of drunkenness. From the last missionary notice received, we gather that not only in South and West Africa is the importation of intoxicating liquors injurious, but also in India, in Ceylon, in Burmah, and in China "drunkenness is spreading among the native population with the rapidity of an epidemic." This detestable traffic is generally introduced by the British trader. "A united committee composed of representatives from all the missionary and temperance societies in London has been formed to enquire into the extent of the evil, and to move public opinion and the Legislature to check the overspreading ruin."

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Letters have recently been received from the Revs. S. Pollard, jun., and F. J. Dymond, missionaries in China, who are greatly cheered with the prospect of success in that empire. The letter states that "the religions of China are rotten and must therefore fall, their priests are most vile characters, their idols are mere toys, and when they do not give what is requested of them they are stood on their heads or ducked in the river."

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

A large number of ministers and laymen recently met at Leicester in connection with the Missionary Committee, when it was resolved to open a new mission in the Barotze country, Central Africa; also to open a new mission as early as possible in Opoko, King Ja Ja's country, and to purchase a steam launch for the Fernando Po Mission. Some thousands of pounds will be needed to carry out these objects.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

The annual meeting of the Missionary Board was recently held in New York. The income exceeded one million of dollars, but the whole of this amount was not received from collections alone, however. The Board appropriated the following amounts for the current year:—

Foreign Missions	\$625,628
Missions in the United States, etc.	71,272
<i>Domestic Missions.</i>	
Welsh Missions	1,800
Scandinavian Missions.	42,475
German Missions	53,500
French Missions	5,400
Chinese Missions	9,916
Japanese Missions	5,050
American Indians	5,250
Bohemian and Hungarian	3,250
English-speaking	284,250
Miscellaneous	85,000
Grand Total	\$1,201,819

The Board of Education held its annual meeting in New York in November. The income is about \$40,000; \$35,000 was appropriated for the aid of students in schools and seminaries throughout the country.

The Church Extension Society recently held its annual meeting in Philadelphia. The past year was the most successful the Society ever had. The receipts were \$213,627.14, which was a large increase. The total disbursements were \$269,024.74. The number of churches aided in 1887 was 528.

The centennial of Methodism in Brooklyn was celebrated for four days in November. There are now forty-five M. E. churches in the city,

and a membership of 14,361 members.

Ground has been purchased at the cor. of Fifth Avenue and Twentieth street, New York, for the erection of buildings for the Book Concern and Mission Rooms. The property is valued at \$439,000. The old property of the Concern will be sold for enough to pay for the new lot and for the erection of all the buildings needed. The year 1889 will close the first century of the history of the institution. At the opening of the next century the publishing house will be the finest denominational establishment of its kind in the world.

In connection with the annual meetings of the Boards of Missions and Church Extension, a memorial service was held, as five members of the Boards had died during the year, viz.: Bishop Harris, Dr. Curry, Dr. Wilbur, Oliver Hoyt and J. B. Cornell, Esqs. The service was one of the most impressive and solemn character.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The centenary of this Church was recently celebrated. It now reports 500,000 communicants, 2,500 travelling preachers, 6,300 local preachers, 3,000 church edifices, a publication department and a quarterly magazine, the "A. M. Q. Review."

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Rev. Silas Huntingdon, Missionary on the Canadian Pacific Railway, says: The Hudson's Bay Company has an important post established on the line of this road in connection with which I have found a band of Indians numbering seventy-two souls who were converted from paganism at Michipicoten over 25 years ago, under the labours of the late Rev. George McDougall. They claim to be Methodists, and through all these years, although separated from the body of their tribe, they have kept their faith and maintained their religious worship without the aid of a missionary.

The Rev. David Savage and his bands have had a successful season in Nova Scotia; a revival flame has spread through several circuits. At the close of a series of meetings in Halifax, Mr. Savage made an earnest appeal for Christian people to manifest their purpose by rising up, not less than nine-tenths of the vast congregation stood to their feet. Such a scene could not have been possible a few years ago, even in this Christian community. Arrangements have been made for further evangelistic efforts to be made by means of Band organizations. It is intended to send a few members of the Bands to aid ministers who may be engaged in evangelistic work. In this way a great amount of latent talent will be utilized.

South Brunswick Street Church, Halifax, has long employed a lay missionary, and now there are six churches where there were only two; one of these has the largest Sunday-school in the Maritime Provinces.

The Rev. J. C. Seymour, of Bay of Quinte Conference, has won one of the prizes offered for the best essay on "Systematic Giving." The Rev. Mr. Cook, of the Parliament street Baptist Church, Toronto, won the other.

Ontario Ladies' College at the present writing has 98 boarders and nearly 40 day pupils. Never before had the college so many advanced students in literature, science, music, fine arts and elocution. The Principal and the Faculty are worthy of congratulation at the success of the institution.

Alma College, St. Thomas, London Conference, is to be rebuilt. Principal Austin has secured the necessary funds for the purpose. This college of the west has had a successful career. The new building will be a five-story edifice. The cost is estimated at \$20,000, and is to be completed by November next.

The Wesleyan Ladies' College at Hamilton, under the able administration of the Rev. Dr. Burns, is having, we understand, a prosperous season.

The Rev. Dr. Burwash was unanimously chosen by the Regents of

Victoria University to fill the place of the lately deceased Chancellor, Dr. Nelles. He has entered upon the duties of his office with every prospect of success. His elevation to the important position of Chancellor is universally approved. We pray that he may have a long, as we are sure he will have an honorable, career. The Board of Regents also appointed the Rev. F. H. Wallace, M.A., B.D., Professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis. Professor Reynar was appointed Dean of the Faculty of Arts. The department of Science was made a Faculty, with Dr. Haanel as Dean.

It will be remembered that the Rev. Wellington Bridgman, missionary in the North-West, appealed to the Conferences of Ontario last year for aid to build three churches under the shadow of the Rockies. One of the churches has been built and dedicated. The worthy missionary with a few volunteer labourers performed a good deal of the necessary toil involved in building. At the time of writing last he was getting out lumber for a second church. Some idea may be formed of the difficulties to be encountered, when it is known that all the lumber has to be brought forty miles and costs \$43 per 1000 feet. He feels much encouraged in his work, as 150 circuits have responded to his appeal. Let others also respond, and thus cheer the heart of a worthy brother.

Evangelistic services are being numerously held. Rev. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley have been labouring for the past month at Carlton and Sherbourne street churches in Toronto with marked success.

SENATOR MACDONALD.

We present our congratulations to the Hon. John Macdonald on his appointment to the Dominion Senate. While he was a member of the House of Commons he rendered good service to his country. We are confident that in the Upper House his service will be that of purest patriotism. It is gratifying to know that this appointment will be as

popular to the country generally as to the Church of which Mr. Macdonald is an honoured member, for he belongs not merely to the Methodist Church, but in its broadest sense to the Church catholic.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Our death roll for this month contains several illustrious names. It may well be said that death loves a shining mark.

John B. Cornell was a central pillar in the Methodist Episcopal Church. For several years he was a successful merchant in New York, though he resided in New Jersey. He took a deep interest in all the affairs of the Church, more especially its educational, missionary, and church building enterprises. He was also a liberal benefactor to the Bible Society and other institutions which were not strictly denominational. It is believed that he gave away not less than \$1,200,000 to charitable objects. The Church esteemed him highly, and honoured him with a place in its councils.

Sir William McArthur, a princely merchant of London, Eng., died in the midst of a dense fog while travelling on the underground railway. He was the eldest son of his father, who was a Wesleyan Minister in Ireland. Sir William was never ashamed of the Church of his father. Like his brother Alexander, he identified himself with Methodism early in life, and remained steadfast unto the end. They were successful merchants both in England and Australia, and as their wealth increased their liberality abounded, both towards English and Irish Methodism. Sir William was for several years member of Parliament. Through his influence Fiji was made a colony of Great Britain. He was at one time Sheriff of London, and alderman, and afterwards Lord Mayor. The Queen honoured him with knighthood. While he was Lord Mayor the Methodist Ecumenical Conference was held, when he entertained all the members at a magnificent banquet in the Mansion House. Though a man of great wealth, he was distinguished for earnest piety, and took special inter-

est in prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and evangelistic services.

Dennis Moore, Esq., Hamilton, Ont., has also been called away from the busy scenes of earth. He had long been identified with the Methodist Church of that city, and took an active part in all its enterprises. Some years ago he endowed a chair of Science in Victoria College, and by his will he gives \$25,000 to establish or assist in establishing a chair or professorship in the Faculty of Arts in the said University. He also provides that \$600 per year shall be given to the Methodist Missionary Society for ten years, and \$1,600 is given to the city charities. Mr. Moore was a devoted Christian, and was greatly beloved by the members of the Church and his work-people generally.

The name of Rev. Christopher Lockhart, of Nova Scotia Conference, is now added to the righteous dead. He entered the ministry in 1842, and for forty-five years he laboured in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. He was a man of deep piety, devoted to his work, and successful in the conversion of sinners. For some years his health has been failing, but he continued with unflinching fidelity to labour for Christ; but he now rests from his labours, and his works follow him.

The Primitive Methodist Church in England has lost a valuable minister in the death of the Rev. W. Crown, who recently died at Yarmouth. He travelled 47 years, most of which time he was stationed in Norwich District. He was 73 years of age, and laboured very efficiently until within a short time of his decease.

The Bible Christian Church in England has been called to lose one of its venerable ministers, the Rev. William Hopper, who entered the ministry in 1837, and died at St. Stephen's, Launceston, in October last. For some years he had held a superannuated relation; prior to that time he was a most devoted servant of the Church, and occupied a prominent position.

Book Notices.

Lebanon, Damascus and Beyond Jordan. (The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations, drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery, of the Holy Land.) By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D., forty-five years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. 3 vols. 8vo, illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$9.00 the set.

It has been well said that the best commentary on the Bible is the Land of the Bible. Hence Renan calls Palestine a fifth Gospel. A thousand side-lights are thrown upon the sacred page by the immemorial and unchanging customs of the Holy Land. This land possesses a perennial interest to every Christian mind: How thrilling are the associations of

"Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked these blessed
feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago
were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

Of the many books on Palestine, none have met with such marked success and deserved popularity as Dr. Thomson's "The Land and the Book." Since the first appearance, twenty-seven years ago, it has run through many editions and has had an immense sale. But no previous edition will compare with its magnificent re-issue—in three stately octavos, sumptuously illustrated—by the Harper Brothers. This is practically a new book, re-written and with all the discoveries and researches of recent travellers and of the British and American Palestine Exploration Societies incorporated. Yet the conversational charm and direct personal interest of the original narrative is maintained, and its copious illustration of the identity of usage of ancient and modern Oriental life.

Dr. Thomson was for many years a missionary at Beirut, and has traversed repeatedly; as have few travellers, the region which he describes. To his keen powers of observation he adds a vividness of description and piquancy of narrative that make his books very charming and instructive reading.

One of the most conspicuous features of the book is the number and variety and excellence of its engravings. These are drawn from photographs of the living object or natural scene, and strike one not so much as a representation as a reality. Of these engravings, many of them full-page, there are no less than 417, with large folding-maps. Much as we may long to visit those sacred scenes most of us must be content with the descriptions of others. For stay-at-home travellers we know of no book which offers such a satisfactory substitute for a personal visit as Dr. Thomson's "The Land and the Book."

Few more appropriate or useful presents for a pastor or Sunday-school superintendent or teacher than these noble volumes. They are in every respect the same as the edition sold at \$6.00 per vol., except that there is a little less gilding on the binding.

The Life of William Morley Punshon, LL.D. By FREDERIC W. MACDONALD and A. H. REYNAR, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. With etched portrait. 8vo, pp. xii.—514. Price \$3.

This admirable biography will be read with intense interest throughout Canada. No human agency has given such an impetus to Canadian Methodism of late years as William Morley Punshon. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say with Mr. John Macdonald in these pages that he advanced it half a century. Yet

even those who knew him best will learn from these pages much that they did not know before. His faithful diary here published is a revelation of his inmost soul—a book akin to the Confessions of St. Augustine. Few persons knew the physical and mental depression he underwent and against which he so heroically struggled. The biographers paint the portrait as Cromwell wished his to be painted—omitting nothing. His was an active, successful crowded life. Into his fifty-six years he compressed an enormous amount of vitality and work. Few great preachers have ever travelled so far or swayed, as the wind the waving grass, such immense audiences. By his lectures alone he raised nearly \$300,000 for religious objects. In Canada and the United States he gave nearly 300 of these lectures. And an enormous tax on his nervous energy they were. This nervous tax was all the greater on account the high expectations his great fame created—expectations which were seldom, if ever, disappointed. In one day we heard at New York the three greatest orators then living—Beecher, Gavazzi, and Punshon—and the Methodist preacher was unquestionably the most eloquent of them all. Professors Macdonald and Reynar have done their work well and have given us a model biography. This book is of such surpassing interest that we have asked the Rev. Hugh Johnston, who was with Dr. Punshon during the last days of his life, to prepare an article dealing adequately with this memoir of his beloved friend.

The Philosophy of Theism. By BORDEN P. BOWNE, Professor of Philosophy in Boston University. 8vo, pp. x-369. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.75.

The first number of this Magazine, thirteen years ago, contained a review of Prof. Bowne's earlier works. We have ever since followed with interest and admiration his growing fame. His valuable works on Metaphysics and Psychology have been

recognized as standards in their department. The present book will be to his well-deserved reputation. Prof. Bowne is a fresh and original thinker, an acute and logical champion of religious faith against the materialistic philosophy which is fast losing its influence. It is encouraging to hear a man of Prof. Bowne's standing assert that "the atheistic gust of recent years has about blown over. Atheism is dead as a philosophy and remains chiefly as a disposition. The critic must allow that the theistic outlook was never more encouraging." A competent authority has declared that this book "is the best philosophy of faith ever published." This philosophy alone satisfies intense immortal yearning of the soul crying out for the living God. Prof. Bowne's vigour and vivacity of style make his book, though written on so high a mental plane, exceedingly interesting reading. To a profound philosophy akin to that of Plato, he adds an Attic wit akin to that of Socrates. It is an honour to American Methodism, that she has such a philosopher as Dr. Bowne and such a school of philosophy as Boston University.

The Story of Methodism: Tracing the Rise and Progress of that Wonderful Religious Movement, and giving an Account of its Various Influences and Institutions of To-day. By A. B. HYDE, D.D., Prof. of Greek in the University of Denver. 8vo, pp. 802. Willey & Co., Greenfield, Mass. Price, morocco, \$5.75; cloth, \$2.75.

Dr. Hyde has in this sumptuous book rendered admirable service to the cause of Methodism and religion. He has told with freshness and vigour, and with wonderful condensation, the marvellous story of that movement which, to use his own phrase, "like the Gulf-stream has given warmth to wide waters and verdure to many lands." The author not only tells the heroic story of Methodism in Great Britain, the United States and Canada, but also the story of its mission work in India, China, Japan, South and

West Africa, the South Sea, the West Indies, South and Spanish America, and among the Indian tribes. Of course where such an extensive range is covered the treatment must be very succinct. The book is written for busy people who have to get their information "boiled down." A conspicuous feature of this book is its copious illustrations. It contains fifty-eight chapters and nearly three hundred engravings on wood, copper and steel, including steel portraits of John Wesley and Matthew Simpson, portraits of every bishop of the M. E. Church, North and South, and other illustrious men and women of the Church.

We regret that our limits of space will not permit a more adequate review of this important work.

The Scottish Pulpit. From the Reformation to the Present Day.

By WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

The accomplished pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle has here a congenial topic. He has treated it with characteristic vigour and vivacity. The several chapters were first given in the form of lectures before the Yale Theological Seminary, and they are enlivened with many graphic touches and anecdotes. The witty Doctor does not hesitate to poke fun at his countrymen now and then, as when he tells of the Scotch youth who went to the debating school "just to contradict a wee," and when he quotes the Scottish prayer, "Lord, grant that we may be right, for Thou knowest that we are very decided." But he justifies the "dourness" of the sturdy Scot on the ground that he stands *like* a rock because he has first taken care to stand *on* a rock. In these pages the heroic characters of Knox, Melville, Rutherford, Leighton, Chalmers, Eadie, Candlish, Macleod, Guthrie and other leaders of the Scottish pulpit pass in review before us. The sketches of the Covenanting field-preachers, of whom Peden and Renwick are types, are full of sympa-

thy, and one gets in brief a clearer view of the "Moderates and Evangelicals, the Burghers and Anti-burghers," and other Scottish sects and secessions than from anything that we know elsewhere.

The Russian Church and Russian Dissent: Comprising Orthodoxy, Dissent and Erratic Sects. By ALBERT F. HEARD, formerly Consul-general for Russia at Shanghai. Pp. x.-310. Crown 8vo, cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.75.

The author of this book had special qualifications for its production. His position in the Russian Consular service and intimate acquaintance with the theme he discusses makes his book an authority on the subject. Russian dissent and Russian sects are topics unfamiliar to most readers, yet of much interest. For nothing throws so much light on the social condition and political aspirations of a people as a knowledge of their religious beliefs. Some of the Russian sects are very strange and fanatical ones, and the very contrast of the religious life of this vast Russian Empire with that of Roman Catholic or Protestant Christendom is very suggestive and instructive. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* entertains so high an opinion of this book as to declare that "it will give the reader a clearer insight into the actual life of Russia than any book before written." This is saying a great deal when we remember Wallace's exhaustive work; but we do not care to balance the relative values of two such important books.

Hymns of the Faith. Edited by GEORGE HARRIS, D.D., and WM. JEWETT TUCKER, D.D., Professors in Andover Theological Seminary, and E. K. GLEZEN, A.M. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Cloth, price \$1.50.

With the progress of musical culture, the improvement of congregational singing is very marked. Such books as this are at once an evidence

of this fact and a means of its promotion. The selection of hymns impresses us as an exceedingly good one, and as drawn from a wider range of authors than any other that we know. In nothing is the unity of the Christian Church more striking than in its hymnology. Here are hymns of every age and of every branch of the Church. Watts and Wesley, Bonar and Faber, Newman and Neale, the Roman Breviary and many grand old Latin hymns are all laid under tribute for this noble anthology of praise to God. Of the music we profess no competence to judge. But the names of such composers as the late Samuel Wesley, Bach, Beethoven, Barnby, Croft, Dykes, Gauntlett, Haydn, Irons, Lowell Mason, Monk, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Sullivan, Tallis and many others, should be a guarantee that it is of the highest class. The book has nearly 800 chants and tunes, and strikes us as a most valuable addition to the sacred songs of the Church.

Memoirs of Wilhelmine, Margravine of Baireuth. Translated and edited by H. R. H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, with portrait. Pp. 453. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price \$1.25.

Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great gives one an inside view of life in a palace. And a very unpleasant view it is. The old tyrant, Frederick II., treated his children in a way in which a humane butcher would not treat a dog—flinging dishes at their heads, half starving them, beating them with a cane, and the like. In this book the beautiful and accomplished sister of Frederick the Great gives in her private journal a further revelation of the gilded miseries of a palace. One of the most gifted women of the eighteenth century, she was treated with the greatest inhumanity. The story would seem incredible were it not abundantly vouched for by irrefragable evidence. Despite this treatment, the Margravine grew up a woman of

self-sacrificing devotion and of passionate attachment to her brother, the Great Frederick, the most notable figure of the century. So curious and instructive are these Memoirs that we shall place them in the hands of a competent writer for more adequate treatment in these pages.

The World to Come. By WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT. Pp. x.-307. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

The author of these thoughtful Biblical and social studies has taken his title from the sublime designation in the Epistle to the Hebrews of the golden future of redeemed humanity. This blessed theme was the inspiration of St. Augustine's noblest work, "The City of God." It is the hope which sustains the heart of suffering and weary humanity, and is

The one far-off Divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

In a spirit of broadest human sympathy and deep spiritual insight the author discusses in a score of thoughtful discourses such themes as the Model Church, the Keys of the Kingdom, Spiritual Ploughing, Saving Faith, the Missionary Spirit and the like. We commend the book to the study of those who like fresh, original and vigorous treatment of well-worn themes.

Dei Gratia: A Jubilee Ode. By "Hans Goebel" (Mrs. Keefer). Price 25 cents.

This is a graceful poem in three cantos recounting first the glories of the Queen's Jubilee, then the progress of Temperance, and last the triumphs of Christianity. It is neatly printed, with symbolical designs. We congratulate "Hans Goebel" on her poetic success.

Christian Childhood. By the Rev. E. A. GREGORY. London: T. Woolmer.

A book for parents on the Christian culture of their children. An important subject ably treated.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

The celebrated Boston Publishing House of Lee & Shepard makes a specialty of elegant illustrated holiday and birthday gift books. These while gotten up in the highest style of the engravers', printers', and binders' art, are yet so moderate in price as to be within the reach of almost every one. For a number of years they have issued an annual volume of exquisite interpretations of nature designed by Miss Irene Jerome, of Chicago, which have won wide fame. These are: "Nature's Hallelujah," "One Year's Sketch Book," and "The Message of the Bluebird." This year their *chef d'œuvre* is entitled "A Bunch of Violets," by the same accomplished artist. There is fine poetic feeling in her designs. Seldom have we seen the sombre majesty of the pine, and the swaying grace of the willow, and the tender beauty of the violets so exquisitely rendered as in this sumptuous volume. The binding is itself a work of art—a royal quarto 10 x 12 inches, in English old gold cloth, with emblematic design. The price in this style is \$3.75. Morocco or tree calf, \$9.

Another beautiful little book issued by the same House is "Faith's Festivals," by Mary Lakeman. It is a gem of printing on fine ivory paper and in white cloth and gold, price \$1. The experiences of Faith, as child, maiden, wife, mother, and grandmother, with Christmas memories and Easter hopes suggest religious teachings of the highest importance.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard also issue a number of standard hymns and poems, specially appropriate to the holiday season, beautifully illustrated. One of the most beautiful is Alfred Domett's grand Christmas hymn, "It was the calm and silent night." Another is that grandest of hymns, "It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old" (No. 141 in our hymn book). Then we have Tennyson's immortal New Year's hymn, "Ring out wild bells to the wild sky," with exquisite English winter landscapes, and a

number of hymns dear to the heart of universal Christendom: "Abide with me," "Rock of Ages," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "My faith looks up to Thee," "Home, sweet home," "The breaking waves dashed high," "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud," Gray's immortal "Elegy," and "Curfew must not ring to-night." These are published in quarto, cloth, full gilt, for \$1.50; in alligator, in neat box, same price; also in "Golden Miniature" style, *i.e.*, old gold cloth, with bright gold vignette; and in delicately tinted flexible covers, tied with silk ribbon, for 50 cents each. Any of the above books may be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

A Gate of Flowers, and Other Poems. By THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs.

The author of this dainty volume reveals true poetic instincts and no small skill in poetical expression. What we admire chiefly is the patriotic ring of several of his poems. The college memorial poems and his Christmas hymn are so creditable as to have called forth the kindly commendation of the veteran poet Whittier.

LITERARY NOTES.

The celebrated Publishing House of Cassell & Co. have issued a new literary venture—"The Woman's World"—edited by Oscar Wilde. It is a beautifully illustrated quarto of 48 pages. Price 35 cents or \$3.50 a year. It will be of special interest to our lady friends, and anything that this great firm undertakes is sure to be a success.

The Minutes of the Spring Conferences, 1887, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now before us, is a closely-printed octavo of 233 pages. (New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price \$1.00.) It is a marvellous evidence of the growth of Methodism in the New World. It includes also ten Conferences in Europe, Africa, and India.