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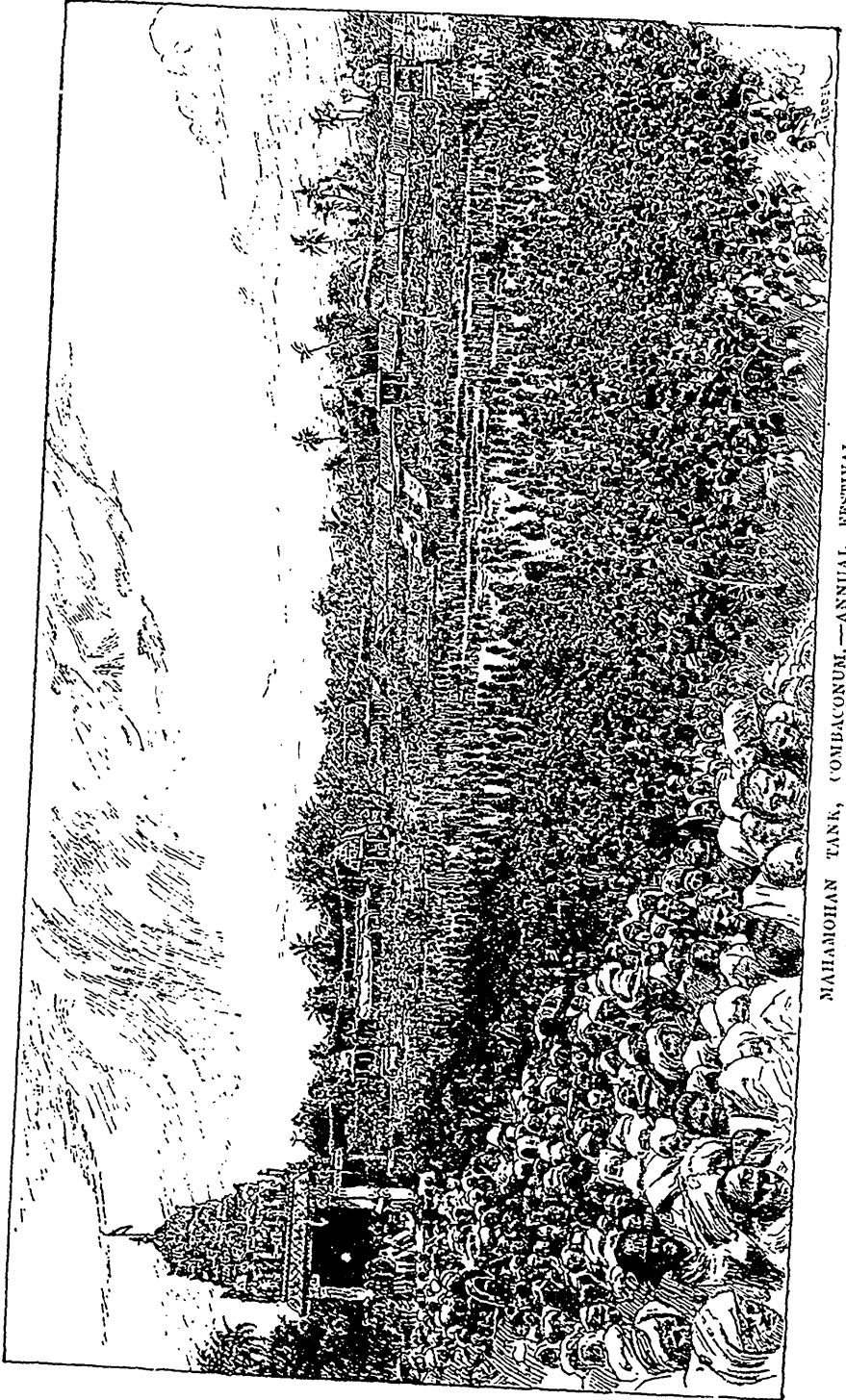
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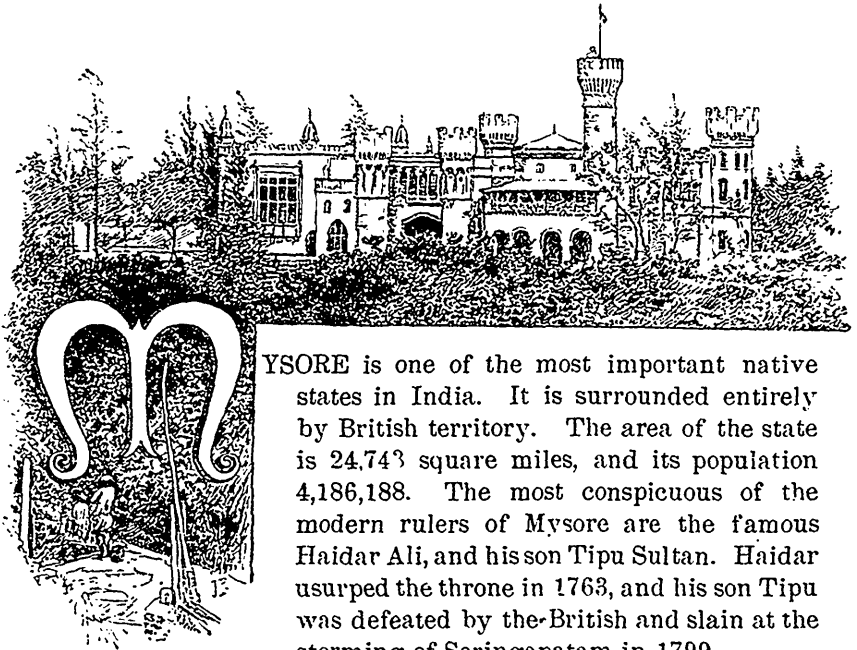
THE
Methodist Magazine.

AUGUST, 1893.

INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY W. S. CAINE, M.P.*

XII.



YSORE is one of the most important native states in India. It is surrounded entirely by British territory. The area of the state is 24,743 square miles, and its population 4,186,188. The most conspicuous of the modern rulers of Mysore are the famous Haidar Ali, and his son Tipu Sultan. Haidar usurped the throne in 1763, and his son Tipu was defeated by the British and slain at the storming of Seringapatam in 1799.

Mysore State is an undulating tableland, broken by ranges of rocky hills and deep ravines. The general elevation of the country is from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the sea, with a fine,

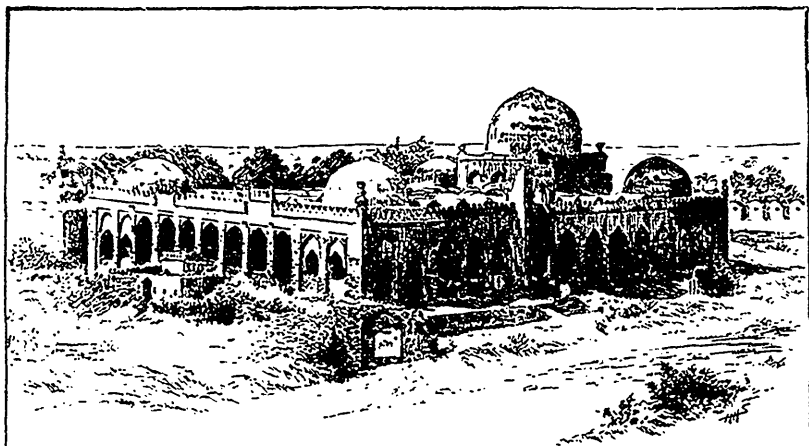
* *Picturesque India*. By W. S. CAINE, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 2.



SACRED BULL, MYSORE.

pleasant climate. A peculiar feature in the scenery is the large number of isolated granite rocks called *droogs*, sometimes stupendous monoliths, sometimes huge boulders piled up, often rising 2,000 feet from the plain. Many of these are crowned with ruined fortresses, once the strongholds of robber chieftains, who



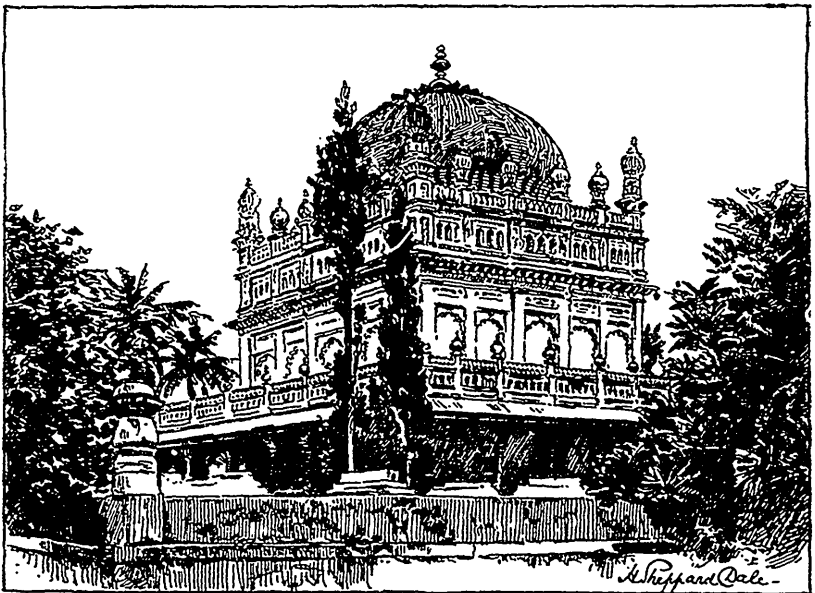
GREAT MOSQUE, KALBARGAH.

domineered over the adjacent plains. The mountain flanks are clothed with superb forests, the resort of wild elephants, bison, tigers, panthers, leopards, bears, sambhar, and spotted deer, jungle fowl and spur fowl. The streams which gather from the hill sides and mountain ranges are at every favourable point em-

banked into chains of tanks, varying in size from ponds to large lakes, dispersed throughout the country to the total number of 38,000. The largest is the Sulukere tank, a noble sheet of water forty miles in circumference.

There is a very remarkable stone Nandi, or sacred bull, on a low hill near the town, one of the finest in all India.

At the lower end of the island of Seringapatam is the Lal Bagh, containing the mausoleum built by Tipu for his father Haidar Ali, in which he himself lies buried also. It is a square building, with dome and minarets, surrounded by a pillar corridor of black hornblende. The double doors, inlaid with ivory, were a present



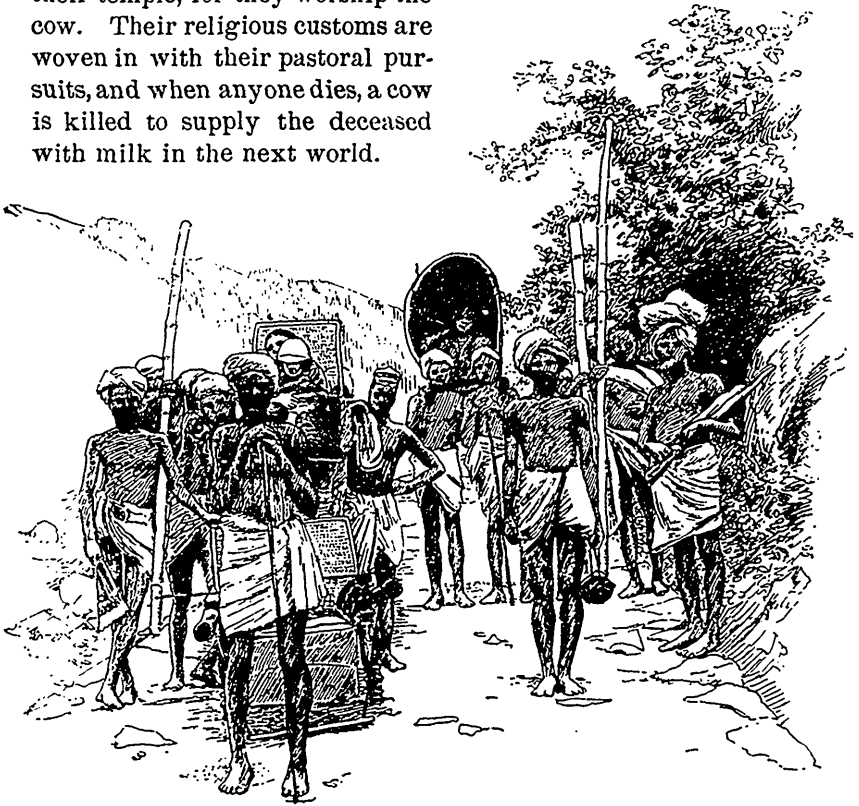
TIPU SULTAN'S TOMB, SERINGAPATAN.

from Lord Dalhousie. The inscription on Tipu's tomb states that he died a martyr to Islam.

The delightful city of Bangalore is one of the pleasantest and most attractive in India. It stands in the centre of the Mysore plateau, 3,113 feet above the sea, its climate being noted for its healthiness and suitability to European constitutions.

Nilgiri means "the Blue Mountains." One side of Mur Kurti Peak is a sheer precipice of nearly 7,000 feet, and the view from the summit is superb. The hill tribes of the Nilgiris are among the most primitive and interesting races in India. The most attractive of them are the Todas; tall, well-proportioned, and

athletic, with bold independent carriage, and finely-moulded, sinewy limbs which show they are sprung from no effeminate race. Their aquiline nose, receding forehead, and rounded profile, with their black, bushy beards and eyebrows, give them a decidedly Jewish appearance. Their dress consists of a single cloth, worn in a manner which sets off their muscular forms. Their sole occupation is cattle-herding and dairy work. The dairy is also their temple, for they worship the cow. Their religious customs are woven in with their pastoral pursuits, and when anyone dies, a cow is killed to supply the deceased with milk in the next world.

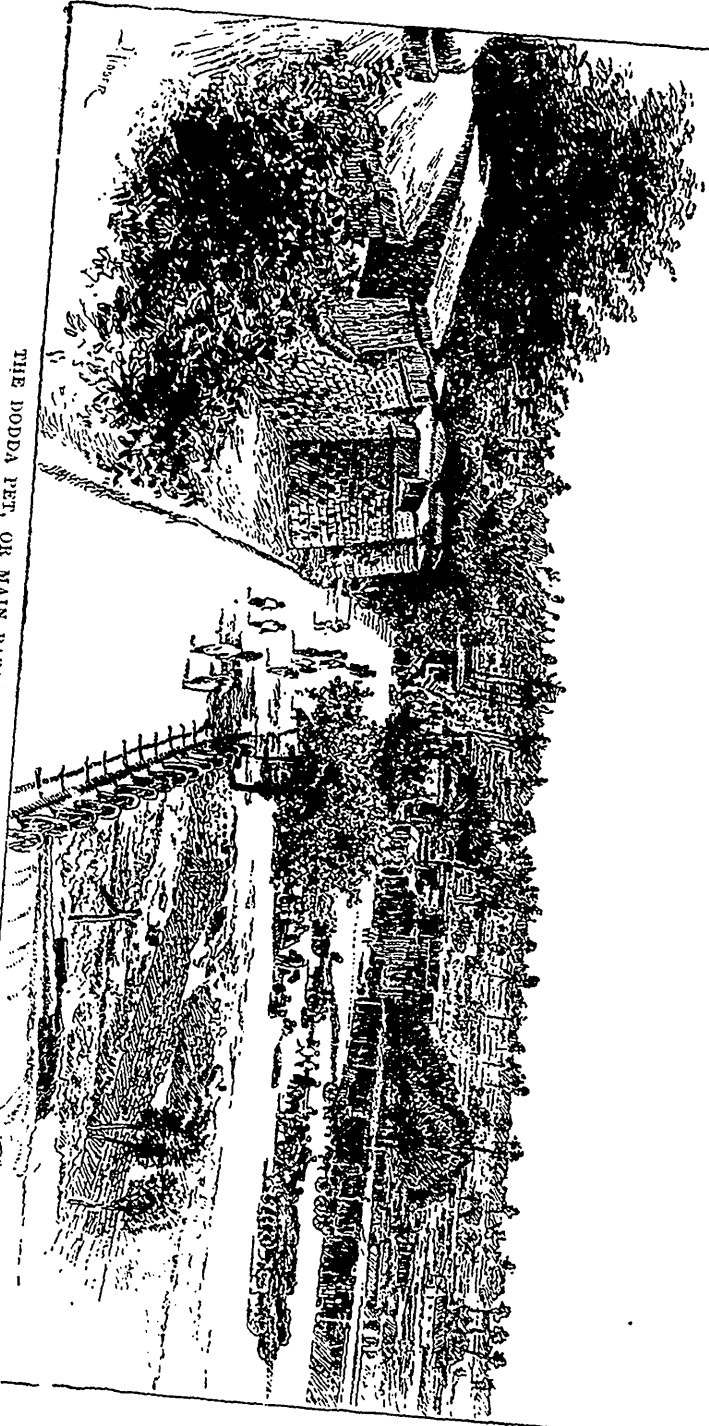


TRAVELLING IN THE NILGIRI HILLS.

Combaconum is one of the most important cities in the Madras Presidency, with a population of more than 50,000. Formerly the capital of the Chola kingdom, it is one of the most ancient and sacred towns in Southern India, and is so celebrated for its learning as to be spoken of as the Indian Oxford. It is much resorted to by learned Indians, and great numbers of pilgrims.

The Mahamohan tank is one of the handsomest in India, its banks being studded with fine temples, flights of steps, and a very large and ancient pagoda of red brick. There are a number of

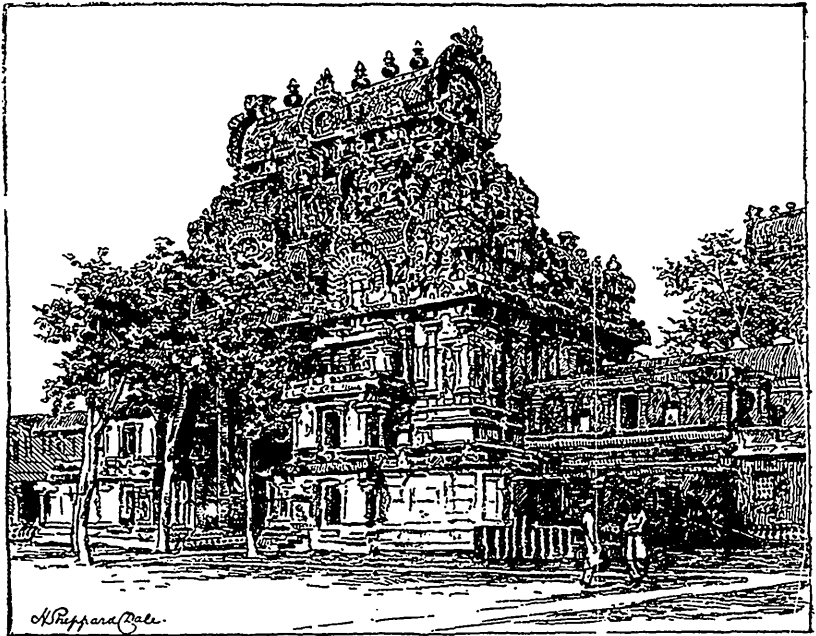
THE DODDA PET, OR MAIN BAZAAR, BANGALORE—FORT TO THE LEFT.



huge idol cars, like that of Jagganath, which at the annual festival are dragged by thousands of people.

Tanjore is an important city of 60,000 inhabitants, situated in what has been justly termed, the garden of South India. There are more than 3,000 Hindu temples in this wealthy district, that in Tanjore city being the finest in India.

On one of the ramparts is a monster gun, called Raja Gopala, made of rings of iron welded together, and bound with hoops of brass. This gun is twenty-four feet long, with an outside circumference of ten feet three inches, and a bore of two feet two



THE MAIN GATEWAY, TANJORE TEMPLE.

inches. It has only been fired once, when the inhabitants were warned by beat of drum to clear out of the town. It was fired by a train of powder two miles long, which took forty minutes to reach the gun. All went well! It is the palladium of the fort, and was worshipped in hours of peril.

The central tower of the great pagoda is the finest in India of its kind. Its base is a square of ninety-six feet, and the height 208 feet. The gateway tower is one of the oldest portions of the temple. Many of the idols in this great temple are very ancient, centuries older than any of its buildings.

The finest brass and metal work in India is made at Tanjore

and Madura. Sir Geo. Birdwood says that in its bold forms and elaborately inwrought ornamentation it recalls the descriptions by Homer of the work of the artists of Sidon in bowls of antique fame. Some are simply etched, others deeply cut in mythological designs, and others diapered all over with *crustæ* of the leaf pattern, seen in Assyrian sculptures, copper on brass, or silver on copper, producing an effect often of quite regal grandeur.

Tanjore is a great missionary centre; there are no less than twenty-five stations within the district, the principal societies represented being the Leipsic Lutheran, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Wesleyan Methodist.

Tranquebar is interesting as the first mission station occupied in India by Protestants, founded by two Lutheran missionaries, Ziegenbalg and Plütschan, in 1706. The quaint old Danish fort still stands on the shore, separated from cultivated land by a wide strip of sand.

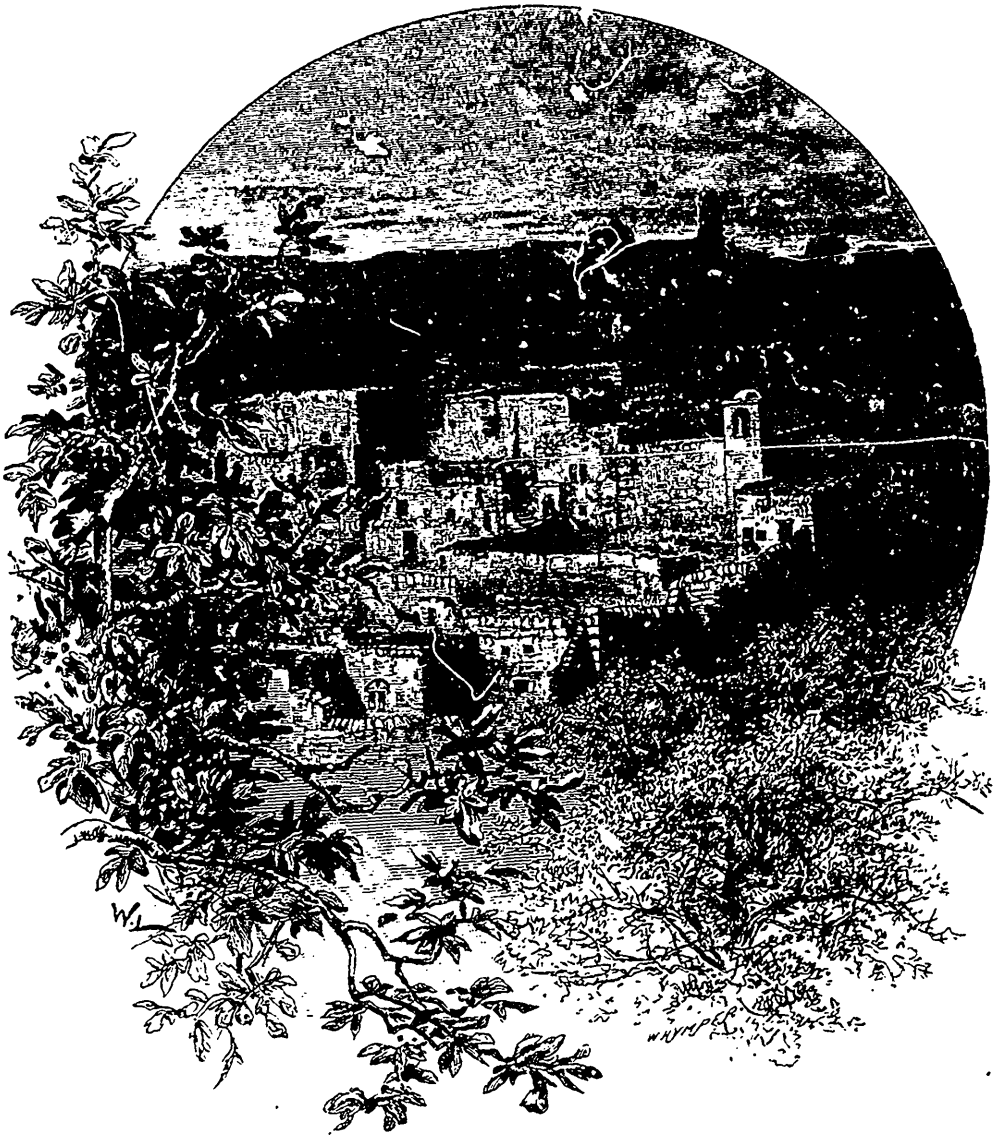
IN THE PINE WOOD.

BY IDA B. WILSON.

WINDING is the path and shady,
 Leading to this cool retreat,
 Where the pine trees thickly clust'ring
 Shade me from the mid-day heat.
 Summer breezes waft sweet fragrance,
 From each bending, tasselled bough ;
 While beneath their shade I linger,
 Balmy zephyrs fan my brow.

In this nook where shades fall thickest,
 Ferns their feathery fronds outspread,
 Cool and green, with dew-drops glist'ning,
 In their sheltered, mossy bed.
 Checkered gleams of golden sunlight
 Lie athwart the old pine trees,
 And I hear the waves' low murmur
 Borne to me upon the breeze.

As I lie thus idly dreaming
 Of the paths where once I strayed
 In my careless, joyous childhood,
 Places where so oft I've played,
 Once again I feel the freedom,
 Changing joy of childish mood,
 While I lie amid the shadows
 Of this fragrant old pine wood.



BETHANY.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

JERICHO TO JERUSALEM.

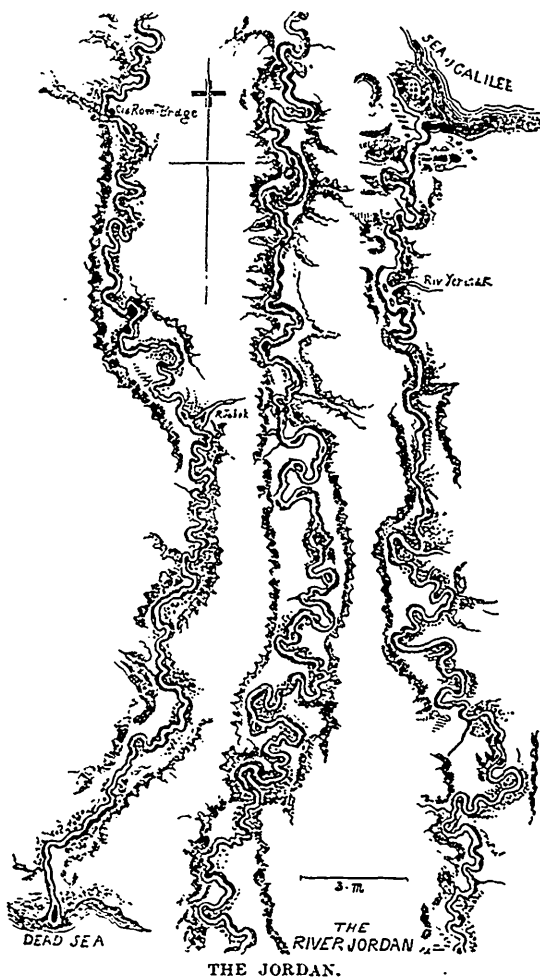
MOUNTAINS AT NORTH-EAST OF DEAD SEA.

AFTER our bath in the Dead Sea we remounted for our ride to the Jordan. We passed a couple of ruined monasteries, in a grotto beneath one of which John the Baptist is said to have dwelt; and another, with dilapidated vaults and ruined arcades, still bears the name, "Castle of the Jews." We were soon riding through the dense thickets of willows and canes which bordered the sacred stream. Its swift, turbid flow rushed past, steadily wasting away the steep clay banks which rise like cliffs. Its many windings greatly increase its length, as shown by the accompanying map. The distance from its source to its mouth, in a straight line, is about 136 miles. From Tiberias to the Dead Sea is only about 64 miles, but the windings of the river make the distance nearly 200 miles. From its rapid fall it derives its name "the Descender," its mouth being 3,000 feet below its source. It is exceedingly turbid, and we understood better after seeing it the contempt of Naaman for its muddy stream.

The Jordan Valley at Jericho is about eight miles wide. Within this valley is a narrower one, less than a mile in width, and depressed about fifty feet below the level of the plain, with a dense thicket bordering the stream, once infested with lions (Jer. xlix., 19). It has generally been crossed by fording, although David

and Barzillai were conveyed across in a ferry boat (2 Sam. xix., 18-31). The legend of St. Christopher and the child Jesus is attached to the Jordan.

For many centuries pilgrims have come by the thousands to the sacred stream for bathing and baptism. Royal baptisms in

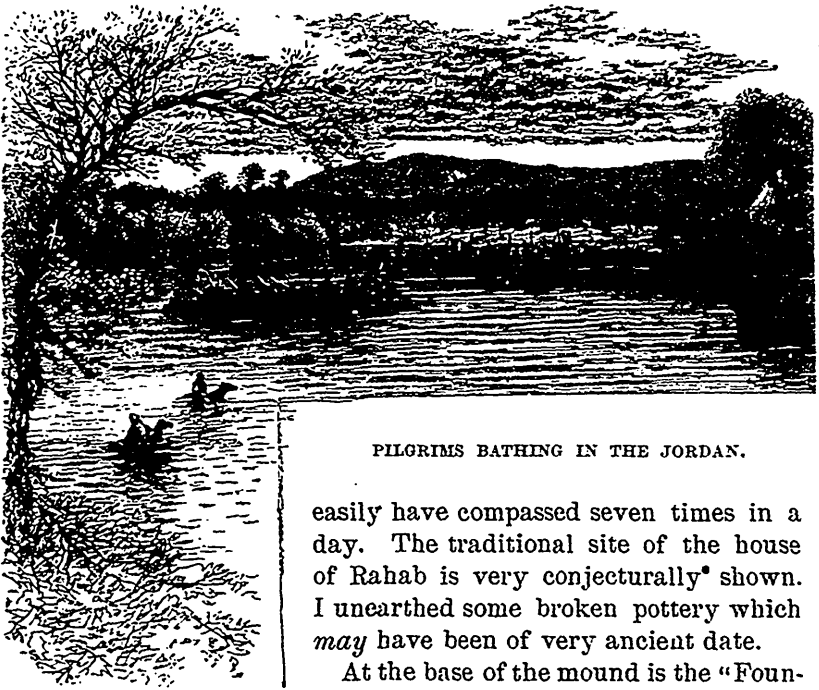


Royal baptisms in Europe have generally been in Jordan water. Each of us brought home some of it boiled down and sealed in glass vessels bearing Russian religious reliefs. My friend, Mr. Read, I hear, has baptized about half a hundred babies with his quantum. We sat by the river and sang, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," "Jesus lover of my soul," and Mr. Read recited "On Nebo's Lonely Mountain." While the Judge, that persistent "Canaanite," went into the thicket with his jack-knife looking for souvenirs, I slowly walked with Madame along the dry and solid-seeming surface of the bank, but soon

found myself sinking to my ankles in the soft mud.

While riding across the valley of Achor, with its sad memories of the sin of Achan and its stern retributions (Josh. vii., 24-26), we fell into conversation with a pleasant party of two ladies and two gentlemen, who seemed exceedingly conversant with the country and its relations to Biblical story and prophecy. They were Mrs. Spafford, of Chicago, the "Mother" of the American

house at Jerusalem, Brother Jacob Eliàhu, and a missionary and his wife, on their wedding tour, I suspect. Señor Eliàhu, for he is of Spanish birth, who has lived in the country for many years, said that the rain-fall has very much increased and with it the fertility of the country, that many Jews were returning to Jerusalem, and that it was being rebuilt in a remarkable degree in the direction prophesied by Jeremiah. We invited our newly-made friends to lunch with us, and afterwards rode with them out to old Jericho—three conjoined hills, covered with rubbish, over which we wandered, and which Joshua with his hosts could



PILGRIMS BATHING IN THE JORDAN.

easily have compassed seven times in a day. The traditional site of the house of Rahab is very conjecturally* shown. I unearthed some broken pottery which *may* have been of very ancient date.

At the base of the mound is the "Fountain of Elisha," by which Jericho was formerly supplied with water. It flows into an ancient basin of hewn stone, still in pretty good repair, thirteen yards long by eleven wide, from which ran a well-built aqueduct. The temperature of the water is 84° Fabr. This, it is claimed, is the water which Elisha healed with salt, and where he made the axe-head to swim (2 Kings ii., 19-22).

Mr. Rolla Floyd thus summarizes the memories of ancient Jericho:

"Standing on a mount just above, we can say with the men of Jericho, 'The situation is pleasant' (2 Kings ii., 19). It was to this place Joshua sent the two spies; and here on the roof of her house Rahab hid them

under stalks of flax (Joshua ii., 1-6); and here, at the sound of the trumpets and the shouting, the walls of the city fell down. Here Joshua pronounced a curse on the man that should rebuild the city (Joshua vi., 26), and the curse was literally fulfilled (1 Kings xvi., 34).

"We ride across the plain in the midst of thorn trees for more than a mile to the supposed site of Gilgal, where the Israelites first encamped on this side Jordan (Joshua iv., 19). Here the last manna fell, and they ate of the old corn of the land; and near here Joshua saw the Captain of the Lord's host (Joshua v., 9-15). Here the tabernacle was set up and remained until the dividing of the land at Shiloh (Joshua xviii., 1). Here Samuel came every year to judge the people (1 Sam. vii., 16). Here Saul was



FORD OF THE JORDAN.

made king (1 Sam. xi., 15); and here he disobeyed God and lost his kingdom (1 Sam. xiii., 5-13). Here Elisha paid a visit to the sons of the prophets and performed two miracles: rendering harmless the poisoned pottage, and feeding one hundred persons with twenty barley loaves and a little corn (2 Kings iv., 38-44); and here the tribe of Judah came to welcome David on his return home after the death of Absalom (2 Sam. xix., 15)."

We rode through thickets of *Spini Christi*—the jagged thorns of which Christ's crown was woven—and strange flowering plants, among them the yellow acrid "apples of Sodom," which in poetic figure "turn to ashes in the mouth."

In the deepening twilight the whole scene was very impressive. Around us swept a noble amphitheatre of hills, one of special sterility and desolation known as Mount Quarantania, or mountain of our Lord's forty days' temptation in the wilderness, a wildly bleak and lonely spot, fit scene for that drear and dreadful hour and power of darkness.* The slopes of the mountain were honey-combed with hermits' caves, which can be reached only by climbing along steep and narrow ledges. These hermits, we were told, were so holy that they could live on a single raisin



THE JORDAN VALLEY.

and a drop of water a day. A couple of them came to the hotel to sell some of their carved spoons and other handiwork, which we bought as souvenirs. We rode home in the dusk, our minds filled with the sacred and tender associations of this memorable spot.

*The perils of Palestine travel are sometimes greater than most persons imagine. This very spring, the Rev. Joseph Philp, of London, had a very severe experience in going from Jericho to Bethel over the Mount Quarantania. A cold, bleak storm of extreme severity prevailed. A company of some three hundred Russian pilgrims were quite prostrated by its intensity. Seventy of them perished from the cold and exposure, twenty-five of whom Mr. Philp saw buried in one grave. Two hundred were for a time missing but were afterwards rescued. Mr. Philp's party also suffered extremely, but no fatal result followed, except in the case of three of the horses, which died from overwork.

. After dinner our dragoman called us into the court to see our muleteers and servants partaking of their Oriental meal, sitting in a circle around a common dish into which each dipped his hand. Then they sat around the camp-fire, the cook playing a sort of double-barrelled flute, with strange droning notes, while others smoked their long pipes, or joined in a strange monotonous cadence. In the Rembrandt-like illumination the fine face of Mustafa had quite a patriarchal look. During the night three men slept by the horses in the stockaded yard to prevent their being stolen by the Arabs.



ORIENTAL MEAL.

It was agreeable to hear Abdallah's cheerful "Very well, sir, with pleasure," in response to my requests as conductor of the party. His English was of a very superior character, but of somewhat "bookish" form, with frequent introduction of the word "therefore" and "also." His attentions to Madame, and uniform courtesy to all of us, are not to be forgotten.

On our way back to Jerusalem we made a *detour* to visit the Greek convent of Mar Elyás, which clung like a martin's nest to the side of the deep and precipitous valley of the brook Chireth. This ravine is one thousand feet deep, and more than half-way down its slope is this famous convent. We had to leave our horses and walk down a narrow, winding path, hewn in the face

of the overhanging cliff. On a narrow shelf, or ledge, the monks, with much labour, had made a beautiful garden, with earth carried thither for the purpose, artificially irrigated, and luxuriant with bananas, figs, vines, beans, cereals, lentils, and the like. It looked odd to see a long-gowned priest, with tonsured head and sandalled feet, weeding his onion beds. The sides of the cliff are honey-combed with hermit cells, and we were shown in the convent the cave and couch of the prophet Elijah! High overhead soared and circled black-winged ravens, lineal descendants, probably, of those which miraculously fed the prophet.

The good monks received us very cordially, and offered the hospitalities of the convent. A handsome young priest served coffee and exquisite quince conserves, and offered a hubble-bubble pipe for those who liked that sort of thing. The little chapel of the convent was lined with religious pictures, of long-featured, gray-bearded, sad-faced apostles and prophets, after the Byzantine fashion—a very austere and primitive kind of art.

From an overhanging gallery we looked down to the sparkling stream, 450 feet below, and up at the overhanging cliff, 550 feet above. A wire reached to the bottom by which water was drawn up from the stream. Broken arches, crumbling stone walls, and ladders leading to the caves in the cliff side, all gave evidence of the former occupancy of this grotto by hermits of an earlier date. Our climb up the steep cliff in the heat, reflected from the rocks, was a trying experience.

We were glad to rest for lunch at the rude, mud-floored inn, by the Apostle's Fountain. A picturesque group of Arabs, with handsome horses, had possession, the escorts and guides of some titled French ladies, who were accompanied by a very high and mighty Egyptian dragoman. One of the pilgrims, a very stout lady, found her ride in the heat on that execrable road, anything but enjoyable. As they had the precedence we had to wait till they had finished their lunch before we could get the "rickety table for ours. A modest inn in the backwoods of Muskoka would offer much superior accommodation. At the fountain some men and boys were washing sheep with water from a skin bottle—so scanty is that essential commodity.

We turned aside from the highway to visit those places of sacred memory—Bethany and Olivet. The former is now a squalid village of some forty hovels, containing Moslem inhabitants only, well deserving the name "House of Poverty," which the modern name "El-Azareyeh" means, probably derived from the name Lazarus, whence our words "lazar-house," and "lazarretto," also come. The ruined tower of rough stones, shown on



PLAINS OF JERICHO.

page 114, called the castle of Lazarus, is older than the time of the crusades. About twenty paces distant is the so-called tomb of Lazarus, an underground chamber to which we descended by twenty-six steep steps. It is a poor-looking, double vault, lined with masonry, not at all like a Jewish tomb. It is hard to believe that this is the spot where Jesus pronounced those wonder-working words, "Lazarus, come forth."

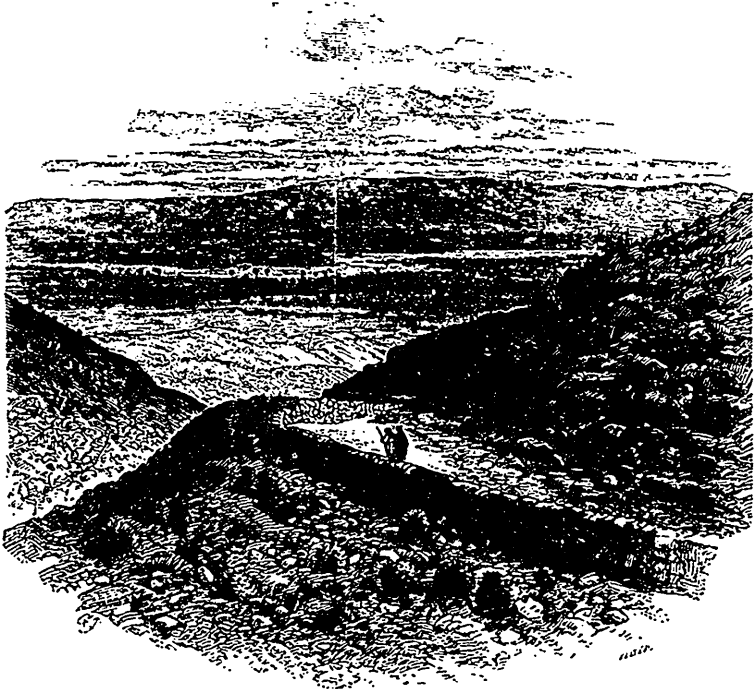
About forty yards distant is the so-called house of Mary and Martha, a rude stone ruin, where we were besieged by Arab beggars for backsheesh. The whole surroundings were of the utmost squalor and misery, and a strange disenchantment of our dream of the quiet retreat to which our Lord came for succour and sympathy on the eve of His Passion.

We rode on to Mount Olivet, one of the most sacred spots in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, with its commanding view of the Holy City, and its many sacred memories of our Lord's life and teachings. Our most satisfactory and leisurely visit to Olivet was on the afternoon of Palm Sunday. I therefore postpone a description of the scene. I must, however, refer to our visit to the beautiful convent on the site where our Lord is said to have taught His disciples the Lord's Prayer. The Princess Latour d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Bouillon, has built here a handsome church in the form of a Campo Santo with an arcaded court. In its beautiful cloisters the Lord's Prayer is engraved in thirty-eight different languages. The Princess sleeps in marble in an exquisite effigy.

Near by is the underground chapel of the Apostle's Creed, where, according to tradition, that oldest recorded Confession of Faith of Christendom was enunciated by the twelve apostles, each contributing in turn a single clause. The sweet-faced nuns, the quiet surroundings, and a lovely garden of flowers seemed infinitely more consonant with the sacred associations of the place than the

squalid misery of the Moslem village without. I saw here a religious trophy, more elaborate than I had seen elsewhere, including the cross, the column of scourging, the seamless robe, the spear, the sponge, the crown, the scourge, the hammer, the nails, the lantern and other symbols of the Passion.

As we approached the city from the south, the gray old battle-



PLAINS OF JORDAN, NEAR JERICO.

mented walls and towers recalled the lines describing the emotions of the old Crusaders as the sacred city came in view :

“Lo ! towered Jerusalem salutes the eye,
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale.
Jerusalem ! a thousand voices cry ‘ All hail ! ’
Till down and dale catch the glad sound
And shout ‘ Jerusalem, all hail ! ’ ”

One of our first visits in Jerusalem was to the “American House,” as it is called, the pleasant home of the friends who met me at Jericho. This interesting community is made up of representatives of many lands and many tongues—English, American, French, German, Scandinavian, Spanish and Arab. Their three-

storey house is the highest in Jerusalem, and from its flat roof a magnificent view is obtained of the Holy City and its environment. This is an ideal community, recalling that of the first Christians when the disciples had all things in common. They await the coming of the Lord in works of faith and labours of love, winning for the religion of Jesus the esteem and admiration of even their Moslem neighbours. They received us in their pleasant parlour most cordially, and these kind friends, who spoke so many diverse languages, joined sweetly in singing, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be," and other songs of Zion, with a religious fervour, that could not but make itself sympathetically felt. From the flat roof, which



APPROACHING JERUSALEM FROM THE SOUTH.

was beautifully adorned with flowers, Brother Jacob Eliähu discussed General Gordon's theory as to the site of Calvary. This conjectural site was just without the wall, not far from the Damascus Gate, and almost beneath our eyes. This theory, we expect, the Rev. George Bond will treat more fully hereafter. Certain fantastic ideas of General Gordon, however, must be largely discounted, as his comparison of Jerusalem to a body, of which the subterranean grotto formed the viscera, and the Hill of Calvary the skull. Signor Eliähu considered that the Mount of Crucifixion must be much farther from the city, beyond the third wall, in a place not vulgarized by superstitious and puerile identifications like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Our faithful dragoman Abdallah was determined that we should

miss nothing of the sights best worth seeing in Jerusalem. He therefore took us the rounds of the great monasteries and procured for us presentation to the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, the Syrian bishop and other dignitaries.

A word of explanation as to the different religious communions in Jerusalem will not be out of place. In the early Christian centuries different national churches came into existence, as the Greek, or Eastern Church, the Latin, or Western, the Armenian, the Coptic or Egyptian Church, the Abyssinian and Syrian Churches. Each of these early acquired vested interests near the sacred places in Palestine, especially near the holy sepulchre. These joint rights have been maintained from age to age, not without a good deal of rivalry and sometimes bitter jealousy and strife. The Greek Church is the predominant one in Jerusalem, chiefly through the influence of the Russian Empire. Next to this comes the Latin, or Roman Catholic Church, then the Armenian, Syrian, Coptic and Abyssinian Churches; in other parts of Palestine the Maronites, a semi-independent Roman Catholic Church, have several churches.

The Greek and Latin Churches have at the holy places, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and elsewhere, their separate buildings, and sometimes have joint rights in the sacred places. At Jerusalem the whole six have chapels adjoining the holy sepulchre and other sacred sites, at which they all have rights of worship and have the privilege of maintaining a certain number of lamps perpetually burning. Each of them has its great convent for the accommodation of the thousands of pilgrims who visit the holy places, especially at the Greek and Latin Easter, which sometimes, as in 1892, coincide, when the crowd is unusually great.

It has been found necessary as a *modus vivendi* to have fixed hours at which these different communions shall celebrate their different functions on the holy days. Sometimes, when bands of pilgrims of the different Churches meet at the sacred shrines, a good deal of rivalry, not to say jealousy and hostility, is unfortunately exhibited. The Greek Church, as we have said, is much the more powerful and wealthy, and its chapel adjoining the holy sepulchre is by far the most magnificent. Its convent, too, is very extensive, and has accommodation for some thousands of pilgrims. The massive building is at least five hundred years old, contains five churches, has a valuable library, and is the residence of the Greek patriarch in Jerusalem. There are four patriarchs of the Greek Church, those of Jerusalem, Constantinople, Alexandria and Antioch, who divide among them the spiritual government of 80,000,000 of Greek Christians.

Our party, accompanied by the Rev. Joshua P. Lewis, of Toronto, had the honour of being presented to the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem. He received us dressed in canonical robes, like those shown in our cut, seated upon a throne beneath an embroidered canopy, in a large and stately reception room. He was a strikingly handsome and dignified man and conversed in Greek, which was translated into English by a clerical interpreter. I mentioned having attended the Greek Church in California and made some inquiries as to the extent of their Greek Missions in Alaska. I told him we were, several of us, Methodist ministers, and he seemed well informed as to that communion. With the Rev. Mr. Lewis he had an animated conversation as to the Anglican Church. We



Patriarch of Greek Church.

made the most of the official position of the Judge to reflect some dignity on our party, but found it rather slow and difficult work talking in Greek and English through the interpreter. When I could think of nothing more to say I remarked that we would not take up more of his Eminence's time (although I do not know if that is the right title to use), when he made a gesture for us to remain seated, and in a few moments two picturesquely-dressed servants brought in refreshments on silver trays, black coffee and delicious sweetmeats of two

sorts. After mutual good wishes we backed our way out of the presence, while Abdallah knelt and kissed the Patriarch's hand.

Our interview with the Armenian Patriarch was of similar character. The latter was a very old gentleman, wrapped in a fur-lined gown or cloak, who spoke English with a foreign accent. The Armenian monastery has extensive grounds and a beautiful garden. Its church is dedicated to St. James the Greater, the Sant' Iago of Compostella, of the Spanish hagiology, who is said to have been beheaded here by Herod. The church is lined with porcelain tiles and adorned with many pictures of the saints, none of much artistic merit. Doors inlaid with mother-of-pearl and wood carving were of great beauty. The room in which we were received was sumptuously furnished.

The Rev. Mr. Lewis asked the Patriarch his theory concerning Apostolic succession. "Certainly," he replied, "the Pope of Rome is apostolic head of *his* Church, but of all the Churches of Christendom, *no!*" and he sturdily maintained the parity of the Armenian Church with any other. After refreshments he courteously left his throne and showed us his pictures, including portraits of the Queen and Prince Consort, and also his beautiful garden.

The Syrian bishop was a much less awful dignitary. However, they were seen in all their glory, outshining, we dare say, that of Solomon, in the sacred functions on the following Palm Sunday.



OLIVE TREES NEAR BETHANY.

One of our most interesting visits was to the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, adjoining the arch of the *Ecce Homo*, marking the spot where the Roman Governor is said to have uttered the words "behold the man." We were shown the recently excavated wing of the arch within the building and certain substructures of great interest. It was probably a Roman triumphal arch of Hadrian's time. A sweet-faced, soft-voiced nun accompanied us to the lofty roof of the house, where a tall cypress tree was growing, and exhibited much archaeological enthusiasm in describing the vast buildings of Herod the Great, the mighty engineer, as she called him, of the Idumean period, as Rameses the Great was in Egypt.

Our visit to the Jews' place of wailing on Friday afternoon



JEW'S' WAILING-PLACE, JERUSALEM.

was of pathetic interest. This is the nearest spot which the Jews can approach to the ancient temple enclosure, for within it they are not admitted on penalty of death. A number of gray-bearded and venerable old men, wrinkled and nut-brown women, and some young boys and girls were reading in monotonous chant passages of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and some of them passionately kissing the rough stones over and over, moaning their litany of sorrow.

The following is one of these litanies:

- Leader.*—For the place that lies desolate.
Response.—We sit alone and weep.
Leader.—For the temple that is destroyed.
Response.—We sit alone and weep.
Leader.—For the walls that are overthrown.
Response.—We sit alone and weep.
Leader.—For our majesty that is departed.
Response.—We sit alone and weep.
Leader.—For our great men that lie dead.
Response.—We sit alone and weep.

Leader.—For the precious stones that are buried.

Response.—We sit alone and weep.

Leader.—For the priests who have stumbled.

Response.—We sit alone and weep.

Leader.—For our Kings who have despised Him.

Response.—We sit alone and weep.

Another antiphon is as follows :

Leader.—We pray Thee have mercy on Zion.

Response.—Gather the children of Jerusalem.

Leader.—Haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion.

Response.—Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.

Leader.—May beauty and majesty surround Zion.

Response.—Ah ! turn thyself mercifully to Jerusalem.

Leader.—May the Kingdom soon return to Zion.

Response.—Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem.

Leader.—May peace and joy abide with Zion.

Response.—And the branch (of Jesse) sprout up at Jerusalem.



POLISH JEW.

One patched, spectacled, ragged and sordid man, thriftily solicited alms while the others prayed and wept. Many foreign Jews come here to linger out their latter years and die near the beloved walls of Jerusalem, chiefly Polish and Russian, who are easily recognized by their strange fur cap and an odious little curl on each side of their pale faces. The Spanish and Algerian Jews have a better social standing and a much handsomer and more

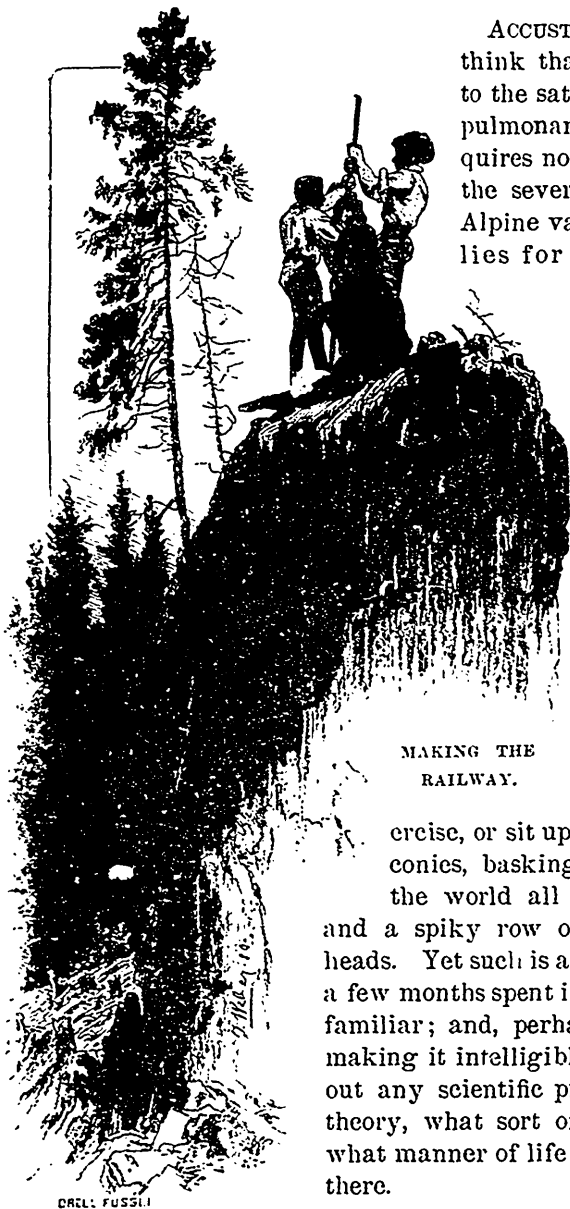
pleasing appearance than any of the others.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT.

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven, where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death ;
If I deny the things past finding out :
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone ?

IN SEARCH OF HEALTH AT DAVOS.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.*

MAKING THE
RAILWAY.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to think that warmth is essential to the satisfactory treatment of pulmonary complaints, it requires no little courage to face the severity of winter in an Alpine valley, where the snow lies for seven months, and where the thermometer frequently falls to 10° or 15° Fahr. below zero. Nor is it easy, by any stretch of the imagination, to realize the fact that, in spite of this intense cold, the most sensitive invalids can be driven in open sledges with impunity, expose themselves, without risk, to falling snow through hours of exercise, or sit upon their bedroom balconies, basking in a hot sun, with the world all white around them, and a spiky row of icicles above their heads. Yet such is a state of things which a few months spent in Davos renders quite familiar; and, perhaps, the best way of making it intelligible is to describe, without any scientific pretence or display of theory, what sort of place Davos is, and what manner of life sick people may lead there.

* A pathetic interest is given to this paper, which is abridged from Mr. Symonds' latest book published last year ("Our Life in the Swiss Highlands." London and Edinburgh: Adam Chas. Black. Toronto: William Briggs),

The Landshaft (*i.e.* district) of Davos comprises a considerable portion of the Canton of the Grisons, and is situated in the extreme east of Switzerland. The main valley is, roughly speaking, ten English miles in length, with an average width of half a mile—its upper or northern end being 5,200 feet above sea level, while its southern extremity is several hundred feet lower. It has a smiling, pastoral look, completely at variance with the impression of devastated grandeur produced by the worn, seamed sides and rocky summits that tower above it. "There lies Davos, where no 'fremd' foot has ever trod." The very name brings with it notions of distance and seclusion, for it signifies in the Roman tongue, spoken centuries ago in the district, and still the vernacular of many neighbouring valleys and villages, "*behind—beyond—out of ken.*"

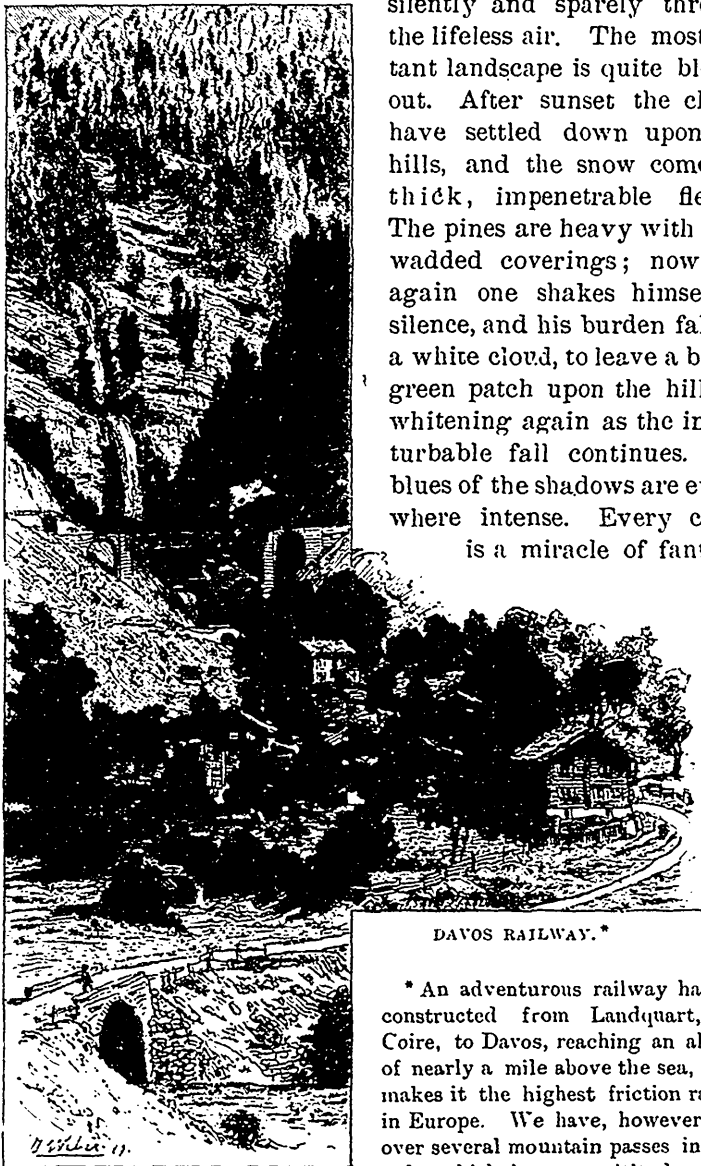
The gradual approach of winter is very lovely at Davos. The valley itself is not beautiful, as Alpine valleys go, though it has scenery both picturesque and grand within easy reach. But when summer is passing into autumn, even the bare slopes of the least romantic glen are glorified. Golden lights and crimson are cast over the gray-green world by the fading of innumerable plants. Then the larches begin to put on sallow tints that deepen into orange, burning against the solid blue sky like amber. The frosts are severe at night, and the meadow grass turns dry and wan. The last lilac crocuses die upon the fields. Icicles, hanging from water-course or mill-wheel, glitter in the noonday sunlight. The wind blows keenly from the north, and now the snow begins to fall and thaw, and freeze, and fall and thaw again. The seasons are confused; wonderful days of flawless purity are intermingled with storm and gloom.

At last the time comes when a great snowfall has to be expected. There is hard frost in the early morning, the sky is clear, but it clouds rapidly with films of cirrus and of stratus in the south and west. Soon it is covered over with gray vapour in a level sheet, all the hill-tops standing hard against the steely heavens. The valleys are filled with a curious opaque blue, from which the peaks rise, phantom-like and pallid, into the gray air, scarcely

by the fact that he has since passed away from earth. He may be said to have discovered Davos as a health resort in 1878. He returned thither almost every year and made a gallant fight for life in his long struggle against consumptive tendencies, but at last succumbed and died at Rome in April last. Mr. Symonds was one of the most accomplished scholars of modern times. His "*Renaissance in Italy,*" "*Michael Angelo,*" and other books are classic in their way. These numerous and elaborate books were written under much difficulty during an enforced residence, either in the High Alps, or in the mild climate of the Riviera, his ample library of reference having to be conveyed around with him in his many wanderings. As we can see, he is a master of prose style, and possesses no mean degree of poetic ability.

distinguishable from the background. The pine-forests on the mountain-sides are of darkest indigo. There is an indescribable stillness and a sense of incubation. The wind has fallen. Later

on, the snow-flakes flutter silently and sparsely through the lifeless air. The most distant landscape is quite blotted out. After sunset the clouds have settled down upon the hills, and the snow comes in thick, impenetrable fleeces. The pines are heavy with their wadded coverings; now and again one shakes himself in silence, and his burden falls in a white cloud, to leave a black-green patch upon the hillside, whitening again as the imper- turbable fall continues. The blues of the shadows are every- where intense. Every chalet is a miracle of fantastic



DAVOS RAILWAY.*

* An adventurous railway has been constructed from Landquart, near Coire, to Davos, reaching an altitude of nearly a mile above the sea, which makes it the highest friction railway in Europe. We have, however, gone over several mountain passes in Colorado, which have an altitude of over

twice this. Our initial cut shows some of the difficulties encountered in building this railway, and the cut on this page shows the romantic scenery which it traverses.—ED.

curves, built by the heavy hanging snow. Snow lies mounded on the roads and fields, writhed into loveliest wreaths, or outspread in the softest undulations. All the irregularities of the hills are softened into swelling billows like the mouldings of Titanic statuary.

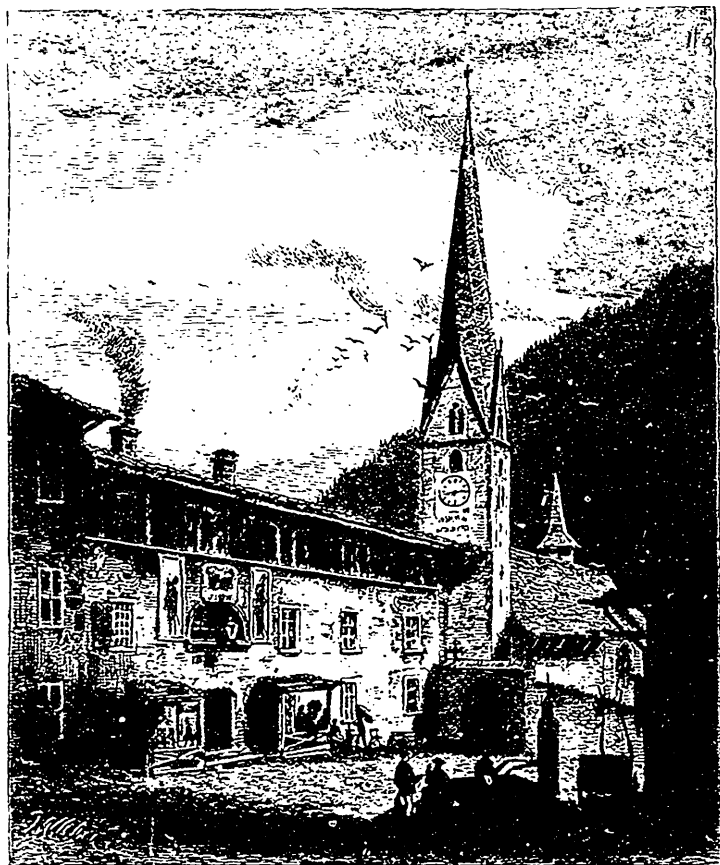
It happened once or twice last winter that such a clearing after snow-fall took place at full moon. The sky was blue as steel, and infinitely deep with mist-entangled stars. The horn above which she first appears stands carved of solid block, and through the valley's length from end to end yawn chasms and clefts of liquid darkness. At last the silver light comes flooding over all, and here and there the fresh snow glistens on the crags. There is the colour of ivory upon the nearest snow-field, and the distant peaks sparkle like silver; crystals glitter in all directions on the surface of the snow—white, yellow, and pale blue.

Most beautiful of all are the sweeping lines of pure, untroubled snow, fold over fold, of undulating softness, billowing along the skirts of the peaked hills. There is no conveying the charm of immaterial, aërial, lucid beauty, the feeling of purity and aloofness from sordid things, conveyed by the fine touch of all our senses, of light, colour, form, and air, and motion, and rare tinkling sound. The enchantment is like a spirit mood of Shelley's lyric verse. And, what is perhaps most wonderful, this delicate delight may be enjoyed without fear in the coldest weather. It does not matter how low the temperature may be, if the sun is shining, the air dry, and the wind asleep.

There are several sorts of avalanches in the high Alps which have to be distinguished, and which are worthy of separate distinctions. One is called *staub-lawine*, or dust avalanche. This descends when snow is loose and has recently fallen. It is attended with a whirlwind, which lifts the snow from a whole mountain-side and drives it onward through the air. It advances in a straight line, overwhelming every obstacle, mowing forests down like sedge, "leaping," as an old peasant once expressed it in my hearing, "from hill to hill," burying men, beasts and dwellings, and settling down at last into a formidable compact mass, without colour, and without outline. The snow which forms these *staub-lawine* is dry and finely powdered.

A man or horse seized by a *staub-lawine*, if the breath has not been blown out of his body in the air, has it squeezed out by the even, clinging pressure of consolidating particles. A human victim of the dreadful thing, who was so lucky as to be saved from its clutch, once described to me the sensations he experienced. He was caught at the edge of the avalanche just when it was

settling down to rest, carried off his feet, and rendered helpless by the swathing snow, which tied his legs, pinned his arms to his ribs, and crawled upward to his throat. There it stopped, his head emerged, and he could breathe; but as the mass set, he felt



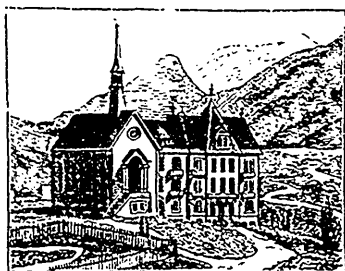
THE RATHHAUS AND CHURCH OF ST. JOHN'S, DAVOS.*

the impossibility of expanding his lungs, and knew that he must die of suffocation. At the point of losing consciousness, he became aware of comrades running to his rescue. They hacked the snow away around his thorax, and then rushed on to dig for

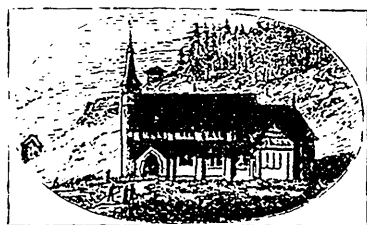
*The Rathhaus and Church of St. John's stand close together in the centre of Davos-Platz. It is difficult, when surveying the flat, whitewashed walls of the Rathhaus, only relieved by coarse frescoes of a savage crowned with oak-leaves and grasping a fir-tree as a staff—(the insignia of Davos)—and of Justice with her scales, or the long, sloping eaves, beneath which grim heads of wolves, slain three centuries ago, and dried by the air, show their teeth at the visitor—it is difficult, we say, to realize the admiration,

another man who had been buried in the same disaster, leaving him able to breathe, but wholly powerless to stir hand or foot.

Another sort of avalanche is called the *schlag-lawine*, or stroke avalanche. The snow is not whirled into the air, but slips along the ground, following the direction given by ravines and gullies, or finding a way forward through the forest by its sheer weight. Woe to the fragile buildings, to the houses and stables, which they meet upon their inert, grovelling career! These are carried with them, incorporated, used as battering-rams. Grooving like the snout of some behemoth, the snow dislodges giants of the forest, and forces them to act like ploughs upon its path.



GERMAN CHAPEL AND DEACONESS'
HOUSE, DAVOS.



THE ENGLISH CHURCH, DAVOS.

I have crossed some which measured a thousand feet in breadth, and more than sixty feet in depth. All road-marks, telegraph posts, parapets, etc., are of course abolished. The trees, if trees there were upon their track, have been obliterated. Broken stumps, snapped off like matches, show where woods once waved to heaven. Valleys are made even with the ridges which confined them. Streams are bridged over and converted into temporary lakes by the damming up of water.

The peculiarity of the *grund-lawine* consists in the amount of earth and rubbish carried down by it. This kind is filthy and disreputable. The *staub-lawine* is fury-laden like a fiend in its first swirling onset, flat and stiff like a corpse in its ultimate repose of death, containing men and beasts, and trees entombed beneath its stern, unwrinkled taciturnity of marble. But the *grund-lawine* is ugly, spiteful like an asp, tatterdemalion like a street arab; it is the worst, the most wicked of the sisterhood.

awe and reverence with which this modest building has been regarded by successive generations of simple mountaineers. Opposite the present dining-room (for the Davos town-hall does duty as an inn), is the very primitive prison. As it is seldom occupied, the curious can generally have a look into it. From the Rathhaus the stranger turns to St. John's—the principal and also the largest church in the Landschaft. Its most ancient portions—the choir and aisle—date from the fifteenth century.

I ought to mention a fourth sort of avalanche, which is called *schnee-rutsch*, or snow-slip. Small as the slip may be, it is very dangerous; for it rises as it goes, catches the legs of a man, lifts him off his feet, and winds itself around him in a quiet but inexorable embrace. I once saw a coal-cart with two horses swept away by a very insignificant *schnee-rutsch*, while standing at my window in the *Hôtel Belvédère* at *Davos-Platz*.

The blast which avalanches bring with them runs before the snow mass like a messenger of death. This phenomenon of the "*lawinen-dunst*," as it is called, deserves some illustration. The fact is well authenticated, but its results seem almost incredible.



ENGLISH BOULEVARD, DAVOS.

Therefore I will confine myself to details on which I can positively rely. A carter, whom I knew well for an honest fellow, told me that he was driving his sledge with two horses on the *Albula* Pass, when an avalanche fell upon the opposite side of the gorge. It did not catch him. But the blast carried him and his horses and the sledge at one swoop over into deep snow, whence they emerged with difficulty. A woman was walking to church when this happened, the people of her hamlet having taken the same path about a quarter of an hour before. The blast lifted her into the air, swept her from the road, and landed her at the top of a lofty pine, to which she clung with all the energy of desperation.

I have been shown a place near Ems, where a miller's house was carried bodily some distance through the air by the *lawinen-dunst*. Its inhabitants were all killed, except an old man about sixty, and an infant about two years.

In order to understand the force of the *lawinen-dunst*, we must bear in mind that hundreds of thousands of tons of snow are suddenly set in motion in contracted chasms. The air displaced before these solid masses acts upon objects in their way like breath blown into a pea-shooter. From certain appearances in the torn and mangled trees which droop disconsolately above ravines down which an avalanche has thundered, it would also appear that the draft created by its passage acts like a vortex, and sucks in the stationary vegetation on either hand.

An eye-witness saw a man carried by the blast, together with his horse and sledge, 200 yards in the air across the mountain stream. The snow which followed buried him. He was subsequently dug out dead, with his horse dead, and the sledge beside him. *The harness had been blown to ribbons in the air, for nothing could be found of it, except the headpiece on the horse's neck.**

I once crossed the Julier in a dark night of January, without a postillion and without any reins to guide the horse by. My reason told me that the beast knew his business better than I did. But, none the less, I felt forlornly helpless when he was floundering about in depths of snow I could not realize. It is always best to take things as they come, however; and I comforted myself by reflecting that even an Englishman is a parcel which postmasters are bound to deliver safely at its destination.

Millions of tons of snow, of uprooted rocks, and of mangled forests were lying huddled together, left to rot beneath the fretting influence of rains, or south winds, slowly losing dignity of outline and substance in a blur of mottled, besmirched, pitted

* An official report has been published of the damage inflicted on the Canton by avalanches during the winter of 1887-88. Six hundred avalanches are included in this estimate; but many thousands are not reckoned, because they fell in places where no injury to life or property had to be considered. Twenty men were involved, of whom seven were extricated alive, and thirteen perished. One horse, two cows, eight sheep, nine goats and a swarm of bees were killed. The number of buildings wrecked was as follows: four chapels, fifteen dwelling-houses, one hundred and seventeen large stables, eighteen hay barns, thirteen huts upon the Alpine pastures, two flour-mills, two saw-mills, one distillery, and ten wooden bridges, making a total loss to the Canton, including public and private property of £14,300.

Nearly three centuries ago, that is to say, in the year 1618, this fair land

hideousness. The whole ravine left a sad and horrifying impression of mere ruin on the mind; nature-forces spending themselves in waste, acting now as they have acted for past ages, blindly clashing together, apparently with no result, except destruction, certainly with no regard for man's convenience, and still more certainly with serious imperilment to human life.



IN THE DAVOS VALLEY.

It is never wholly dark upon the snow: but the lustreless pallor of the untracked wilderness, fading off on every side into formless haze, and the complete effacement of all objects to which

was visited by one of those terrible catastrophes which make us mortals wonder whether we are not the sport of some malignant destiny. At the time of which I speak the little town of Plurs, distant less than three miles from Chiavenna, was a flourishing commune, tenanted by perhaps about 1,200 persons. During the evening of the 4th of September in that year, a huge mass of mountain above Plurs detached itself from the main body, and rolled down in rocks and dust upon the town. Plurs was stoned to death, and 930 of its inhabitants were buried in the ruins of the hill to which they formerly looked up for safeguard and protection. A contemporary chronicler, who was stationed in Chiavenna on this fatal day, relates that the thunder of the falling mountain reached his ears like the explosion of a park of artillery.

the sight is accustomed in these regions, are peculiarly trying to eyes and nerves. Here and there we could perceive the tops of



SHEPHERD'S HUT ON THE HIGH ALPS.

black stakes and telegraph-posts emerging from the undulating drift. Here and there for considerable intervals they were completely hidden. As these posts average thirty feet in height, some conception of the snow-depth may be formed. There are also, at times, faint suggestions of impending

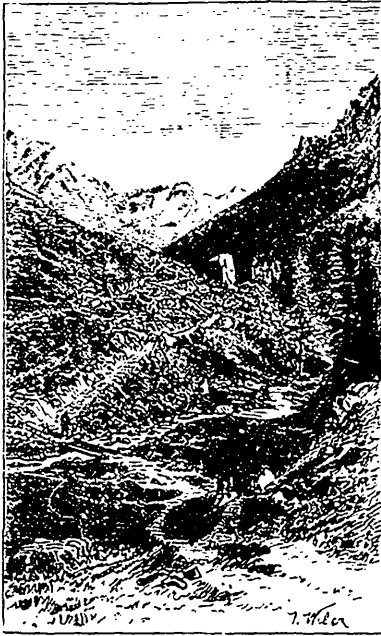
crag and masses of black rock on this hand or on that. Like the hulls of vessels seen through fogs at sea, they swam into sight and shrank out of it again phantasmally.

Nothing more was visible; nothing on which the sense of sight could seize for comfort and support. The track was obliterated, buried in fresh-fallen snow and storm-drift. Everything seemed changing, shifting, yielding to the uniformity of elemental treacherousness. At one spot, where absolutely nothing appeared to indicate the existence of a track, the postillion muttered in our ears, "*Now we must trust to the horse; if he misses it is all over with us—es ist mit uns um.*" The sledge-bells had been left behind at the Hospiz for fear of avalanches; their tinkling, or the crack of a whip suffices in such weather to dislodge a snowslip. And so we passed silently, glidingly, mysteriously downward into the gulf of utter gloom, without making the least sound. The only noise we heard was the eldritch shrieking of the wind, and a horrible æolian music from



THE BRIDGE OF JENISBERG.

the telegraph-wires close at our ears. We could touch these wires with our fingers when they were not buried in snow, and they thrilled with a sharp metallic shudder like the voices of banshees or lost wailing women, uttering shrill threats and curses, murmuring their drowsy runes of doom.



THE SERTIG PASS.

Returning to the Alps in summer, we look for avalanches well-nigh in vain. Here and there, like the carcass of a whale rotting upon the sea-shore, some mighty but diminished monster may still be seen, with the havoc it has wrought, the splintered pines, rocks, displumed larches, battered alders, strewn around it.

A dead avalanche upon an upland hillside is an almost pathetic spectacle. It has furrowed its way through the pine wood, and grooved a track of desolation in the valley. The stream is choked with its compact incumbency of snow. Birch trees and forlorn fir branches nod upon its broad, dusky-white back, bending leafless boughs, or tossing drag-

gled plumes in drear disarray. All around and far below, the meadows smile with flowers and waving grasses. Yet here, at last, in the midst of spring, lies winter! Then, as the June sun rises day by day with stronger beams, the avalanche decays and trickles into rivulets. You see little flowers thrusting their jewelled heads from a brown fringe of withered sward around its frozen borders

SUNRISE ON THE SCHWARTZHORN.

I reached the hospice of the Fluela at seven, supped, and went to bed at eight. Slept till Josias Hold's voice woke me, bidding me to coffee on the stroke of midnight. We started for the peak of the Swartzhorn in fair full moonlight. It was very still and solemn, winding slowly upwards to the snow-slopes and the glacier. All sounds have a peculiar value in the twilight of an August night. There was something particularly thrilling in

the murmur of a streamlet rushing beneath high wrecks of boulders which we crossed. Behind us, above the mountains of the lower Engadine, hung a marvellous star of dawn. It "flamed in the forehead of the morning sky," ascending ever over peak and precipice, as flying from the slow, reluctant dayspring. The moon was nearly full, and made a lantern useless. Nothing equals the solemnity of these midnight marches on the high uplifted horns.

The guides moved like soldiers, keeping step, and spoke with the low, sweet voices of country folk. On the glacier we found a heavy coating of snow, which forced us to walk warily. We all gathered round the cairn at the summit, and waited in silence for the sunrise. Eastward there first appeared a band of white, which looked like moonshine on a belt of mist, but was really a token of the dawn. Soon it toned to green, and passed from citron to mellow orange, widening, broadening, creeping round about the circuit of the sky, but leaving the moon still mistress of the upper heavens. Then Ortler and Tödi began to glow with a faint half-conscious rose. So the dawn stole gradually onward, fading the flying star and western moon, disclosing all the peaks of Switzerland and Tyrol, lingering through that inexplicably prolonged space of time which sunrise always occupies.

When the east was already full of coming light, there shot with broad, impulsive sweep from the zenith full into the core of hidden fire a luminous, majestic meteor—a thrilling episode in this dawn-drama—as though some star had left her station, yearning to engulf her radiance in our planetary sphere. At last a crest in Tyrol dazzled with true sunlight; and in a few moments the whole Alp-world lay bathed in rosy-golden day.

'Neath an uncertain moon, in light malign,
We trod those rifted granite crags, whereunder,
Startling the midnight air with muffled thunder,
Flowed infant founts of Danube and of Rhine.
Our long-drawn file in slow, deliberate line
Scaled stair on stair, subdued to silent wonder;
Wound among mouldering rocks that rolled asunder,
Rattling with hollow roar down death's decline.
Still as we rose, one white transcendent star
Steered calmly heavenward through the empurpled gloom,
Escaping from the dim reluctant bar
Of morning, chill and ashen-pale as doom;
Where the day's chargers, champing at his car,
Waited till Sol should quit Night's banquet-room.

Pure on the frozen snows, the glacier-steep,
Slept moonlight with the tense unearthly charm

Of spells that have no power to bless or harm ;
 But, when we touched the ridge which tempests sweep,
 Death o'er the murk vale, yawning wide and deep,
 Clung to frost-slippery shelves, and sharp alarm,
 Shuddering in eager air, drove life's blood warm
 Back to stout hearts and staunch will's fortress-keep.
 Upward we clomb ; till now the emergent morn,
 Belting the horror of dim, jagged eastern heights,
 Broadened from green to saffron, primrose-pale,
 Felt with faint finger-tips of rose each horn,
 Crept round the Alpiné circuit, o'er each dale
 Dwelt with dumb broodings drearier even than night's.
 Thus dawn had come ; not yet the day : night's queen
 And morning's star their state in azure kept ;
 Sill on the mountain world weird silence slept ;
 Earth, air and heaven held back their song serene.
 Then from the zenith, fiery-white between
 Moonshine and dayspring, with swift impulse swept
 A splendour of the skies that throbbing leapt
 Down to the core of passionate flame terrene.
 A star that rushing from yon throne remote,
 Quenched her celestial yearnings in the pyre
 Of mortal pangs and pardons. At that sign
 The Orient sun with day's broad arrow smote
 Black Linard's arrogant brow, while influent fire
 Slacked the world's thirst for light with joy divine.

“REST IN THE LORD.”

BY AMY PARKINSON.

REST thee, O rest thee, thy Saviour is nigh,
 Shrink not from the days which before thee may lie ;
 The Friend Who has hitherto watched by thy side
 Will never forsake if new trials betide.

Trust Him, O trust Him, and try not to fear,
 Though sorrows increase, and though dangers draw near ;
 No evil can harm thee, with Christ to defend,
 No trouble o'erwhelm while thy God is thy Friend.

Trust Him, O trust Him, He loves and He knows ;
 In love He has planned all thy life to its close :
 Confide in Him fully, leave all to His care,
 Each cross that He gives He will help thee to bear.

Rest thee, O rest thee,—the Infinite Love,
 Who keeps thee a place in His heaven above,
 Will choose the right moment to speak thy release
 And call to the realms of ineffable peace.

TORONTO.

THE REV. JOHN GEORGE WOOD,

Author of "Homes Without Hands," etc.

REV. JOHN GEORGE WOOD.

VERY many readers have derived their first love of Natural History from the charming books written by the Rev. J. G. Wood. He has been the apostle in preaching the gospel of God's kingdom in Nature and opening the wonder-world of science to the common people. He had throughout life a passionate devotion to the study of "our four-footed friends," "our little brothers of the air," and God's many curious creatures that creep or crawl on the face of the earth, or fly through the air, or swim through the sea. He had a tender love for God's creation akin to that of the gentle St. Francis of Asissi, and though he never preached to the fishes, yet fishes, beasts and birds, and creeping things often preached to him, and through him to an ever-widening audience who learned to look through Nature up to Nature's God. To read Mr. Wood's books on Natural History gives one a deeper conception of the words of the Psalmist, "All Thy works praise Thee. In wisdom hast Thou made them all."

Mr. Wood was an extraordinary athlete, and when visiting

country houses was often away in the morning early, scouring field and fell in pursuit of the favourite study of his life. Of him, as of Agassiz, it may be said:

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

John George Wood, the eldest son of his parents, and the fore-runner of thirteen brothers and sisters, was born in London in 1827. His father, who came of a very old Kentish family, married a young German lady, Miss Arntz, who left her own country while still a girl of fourteen. She soon mastered the English language, and spoke it with great purity and power. The ease with which she could converse in French and Italian shows her to have been no mean linguist. She painted and drew; but was not a lover of instrumental music. Her husband was, on the contrary, in sympathy with a long line of ancestors who revelled in the pathos of music, and he transmitted that taste to his son.

Mr. Wood, senior, was, at the time of his son's birth, Chemical Lecturer at the Middlesex Hospital. A good speaker, and methodical in the arrangement of his subjects upon which he lectured, he commanded the esteem and admiration of the young students of science then attending the hospital. When his eldest son was a mere child, Mr. Wood, senior, removed to Oxford; and nothing delighted the boy so much as to find his way to the Ashmolean Museum, and amuse and lose himself amongst its quaint antiquities. Returning unobserved from the museum, he would steal into his father's garden, and question the old fruit trees, even stripping their bark, not out of a spirit of mischief, but of inquiry. An apple was *more* than an apple to him; and

rind and core and pips must all unfold their secrets. Field-mice were his peculiar attraction; and insects, whether flying or creeping, received the closest scrutiny from his penetrating eyes. Nature was to him, in these infant years, a wondrous and marvellous book, which yielded him fairy-tales, and displayed for his benefit pictures, if only he could get alone with her.

The home-circle, gradually widening, had become a strain upon the family purse, and when the young naturalist reached the age of seventeen, he found that, if a college career were his ambition, he must maintain himself throughout the course. Difficulties, to his mind, were made to be conquered, and so he entered Merton College, Oxford, in 1844. He graduated with honour, and in 1852 he was ordained deacon, and two years later priest. All these years he had eaten the bread of independence, and had paid his own college expenses. His spare hours were devoted assiduously to the prosecution of his favourite study—Natural History. He read much. He read during his toilet, at all his meals, except dinner, during his walks, and on every possible occasion. He was very humble-minded, and always ready to learn; like Emerson, "Every man he met was his master in some point, and in that he learnt of him."

At his desk by five o'clock in the morning he plied his busy pen, and wrote page after page ere the sleepy men and women of the vicinity had yielded to the orb of day.

His first work was the smaller "Illustrated Natural History," afterwards enlarged; and leading critics of the day declared it the best book of the year. Thousands of copies have been sold, and many a man is able to date the bent given to his mind in favour of recreative science, from the study of these delightful pages, when still a boy.

The young author quickly followed this work by others equally interesting, and perhaps more popular; yet in no case did he make his clerical work subsidiary to his work as a naturalist. He accepted, in 1856, an appointment as Assistant-Chaplain to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and it was, too, in this year that those delightfully instructive and interesting books: "Common Objects of the Sea-Shore," and "Common Objects of the Country," appeared. Thirty-six thousand of the latter were sold in one year; but unfortunately his immediate necessities were such that they compelled him to part with the copyrights, thus the enormous sale can scarcely have benefited him other than to bring deserved credit and renown to his name. It may certainly be recorded that, in this case at least, his poverty made others rich.

His marriage was a very happy one, although his family life

knew many troubles, which are regarded, and rightly, as "too sacred for publication." Mrs. Wood's health broke down in 1862, and her husband resigned his chaplaincy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in consequence, in order that he might give more time and attention to his wife, who was then in a very weak state.

Mr. Wood's love for children was very great, and this was reciprocated, for all children took to him at once. One who knew him well, and had often seen him amongst them, says: "He had quite an army of little friends at the different houses at which he was entertained on his lecturing tours, many of whom dubbed him, 'Grandpapa Wood;' and he had many juvenile correspondents." He always exhibited before them an imperturbably good temper; indeed, his unselfishness and geniality of humour were, at all times, notable. A man of very large sympathies and broad views, he found in children a nearness to, and kinship with, the "nature" which was so dear to his own heart. At home he was still the children's friend, and a tender, loving father. "He made home bright by his presence, was full of fun, and never scolded, and rarely showed if he were put out." He was sympathetic to a degree, and suffered or rejoiced in unison with those around him. His conversational powers were great; but his enunciation in speaking was not clear, although remarkably so in lecturing.

His prejudices were strong against vivisection, to which he often reverted with indignation in his lectures. M. Pasteur's inoculation theories were much opposed by Mr. Wood, from both scientific and moral standpoints. A firm believer in the Scriptures, he would allow of no theories which contradicted them; and never lost an opportunity of bringing forward and illustrating from natural history, the truth of their statements.

Mr. Wood's love for animals is well known, but the love that animals entertained for him is not so generally understood. He took great pleasure in visiting Sanger's menagerie at Margate, and was well known by the animals, who actually recognized his footstep. He used to take lavender-water for them in his pocket, in which they positively luxuriated, especially the cat tribe; and if he handed a piece of paper saturated with the scent to one lion or tiger, the rest of the creatures set up a dismal howl of jealousy. He was a familiar visitor to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, and spent many an hour in watching the habits of the creatures, and thereby gathering materials for his numerous articles.

His study was a peculiar place: it was a curious medley, combining study, workshop, museum and library; full to overflowing,

but so methodical was he that he could find the minutest article in the dark. In this study he rarely sat alone. Outside his window were numbers of the feathered tribe, all chattering in bird-language to remind him of their existence and love of attention. A cage of scorpions at his elbow formed part of his family, whilst his favourite cat used to creep into his chair, gently pushing him aside until she was quite comfortable, when she occupied by far the greater portion of the seat. "He would," writes his daughter, "leave off in the middle of his work if the cat required him to go and stroke her kittens, which mostly occurred two or three times daily, when she had a family. He mostly had at least one cat on his shoulder at meal times." Upon the floor of his "den," littered about, as it seemed to an ordinary observer, were horns, skulls, and bones innumerable, whilst up in a corner stood a cage of exotic snails. Many little inventions in carpentering and joinery-work were planned and executed for the comfort of his pets, by Mr. Wood himself. He was quite a mechanical genius, and could turn his hand to anything requiring manual skill, and was carpenter, locksmith, joiner, gasfitter, etc., as occasion served.

Perhaps his best work is his "Homes Without Hands." It contains a vast array of facts relating to the wondrous instincts of animals grouped around one central idea, the habitation wrought by the creature itself; it abounds in scientific and practical knowledge, conveyed in a felicitously easy style. With all his incessant labours, he never relinquished his devotion to clerical work, but gave gratuitous services in various places in England, Scotland and America. He was for twelve years honorary curate at the parish church of Erith, Kent, and as such received no stipend whatever from the office.

Mr. Wood drew with great rapidity; and often so accurately that he never needed to erase or alter his original sketches in the least. He frequently covered his forty-foot-square canvas five or six times in the course of a two-hours' lecture. His fame had crossed the Atlantic and procured for him the appointment of Lowell Lecturer, at Boston, Massachusetts, which he held for two years.

Mr. Wood published over one hundred volumes, besides supplying innumerable articles to magazines and periodicals, while his numerous sketches would form a unique library of Natural History.

He preached at Eden-Bridge, Kent, only the Sunday fortnight before he passed away. He was to have lectured at Walthamstow, about March 6th, and had many engagements on hand. On the

20th of February and the 1st of March he lectured to enthusiastic audiences, and on the following day, Saturday, arrived at Coventry, where he was to have lectured on "The Bird," on the Monday. He was taken suddenly ill and on Sunday evening, just as the church bells were summoning many worshippers to the house of prayer, John George Wood passed away, at the age of sixty-two years, deservedly beloved by all who knew him. "His faith," writes one, "was proved on his death-bed." He evinced much calmness and Christian hope and trust. Almost his last thoughts were with the work which he had been compelled to leave unfinished. He wrote a few pencilled lines to his wife, bidding her farewell, and directing what should be done with his unfinished MSS.

MY CHURCH.

BY MARGARET G. CURRIE.

"I am of the Church of all the saints, and all the saints are of my Church." Abbess Angélique Arnauld, as quoted by Archdeacon Farrar in *The Review of Reviews*, March, 1893.

I HAVE no fellowship with those who trust
 Uncovenanted mercies of the Lord,
 For I am of the Church of all the saints,
 And of my Church are all the saints of God.

With martyr Abel, hoar Methuselah,
 The ordered lamb of God in faith I bring,
 The wine of a communion blest I share,
 With Abram and the sireless Salem king.

With seers and holy women famed of old,
 With all the pure of mediæval days,
 With saints to-day, who spurning place and gold
 Shout the glad Gospel through the world's highways.

I to the oldest, only Church belong ;
 By angel-scribes of God its records fair
 Are kept in heaven,—a blood-washed countless throng,
 The fine wrought gold and pearl of price we wear.

Our creed is God and Mary's Son, who died
 And lives to save. Who Satan's hosts o'ercame ;
 Who rising flung heaven's kingdom's portals wide
 To ALL believers in His blessed name.

FREDERICTON, N.B.

WILLIAM III.

BY THE REV. W. A. QUAYLE, D.D.,

President of Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas.

II.

IN the light of succeeding events England can have no more celebrated anniversary than November 5th, the date of William's landing. How stupendous the undertaking on which he entered no one but himself comprehended. His solemn farewell to the States of Holland is full of pathos. He says he is leaving them "perhaps not to return." Should he fall in defence of the Reformed Religion and the independence of Europe, he commends his beloved wife to their care. These utterances affirm how well the Prince knew the gravity of the undertaking on which he was now embarked. During the reign of Charles II., England had been a dependency of the French crown. James had pledged himself to continue this relation. Add to this the bigotry of James and the complete surrender of his narrow nature to Catholicism, and the rock on which the cause of Protestantism was drifting looms terrible through the fog.

Such men as Philip II., Louis XIV., and James II. open a strange chapter to students of psychology. These men were barren in all that affection characteristic of great souls. They were as selfish as the desert which engulfs all streams, yet gives back no fountain. Yet the love these men gave Rome was as extravagant and absolute as the donors were bigoted and malignant. William did not battle with shadows. He did not misconstrue the writing on the wall. The union of a Catholic England and a Catholic France with a single ruler for the two, and he such a man as Louis XIV., meant the destruction of Liberty and Protestantism so far as this was a possibility of human machination. Three years before, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had shown to an astonished Europe the length to which the bigotry of the French sovereign would drive him. These facts loomed ominously before the eyes of Prince William and impelled him to venture all that he might save all.

This is a legitimate interpretation of the Declaration of Rights. It has no insular meaning. If it meant much to the Island kingdom, it meant scarce less to the continental kingdoms. Its stipulations sown to tides of air and sea, and borne to every continent, are therefore familiar to the world. In a word, the

"Declaration" means the supremacy of the people. The king becomes elective, and appears the creation of parliament, not parliament the creation of the king. This was a fit climax of *Magna Charta*; and thus the English constitution, that great unwritten document, was completed. On February 13th, 1689, at Whitehall, William and Mary became joint sovereigns under such limitations. England became in fact, as well as in legal fiction, a constitutional monarchy, and the Glorious Revolution was consummated. No bloody assize comes with William's reign. That belongs to the execrable atrocities of Jeffries and of James. William's motto, "I will maintain," was supplemented by "the liberties of England and the Protestant religion." Such was his splendid purpose: such his still more splendid achievement.

The record of the events which made William king is a task easy of accomplishment; but the magnitude of the undertaking was sufficient to have appalled a soul less great. Macaulay says, "One capacious and powerful mind alone took all the difficulties into view and determined to surmount them all," and "the whole history of ancient and modern times records no such triumph of statesmanship." High tribute this; but the lapse of time demands no revision of the statement. But the task on which the king entered was, if possible, as arduous as the one just completed. The Declaration, when once in the nation's blood and circulating in its veins, was to introduce the most memorable changes which have occurred in the whole history of England.

William was born to be king. The qualities of mind and heart which justify kingship he possessed in an eminent degree. Hallam says, "The desire of rule in William III. was as magnanimous and public-spirited as ambition can ever be in human bosom." Such a man may be trusted with supreme powers. Had he been an autocrat, the thirteen years of his sovereignty would doubtless have wrought such humiliation to France as neither Crecy nor Malplaquet wrought. With power like Napoleon's, he had ground Louis into powder. But in his plans he was often like a boat locked in harbour by adverse winds. Time and tide are propitious, but the bark cannot slip from the mooring. England could not see through William's eyes. That required his genius. He must first master parliament, then the councils of Europe. The conflict was bitter. Small wonder that sometimes he cried out like a wounded man, and would have resigned the sovereignty and retired to Holland.

Yet it was better that one king attempered for benignant rule be hampered unduly, than other kings of common sort should reign without control. The historian above quoted avers that

“William was too great for his time,” and “the last sovereign of this country whose understanding and energy of character have been distinguished.” For that reason the Declaration of Rights must prevail. English liberties must be maintained. In this view the very humiliation of so great a king was a triumph of the Revolution, whose master-spirit he was.

William saw that continued war with France was the price England must pay for its freedom. That is the key to his diplomacy and sleepless activity. Louis sheltered the dethroned king, and championed his cause with money, arms and diplomatic agents. The war of 1689 was the solitary thing which saved the independence of England. The British people had moments of vision; but the glory of events blinded them. But the king saw on. William's whole life was one long campaign against France, of which his life as king was only a part. He formed the Grand Alliance, and was its soul. No other could animate so huge a thing. Sublime powers are requisite to breathe life into a great coalition. He spent parts of each year on the continent, leading the armies of Europe against their common foe. He routed Louis and James at the battle of Boyne. That victory assured his throne and signalized the triumph of Protestantism in England. The struggle for Protestant supremacy had been long and fierce. Catholicism was untiring in machination to secure the return of the English Government to the fold from which it had departed. Plot on plot followed in swift succession. Charles II. and James II. were Catholics—the one secretly, the other openly—and it was the object to which the meagre powers of James were dedicated to return his kingdom to fealty to Rome. So William conquered for the Reformed religion. His victory was a victory for freedom to think and to believe; and the most pronounced panegyrist cannot laud too much the triumph of the Boyne and its influence of Protestantism and progress. He conquered at Namur; but defeat on the battlefield was his lot more often than triumph. His victories came when the battle was ended. France won the fight: William carried off the spoils; and, in 1697, the peace of Ryswick vindicated the statesmanship of William, “when,” says Green, “for the first time since Richelieu's day, France consented to a disadvantageous peace, and in spite of failures and defeat in the field William's policy had won.”

The difficulties with which the king coped were legion. A new power given the people made it captious. The king was goaded almost to madness by (though the saviour of England's liberties) being trusted less than the Stuarts. This, as has been

shown, was a necessity of the Revolution, but none the less harassing to a great spirit for that reason. He was beleaguered by traitors. Members of his Cabinet were plotting for the return of James. As in the case of his famous ancestor, a price was put upon his head. James offered a coronet to the assassin of the king. The treasury was depleted by the iniquitous reigns of Charles and James. The coin was debased. Continental wars were a source of expense till then unknown. Taxes were in consequence high, and dissatisfaction prevalent. The Tories were avowed Jacobites, and as soon as impending fear fell from them by the coronation of William, leisure and opportunity were afforded for every species of iniquitous practice which infected their blood. No English king besides Cromwell was so beset by foes, and no king except Cromwell was so great.

In William's time, England was a cesspool of political vices. Honour was a name whose significance was lost. To know the extent of the perfidy of that era, let a man read Dalrymple, Macaulay, and the Shrewsbury correspondence. A querulous parliament, the most stupendous war England had known to that hour, plans which were too large for popular comprehension—all these made the burdens of the king almost insupportably weighty. Meanwhile he suffered, but England grew great. The spell of his genius touched even it at the last.

Before proceeding to the examination of the remarkable constitutional changes which belong to the reign of King William, it is well to pause for a moment to note those qualities of mind and heart in the king which, aside from his genius, adapted him for the leadership in the regeneration of the kingdom. These, I take it, are five in number: His ability to grasp principles, his humaneness, his freedom from bigotry, his self-forgetfulness and his courage. These qualities go far toward making an ideal king. The first implies statesmanship, which was displayed on all occasions, and led to the adoption of Sunderland's policy for organizing the ministry from the party in power—one of the most sagacious expedients ever resorted to in government.

William's humaneness was of incalculable worth in England. The people were spendthrifts of blood. Tower Hill was a place easy of access. English mobs had been proverbially ferocious. The terrible penal code in vogue more than a hundred years later leaves no need for further proof of the truth of the statement. William was granite here. No bloodshed must be tolerated on his enthronement. He was as humane as Cromwell in his administration. The result was what we might anticipate. The value of such precedent was priceless. It taught England

that political stability could be secured without constant appeal to a headsman's axe and the gibbet. His act of amnesty was a service to mankind in the spirit it exhibited.

In this article there is no desire to obscure any facts in the life of King William. All will bear inspection. Three acts may be adduced which more than any others would seem to smirch his name. The mob massacre of the DeWitts, the attack on Mons subsequent to the treaty of peace, and the massacre of Glencoe. It may be said that the most hostile and virulent criticism has not been able in any proper sense to connect William with these. Whether he was culpable or not we do not know. He may not have risen enough above the spirit of his age to have been free from taint; but it is safe to allege that the tenor of his life, the humanity of his behaviour, do not favour the theory of his guilt in these cases. Let a man's history answer for his conduct and the motives which prompt it when that conduct is uncertain. This is a just and magnanimous rule, self-forgetfulness had ample room for exercising itself in his case. Had he been other than he was he could have deluged his realm with blood. He chose to pass by ingratitude, even treason. He won Shrewsbury and disarmed Marlborough by seeming unconscious of their treachery. With him, the end to which his life was dedicated was supreme. He was nothing; it was all. In that attitude lie unknown possibilities for good.

The king's freedom from religious bigotry is one of his noblest traits. That is always a safe mark of a manly soul. Hallam says, "He was in all things superior to his subjects;" certainly in none more remarkably than this. History has memory of few more noble utterances than his declaration against religious persecution. In this, too, the mantle of William the Silent seems to have fallen upon him. Under him, Dissenters were allowed rights which were inalienably theirs. Such was his catholicity of sentiment that he would have removed the ban from the Catholics as well; and it was one of the charges brought against him by virulent opposition that he connived at popery.

William was courageous. That is a king's trait. He compelled the admiration of the greatest soldiers of Europe by his dauntless courage. As a lad, he led his soldiers and stood in the midst of the battle's tempest. He could in one way, he said, prevent seeing his country conquered, and that was "by dying in the last ditch." Only heroism pronounces such words. His passing into Ireland to vanquish James when treason was rife in England, Green pronounces one of the bravest deeds of his heroic life.

The changes in the government, some of which are valuable beyond computation, may be mentioned but not elaborated. Such are: triennial parliaments, vote of annual supplies, the Mutiny Act, establishment of the Bank of England and the reform of the debasement of the coin, the national debt and its effect in rendering the Revolution stable, change of ministry with change of party, Religious Toleration Act allowing Scotland its own Church, annual assembly of parliament, and the right of parliamentary inquiry. What other period of equal length, or thrice that, can produce such a catalogue of signal gains for posterity? Divine right of kings became an extinct doctrine, the maintenance of a standing army without the consent of parliament was rendered impossible, the national debt became a defence rather than a danger—these and more are the fruits of a reign of thirteen years. Beyond controversy, this proved an illustrious reign.

William was an unpopular sovereign. At a two-century remove it is hard to give this credence. He had in the largest sense befriended England. He had rescued her from an infamy unspeakable. He had lifted her from a state of dependency on her most determined foe, and made her the chiefest government of Europe. Such services as these merit a reward as generous as the service was illustrious. As logic, this reasoning is perfect: as history, it is wide of the truth. England had few more unpopular sovereigns than William. This statement is not flattering to the intelligence of the English people, but is undeniably true. It is not difficult to discover reasons for this unpopularity, a few of which may be assigned.

The king's taciturnity militated against him. The easy suavity of manner characteristic of Charles II. and Marlborough he did not possess. His was a great nature, but he was not voluble. There were deeps in his heart that men knew not of. But to his best beloved he appeared a princely soul, apart from his inheritance. Portland knew him, and his wife loved him to the verge of adoration. His voice was harsh, his manner dry and brusque. He had no easy joviality. He was not a figure framed for court society. Easy affability he did not possess. Worth, manliness, courage, and virtue were his; but these, men could not see, and so it is easy to discover that the geniality which had been so marked in the manner of Charles, but was so lacking in that of William, should have brought a contrast to the king's hurt. Men are easily deceived. They do not pierce beneath the thin disguise of externality to discover genuineness and unapproachable merit.

Among the chief causes of William's unpopularity was his partiality to his own countrymen. He loaded Portland with honours. He gave great estates to those who had been his life-long friends. There is a sense in which this charge is just. If by undue partiality is meant that he was impolitic, then there can be no controverting facts: it *was* impolitic. To have dispossessed him of all those friends who had counted life for his sake a worthless thing, would have given him a popularity he did not possess. The Dutch constituents of the king stood, as the politicians supposed, between themselves and a preferment. That was a sin they could not pardon. By ingratitude such as the Stuarts had schooled England to expect, William could have crowned himself with ephemeral popularity; but the man was not of the Stuart sort. In that lay his pre-eminent fitness for kingship. He had a heart. He loved his friends. He really supposed that being a king did not disqualify him from being a man and acting a manly part. He had a memory for those whose life had been to do his service.

He was indiscreet sometimes in loading his tried friends with unneeded honours; but that error may be easily forgiven. Would that the Stuarts had been given to such weakness and such vice! But if sacrifices for his sake were thought on, the second Charles would hold his hand to be kissed by the men who had risked all and lost all for his sake, and pay for a life of service so devoted as to make succeeding generations marvel by a "God bless you, my old friend." William was a man both before and after his coronation. Gratitude was a peculiarity of his character. He held to his friends with a tenacity which knew no abatement, even when it threatened the stability of his throne.

There is, too, another fact which must not be forgotten nor obscured. The king was among a race of statesmen to whom political virtue was a jest. This melancholy phase of this period has been adverted, but cannot receive too much emphasis. Every man seemed determined to sell his honour's birthright. Members of the king's ministry, the commanders of his fleet and of his army were traitors to his every interest. Loyalty was a word whose meaning they did not know. The record of the shameless treasons of those times makes modern England blush at the mere remembrance. That a king thus beset, with his halls crowded with traitors, should have leaned as on a staff upon friends whose loyalty was as certain and inalienable as the affections of that lovely woman who loved to be called his wife, is not strange nor blamable. It is rather the wisdom of the profoundest statesman of his times.

William was a foreigner. This was a fruitful source of unpopularity. He was a native of the one country which had contested with England the sovereignty of the seas. The two commercial countries of Europe were now England and Holland. Such rivalry as existed between Genoa and Venice burned hot between the country which gave William birth, and that one over which he swayed sceptre as king. In ports even at the antipodes the Dutch and English merchantmen were competitors. Englishmen were therefore jealous of any favour shown to their commercial rivals. William belonged to that nation; and every sign of love for his country or his countrymen seemed to their distempered vision a slight to England and Englishmen. He and those he favoured were Hollanders. The first they could forget, the second never.

It ought, however, to be urged, as a slight palliation for the feeling, what England had suffered from the introduction of foreign troops. Even William's government was constantly threatened by the French and Irish army; and during the encroachments of Charles I., with his usual perfidy, that king planned deluging his kingdom with Catholic battalions. Since the time of William the Conqueror, the English had tended toward insularity. Their aversion to foreign encroachments had been bitter as winter. The Church of Rome was detested mainly for this reason. It thus rose naturally, if not wisely, that the foreign troops of William's guard were endured with distrust, and in 1697, over the manifest protest of the king and in spite of its splendid service, they were compelled to return to Holland. This spirit of rancorous dislike to what was foreign was no insignificant factor in the unpopularity of William. His splendid service when fresh in memory, in spite of their natural dislike, won him the fitting popularity he possessed.

The English statesmen who gathered about William the king, were men of splendid abilities. Danby, Shrewsbury, Halifax, Devonshire, Montague, Marlborough, Sunderland, Godolphin, Portland, Somers were men who, for strength of intellect, grasp of mind and variety of genius, have not often been paralleled in the annals of England. With a few notable exceptions, they were as prominent for statesmanlike parts as they were lacking in patriotism. Their genius was as splendid as their honour was tarnished, yet, "Compared with William," says the judicial Hallam, "the statesmen who surrounded his throne sink into insignificance." Green calls him "a born statesman." Statecraft seemed his daily bread. His capacity for mastering men, for forming gigantic coalitions, for wringing victory from sore

defeat, for bearing up against seas of adversity, for holding himself in imperturbable calm amidst the very tragedies of his career, seems incredible. Viewed from whatever point, his plans were great—great in moral heroism, great in the courage that can brook delay, great in achieving results which shall endure.

Statesmanship is an appeal from bodily to intellectual force. With it, armies are of secondary value, and its introduction is a supplanting of soldier by diplomat. To Louis XI. of France, men owe a debt difficult to repay, for he it was who shifted the fray from the field of battle to the Cabinet. His was a powerful though a depraved intellect. But, though he substituted cunning for force, in that were the roots from which grew that large and beneficent life we name statesmanship. Hitherto France had seemed to have a monopoly of diplomatic skill. William the Silent and Cromwell had been the most illustrious statesmen which had arisen outside of that realm. Louis XIV. had ruled Europe through his crafty diplomacy.

Statesmanship in the sense of manipulating great interstate interests, found no place with Cæsar or Augustus; for Rome was the one nation, and did not treat but conquered. And so it is safe to affirm that the greatest international statesmen who had lived thus far were Richelieu and William III., and the coronation of William introduced England into the affairs of continental Europe as it had not been in its long and splendid history. The wars of the Edwards for the possession of French principalities, as well as the insignia of its loyalty, were mere contests between two kingdoms. There the belligerency ended. At that period diplomacy was a thing little understood. Gigantic coalitions, such as burdened the world with armies and made Europe the theatre of battle, were inaugurated by the enthronement of William III. The coalitions of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were bagatelles compared with what came later. Cromwell had made England a word of mighty import, but he dominated in the counsels as an august power, whose wrath when kindled but a little meant disaster. Cromwell was primarily a soldier: William, primarily a statesman. That marks the difference in their genius. By statesmanship, William made England a proud figure in deciding the destinies of Europe, and there could be no more isolation. The campaigns of Marlborough and Wellington, with all the supremacy they gave, were fruits of William's diplomacy.

"An alliance was made" became a phrase incorporated into the nomenclature of European statecraft as soon as William came into power. He organized the greatest combination Europe

had seen since the Crusades. That is his genius. He lost battles but ruled Europe. Not the strength of his armies, but the might of his diplomacy, made him the prince omnipotent among the statesmen of his time. His coronation changed England from an insular government to a continental realm. He flung her into the vortex of continental affairs; and from that there can be no escape. He made England a force, even as he had previously made the Batavian Republic. William's death, we are told, "shook the Grand Alliance to its very base." The interpretation of all the acts of his diversified career is to be sought in the one word statesmanship.

In recalling scenes among the mountains, there is one that will always linger longer than others, like a lover when the guests are gone—its sublime solitudes, its rocky summits guarded with unwasting snows, its armies of the silent pines that stand and wait as for the general's "Forward," the lake that in its chalice seems to hold the blue washed from the sky through centuries—even so, one thing greets me first and challenges me last in thinking of William III., that imperial crag among the mountain fastnesses of history. His royal statesmanship captivates my thought and casts its spell over me as a sunset does.

Yet the sweetest and manliest characteristics of this man were visible only to the few, and all the splendour of his achievements and the supremacy of his genius find fitting complement in his life and termination in his death. His love, like his genius, was profound; and at the death of Mary, who had been so beautiful in her affection for him, he raved like a storm at midnight. He died as he lived—a man. "No weakness or querulousness," says the brilliant historian of his reign, "disgraced the noble close of that noble career." In the midst of paroxysms of pain, he was thoughtful and courteous. He planned for England to the last, and when too weak to take his place upon the throne, he wrote urging the union of England and Scotland. To the end, as all his life, his thought was for others and not for self. Men knew he prayed from the fragments of petitions that fell from his lips, as we know in darkness the sea is near by the music of waves upon the rocks. He called for the dearest friend of his life, and when he could no longer speak took his hand and pressed it fondly to his breast. Thus he died; and above his heart they found a ring of gold and a lock of Mary's hair. So set that sun whose beams have given to England an unsetting day.

"WHEN our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors."

JAMES GILMOUR, MISSIONARY.*

BY CAMILLA B. SANDERSON.

ON Thursday, May 21st, 1891, it pleased God to call to his reward a man, whose life, as recorded by his biographer, is so true a copy of the Master's, that it cannot but prove a grand inspiration to every thoughtful reader. Such thorough consecration, such life-long self-denial, such devotion to his chosen work, among such a people and in such a clime, give us a glimpse of the sunlit heights to which missionary heroism can rise.

James Gilmour was born in 1843, at Cathkin, near Glasgow. Trained at home in habits of industry and thrift, taught from infancy the truths of the Gospel, and deeply impressed by these holy teachings at his mother's knee, we can easily see how his young heart throbbed with pity, until it became a well-spring of tenderness and love for those who had never heard heaven's wonderful "tidings of great joy," and how through school days up to manhood the influence of his mother's words helped to mould the character of the man and make the missionary. Though in some respects quite shy and reserved, he was frank and outspoken in manner, at times even to brusqueness, and full of fun and frolic. With a fine physique, perfect health, keen ambition, indomitable perseverance, and a warm, true heart, what wonder that he became distinguished as a student, admired as a man, and devotedly loved by those who were honoured with his friendship?

The Rev. John Paterson, his most intimate college friend at Glasgow, says of him :

" Though his advantages had been superior to most of us, and his mental calibre was of a high order, he was always humble, utterly devoid of pride or vanity. Firm as a rock on any question of conviction, he was tender in the extreme, and full of sympathy with the struggling. He was a very hard-working student ; his patience, perseverance, and powers of application were marvellous ; and yet, as a rule, he was bright and cheerful. He had a keen appreciation of the humorous side of things, and his merry laugh did one good. The moral effect of such a distinguished scholar giving his life for Christ among the heathen was very great indeed."

In September of 1867 young Gilmour went to Cheshunt College to complete the course of study and preparation which was to fit him for his future work. And here it was, during his second

* *Among the Mongols.* By JAMES GILMOUR. London : Religious Tract Society. Toronto : William Briggs.

Life of James Gilmour. By R. LOVE, H.M.A. Same publishers.

year, that he began reaching up to a higher plane of Christian thought and feeling, of earnest devotion to the work of saving souls. Among the cottagers living near the railway station he began to hold short open-air services, and grasped every opportunity of speaking to labourers whom he met about the truths of the blessed Gospel. During the year of 1869 he met the late Mrs. Swan, of Edinburgh, at whose suggestion he was chosen by the London Missionary Society to reopen mission work among the Mongols. As soon as he knew where his work was to be he became very anxious to go out fully prepared spiritually for the task he had undertaken. The sad condition of the heathen world was very real to him, and filled his heart with such love and pity that he tried hard to win volunteers for the work among his college friends. The great need of workers in the far-off lands, where the grain grew white unto the harvest, but the labourers were few induced him to prefer foreign mission work to that at home. On February 22nd, 1870, Mr. Gilmour sailed from Liverpool for China, and his diary shows how he seized every opportunity of sowing the good seed of the kingdom among both passengers and crew.

In 1817 Christian work had been begun among the Buriats, a tribe of Mongols under Russian rule, but in 1841 this mission came to an end by order of the Russian Emperor. The whole Bible, however, had been translated into Buriat, so that notwithstanding the closing up of mission work, the Bible, in the language of the people, continued to be circulated among them. It was to this work among the tribes of Mongolia that Mr. Gilmour consecrated all his physical powers, his mental culture and his grand spiritual development.

On May 18th, 1870, he reached the Chinese capital, and at once began a diligent study of the Chinese language, aiming however, from the first, to find out how best to reopen the work in Mongolia. The west and centre of this vast territory, stretching from the sea of Japan 3,000 miles to Turkestan, and bounded north and south by Asiatic Russia and the Great Wall of China, is occupied by wandering Mongols, who have fixed winter homes, but who journey about during the summer in search of pasture for their flocks. Buddhism prevails, and the majority of the men and boys are lamas or Buddhist priests. The only satisfactory method of reaching the people is to share their tent life, and this Mr. Gilmour did, setting himself to work bravely and patiently to evangelize a people over whose lives heathen superstition had cast its paralyzing and degrading power. On August 27th, 1870, he started out on his first trip across the plain to Kiachta, on the Russian frontier. This journey took a month to accomplish and was full

of interest. His constant prayer was for more of God's Spirit, that he might have wisdom to devise ways and means of imparting Gospel light and blessing to the poor Mongols sitting in the region and shadow of death.

Pursuing this thought he finally concluded that the best plan was to give up his few comforts and, in poverty equal to their own, to go among them from tent to tent, and from one encampment to another, with nothing but the glad good news of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. His first efforts to this end, were employed in picking up the language, asking the names of everything in common use, thus making a new list of words daily, which he employed in conversation at every available opportunity. As we read of his life and journeyings at this time, and note his devotion to his work, we cannot place too high an estimate upon the goodness of the man and his loyalty to the divine command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." ♦

The loneliness was terrible and weighed upon his spirits. He could not get a teacher, so was compelled to be idle as to missionary work. Taking notice of everything he saw and seizing every opportunity that presented itself of learning new words, he yet felt that in no direct way was he helping forward the work to which he had given his life. Active and energetic, zealous and devoted, with what grand patience he bore the painful sense of inability to teach, meanwhile strengthening his soul in prayer, and eagerly straining every sense to make the most of the chances that fell in his way for acquiring a colloquial use of the language.

At last he found a friendly Mongol, living alone in his tent on the plain, with whom he spent the most of three months, gladly enduring all the privations and inconveniences of the Mongol's tent, in order to gain a further knowledge of the language. In this way he became intimately acquainted with Mongol life *as it is*, and made such a lasting impression upon all about him that ever after they called him "Our Gilmour." Though annoyed at the time because he could not secure a good teacher, he afterwards thanked God for leading him by another way. In little more than a year he was able to read most of the Bible in Mongolian, and could converse quite readily. This proficiency in the language enabled him to talk with the people easily and simply, and to tell them the wonderful Gospel story. As we follow Mr. Gilmour in his journeyings from Kalgan to Kiachta, across Lake Baikal on the ice to Irkutsk, and back by Urga to Kalgan, we find him everywhere, "instant in season and out of season" improving his knowledge of the people and of the language, and telling them of Jesus and His love.

About this time he began to urge upon the Directors of the Missionary Society his great need of a colleague. His old college friend, Rev. S. E. Meech, was appointed as his helper, but for various reasons was stationed at Peking instead. In his report, Mr. Gilmour protested against this course, and said, "All that I can do I am quite willing to do, but my own progress is most seriously hampered because I am alone." What it must have cost him to toil on in spite of all these hindrances! And yet, his brave true spirit, upheld by faith and prayer, bore him ever onward. In the summer of 1872 he and Mr. Edkins visited Woo Tai Shan, one of the famous resorts of Mongol pilgrims. His biographer writes: "An amusing illustration of his well-known love of argument occurred on this trip. In Mr. Edkins he found a foeman worthy of his dialectic steel. Chinese mules will only travel in single file, even where the roads are wide enough to allow of their travelling abreast, and as Gilmour went in front of that ridden by Mr. Edkins, he used to ride with his face to the tail of his beast, and thus the more readily and continuously conduct the argument then engaging their attention."

In 1873 Mr. Gilmour returned to his missionary wanderings on the plain, and made in all three journeys. The spirit in which he pursued his work, in spite of every hindrance and trial, is shown by the following notes from his diary:—"September 12th.—We are now in a diphtheria district; I go into it, and hope to remain some time, trusting myself to the hands of God. I am safe enough in His hands. If He can forward mission work more by my death than by my life, His will be done."

"September 18th.—To-day let pass me, as all were starting from the temple, about six men and three women without telling them of Jesus." This illustrates the mainspring of his life, the motive power which governed all his actions, personal dealing with individual souls.

In 1874 medical missions were just coming into existence, and Mr. Gilmour, quick to realize any and every helpful influence, began to use the little knowledge he possessed of the healing art, and to carry with him a supply of simple remedies. In regard to this he writes, "In the shape of converts I have seen no result. I have not, as far as I am aware, seen anyone who even *wanted* to be a Christian: but by healing their diseases I have had opportunity to tell many of Jesus, the great Physician."

In the latter part of 1873 Mr. Gilmour, having seen and admired the portrait of Miss Emily Prankard, in the home of her sister, Mrs. S. E. Meech, wrote that young lady asking her to come out to him as his wife. However unusual, not to say romantic, the

whole affair may seem, both parties appear to have been divinely guided, and their marriage to have been blessed beyond that of ordinary mortals. Miss Prankard sailed for China in the autumn of 1874, arrived at Peking on Thursday, December 3rd, and was married to Mr. Gilmour on the following Tuesday. At the end of January, 1875, he wrote to one of his Scotch friends, giving a detailed account of all the circumstances. He says:

“About my wife: she is a jolly girl, as much, perhaps more, of a Christian and a Christian missionary than I am. We had never seen each other, and had never corresponded, but she had heard much about me from people in England, who knew me, and I had heard a good deal of her, and seen her letters written to her sister and to her sister’s husband. The first letter I wrote her was to propose, and the first letter she wrote me was to accept—romantic enough!—Perhaps I am tiring you, but I want to let you know all about it, and to assure you that you need not be the least shy of me or of my English wife. She is a good lassie, any quantity better than me, and just as handy as a Scotch lass would have been. It was great fun for her to read your tirade about English wives, and your warning about her. She is a jolly kind of a body, and does not take offence, but I guess if she comes across you she will wake you up a bit.”

The year 1875 was spent mostly in Peking, Mr. Gilmour taking charge of the “unprofessional work of the hospital” during Dr. Dudgeon’s furlough.

In 1876 the trips to Mongolia begun again. No colleague had been granted, and so his brave and loving wife, in spite of hardship, privation, and exposure, went with him, sharing his toil, and lovingly doing her part to win these stolid Mongols for Christ. Imagine the refined English lady giving up the retirement of her own tent and keeping, in the literal sense of the word, “an open house,” lest the people should think them distant or haughty. One advantage gained from this was that Mrs. Gilmour very rapidly gained an accurate knowledge of the spoken language. But these weary journeys, the utter lack of comfort, and the unpalatable food, must have told upon her strength, and helped to hasten her early death.

In 1877 a good work seemed to be springing up in Shantung, and numbers were baptized, but it soon appeared that many of these had been drawn to the new religion by hopes of relief from the horrors of famine which had devastated the district, the missionaries having come to their aid with both money and food. The question of abandoning so unpromising a field of labour was debated by the older missionaries in Peking, and in these discussions Mr. Gilmour took an active part. But no matter how hot the discussion, or how keen the debate, he felt no bitterness

towards those who opposed any of his wishes and plans for the continuation of the work that lay so near his heart.

Towards the end of 1878, Rev. J. S. Barradale died, leaving his colleague, Rev. J. Lees, to grapple alone with the work of the Tientsin Mission. Here again the tender sympathy of the man, and the self-denying spirit of the true missionary, shine out grandly. In addition to his own heavy labours he undertook to take two trips every year to Mr. Lee's country stations, thus sharing his brother's burdens and holding up his hands. His own accounts of some of these visits are very interesting, since he makes one feel as if every scene were passing directly under one's own observation. His view of what preaching should be like, is shown in the following extract from a letter to a friend.

“I'll give you a text, which I think peculiarly suitable for you, now a graduate. Isaiah i.4. 'The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.' I like to dwell on this text. Learning should not make deep sermons, hard to be understood; on the contrary, it should be all employed to make the road simple and clear. Forgive me for exhorting you so, but I can't refrain from it when I think of the many learned men I know, at home and here, who employ their learning in giving learned sermons, *not* in making the way simple and plain.”

During his stay each winter in Peking, Mr. Gilmour continued to use every effort in reaching the Mongols who came to the capital. In 1870-80 he set up a book-stall, under the care of a Chinaman, visiting it himself every other day. Then he tried the pedlar's plan, and, taking bags of books and tracts on his shoulders went out into “the highways and hedges” hunting up Mongols, with such success that 714 books were disposed of inside and outside the city. Very often, before buying a book, a Mongol would ask to have part of it read to him, and in this way opportunities were granted and used for explaining what was read and giving further instruction. As those who bought books were from all parts of Mongolia, these teachings were spread over a wide area, and though the brave-hearted, faithful teacher reaped no fruit of that whereon he bestowed so much labour, seed was sown unto life eternal, and the glorious harvest shall be by-and-bye. Some who bought books had no money, and so paid for them in goods, in this way Mr. Gilmour often carried home with him a “curious collection of cheese, sour curd, butter, millet-cake, and sheep's fat.”

Some of the difficulties that had to be met will be shown by the following :

“The Mongols are very suspicious of seeing a foreigner writing. What

can he be up to? they say among themselves; is he taking notes of the capabilities of the country? Is he making out a road-map, so that he can return guiding an army? Is he, as a wizard, carrying off the good luck of the country in his note-book? These, and a great many others are the questions that they ask among themselves and put to the foreigner when they see him writing; and if he desires to conciliate the good-will of the people, and to win their confidence, the missionary must abstain from walking and writing while he is among them."

Mr. Gilmour found even his very limited knowledge of diseases and their remedies invaluable. He speaks of rheumatism as *the* disease of Mongolia, but says that the customs and manner of life of the people make any efforts to cure it quite useless. Skin diseases are so prevalent among them that a medical missionary would have a grand field of labour. Diseases of the eye also are very common, owing to the glare of the sun upon the snow during the long winters, and to the constant clouds of smoke in the tents.

Early in 1882 Mr. Gilmour obtained a furlough and, with his wife and family, returned to England for rest and change. The change was obvious enough, but the rest was farther to seek, as the returned missionary was in constant demand; and so great was his zeal that he forgot his weariness in enthusiastic efforts to arouse sympathy and practical interest in the work in that far-off corner of the Church's harvest field. From manuscript brought with him he prepared the book entitled "Among the Mongols," which was published in 1883 by the Religious Tract Society. This work received a very cordial welcome and did much good, as it gave most graphic word-pictures of missionary life and labour among a people where the climate, manners and customs, religious beliefs and superstitions, as well as prejudices against foreigners, increased the difficulties a thousand-fold.

Because of the success of his book he was urged to continue literary work, but loyalty to the one grand object of his life overcame every other consideration, and he decided that he could not take time to write books and papers while perishing souls all around him demanded all the time and all the attention he could possibly bestow. Here are his own words, vibrating still with the ring of a noble purpose. "I feel keenly that there is here more than I can do, and writing must go to the wall. I settle down to teach illiterate Chinamen and Mongols, heal their sores, and present Christ to them." And he adhered to this purpose, although he could have made money by writing, and although he could see no blossoming unto harvest of the good seed so faithfully sown "beside all waters."

This visit to the old land was a great blessing and refreshment to Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, and on September 1st they set sail again for China, arriving at Pekin November 14th. The following winter was spent in Pekin. Towards spring he visited the Plain, enduring trials and hardships, sometimes of a serious nature, in order to come right down to the level of those poor people whom his heart so yearned to save. Most of these journeys were performed on foot, and alone. This plan of walking gave Mr. Gilmour much-prized opportunities for quiet talks with the men whom he employed as guides and teachers of the language.

In the early part of 1885 the heart of our missionary was made glad by tidings of the baptism of Bayinto, a Mongol, for whose conversion he had long worked and prayed. During the greater part of 1885 he laboured in Pekin, Mr. Meech having gone to England on furlough. Here also he followed out his thought that men must be dealt with individually; and so from early morning till late at night he was at the service of all who wished to talk with him. In this way he became so absorbed in the salvation of souls that he gave up reading everything but the Bible; even religious books and newspapers ceased to have any charm for him. The value of souls grew and grew, until it seemed as if "Nothing was worth a thought beneath, but how from everlasting death" he might save those for whom Christ died. The passion of his life was to preach Jesus. An illustration of this was seen during a furlough in Scotland on account of ill health. He used to get up at night and placard the walls with texts of Scripture, "if by any means he might save some."

During the summer of 1885 Mrs. Gilmour's illness increased, and soon it became manifest that her beautiful life was fast drawing to a close. She had so mastered the conversational language of the people that she could talk with them very readily. Her gentleness of spirit, her love of animals, and her great interest in them and all their concerns, had overcome their prejudices and helped them to understand something of the infinite wealth of the love that prompted hers. Remarkable as their courtship had been, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour's married life was a very happy one. At about seven o'clock in the evening of September 13th she said, "Well, Jamie, I am going, I suppose. I'll soon see you there. It won't be long." Mr. Gilmour said that she would not want him much there, to which she tenderly answered that she would, adding, "I think I'll sit at the gate and look for you coming." On September 17th she was very pleased because Mr. Gilmour stayed at home with her, and they had quite a holiday together all afternoon, talking about many things, Mrs. Gilmour being able

to sit up for about an hour. The following day she gradually sank, and shortly after midnight crossed the river and entered into the city of rest. The sound judgment, devoted love and missionary zeal of this Christian lady made her an invaluable help to her husband; but all the more desolate and lonely did he feel when deprived of the sunshine of her presence.

During this year the need of missionary effort in Eastern Mongolia received serious consideration, and "Our Gilmour," as the Mongols loved to call him, decided that as it was an exceedingly difficult field of labour, and nobody else was prepared to go, he must. The region to which he was going was rough and unsafe, and Mr. Gilmour undertook the new work with the understanding that he should have a medical colleague. But in spite of earnest efforts to keep this promise the London Board were never able to send him the help that he considered an absolute necessity of the work. Here he suffered much from the cold, and his feet became terribly blistered and sore from exposure and long marches. He would make for one of the market towns, set up his stall, spread out his books and tracts, distribute his medicines, and at the same time seize every chance to read or preach, teach or sing the "wonderful words of life" which he longed to make the power of God unto their salvation. Sometimes the cold was so intense that he grew quite benumbed and could hardly speak at all; but if anyone showed the slightest desire to hear about Jesus, weariness and cold were alike forgotten, he was ready to talk till midnight and to pray till morning, if so be that a precious soul might be won for Christ.

Another blow fell upon the heart of the missionary in March, 1886, when his two eldest boys set sail from Tientsin to receive education in their father's native land. In April Mr. Gilmour returned to duty and, in spite of sorrow and loneliness, privation and hardship, and worst of all, little or no encouragement in his work, he continued the monotonous round of daily toil. What but the abounding grace of God could so have uplifted the eager heart of the zealous worker, could so have cheered and comforted his tender spirit. During the greater part of July and August he was ill, but his heart was cheered when the eldest of three brothers who kept a restaurant, came to him and said, "To-night I dismiss my gods, henceforth I am a Christian, I am ready to be baptized any day you may be pleased to name." This man, though a poor scholar, was a leading spirit in that region, and likely to exert a great influence for good. Mr. Gilmour, although so ill that he could scarcely stand, was yet daily at his post, preaching and teaching and healing. His longing to get close to the heart of

the people induced him to adopt the native dress and manner of life.

After very earnest thought on the subject his views in regard to the use of liquor and tobacco are summed up in these telling words: "I believe, were Christ here now as a missionary amongst us, he would be an enthusiastic teetotaller and a non-smoker." Opium he pronounced to be "only and wholly bad," and to the manufacture and production of these three articles he attributes almost all the poverty and vice known among the people. On and on went the faithful toiler, studying by candle-light his fine-print Testament—his Bible had been stolen—trudging about from place to place, selling books and reading the Bible to the people, everywhere showing forth the unspeakable love of Christ and His willingness to save. As might be expected, his own spiritual life developed wonderfully. It became a joy to him to deny himself for the good of his work.

In March, 1888, Mr. Gilmour's heart was at last gladdened by the arrival of a medical colleague, Dr. Roberts, but in less than a month Dr. Mackenzie's death left a gap in the work at Tientsin which Dr. Roberts was called to fill, and again "Our Gilmour" was left alone. This year was a particularly trying one, but there was no cessation of work, although his eyes were bad, his heart weak, and a severe cough gave his friends much anxiety.

In March 1889 Dr. Smith arrived, and soon it was deemed advisable for Mr. Gilmour to return to England, where he arrived on the 25th of May. So great had been the wear and tear of his work that his old friends could scarcely find in this worn, broken-down man the bright, strong Gilmour of six years before. But the unflagging zeal and the strong, loving heart were just the same. This visit was a wonderful help to him. The company of his boys, whom he loved with double intensity after they became motherless, gave him great satisfaction and joy. The third little son had died in China of spinal disease when but an infant, but the two elder lads remained under his brother's care in Scotland. His letters to them are touchingly loving and beautiful, and the constant references to their mother are inexpressibly sweet and tender. Instance the following:

"Cheer up, my dear sonnies! We shall see each other some day yet. Tell your troubles to Jesus, and let Him be your friend. I, out here, think often of manna and her nice face, and how good she was to you and to me. You will not forget her. She sees you every day, and is so pleased when you are good lads. We'll all go some day and be with her; won't that be good? Meantime, Jesus is taking care of her, and will take care of us.

"Sometimes, when I am writing a letter to you, and come to the foot of a page, I don't take blotting-paper and blot it, but kneel down and pray while it is drying. I am going away in a few days; then I'll have no one but Chinese to speak to. Never mind, I'll just tell Jesus all my affairs; I cannot go away from Him. He is never too busy to talk to me. Just you, too, tell Jesus all your troubles. He sees both you and me."

"My boys, don't be afraid of dying. Pray to Jesus, do the things He likes, and if you die you will go to Him, to His fine place, where you'll have everything that is nice and good. I don't know whether you or I will go there first; but I hope that by-and-bye we'll all be there—Mamma, and Alick, and all. I like to think of this. Meantime, let us be doing for Jesus all we can, telling people about Him, and trying to persuade them to be His people. Are your school-fellows Jesus' boys? Do you ever tell them of Him? Tell them, my dear sons."

His visit to his children was a great delight to him; but his brave, true heart was in Mongolia, and just as soon as his return was sanctioned by his medical advisers, and the London Board, he again set sail for China, and reached Peking about the middle of March, 1890. Ten days later he started for Mongolia, cheered by the thought of having Dr. Smith for his medical colleague. His visit to England and Scotland had wrought changes in his views on various matters. Formerly he read nothing but the Bible; now, although his eager study of the blessed book continued, he began again to seek for and be interested in various newspapers and books relating to religious life. He also changed his mode of life, resumed the use of meat food, and reserved more of Sunday for rest. In view of improved health and vigour he looked forward to many years of work among his scattered Mongols, whose sorrows and sufferings, ignorance and sin so touched his heart.

Dr. Smith writes of him:

"One thing about Mr. Gilmour always impressed me deeply—his wonderful knowledge of the little touches of Chinese politeness, and his wonderful power of observation. He loved the Chinese; looked upon them and treated them as brothers, and was a man who lived much in prayer; and in this lay his great power as a missionary. When he met a Mongol he would exchange a few words with him, and it was wonderful to see the man's face light up as he heard his own tongue. All the Mongols knew that he could speak their language."

His old friend, and new colleague, Mr. Parker, writes of Mr. Gilmour and his work:

"The sights of misery, suffering and wretchedness, which gather round Gilmour's stand, are simply appalling. His work seems to me to come nearest to Christ's own way of blessing men. Healing them of their wounds, giving comfort in sickness, and at the same time telling them the gospel of eternal salvation through Jesus Christ."

In April Mr. Gilmour went to Tientsin to attend the annual meeting of the North China District Committee, of the London Missionary Society, and was unanimously elected chairman. During the following four weeks he was the guest of Dr. Roberts and his sister, and so it became Miss Roberts' painfully tender duty to write the sad news of their father's death to the dear little lads in Scotland. The meetings of the committee were nearly over when Mr. Gilmour began to feel ill and feverish. Only eleven short days of restlessness and distress and God called his servant home. Almost his last words were: "We are not spending the time as we should; we ought to be waiting on God in prayer for blessing on the work he has given us to do." And thus, when the summons came, the faithful missionary was found watching, true to the end to the work that he had always felt was a special trust from God. We cannot find fitter close to this brief record than the following quotation from a memorial address by the Rev. G. Owen, delivered in Peking shortly after Mr. Gilmour's death:

"He spared himself in nothing, but gave himself wholly to God. He kept nothing back. All was laid upon the altar. I doubt if even St. Paul endured more for Christ than did James Gilmour. I doubt, too, if Christ ever received from human hands or human heart more loving, devoted service."

Although his eager hands were never permitted to gather in the harvest of his toil, the jewels in his crown of rejoicing shall be "as the stars for multitude," for his beloved Mongols shall yet be gathered in by thousands, and shall stand before him forever as pledges of a Saviour's love and of the power of a consecrated life.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

THERE is no death! We fall asleep
 To wake in some diviner sphere,
 Where brighter stars their vigils keep,
 Where strains of richer music sweep
 Across th' enraptured listener's ear.
 In that fair land where we shall reap
 What we have sown in weakness here,
 O'er every sense this truth shall creep,
 There is no death!

There gentle hands shall dry the tear
 The pilgrim's eyes did sometime weep;
 And olden loves again shall cheer,
 And olden voices sweet and clear
 Shall answer to the murmuring deep,
 There is no death!

—*St. George Best.*

EXAMINATIONS AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.

THE Toronto public has been startled by hearing that thirteen or fourteen students have broken down during the final examinations just closed at the University, and that, in addition, an unusual number have applied for an *ægrotat*. People naturally ask if our educational system does not run too much to examinations, and if no better method of settling the standing of students can be devised. The system in use in German universities has been referred to as avoiding excessive written examinations and supplying a better method of procedure. Under the circumstances, a brief sketch of a German University examination may not be without a certain value. I should perhaps preface the sketch by a statement much resembling a bull, *viz.*: that German universities, in most cases, have no examinations in the sense we are familiar with. They do not examine matriculants to see if they are competent to follow university lectures, but, instead, accept a "Certificate of Ripeness" from any *Gymnasium* of the empire, or an equivalent standing in foreign universities. There is no annual examination, passing men from year to year till the fourth, when the class graduates in a batch; for they have no curriculum,—no definite race-course round which candidates must run before being stamped and turned loose into the world by their *alma mater*. They have not even any fixed time of year when those who wish for degrees must present themselves; but every candidate is taken individually and may receive his degree at any convenient time, provided he has attended some university for three years and hands in a dissertation acceptable to the department in which he wishes to graduate.

The only examination demanded by the University is the one leading to a degree. Before this point, there is no restraint whatever placed upon the student, except a requirement to take a certain number of lectures each semester.

The theory is that the University is a sort of republic, or rather oligarchy, with the Faculties and their elective Rector Magnificus as the governing body, and the students as citizens. The student is not regarded as a boy to be hemmed in by rules and watched over by guardians, but as a free man accountable for his own actions. He may study if he chooses, or he may spend all his time in ogling pretty girls on the fashionable promenades, dressed in his striking "corps" costume, when he is not practis-

ing fencing or duelling, or elaborately and copiously consuming beer.

It is surprising to find the freest of all university systems thriving in so carefully regulated and bureaucratic an empire as Germany.

Before a German student thinks of his examination he prepares his dissertation, choosing a subject that allows of original investigation. Months of hard labour are often devoted to working out the subject undertaken; and then the student prepares a carefully written copy, frequently in Latin, although modern languages are often accepted now in science subjects. This is read by the professors of the department concerned, and if they find the work of sufficient interest and originality, the student is informed of the time when he may come up for examination. A certain number of copies of the dissertation are printed in the meantime.

Candidates in Prussian universities are required to pass an examination in three subjects, one principal and two subordinate ones, philosophy being required in addition of all candidates, since the degree conferred is that of Doctor of Philosophy. The candidate must select subjects naturally related to one another, and of not too easy a character, his principal subject being the one with which his dissertation is concerned. Beyond this there is no limitation in the choice of subjects for examination. A few days before the fateful day, the candidate, clothed in his dress suit and full of nervous self-consciousness, calls upon his examiners in the most formal way, endeavouring to produce as good an impression as possible and to discover the line which the examiner is likely to take. In my own case, the man I was most afraid of was the philosopher, Prof. Dilthey, whose lectures I had systematically neglected. I presented myself in fear and trembling at his door, and was ushered into his den, where he sat entrenched within a wall of ponderous books, with tumbled hair, unshaven face and loose dressing-gown, as became a philosopher.

"*Guten Tag, Herr Coleman!*" said he, thrusting a big hand over the rampart of books; and then began a conversation, in the course of which he asked how much I knew of the English philosophers, especially Hume and Locke (which he pronounced Hoomey and Lockey), and suggested that the examination would probably take that turn. Of course I devoted myself to English philosophy for the next day or two and felt fortunate in having had so good a drill in the subject years before at old Victoria, under Dr. Nelles.

The hour of examination comes, and the candidate, perspiring until his new white gloves are fairly wet, is ushered by a beadle

into the august presence of his examiners. He looks around and sees a half-dozen familiar faces of professors seated at a table. One of them calls him to a seat and begins a conversation in a quiet, informal way, and presently he finds himself telling all he knows of one part or another of the subject which the professor has introduced. In geology, good old Prof. Roemer, for instance, lays several fossils on the table, asks what they are, where they occur, etc., and presently gets to the bottom of the candidate's knowledge in that direction.

In my own case, geology and mineralogy, chemistry, and botany were the three subjects of examination. Each, perhaps, took half an hour—a half-hour which showed me how profound were the abysses of my ignorance. Then came fifteen minutes of philosophy, which went better than I had hoped, and my examination was over. The beadle led me, thoroughly wilted and exhausted, to a vacant room, where I pondered dolefully on the chances of my passing at all.

Presently the door opened and the Dean of the Faculty entered, took my hand, and congratulated me on having passed the examination *cum laude*, which was better than I had hoped for.

The ordeal over, one's student friends crowd around with congratulations, and then all adjourn to celebrate the event with an impromptu feast, and the candidate goes home with a lighter heart than for many a month before.

A week or two later, the dissertation is published and copies distributed, and the public graduation takes place in one of the college halls. Before the degree is conferred, however, the candidate has still an ordeal to pass through. He must publicly defend certain theses, which he has printed at the end of his dissertation, just before the brief history of his life that ends the thin volume.

The defence of the theses is generally only a form, since the opponents are friends of the candidate, chosen for the purpose, and not likely to overthrow him in argument. Any one in the audience, may, however, join in the attack, and the candidate must defend his position against all comers or fail to win the degree. This over, the supreme moment has arrived. The Rector Magnificus, or his representative, clothed in regal robes, after a short Latin oration, administers, in Latin, the oath of fidelity to the University, and he who a moment before was but *Herr Candidat* becomes *Herr Doctor Philosophiæ*.

The German system works well in Germany, where students have had a nine years' grind at the gymnasium before entering the University. It is possible that a similar freedom from examinations and from control in other ways might not answer in our

universities, although the student is now granted far more liberty than was the case a generation ago, and without injurious results. A diminution of the number of examinations seems to me advisable in all respects. Possibly, too, some of the treadmill written examinations may profitably be replaced by briefer oral ones, to the advantage of both student and professor. A competent man can very quickly fathom a student's knowledge in an oral examination, though nervous candidates might be at a certain disadvantage. In any case, it seems to me that in our system, examinations, and the direct preparation for them, have engrossed far too much of the time available for real instruction. Our graduates are too often machine-made, with little development of individuality. Everyone knows how much more available and attractive a good hand-made article than the most perfect product of a machine.

TORONTO.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

(From the German).

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O, how blest are ye whose toils are ended!
 Who, through death, have unto God ascended!
 Ye have arisen
 From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
 Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving;
 Our undertakings
 Are but toils, and troubles, and heart breakings.

Christ has wiped away your tears forever;
 Ye have that for which we still endeavour.
 To you are chanted
 Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with gladness,
 To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
 Who here would languish
 Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!
 Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us!
 With Thee, the Anointed,
 Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

THE LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER X.—STEERING TOWARD THE LIGHTS.

“Angels of life and death alike are His ;
 Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er.
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against His messengers to shut the door ?”

SEVEN years had passed since Bess made her first trip on the *White Eagle*. Her captaincy of the ship had now come to be considered a matter of course, and she was known in many ports as a most successful mariner.

“A lucky captain,” she was called by the shipping-agents. She had that good-luck which grows out of sound, good management; out of diligent doing of duty. More, she had that “good-luck” which comes in answer to earnest prayer and a committing of all cares to Him who careth for us. This was the “good-luck” of Bess Adams. Bess no longer pretended to choose short voyages or ports near home. Grown confident in herself and her ship, and possessing the confidence of all who knew her, she now sailed wherever the greatest gains seemed to await the *White Eagle*. John Porter was still first officer. He might have been captain of other ships; but he felt that he was necessary to Bess in her vessel, and thus indirectly necessary to the well-being of many people at the Cove. He considered that his present wages were amply sufficient for the childless estate of himself and his jolly wife; so he stood staunchly by the *White Eagle*. Hall Jenkins had found another ship; for he had married, and needed higher than second officer's wages. But the Cove had again supplied Bess with a faithful second officer. Tom Epp was coxwain still. Many of the old sailors stuck by the *White Eagle*, and the new ones who came were wisely chosen, and immediately fell into the ways of the ship. The *White Eagle* still held her honourable place as a vessel where voice of swearing was never heard; where the Sabbath was honoured; where no grog was served out, no liquor stood on the captain's table, no drunkard was among the crew; and the health and happiness and skill of every seaman on board justified this careful *regime*. But the *White Eagle* is, after seven years, running into Boston from Leghorn, loaded with marble. The ship is to go into dry-dock for painting and repairing; officers and crew are to have a holiday. We look into the ship to see if there are other changes there. Bess is on deck. There is a woman in the cabin, but she is elderly. She is the stewardess, and not Kate. Kate has been married two years to the son of the store-keeper at Lucky Cove, and is there settled at housekeeping, much more in her element than at sea. Bess has had young Jim on the ship with her for four years. Not all the rest of the crew has

cost her so much trouble as Jim. All the firmness of her strong hand is needed to keep him in order, especially in port; for Jim has still a fancy for grog-shops. True there are times when Jim is overcome by penitence, by gratitude. He vows improvement, he applies himself diligently to his duties, and makes wonderful progress in learning navigation from Bess and John Porter. Then he settles into sulkiness or indolence, and does just as little duty as he dare. Phil, the other twin, a noble lad, has never been at sea, despite his strong love for the profession of his father and sister; for the careful youth of fifteen is needed as much to help the crippled father and the family at home as Bess is needed at sea. So at home he studies, and helps, and is patient, and Bess expects to see him on the *White Eagle* some day, outstripping Jim and becoming her reliable second officer. Why not leave Jim at home instead of Phil? Because of the "Blue Mackerel."

Another of the brothers is on the ship, a smart lad of eleven—Henry. This has been his first cruise. The boy between Henry and the twins is the minister's namesake, David, and being a remarkably quick lad at pen and figures, Bess put him in a shipping-office at Portsmouth, fearing nothing, for the boy of thirteen had his morals braced by sound religious principles.

Thus Phil, and two little boys, and Annie, are the only children now left at home, and these and all the other good people Bess is in thought hastening to greet as her ship enters Boston Harbour.

Two weeks pass, however, before Bess has business settled and gets in sight of Lucky Cove. Henry had already gone home with John Porter; but Bess had deemed it expedient to keep Master Jim in sight and busily at work until she could take him home. That little distich about Satan's finding mischief for idle hands was ever in her mind in regard to Jim.

Yet Jim, in his clean sailor suit, with his ruddy cheeks and the happy expectation in his face, was a promising sight, seated beside Bess in the light waggon engaged to carry them and their blue chests home. Two miles from the Cove they met a cart driven by a neighbour's lad. A promiscuous bundle of clothes lay in the bottom of the cart.

"Hello!" cried the driver, "here's Cap'n Bess! Good-day, Cap'n Adams; and how are you, Jim? Guess what I've got here in the cart! Can't? Oh! it's Aunt Kezzy, and I'm taking her over to the poor-house. She won't sit up—likely she's too drunk; but we had a real fight to get her into the cart, and finally she tumbled in with her duds that there way, and so she's stayed ever since."

"Young man," said Bess sharply, "if you don't show more sorrow for the sins and misfortunes of your fellow-creatures, you will be exceedingly likely to share their lot. I've lived long enough to see that come true more than once or twice."

She went to the side of the cart, and, touching the shapeless bundle, said, "Aunt Kezzy!"

The words had the virtue of an exorcism. Up rose Aunt Kezzy, her face blazing with heat and rum, her bleared eyes wandering

uncertainly in the broad sunlight—as dirty, ragged, disreputable-looking an Aunt Kezzy as one could see in a week's journey.

"Oh! it's you, Bess Adams," said Aunt Kezzy, sitting up on the cart-floor, and pulling forward her battered bonnet. "Come to see that young villain take me! *me!! ME!!* to the poor-hus'."

"How has this happened?" asked Bess of the lad.

"Easy enough," said he. "You know how the 'Blue Mackerel' has been running down, and Aunt Kezzy drinking her own rum, and in debt for all the place was worth. She and Sawyer had a bout some six months ago, and got the place a-fire, and Sawyer was smothered in the smoke and a deal of damage done. Then they made a seizure to pay the debts, and sold up everything, and left Aunt Kezzy with only the clothes on her back and a bundle of rags besides. She had only a few dollars, and the master and the minister added a little more, and put her to board in our house. But she won't keep sober, and we nor nobody can stand her. And so, as her money's gone, comes an order to put her in the poor-hus'; but she fit like a tiger against that."

Aunt Kezzy sat steadfastly regarding her accuser, as if to see that he told her story properly.

"How came you to take her alone? She'll get away from you," said Jim; but the lad only laughed, replying,

"She's too drunk. She's got a quart bottle of rum with her."

At these words Aunt Kezzy drew out the bottle, and put it to her lips. The liquor seemed to revive her, for she turned to Bess, saying: "Yes, this is what I've come to. This is the way Lucky Cove treats Aunt Kezzy after I've nursed 'em, and helped 'em, and laid 'em out this thirty-odd year. The parson, he tells me how he warned me of it long ago; I don't care if he did. He says I sold liquor to keep from going to the poor-house, and it's brought me to it. They all turn agin' me, just as if Lucky Cove could have done without a tavern for forty year back. What would old Epp, and Jim Wren, and Sawyer, and Mary Sawyer ha' done without my place to get a drop o' comfort in? And now they're sending *me* to the poor-hus'!" Aunt Kezzy began to scramble up, as if moved to jump out of the cart; but she only rolled over heavily, and again put her bottle to her lips.

"I'm very sorry for you, Aunt Kezzy—sorry that you have destroyed yourself, and are still drinking rum," said Bess.

"No, you ain't sorry for me," snarled Aunt Kezzy; then, passing into a pathetic stage of drunkenness, she wrung her hands, saying, "Nor Kate ain't sorry. Kate's gone and bought my house, my 'Blue Mackerel.' Kate, what—you don't remember it, Bess, but I do—what I dressed the first time ever she was dressed and put her to sleep with a drop of gin-sling in her mouth—Kate, what I was always a friend to; and now she and her man fairly turns me out of house and home, and sneaks into the 'Blue Mackerel' to keep my tavern, and me in the poor-hus'. Oh! oh! oh!"

"They bought it fair, and if they hadn't someone else would," interposed the driver of the cart.

"My sister and her husband have bought the 'Blue Mackerel?'" cried Bess, astounded. "What have they bought it for?"

"Why, to keep a tavern in, like other folks," said the driver.

Bess sprang back into her waggon, and ordered the boy who came with it to whip up his horses. "I must see Kate as quickly as possible," she said to Jim.

It was but a short time before they came in sight of the famous "Blue Mackerel." The new roof, its fresh shingles shining in the sun, was the first thing to be seen; then it was noticeable that the building rejoiced in fresh paint; that the piazza was mended; the fences were renewed and neatly whitewashed; the well and its troughs were in order; the barn was no longer ruinous; pig and chicken houses and yards looked thrifty; and the space in front of the house was well sodded, and the paths were filled with fresh, white gravel. High on its post was the renovated sign, a white board with a red border, and in the centre the bright "Blue Mackerel," with silver fins and tail, beautiful to behold.

No sooner had the waggon stopped than Kate, with her baby Bess in her arms, flew down the path to meet her sister.

"And so you have really bought the 'Blue Mackerel?'" cried Bess after the first greeting.

"Yes; and haven't we improved it?" replied Kate.

"But what have you bought it for?" demanded Bess.

"Why, for a tavern—a temperance tavern, if you ever heard of such a thing, Bess; and I believe we'll make it succeed. We thought it would make a good home, and may be a good business, for us, and father-in-law said he'd refit, and the minister was afraid some strangers would come here and keep such another rum-shop as Aunt Kezzy did; so here we are, and oh! here's Georgie too," added Kate, as their youngest half-brother ran around from the barn, where he had been milking.

"And you've got Georgie too?" asked Bess, her face in a glow of joy at her sister's plans and prospects.

"Yes," replied Kate; "it would be strange if I could not provide for one of them, when you have taken care of all so long. And Georgie, you know, has always been my favourite; so here he is, going to school now, and, if the business grows, he can make his living by it by-and-bye."

"You and your house surprise me so that I have never asked how all are at home—all right, I suppose?" said Bess.

"Father's not all right," said Kate, growing grave. "He is very poorly; but your coming may cure him. Master Hastings is very hearty, but old Christine has been buried for a week."

"I must get home as fast as possible," said Bess, remounting the waggon, and the remainder of the short drive was occupied with returning the salutations of the neighbours, who came to their doors with hearty greetings.

Captain Phil Adams was in his favourite place on the porch. Indeed, he had kept his position there from early morning until dark for several days, waiting for the arrival of his daughter.

Bess saw at once that he was thin and pale, and that he was glad of the support of a pillow for his head.

Nevertheless, in spite of this drawback, the home-coming was very pleasant. Affairs went prosperously now. There was no need for pinching or anxiety, for the *White Eagle* had always done well, and the family were beginning to take care of themselves. Lucy was cheerful and healthy; Annie as sweet a child of eight as one might wish to see; and Robert, the boy between George and Henry, the scholar of the family, was doing wonders with his books. Robert was the prodigy of the village. He had no cravings for the sea, but asserted his intentions of being a minister, which when Bess heard, she reflected with some satisfaction on her ability to provide for him a liberal education.

"There's a new schoolmaster," said Robert, "and I think he knows even more than the old master. The old master got sick in the winter, and went to Montpelier to live with his nephew. He's not going to teach any more."

"How the changes crowd one another!" said Bess. "Christine is dead, and to day I met Aunt Kezzy on her way to the poor-house. I thought of the Scripture: 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink!'"

"Yes, poor soul, and Mary Sawyer has been in the poor-house three months," replied Lucy. "But some of the changes are very pleasant, for Hall Jenkins has taken the Sawyers' house, and has refitted it, and his wife has furnished it neatly, so it is better than it has ever been since my poor mother spent her first married years there. I hope no trouble like hers will come to the Jenkinsons, and I think not. Hall is a good, temperate, Christian man."

"Yes," replied Bess; "when you are four or five years on a ship with a man, you know pretty well what he is: and I can only say good of Hall Jenkins or of any of my men."

"Oh!" laughed Jim, "Bess is as proud of her crew as any mother is of her flock of children. They're all nearly perfect."

Lucy sent for Master Hastings and the minister to have tea with them. For a week she had been preparing her choicest dishes for a feast when Bess and Jim and Harry should be home again; and now that the three had been brought to their desired haven, Lucy piled her cakes and conserves, cheese, pickles, and potted meats upon the board with a lavish hand, sure that hearty sea-appetites would be brought to the discussion of her varied country fare.

It was a pleasant summer evening, and, as the sunset died away, the clear moonlight flooded sea and shore.

"Wheel my chair down to the sands, daughter," said Phil Adams softly. Bess arranged the cushion for his head, threw a light shawl over him, and the two went out alone toward the water. The sand lay smooth and hard along the curve of the cove, and the water slipped up and down against it with a soft, musical sound. The little light-tower which rose out of the centre of the burial-ground on the further headland gleamed like a star across the quiet sea, and from the nearer headland shone a similar light, which had

been within a few years erected for the further aid of shipping along that coast. About a quarter of a mile from shore lay a little boat on the waters.

"It is Tom Epp," said Bess; "he has gone out there to read his Bible and pray. The sea is Tom's closet, where he enters in, and, shutting the doors of its silence and loneliness about him, he speaks to his Father which is in secret."

Further out, a ship might be seen making for the port. There was no wind to drive her hurriedly on her course; the gentle evening air sufficed to fill two small sails set aloft, and the rising tide urged her as with a careful hand pressing upon the keel. The port was well in sight. The home-lights of the inward-bound mariners gleamed from the windows. The beacons directed the way. Earth had not a more fair and pleasing spectacle.

Bess stood with her hand on the back of her father's chair, the two gathering the same lesson from the scene.

"My daughter," said Captain Phil Adams, "I have looked to the day of your coming home with a very great desire. I have felt for months the warnings that my time is short. My one great wish has been for this voyage to end, when I knew the *Eagle* would be in the dry-dock, and you would have a while to stay with me. As Israel longed to see Joseph, and strengthened himself and sat up when one told him, 'Thy son cometh unto thee,' so I have longed to see you, my daughter, who have been better unto me than ten sons. Let that vessel that is now coming in be a parable to you of my state, Bess. My port is full in view; my home and my dear ones, many of them are there. I do not reach harbour in storm and fear, but in a blessed calm. All is well, and I am steering for the lights, my child—the lights in that blessed country where there are no night and no sorrow and no more sea. Ah! Bess, 'the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' I can leave Lucy and the little ones to you; for you have always taken care of them. I have had my doubts and distresses about Jim, but I believe now that God has a thought of good to him. The day will come when Phil and the other boys will pay you back your labours of love for them. And I think, Bess, I shall have a further answer to my prayers, and die while you are here at home; and when that hour comes, you are to regard it, as I do, with joy, that the prisoner is free at last, and that I am going to walk with the nations of the saved, and be satisfied by awakening in Christ's likeness."

As her father had spoken, Bess had felt first a great burden of sorrow for her coming loss; but at once she considered with what infinite peace and contentment he was about to enter into his rest; what calm satisfaction he had for those whom he left; what assurance of peace for himself; and what a glorious liberty was he about to enter upon after more than seven years of bondage, crippled, and confined to his chair.

"Tell me, father," she said, "have these years since the wreck of the *Seabird* been years to regret? You were a Christian and

sure of heaven then ; and these years have had much of suffering and self-denying—have they been unhappy ? Have you regretted being saved from the *Seabird* ? ”

“ Bess,” replied the captain, “ in looking over my whole life, from my earliest years until now, I am entirely satisfied with the Lord’s dealings with me. Mind you, I’m not satisfied with myself, but I am with Him, and I expect when I get to heaven to be more and more satisfied with my Lord’s ways the more fully I know them. And that is the way I wish you to feel, and to begin your satisfaction right here with my being taken from you.”

“ I’ll be satisfied,” said Bess slowly, firmly repressing her feelings ; then coming to the front of her father’s chair, she knelt down before him on the sands, and took his hand. “ You tell me to be satisfied with having you go, father ; but think how different I am from other people. You and Master Hastings will soon be gone ; Kate has other ties ; these children—and it will be right—will grow up to have other interests and dearer loves than mine ; and I—I may live to grow old, and I shall be alone, as Master Hastings is, or would be without me.”

The father looked earnestly at this best-beloved child, vigorous and handsome, thirty-three years of her life gone, and perhaps, as she said, many, very many more to come before age or disease could conquer that iron frame and iron will. He laid his hand lovingly on the thick, short locks that had been growing whiter and whiter since the *Seabird* disaster.

“ My God shall supply all your need,” he said ; “ and ‘ he that overcometh shall inherit all things.’ ”

The ship was very near the shore. Tom Epp’s boat had touched the strand. Tom came to wheel the captain’s chair to the house, and Bess walked by her father’s side, holding his hand. “ We walk,” said the captain, “ beside those we love in this world ; but one by one our fellow-travellers pass away. One is recorded who had a daily Companion who never forsook him—Enoch, who walked with God ; and his wayfaring Friend is ready to be ours.”

“ And He,” said Tom Epp, “ is the only fellow-traveller who is able to go with us not only to the gate of death, but right through it, and to make our rejoicing in the world to which we come.”

It seemed that Phil Adams had summoned all his strength to wait for the return of his children, that, like Israel, he might die in the midst of his united family ; for almost immediately after their arrival he failed rapidly, and was obliged to keep his bed.

As is usual to faithful parents dying, his thoughts hovered less about the good children who had never caused anxiety than about the child who was most apt to go astray. Captain Adams had great troubles of heart betimes about young Jim. Perhaps we should not be justified in calling Jim the *black* sheep of the family, nor was he by any means a white one. Jim was, let us say, a gray sheep, decidedly gray ; and in such sheep as he is, the grayness is much more likely to become blackness than whiteness. It is different with human heads, unfortunately their owners think, but we are writing of moral sheep. Jim was not

of an ill-disposition, and, when he found that his father seemed to crave his presence, he spent hours seated on the foot of his bed. In these hours Captain Adams adorned his moral lessons with many a tale, and among others he told the stories of Jim Wren and of Tom Epp's father; of the days when Aunt Kezzy was almost persuaded to be a Christian. Replied young Jim: "You see, father, I like drunkenness as little as anybody; but there's Bess down on a fellow if he looks at a glass of grog half a mile off, or even stands with his face in the direction of a tavern. Bess is too strict. I know dozens of men and of officers who take their glass and are no worse for it. And so do you and Master Hastings."

"My son, Master Hastings and I belong to a generation of men whose ways, I humbly trust, are passing out of fashion. If you are looking for human models, I might point you to better ones. Look at the minister, at honest Tom Epp; and I could have pointed you to one who might have suited you for a pattern better than either of them; but he is not, for God took him."

"But I don't understand what you said about your ways going out of fashion, father."

"When I was young—indeed, until I was past thirty, Jim—I never heard so much as one word against taking a glass of grog at times; in fact, it was recommended by all. Liquor stood on all tables: ministers indulged in it, doctors prescribed it. I do not think any one suspected evil."

"And what made the change in opinion, father?"

"A terrible necessity, my son. There have been many who, walking along by the sea, did not notice the silent rising of the tide, until escape was cut off, and it engulfed them. So in this country was it with the evil of drinking. The government, the church, men of the world, had no thought of alarm, until drinking had become an epidemic. Rum was carrying off more victims than the plague. The courts were filled with rum criminals; the church was robbed of its some-time pillars; the state was disgraced by its leading men; and there was hardly a home where there was not one dead.' Suddenly the land was mourning 'in bitterness, as one who mourns for an only son.'"

"But I cannot understand how all this happened at once."

"I've often talked about it with our minister, my son. You see population had rapidly increased, and the increase of unchecked crime is not in proportion to the increase of the population; it exceeds by means of some mental reaction or contagion. Thus, if in a town of one thousand there were forty drunkards, when the number of inhabitants doubled the drunkards would be more than doubled, say ninety instead of eighty. Then people say our climate has altered with the settling of the land, and now renders men more susceptible to the influence of liquor. Again, the taste for drink is cumulative in several generations; the fancy of the parent often becomes the passion of the child, the insanity of the grandchild. The downward course is one of accelerating speed, Jim. All these reasons combined to overwhelm the land with drunkenness, almost before the lifting of one warning cry. But,

thank God! that cry has been lifted, and is sounding louder and louder. Seven years in my chair I have been studying the signs of the times, and they are signs that 'the morning cometh.' The first warnings and protests I heard years ago, faintly and indistinctly, as 'a sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees.' But that sound inaugurates a great battle of right against wrong. It is the breath of the Lord stirring amongst men. It shall grow and become clearer and clearer, until, like an archangel's trumpet, it shall wake the dead, even 'those dead in trespasses and sins.' 'I shall behold it, but not now; I shall see it, but not nigh!'"

The old man was exhausted with ardent speaking, and lay silent for a long while; then he said more feebly: "You spoke of my example, Jim; but the lesson came home to me, though overlate. I have not touched a drop of grog this two years, nor has Master Hastings; and we were old men to change our habits, yet we were none the worse for doing it."

Such discourse from his evidently dying father moved Jim's heart. He resolved within himself that hereafter he would walk uprightly. But "he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

A good word had the old man for all his children in turn. He would lie with his thin hand on Annie's golden head, telling her of that elder Annie, the good wife and mother, who had gone to her reward, and bid her follow in her ways. David came home from Portsmouth to see him, and his father put into his hands his parting gift, a Bible, saying: "'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.'"

When the last hour came, it was rather like the going to a pleasant home of some beloved guest than like a death-bed. Kate's babe had fallen asleep, and the grandfather signed to have it laid beside him. This was the contrast—the rosy child in the sleep of health, the pale old man sinking calmly into the sleep of death.

Side by side knelt the twin lads, and, laying his hands on the head of each, their father gave them the blessing of Jacob: "'The angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads, and let them grow to a multitude in the midst of the earth.'"

After this he held out a hand in farewell to each of those who gathered about him—to his family, to Master Hastings, to the minister—then there was a long silence.

"How is it now, father?" said Bess, bending over him.

A smile chased the shadow of death from his face. "The lights always grow brighter, you know, my girl, as we get nearer in shore. There's been no mistake about the channel or about the port. The chart was a good chart; the sailing orders were all right; there's the best of Pilots at the helm, Bess, and now the lights are very bright and are very near indeed."

"Ah! my father, my father!" cried Bess, for now the storm-worn ship was in harbour.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." "May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!"

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER X.—THE NEW SQUIRE.

THIS year the effort to keep Christmas in Seat-Sandal was a failure. Julius did not return in time for the festival, and the squire was unable to take any part in it. There had been one of those sudden, mysterious changes in his condition, marking a point in life from which every step is on the down-hill road to the grave. One day he had seemed even better than usual; the next morning he looked many years older. Lassitude of body and mind had seized the once eager, sympathetic man; he was weary of the struggle for life, and had *given up*. This change occurred just before Christmas; and Charlotte could not help feeling that the evergreens for the feast might, after all, be the evergreens for the funeral.

One snowy day between Christmas and New Year, Julius came home. Before he said a word to Sophia, she divined that he had succeeded in his object. He entered the house with the air of a master; and, when he heard how rapidly the squire was failing, he congratulated himself on his prudent alacrity in the matter. The next morning he was permitted an interview. "You have been a long time away, Julius," said the squire languidly, and without apparent interest in the subject.

"I have been a long journey."

"Ah! Where have you been? Eh?"

"To Italy."

The sick man flushed crimson, and his large, thin hands quivered slightly. Julius noted the change in him with some alarm; for, though it was not perhaps actually necessary to have the squire's signature to Harry's relinquishment, it would be more satisfactory to obtain it. He knew that neither Mrs. Sandal nor Charlotte would dispute Harry's deed; but he wished not only to possess Seat-Sandal, but also the good-will of the neighbourhood, and for this purpose he must show a clear, clean right to the succession. He had explained the matter to Sophia, and been annoyed at her want of enthusiasm. She feared that any discussion relating to Harry might seriously excite and injure her father, and she could not bring herself to advise it. But the disapproval only made Julius more determined to carry out his own views; and therefore, when the squire asked, "Where have you been?" he told him the truth; and oh, how cruel the truth can sometimes be!

"I have been to Italy."

"To see"—

"Harry? Yes."

Then, without waiting to inform himself as to whether the squire

wished the conversation dropped or continued, he added, "He was in a miserable condition,—destitute, with a dying wife and child."

"Child! Eh? What?"

"Yes, a son; a little chap, nothing but skin and bone and black eyes,—an Italian Sandal."

The squire was silent a few minutes; then he asked in a slow, constrained voice, "What did you do?"

"Harry sent for me in order that we might discuss a certain proposal he wished to make me. I have accepted it; but really it appeared the only way to help him to any purpose."

"What did Harry want? Eh? What?"

"He wanted to go to America, and begin a new life, and found a new house there; and, as he had determined never under any circumstances to visit Sandal-Side again, he asked me to give him the money necessary for emigration."

"Did you?"

"Yes, I did."

"For what? What equivalent could he give you?"

"He had nothing to give me but his right of succession. I bought it for ten thousand pounds. A sum of money like that ought to give him a good start in America. I think, upon the whole, he was very wise."

"Harry Sandal sold my home and estate over my head, while I was still alive, without a word to me! God have mercy!"

"Uncle, he never thought of it in that light, I am sure."

"That is what he did; sold it without a thought as to what his mother's or sister's wishes might be. Sold it away from his own child. My God! The man is an immeasurable scoundrel; and, Julius Sandal, you are another."

"Sir?"

"Leave me. I am still master of Sandal. Leave me. Leave my house. Do not enter it again until my dead body has passed the gates."

"It will be right for you first to sign this paper."

"What paper? Eh? What?"

"The deed of Harry's relinquishment. He has my money. I look to your honour to secure me."

"You look the wrong road. I will sign no such paper,—no, not for twenty years of life."

He spoke sternly, but almost in a whisper. The strain upon him was terrible; he was using up the last remnants of his life to maintain it.

"That you should sign the deed is only bare honesty. I gave the money trusting to your honesty."

"I will not sign it. It would be a queer thing for me to be a partner in such a dirty job. The right of succession to Sandal, barring Harry Sandal, is not vested in you. It is in Harry's son. Whoever his mother may be, the little lad is heir of Sandal-Side; and I'll not be made a thief in my last hours by you. That's a trick beyond your power. Now, then, I'll waste no more words on you, good, bad, or indifferent."

He had, in fact, reached the limit of his powers, and Julius saw it; yet he did not hesitate to press his right to Sandal's signature by every argument he thought likely to avail. Sandal was as one that heard not, and fortunately Mrs. Sandal's entrance put an end to the painful interview.

This was a sorrow the squire had never contemplated, and it filled his heart with anxious misery. He strove to keep calm, to husband his strength, to devise some means of protecting his wife's rights.

"I must send for Lawyer Moser: if there is any way out of this wrong, he will know the right way," he thought. But he had to rest a little ere he could give the necessary prompt instructions. Towards noon he revived, and asked eagerly for Stephen Latrigg. A messenger was at once sent to Up-Hill. He found Stephen in the barn, where the men were making the flails beat with a rhythm and regularity as exhilarating as music. Stephen left them at once; but, when he told Ducie what word had been brought him, he was startled at her look and manner.

"I have been looking for this news all day: I fear me, Steve, that the squire has come to 'the passing.' Last night I saw your grandfather."

"Dreamed of him?"

"Well, then, call it a dream. I saw your grandfather. He was in this room; he was sorting the papers he left; and, as I watched his hands, he lifted his head and looked at me. I have got my orders, I feel that. But wait not now, I will follow you anon."

In the "Seat" there was a distinct feeling of consummating calamity. The servants had come to a state of mind in which the expectation was rather a relief. They were only afraid the squire might rally again. In Mrs. Sandal's heart there was that resentful resignation that says to sorrow, "Do thy worst. I am no longer able to resist, or even to plead." Charlotte only clung to her dream of hope, and refused to be wakened from it. She was sure her father had been worse many a time. She was almost cross at Ducie's unusual visit.

About four o'clock Steve had a long interview with the squire. Charlotte walked restlessly to and fro in the corridor; she heard Steve's voice, strong and kind and solemn, and she divined what promises he was making to the dying man for herself and for her mother. But even her love did not anticipate their parting words,—

"Farewell, Stephen. Yet one word more. If Harry should come back—what of Harry? Eh? What?"

"I will stand by him. I will put my hand in his hand, and my foot with his foot. They that wrong Harry will wrong me, they that shame Harry will shame me. I will never call him less than a brother, as God hears me speak."

A light "that never was on sea or sky" shone in Sandal's fast dimming eyes, and irradiated his set, gray countenance. "Stephen, tell him at death's door I turned back to forgive him—to bless him. I stretch—out—my hand—to—him."

At this moment Charlotte opened the door softly, and waved Stephen towards her. "Your mother is come, and she says she must see the squire." And then, before Stephen could answer, Ducie gently put them both aside. "Wait in the corridor, my children," she said: "none but God and Sandal must hear my farewell." With the words, she closed the door, and went to the dying man. He appeared to be unconscious; but she took his hand, stroked it kindly, and bending down whispered, "William, William Sandal! Do you know me?"

"Surely it is Ducie. It is growing dark. We must go home, Ducie. Eh? What?"

"William, try and understand what I say. You will go the happier to heaven for my words." And, as they grew slowly into the squire's apprehension, a look of amazement, of gratitude, of intense satisfaction, transfigured the clay for the last time. It seemed as if the departing soul stood still to listen. He was perfectly quiet until she ceased speaking; then, in a strange, unearthly tone, he uttered one word, "Happy." It was the last word that ever parted his lips. Between shores he lingered until the next daybreak, and then the loving watchers saw that the pallid wintry light fell on the dead. How peaceful was the large, worn face! How tranquil! How distant from them! How grandly, how terribly indifferent! To Squire William Sandal, all the noisy, sorrowful controversies of the earth had grown suddenly silent.

The reading of the squire's will made public the real condition of affairs. Julius had spoken with the lawyer previously, and made clear to him his right in equity to stand in the heir's place. But the squires and statesmen of the Dales heard the substitution with muttered dissents, or in a silence still more emphatic of disapproval. Ducie and Mrs. Sandal and Charlotte were shocked and astounded at the revelation, and there was not a family in Sandal-Side who had that night a good word for Julius Sandal. He thought it very hard, and said so. He had not forced Harry in any way. He had taken no advantage of him. Harry was quite satisfied with the exchange, and what had other people to do with his affairs? He did not care for their opinion. "That for it!" and he snapped his fingers defiantly to every point of the compass. But, all the same, he walked the floor of the east rooms nearly all night, and kept Sophia awake to listen to his complaints.

Sophia was fretful and sleepy, and not as sympathetic with "the soul that halved her own," but she had her special worries. She perceived, even thus early, that as long as the late squire's widow was in the Seat, her own authority would be imperfect. "Of course, she did not wish to hurry her mother; but she would feel, in her place, how much more comfortable for all a change would be. And mother had her dower-house in the village; a very comfortable home, quite large enough for Charlotte and herself and a couple of maids, which was certainly all they needed."

Where did such thoughts and feelings spring from? Were

they lying dormant in her heart that summer when the squire drove home his harvest, and her mother went joyfully up and down the sunny old rooms, always devising something for her girls' comfort or pleasures? In those days how proud Sophia had been of her father and mother! What indignation she would have felt had one suggested that the time was coming when she would be glad to see a stranger in her father's place, and feel impatient to say to her mother, "Step down lower; I would be mistress in your room!" Alas! there depths in the human heart we fear to look into; for we know that often all that is necessary to assuage a great grief, or obliterate a great loss, is the inheritance of a fine mansion, or a little money, or a few jewels, or even a rich garment. And as soon as the squire was in his grave, Julius and Sophia began to discuss the plans which only a very shallow shame had made them reticent about before.

Indeed, it soon became necessary for others, also, to discuss the future. People soon grow unwelcome in a house that is not their own; and the new squire of Sandal-Side was eager to so renovate and change the place that it would cease to remind him of his immediate predecessors. The Sandals of past centuries were welcome, they gave dignity to his claims; but the last squire, and his son Harry Sandal, only reminded him of circumstances he felt it more comfortable to forget. So, during the long, dreary days of midwinter, he and Sophia occupied themselves very pleasantly in selecting styles of furniture, and colours of draperies, and in arranging for a full suite of Oriental rooms, which were to perpetuate in pottery and lacquerware, Indian bronzes and mattings, Chinese screens and cabinets, the Anglo-Indian possessor of the old Cumberland estate.

Even pending these alterations, others were in progress. Every family arrangement was changed in some respect. The hour for breakfast had been fixed at what Julius called a civilized time. But, though Julius had succeeded in bringing his table so far within his own ideas of comfort, in other respects he felt his impotence to order events. Every meal-time brought him in contact with the widow Sandal and with Charlotte; and neither Sophia, nor yet himself, had felt able to request the late mistress to resign her seat at the foot of the table. And Sophia soon began to think it unkind of her mother not to see the position, and voluntarily amend it. "I do really think mother might have some consideration for me, Julius," she complained. "It puts me in such a very peculiar position not to take my place at my own table; and it is so trying and perplexing for the servants,—making them feel as if there were two mistresses."

"And always the calm, scornful face of your sister Charlotte at her side. Do you notice with what ostentatious obedience and attention she devotes herself to your mother?"

"She thinks that she is showing me my duty, Julius. But people have some duties towards themselves."

"And towards their husbands."

"Certainly. I thank Heaven I have always put my husband

first." And she really glanced upwards with the complacent air of one who expected heaven to imitate men, and "praise her for doing well unto herself."

"This state of things cannot go on much longer, Sophia."

"Certainly it cannot. Mother must look after her own house soon."

"I would speak to her to-day, Sophia. She has had six weeks now to arrange her plans, and next month I want to begin and put the house into decent condition. I think I will write to London this afternoon, and tell Jeffcott to send the polishers and painters on the fifteenth of March."

"Mother is so slow about things, I don't think she will be ready to move so early."

"Oh, I really can't stand them any longer! I can't indeed, Sophia, and I won't. I did not marry your mother and sister, nor yet buy them with the place. Your mother has her recognized rights in the estate, and she has a dower-house to which to retire; and the sooner she goes there now, the better. You may tell her I say so."

"You may as well tell her yourself, Julius."

"Do you wish me to be insulted by your sister Charlotte again? It is too bad to put me in such a position. I cannot punish two women, even for such shameful innuendos as I had to take when she sat at the head of the table. You ought to reflect, too, that the rooms they occupy are the best rooms in the house,—the master's rooms. I am going to have the oak walls polished, in order to bring out the carvings; and I think we will choose green and white for the carpets and curtains. The present furniture is dreadfully old-fashioned, and horribly full of old memories."

"Well, then, I shall give mother to understand that we expect to make these changes very soon."

"Depend upon it, the sooner your mother and Charlotte go to their own house, the better for all parties. For, if we do not insist upon it, they will stay and stay, until that Lattrigg young man has his house finished. Then Charlotte will expect to be married from here, and we shall have all the trouble and expense of the affair. Oh, I tell you, Sophia, I see through the whole plan! But reckoning without me, and reckoning with me, are different things."

This conversation took place after a most unpleasant lunch. Julius had come to it in a fretful, hypercritical mood. He had been calculating what his proposed changes would cost, and the sum total had given him a slight shock. He was like many extravagant people, subject to passing spells of almost contemptible economy; and at that hour the proposed future outlay of thousands did not trouble him so much as the actual penny-half-penny value of his mother-in-law's lunch.

He did not say so, but in some way the feeling permeated the table. The widow pushed her plate aside, and sipped her glass of wine in silence. Charlotte took a pettish pleasure in refusing what she felt she was unwelcome to. Both left the table before Julius and Sophia had finished their meal; and both, as soon as

they reached their rooms, turned to each other with faces hot with indignation, and hearts angry with a sense of shameful unkindness.

Charlotte spoke first. "What is to be done, mother? I cannot see you insulted, meal after meal, in this way. Let us go at once. I have told you it would come to this. We ought to have moved immediately,—just as soon as Julius came here as master."

"My house in the village has been empty for three years. It is cold and damp. It needs attention of every kind. If we could only stay here until Stephen's house was finished: then you could be married."

"O mother dear, that is not possible! You know Steve and I cannot marry until father has been dead at least a year. It would be an insult to father to have a wedding in his mourning year."

"If your father knows anything, Charlotte, he knows the trouble we are in. He would count it no insult."

"But all through the Dales it would be a shame to us. Steve and I would not like to begin life with the ill words or ill thoughts of our neighbors."

"What shall I do? Charlotte, dear, what shall I do?"

"Let us go to our own home. Better to brave a little damp and discomfort than constant humiliation"

"This is my home, my own dear home! It is full of memories of your father and Harry."

"O mother, I should think you would want to forget Harry!"

"No, no, no! I want to remember him every hour of the day and night. How could I pray for him, if I forgot him? Little you know how a mother loves, Charlotte. His father forgave him: shall I be less pitiful?—I, who nursed him at my breast, and carried him in my arms."

Charlotte did not answer. She was touched by her mother's fidelity, and she found in her own heart a feeling much akin to it. Their conversation reverted to their unhappy position, and to the difficulty of making an immediate change. For not only was the dower-house in an untenable state, but the weather was very much against them. The gray weather, the gloomy sky, the monotonous rains, the melting snow, the spiteful east wind,—by all this enmity of the elements, as well as by the enmity in the household, the poor bereaved lady was saddened and controlled.

The wretched conversation was followed by a most unhappy silence. Both hearts were brooding over their slights and wrongs. Day by day Charlotte's life had grown harder to bear. Sophia's little flaunts and dissents, her astonishments and corrections, were almost as cruel as the open hatred of Julius, his silence, his lowering brows, and insolence of proprietorship. To these things she had to add the intangible contempt of servants, and the feeling of constraint in the house where she had been the beloved child and the one in authority. Also she found the insolence which Stephen had to brave every time he called upon her just

as difficult to bear as were her own peculiar slights. Julius had ceased to recognize him, and had ceased to speak of him except as "that person." Every visit he made Charlotte was the occasion of some petty impertinence, some unmistakable assurance that his presence was offensive to the master of Seat-Sandal.

All these things troubled the mother also, but her bitterest pang was the cruelty of Sophia. A slow, silent process of alienation had been going on in the girl ever since her engagement to Julius: it had first touched her thoughts, then her feelings; now its blighting influence had deteriorated her whole nature. And in her mother's heart there were sad echoes of that bitter cry that comes down from age to age, "Oh, my son Absalom, Absalom! My son, my son!"

"O Sophia! oh, my child, my child! How can you treat me so? What have I done?" She was murmuring such words to herself when the door was opened, and Sophia entered. It was characteristic of the woman that she did not knock ere entering. She had always jealously guarded her rights to the solitude of her own room; and, even when she was a school-girl, it had been an understood household regulation that no one was to enter it without knocking. But now that she was mistress of all the rooms in Seat-Sandal, she ignored the simple courtesy towards others. Consequently, when she entered, she saw the tears in her mother's eyes. They only angered her. "Why should the sorrows of others darken her happy home?" Sophia was one of those women whom long regrets fatigue. As for her father, she reflected, "that he had been well nursed, decorously buried, and that every propriety had been attended to. It was, in her opinion, high time that the living—Julius and herself—should be thought of." The stated events of life—its regular meals, its trivial pleasures—had quite filled any void in her existence made by her father's death. If he had come back to earth, if some one had said to her, "He is here," she would have been far more embarrassed than delighted. The worldly advantages built upon the extinction of a great love! Sophia could contemplate them without a blush.

She came forward, shivering slightly, and stirred the fire. "How cold and dreary you are! Mother, why don't you cheer up and do something? It would be better for you than moping on the sofa."

"Suppose Julius had died six weeks ago, would you think of 'cheering up,' Sophia?"

"Charlotte, what a shameful thing to say!"

"Precisely what you have just said to mother."

"Supposing Julius dead! I never heard such a cruel thing. I dare say it would delight you."

"No, it would not; for Julius is not fit to die."

"Mother, I will not be insulted in my own house in such a way. Speak to Charlotte, or I must tell Julius."

"What have you come to say, Sophia?"

"I came to talk pleasantly, to see you, and"—

"You saw me an hour or two since, and were very rude and unkind. But if you regret it, my dear, it is forgiven."

"I do not know what there is to forgive. But really, Charlotte and you seem so completely unhappy and dissatisfied here, that I should think you would make a change."

"Do you mean that you wish me to go?"

"If you put words into my mouth."

"It is not worth while affecting either regret or offence, Sophia. How soon do you wish us to leave?"

The dowager mistress of Sandal-Side had stood up as she asked the question. She was quite calm, and her manner even cold and indifferent. "If you wish us to go to-day, it is still possible. I can walk as far as the rectory. For your father's sake the rector will make us welcome.—Charlotte, my bonnet and cloak!"

"Mother! I think such threats very uncalled for. What will people say? And how can poor Julius defend himself against two ladies? I call it taking advantage of us."

"'Taking advantage?' Oh, no! Oh, no!—Charlotte, my dear, give me my cloak."

The little lady was not to be either frightened or entreated; and she deigned Julius—who had been hastily summoned by Sophia—no answer, either to his arguments or his apologies.

"It is enough," she cried, with a slight quiver in her voice, "it is enough! You turn me out of the home he gave me. Do you think that the dead see not? know not? You will find out, you will find out." And so, leaning upon Charlotte's arm, she walked slowly down the stairway, and into the dripping, soaking, gloomy afternoon. It was indeed wretched weather. A thick curtain of mist filled all the atmosphere, and made of daylight only a diluted darkness, in which it was hard to distinguish the skeletons of the trees which winter had stripped. The mountains had disappeared; there was no sky; a veil of chilling moisture and depressing gloom was over everything. But neither Charlotte nor her mother were at that hour conscious of such inoffensive disagreeables. They were trembling with anger and sorrow. In a moment such a great event had happened, one utterly unconceived of, and unprepared for. Half an hour previous, the unhappy mother had dreaded the breaking away from her old life, and had declined to discuss with Charlotte any plan tending to such a consummation. Then, suddenly, she had taken a step more decided and unusual than had ever entered Charlotte's mind.

The footpath through the park was very wet and muddy. Every branch dropped water. They were a little frightened at what they were doing, and their hearts were troubled by many complex emotions. But fortunately the walk was a short one, and the shortest way to the rectory lay directly through the churchyard. Without a word Mrs. Sandal took it; and without a word she turned aside at a certain point, and through the long, rank, withered grasses walked straight to the squire's grave. It was yet quite bare; the snow had melted away, and it had a look as

desolate as her own heart. She stood a few minutes speechless by its side; but the painfully tight clasp in which she held Charlotte's hand expressed better than any words could have done the tension of feeling, the passion of emotion, which dominated her. And Charlotte felt that silence was her mother's safety. If she spoke, she would weep, perhaps break down completely, and be unable to reach the shelter of the rectory.

The rector was walking about his study. He saw the two female forms passing through the misty graveyard, and up to his own front door; but that they were Mrs. Sandal and Charlotte Sandal, was a supposition beyond the range of his life's probabilities. So, when they entered his room, he was for the moment astounded; but how much more so, when Charlotte, seeing her mother unable to frame a word, said, "We have come to you for shelter and protection!"

Then Mrs. Sandal began to sob hysterically; and the rector called his housekeeper, and the best rooms were quickly opened and warmed, and the sorrowful, weary lady lay down to rest in their comfort and seclusion. Charlotte did not find their friend as unprepared for the event as she supposed likely. Private matters sift through the public mind in a way beyond all explanation, and "There had been a general impression," he said, "that the late squire's widow was very ill done to by the new squire."

Charlotte did not spare the new squire. All his petty ways of annoying her mother and herself and Stephen; all his small economies about their fire and food and comforts; all his scornful contempt for their household ways and traditions; all that she knew regarding his purchase of Harry's rights, and his ruthless revelation to her dying father,—all that she knew wrong of Julius, she told. It was a relief to do it. While he had been their guest, and afterwards while they had been his guests, her mouth had been closed. Week after week she had suffered in silence. The long-restrained tide of wrong flowed from her lips with a strange, pathetic eloquence; and, as the rector held her hands, his own were wet with her fast-falling tears. At last she laid her head against his shoulder, and wept as if her heart would break. "He has been our ruin," she cried, "our evil angel. He has used Harry's folly and father's goodness and Sophia's love—all of them—for his own selfish ends."

"He is a bad one. He should be hanged, and cheap at it! God have mercy! He is not worthy of life."

At this juncture, Julius himself entered the room. Neither of its occupants had heard his arrival, and he saw Charlotte in the abandon of her grief and anger. She would have risen, but the rector would not let her. "Sit still, Charlotte," he said. "He has done his do, and you need not fear him any more. And dry your tears, my dearie; learn while you are young to squander nothing, not even grief." Then he turned to Julius, and gave him one of those looks which go through all disguises into the shoals and

quicksands of the heart; such a look as that with which the tamer of wild beasts controls his captive.

"Well, squire, what want you?"

"I want justice, sir. I am come here to defend myself."

"Very well, I am here to listen."

Self-justification is a vigorous quality: Julius spoke with eloquence, and with a superficial show of right. The rector heard him patiently, offering no comment, and permitting no disputation. But, when Julius was finished, he answered with a certain stern warmth, "Say what you will, squire, you and I are of two ways of thinking. You are in the wrong, and you will be hard set to prove yourself in the right; and that is as true as gospel."

"I am, at least, a gentleman, rector; and I know how to treat gentlewomen."

"Gentle-man! Gentle-sinner, let me say! Will Satan care whether you be a peasant, or a star-and-garter gentleman? Tut, tut! in my office I know nothing about gentlemen. There are plenty of gentlemen with Beelzebub; and they will ring all eternity for a drop of water, and find none to answer them."

"Sir, though you are a clergyman, you have no right to speak to me in such a manner."

"Because I am a clergyman, I have the right. If I see a man sleeping while the Devil rocks his cradle, have I not the right to say to him, 'Wake up, you are in danger?' Let me tell you, squire, you have committed more than one sin. Go home, and confess them to God and man. Above all, turn down a leaf in your Bible where a fool once asked, 'Who is my neighbor?' Keep it turned down, until you have answered the question."

"None of my neighbors can say wrong of me. I have always done my duty to them. I have paid every one what I owe"—

"Not enough, squire; not enough. Follow on, as Hosea says, to love them. Don't always give them the white, and keep the yolk for yourself. You know your duty."

"I will not be put off in such a way, sir. You must interfere in this matter: make these silly women behave themselves. I cannot have the whole country-side talking of my affairs."

"Me interfere! No, no! I am not in your livery, squire; and I won't fight your quarrels. Sir, my time is engaged."

"I have a right"—

"My time is engaged. It is my hour for reading the Evening Service. Stay and hear it, if you desire. But it is a bad neighborhood, where a man can't say his prayers quietly." And he stood up, walked slowly to his reading-desk, and began to turn the leaves of the Book of Common Prayer.

Then Julius went out in a passion, and the rector muttered, "The Devil may quote Scripture, but he does not like to hear it read. Come, Charlotte, let us thank God, thank Him twice, nay, thrice, not alone for the faith of Christ Jesus, but also for the legacy of Christ Jesus. Oh, child, amid earth's weary restlessness and noisy quarrels, how rich a legacy,—

"Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you."

THE REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

THE death of the Rev. David Savage came to all who knew the man with a sense of personal loss. His saintly character, his genial and affectionate disposition, endeared him to all who had the privilege of his personal acquaintance. "None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise." He was an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile.

The fragrance of his holy life throughout the land to-day illustrates the thought of the poet,

"The memory of the just
Smells sweet and blossome in the dust."

He was a man of fine literary culture and exquisite taste, as attested by his successful editorial management of the *Evangelical Witness*, the official organ of the New Connexion Church, and his excellent contributions to the *Guardian* and to this magazine. His chief devotion, however, was to the active duties of the ministry. He had a consuming passion for saving souls. At an age when most men seek rest and surcease from toil, he girded up his soul for fresh and aggressive soul-saving campaigns.

The following beautiful obituary was prepared by his pastor, the Rev. J. W. Cooley, and was read at the Niagara Conference. Many of the senior ministers paid a loving tribute to the memory of their old comrade in arms, and not a few spoke with faltering voice and tearful eye.

The Rev. David Savage was born in London, England, Jan. 8th, 1830, and on May 23rd, 1893, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, finished in triumph and with joy his devout, useful, honoured and laborious ministry of forty-three years. His parents were pious, earnest, consistent, God-fearing people, whose example and influence early led him to consecrate himself to God. He received as a boy, in old London, a good classical education, and was precocious as a scholar—making good use of his opportunities. With his father's family he came to Canada in 1841, and settled in Montreal, where he attended the High School, in which he speedily distinguished himself as a student, by diligence and ability, winning the prize awarded by the Governor-General, Lord Metcalfe. He was apprenticed to the druggist business with his uncle, the late Mr. Alfred Savage, of Montreal, but a severe illness interrupted that career. On recovering he went to Picton to learn farming, and shortly after began teaching school in that vicinity, about which time he also began to have thoughts of entering the Christian ministry.

His father's family removed to Guelph in 1848, and he accompanied them, taking charge of the farm for a time, soon, however, resuming work as a teacher in the neighbourhood of St. Catharines, from which locality he was led into the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion Church. The family were Congregationalists, and David was converted in Montreal, under the ministry of Rev. Henry Wilkes, D.D., and united with the Congregational Church in 1847, the Rev. John Wood, of Ottawa, uniting at the same time. He, early in his Christian life, gave evidence of the

fine and delicate fibre of his religious nature and of the uncompromising rectitude of moral conduct, and of zeal and ardent love for humanity.

In 1850 he entered on the work of the Christian ministry, under the chairman, being formerly received on trial in 1851. His subsequent stations were: Welland Canal, Toronto (three times), London (four times), Hamilton, Cavan, Aurora, Nassagaweya, Galt, Tilsonburg and Petrolia, on each of which his abundant labours, evangelistic fervor and Godly fidelity, won for him a name which is as "ointment poured forth." In every field singular spiritual success marked his ministry. To him came freely and abundantly those connexional honours and burdens which betoken the confidence and esteem of his brethren in the Conference. He was twice President of the New Connexional Conference, in 1862 and 1874; in addition was Chairman of District, in 1868, 1869, 1878 and 1879. He filled the office of Connexional editor, having charge of the *Evangelical Witness* in 1872-74, and in 1874 was appointed assistant editor with Rev. Dr. Dewart on the *Christian Guardian* and *Evangelical Witness*, which position he occupied till 1876, when he assumed the pastorate, in which, altogether, he spent thirty-one years.

At the General Conference of 1874 he was associated with the late Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, as fraternal delegate of the Canadian Methodist Church to the British Wesleyan and New Connexion Methodist Conferences, on which mission he went to England in 1875. In the movement for the organic union of the Wesleyan and New Connexion Churches, he took from the beginning a very active part, and in Conference, as well as in the columns of the *Evangelical Witness*, strongly advocated that measure. At the time of the consummation of the union in 1874 he was President of the New Connexion Church.

A spirit of aggressive evangelism characterized his ministry from its outset, and grew upon him as the years went by. Feeling very strongly that the salvation of souls was immeasurably the most important work of the Church, and that no mere conventionalities of method should circumscribe her effectiveness, he felt strong sympathy with the expressive methods and generous aims of the Salvation Army, and thought the Church should undertake similar work in a sort of "forward movement." While pastor of Wellington Street Church, London, he held numerous outdoor services, which resulted in a blessed revival and large accessions to the Church. In Petrolia, following the idea still farther, he organized the band movement which, in the next few years, spread its operations especially over the western portion of the Province, touching nearly every circuit. It certainly gave a great impetus to the Church's general life, and resulted in accessions by the thousand. Scores of young people entered the field as ministers or evangelists directly as a result, large numbers of whom are still found in the ranks of the most useful and godly labourers.

In 1885 Bro. Savage relinquished circuit work, coveting a larger field and the privilege of constant evangelistic labour. The enthusiasm for soul-saving which glowed in his whole life, instead of fading; with advancing years and failing strength, seemed to catch new ardor and become the one all-absorbing passion of the later years. To evangelistic work he devoted his remaining years with great success and unflinching zeal and industry.

He went out first as an evangelist, accompanied by a band of young people. About five years ago he dropped the bands and went out alone. Everywhere his pure, prayerful spirit, affectionate manner, and ripe experience proved great elements of power. He spent one or two seasons in Manitoba; in the Maritime Provinces seven months; in the eastern townships and other parts of Quebec he spent part of two seasons. This year his work embraced from Chatham on the west, to Pembroke on the east. In all his work there was entire absence of any taint of boasting. He never said anything about numbers.

On Wednesday, May 3rd, he returned home much wearied with his unintermittent work during the season. An engagement took him on Sunday, May 7th, to Lynedoch, where he preached at the quarterly meeting services in very great feebleness, and came home on Monday very ill. Pneumonia set in, and while for two weeks he lingered, he sank gradually beneath the power of the disease. Of him it was especially true that

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walks of life,
Quite on the verge of Heaven.”

Expressions of his unfailing trust, “prayer, without ceasing,” especially for those converted during the winter and for others who lay heavy on his heart, commingled with his requests for Christian song and audible prayer by ministerial visitors until the very air of the chamber seemed fragrant with the breath of Heaven’s ambrosial flowers. The joy of clear victory shone upon the tears of pending separation. It was fitting that about the death-bed of this good man of such well-known and cosmopolitan Christian sympathy, there stood representatives of the Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and even Roman Catholic Churches, to see him conquer death and “cease at once to work and live.”

Brother Savage was a man of unusual spiritual endowments and acquirements. A martyr to ill-health nearly all his life, his work was all done under great feebleness of body. His intellectual capacity was of a high order, and as an effective and at times eloquent preacher, vigorous writer and able debater, he, early in life, obtained full recognition. His work as a student was greatly hampered by his ill-health, which only permitted short periods of study at a time. His tastes, as well as the necessities of his life, made him most effective in his pastoral duties, where his diligence, piety and genial sympathy made him unsurpassed.

Bro. Savage was a man of many graces, and of him in a peculiar manner it may be said, that “through all this tract of years he wore the white flower of a blameless life.” He preached the doctrine of holiness as taught by the Methodist Church without any fantastic or extravagant additions. He professed personally to enjoy the experience, and his spirit, life and conduct were a perpetual vindication, of the truth of the profession. He was scrupulously conscientious to a degree, and was a man whose every breath seemed to exhale an incense of prayer. Transparent, guileless, thoroughly unworldly, mere secular ambition was laid aside, and with gracious humility he “humbled himself as a little child.” His hand and purse were open to every call of human need, and his charities were often

beyond his abilities. His thoughtfulness for others, the utter absence of all consciousness, and the deep and constantly manifested and unsimulated love that spoke in word and deed, made him so Christlike in spirit and act that it is no extravagance of affection, nor irreverent, to say he possessed

“ A heart in every thought renewed
And full of love Divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy Lord of Thine.”

He was married in 1853 to Miss Eliza Hamilton, who, in her widowhood, with two sons and two daughters to-day, mourn one of the most exemplary of husbands and fathers.

“ The memory of the just is blessed,
O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past,
And dying find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.”

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

We would see Jesus when our hopes are brightest,
And all that earth can grant is at its best ;
When not a drift of shadow, even the lightest,
Blurs our clear atmosphere of perfect rest.

We would see Jesus when the joy of living
Holds all our senses in a realm of bliss,
That we may know He hath the power of giving
Enduring rapture more supreme than this.

We would see Jesus when our pathway darkens,
Beneath the dread of some impending ill ;
When the discouraged soul no longer hearkens
To Hope, who beacons in the distance still.

We would see Jesus when the stress of sorrow
Strains to their utmost tension heart and brain ;
That He may teach us how despair may borrow
From faith the one sure antidote of pain.

We would see Jesus when our best are taken
And we must meet, unshared, all shocks of woe ;
Because He bore for us, alone, forsaken,
Burdens whose weight no human heart could know.

We would see Jesus when our fading vision,
Lost to the consciousness of earth and sky ;
Has only insight for the far elysian ;
We would see Jesus when we come to die.

LUCY LARCOM.

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.



LUCY LARCOM.

LUCY LARCOM, of all American singers remaining with us at the time of her death, was pre-eminently the poet of common life. Born to toil, spending her early years in the factory, and thus knowing perfectly the trials and sorrows, as well as the joys and inspirations, of working people, she retained her fellowship and sympathy with them to the last. We have a window into the workshop, and into her own generous soul as well, in these verses from her song of "Weaving":

"I weave, and weave, the livelong day;
The woof is strong, the warp is good;
I weave, to be my mother's stay;
I weave, to win my daily food;
But ever as I weave,' saith she,
'She world of women haunteth me.

"There be sad women, sick and poor;
And those who walk in garments
soiled;
Their shame, their sorrow, I endure;
By their defect my hope is foiled:
The blot they bear is on my name;
Who sins, and I am not to blame?"

Womanhood shows no more inspiring picture than Lucy Larcom in her "cloth-room," turning from her work at every spare moment during the day to her text-books on mathematics, grammar, English or German literature, which she kept on her desk. It is to her everlasting honour that, climbing upward by her own exertions, she retained that sweet spirit of sisterhood with all other toilers whom she had outstripped in

the march of life by reason of her richer gifts.

Lucy Larcom was ever the affectionate sister of the lowliest toiler. Her tender interpretation of the sorrows of the humble have caused the heart-strings of the whole world to vibrate. Her "Hanna's Binding Shoes" has shared with Hoc J's "Song of the Shirt" in universal appreciation. And no other poet has given us a finer expression of that great scriptural revelation that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

"Hand in hand with the angels;
Blessed so to be!
Helped are all the helpers:
Giving light they see.
He who aids another
Strengthens more than one,
Sinking earth he grapples
To the great white throne."

Or, again, in the lines that follow:

"The secret of life,—it is giving;
To minister and to serve;
Love's law binds the man to the angel,
And ruin befalls, if we swerve."

Lucy Larcom came into such close touch with the humblest human lives that she knew of the hidden vein of precious metal that many do not see, and, failing to perceive, come to be sceptical as to its existence. There are many in these great cities, who, lost in the whirl of business success, forget the immortal values that are at stake in lives that hang on their forbearance or generosity. All such need to pray Lucy Larcom's prayer in the poem entitled "The Stray Leaf":

"Dear Father, Thy handwriting make us
^{see}
On each soiled fragment of humanity!"

And we all need to learn that there can be no real acceptance of Jesus Christ as our own Saviour without a true appreciation of the universal brotherhood. How truly she sings it!

"Not my Christ only; he is ours;
Humanity's close bond."

In this age, so permeated with a

sceptical materialism, it is refreshing to catch the spirit of this noble woman's cheerful faith. She believed with Phillips Brooks that the greatest of all revelations of God is that which he makes to the individual soul. Hence she says :

"Tis the Eternal Deep that answers to the deep within my soul."

And yet again :

"He cheats not any soul. He gave
Each being unity like His;
Love, that links beings, he must save;
Of Him it is."

And sometimes in the hurry of prosaic city life he only vision was given to her, as to Paul on his way to Damascus :

"I cannot tell how, yet I know it,—
That once unto me it was given,
Mid the noonday stir of the city,
To breathe for a moment of heaven."

"The heaven that is hidden within us
For a moment was open to me,
And I caught a glimpse of the glory
That perhaps we might always see."

One who opens the heart to God like that can always summon one's own self, as she did, to lofty work. In that splendid poem, "A Word with My Soul," she says :

"Build up, soul, a lofty stair;
Build a room in healthier air;
Here there is no rest;
Better climbs to best.
Thy friends shall be the eternal stars;
They greet thee through thy casement bars;
Thy homesick feet they lead
Where thou no house wilt need."

A soul having such a consciousness of itself and of its God can have no fear about its immortality :

"The living soul spells not the name of death."

And who has so sweetly described those blessed premonitions of the life to come which all earnest souls have shared ?

"Odors from blossoming worlds unknown
Across my path are blown;
Thy robes trail hither myrrh and spice
From farthest paradise;
I walk through thy fair universe with Thee,
And sun me in Thine immortality."

The following pathetic poem is one of Miss Larcom's best known pieces :

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes;
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbour
Passing nod or answer will refuse,
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair, young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gaily wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
'Mid the apple boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the wild south-wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks at Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views,
Twenty seasons:
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

—Golden Rule.

"I PRAISE Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and death, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasures lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on."

—Mrs. Browning.

THE APOSTLE OF THE COMMUNE.



THE LATE REV. R. W. McALL.

ALL Christendom joins in the mourning of the immediate friends of the valiant and devoted servant of Christ, who was called from earth on May 11th, 1893. The Rev. R. W. McAll quietly and unostentatiously began and carried forward a work which has made his name famous in every land where Christ is preached. It was a work of extraordinary difficulty, and one which only a man of unbounded faith in the power of Christ to save and keep, would have taken up. It began in 1870, when the whole world was raging with indignation against the desperadoes who had slain the Archbishop of Paris, and had defaced and destroyed monuments and works of art of priceless value.

"Let them stew in their own gravity," had been Bismarck's expressive order, and truly it seemed that no worse punishment could be devised than that of leaving them to their own way. The Republic, when it asserted its authority and the majesty of the law, had no remedy for them but the bullet and manacle. But when Mr. McAll saw the savage, desperate men, whose natures seemed

more demoniacal than human, his soul went out to them in pity. "God loves you; I love you," were the simple words he uttered in his broken French. The fierce faces changed their expression of brutal hate, as the unexpected words fell on their ears. Such words they had never heard before, and many of them had never heard the name of God at all, except in imprecation.

The good man stayed among them for a few months, and they soon learned that his love for them was no mere phrase, but an active principle. Months stretched to years, and, one after another, rooms were opened, in which the message of the love of God for the poor and the lost and the despairing was proclaimed to attentive ears. Mr. McAll and his wife took no money for their work. They had a small income, which sufficed for their modest requirements, and they gave themselves freely to the work.

Friends in England and America, who heard of his efforts, supplied funds to pay the rent of the rooms in which the Gospel was preached, and so, from year to year, the movement lived and spread. Until last year the ceaseless activity of Mr. McAll's life seemed to have made no inroads on his vitality, but last fall it was noticed that he was breaking down. He was persuaded to go to his native place for a brief rest. Last month, however, he could bear his separation from his beloved work no longer, and he appeared again among his friends in Paris. It was a last effort; it was evident that the end was near. A few days later, his devoted spirit, which had sustained him for more than twenty years of arduous labour, was summoned home, and thousands of God's people feel themselves bereft.—*Christian Herald*.

COWARDS die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Western Conferences were all held in the same month, so that the General Superintendent could only be present at two. Dr. Carman first attended the Conferences of Manitoba and British Columbia, and then went with rapid speed to the Maritime Provinces to attend the Conferences there. We hope to report them next month.

The following is a list of the Presidents and Secretaries of the Conferences:—

Toronto—Rev. W. R. Parker, D.D., Rev. J. J. Redditt; London—Rev. I. B. Aylesworth, LL.B., Rev. G. W. Henderson; Niagara—Rev. J. S. Ross, M.A., Rev. I. Tovell; Guelph—Rev. A. Cunningham; Bay of Quinte—Rev. W. Johnston, Rev. R. Duke; Montreal—Rev. W. Jackson, D.D., Rev. S. D. Chown; Manitoba—Rev. J. Macdougall, Rev. A. W. Ross; British Columbia—Rev. Joseph Hall, Rev. R. H. Maitland.

The sessions of Toronto Conference were greatly protracted through the long discussion on the Transfer question. The Stationing Committee experienced much difficulty in adjusting the stations. It seemed to be the *consensus* of opinion that either all invitations or none must be honoured, and not a few believed that the system of invitations, if continued, will imperil the itinerancy.

The ordination class was a large one, and of the number four were the sons of ministers, one the son of Dr. Hart, Superintendent of the mission in China; the fathers of two of the young men, Revs. J. E. Sanderson and W. Roach, laid hands on the heads of their sons.

The ordination sermon, preached

by Rev. Dr. Fawcett, of Chicago, will not soon be forgotten. His venerable father, Rev. M. Fawcett, conducted the love-feast and the devotional exercises of the ordination service.

In future a public meeting is to be held when those retiring from the active work will give reminiscences of their ministerial life.

The number of candidates for the ministry was unusually large, there being eighteen, and eleven others to be employed under chairmen.

The memorial service was very affecting. The obituaries of Rev. J. Elliott, D.D., Jas. Gray, C. Silvester, J. Foster, E. Sallows, and the tributes of respect to their memory by some of their former comrades, were such as caused tears to flow from many eyes.

London Conference met at Sarnia. This Conference led the way in adopting a strong resolution condemnatory of the World's Fair being open on Sabbath. The bill of mortality was small, only two names, Rev. E. Evans and G. Boyd, both of whom died in the city of London, and both had also laboured in the Maritime Conferences and in Ontario. The former was in the ministry more than sixty years, and the latter was chairman of the London District.

Niagara Conference was held at St. Catharines. Rev. Dr. Briggs, Book Steward, presented his annual statement to this and other Conferences which he attended. As on all former occasions, his report and address were most cordially received. The Conferences were glad that during a year of business depression the net increase in the sale of periodicals exceeds 6,000, and the

amount of the profits of the establishment exceeds all former years, and enables Dr. Briggs to award \$7,000 to the Superannuation Fund.

Rev. Dr. Dewart and Rev. Dr. Withrow attended several Conferences, and, as usual, were cordially received. Their earnest appeals for liberal support of the Connexional publications met with a hearty response.

Guelph Conference met at Owen Sound. The case of one member whose teaching on Holiness is thought not to be in harmony with Wesleyan standards was referred to a committee for investigation during the year. A probationer was allowed to retire for one year to study Christian Socialism in the United States. Two brethren had departed this life, three probationers were ordained, and nine others were received on trial. As a result of Dr. Potts' speech on educational matters, an agent was appointed to collect the outstanding subscriptions on behalf of the Federation and Endowment Funds of Victoria University.

Rev. Dr. Douglas, Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, attended this and two other western Conferences, at all of which his addresses produced a profound impression. For upwards of an hour he spoke in the most eloquent terms on public questions in which Methodists are interested. Sabbath desecration in high places, the Decennial Conference in India, and the manufacture of opium were topics on which he discoursed. The claims of Methodism in the Dominion occupied considerable time. Dr. Douglas could not understand why, in Ontario especially, there were no Methodist laymen counted worthy of a place in the Cabinet or the judiciary of the country. He felt sure it was not because of inability, but that they were more quiescent and did not press their claims as some others did. The eloquent Doctor was cheered again and again.

Bay of Quinte Conference.—Oshawa was the place of meeting. No Conference had been held here since the Union. Rev. Dr. Griffin, the

newly appointed Treasurer of the Superannuation Fund, made a powerful appeal on behalf of the Veterans. The recommendations which he made *re* District Conventions met with a hearty response. He is the right man in the right place. Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, preached the ordination sermon both of Niagara and Bay of Quinte Conference.

Montreal Conference.—Cornwall was selected as the place of meeting, which was the first time the place had thus been honoured. The ordination class comprised fifteen young men. There were nineteen candidates for the ministry. These numbers are the largest of any Conference this year.

Rev. W. Harris, agent of the Endowment Fund of Wesleyan Theological College, made a good report. He has received subscriptions amounting to \$16,221.56. Stanstead College, though still in straitened circumstances, has had a prosperous year.

Dr. Potts' reports of the success of Federation at the Conferences were received with much satisfaction.

Manitoba and North-West Conference was held in the city of Brandon, which is the fourth time the city has thus honoured itself by entertaining the Conference. The brother elected President is the son of the martyr missionary, Rev. G. McDougall, who has done much for the Prairie Province, not only in Church work, but also in civil matters. One of the probationers who was received into full connection with the Conference has been accepted for China, and will soon proceed thither. He is the Rev. Jas. Endicott, B.A., whom friends in Manitoba pledge themselves to support. The Conference was glad to have the presence of Dr. Carman, who preached the ordination sermon and rendered good service in the chair. It is gratifying to learn that \$80,000 has been subscribed towards the erection of Wesley College.

A Conference evangelist was appointed to labour under the direc-

tion of a committee. Sixteen new missions were organized. Fifteen candidates were received on trial. Nineteen were ordained.

Wesley College had been favoured with a prosperous year. Rev. J. Endicott, missionary-elect to China, took the Governor-General's silver medal and a scholarship of \$80 at the Provincial University. Wesley students carried off three medals and seven scholarships. Two of the successful competitors were sons of Principal Sparling.

British Columbia Conference assembled at New Westminster. The citizens extended a very cordial reception to the members.

Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, was present. During the past year he visited Bermuda and spent time in the Eastern Provinces, and after attending two western Conferences he next travelled eastward to reach New Brunswick Conference.

The new college, which is located at New Westminster, is the youngest of the Methodist educational institutions, and is under the presidency of Rev. R. Whittington, M.A., B.Sc.

The mission in China is about to be strengthened by the addition of an ordained minister, a medical doctor and two female assistants.

At all the Conferences lectures were delivered under the auspices of the Theological Union.

All the Conferences were visited by ministers of other Churches, who expressed their fraternal regards. There were also deputations from Temperance and other organizations. The Principals of the Ladies' Colleges gave cheering reports of the institutions under their care. Albert College has proved itself a valuable auxiliary to Victoria University, and the young men especially, who have studied there for the ministry, have not been slow to acknowledge their indebtedness to the Faculty, not only for intellectual stimulus, but also a deepening of their piety.

The net increase in the membership is 5,853. Fourteen ministers have been added to the list of

superannuates; fourteen have withdrawn; sixteen have died; seventy-nine have been received on trial; forty-one have been ordained, besides special cases.

Victoria University has closed its first year at Toronto. One hundred and sixty students were in attendance; five young men received the degree of B.D. They had previously received that of B.A. Various medals and prizes were awarded; one of the recipients was a young lady, Miss E. M. J. Burwash, and the valedictorian oration was delivered by Miss A. J. Kenny, which is the first time that a lady has had this honour. Revs. B. F. Dimmick, Cleveland, J. F. German and J. Philp, Toronto, received the degree of D.D.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached in the Metropolitan Church by Rev. Geo. Douglas, D.D., and, like all his discourses, was of an eloquent kind. We trust that old Victoria has a bright future.

The Epworth League Convention at Cleveland and Christian Endeavour Convention at Montreal were very successful gatherings.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The May meetings of the Society have been held. They are more numerous than formerly, hence it is no marvel that the attendance is hardly equal to that of former years. The annual meeting of the Missionary Society in Exeter Hall, and the Missionary Breakfast appear to be the most attractive. Rev. G. W. Olver, the senior Missionary Secretary, had been absent several months in India. He returned in time for the May meetings. His speech at the missionary meeting was an able *resumé* of what he had seen in India. The visits of officials not only secure valuable information, which is of great utility in working the Society, but inspires the labourers with greater courage who often toil in the midst of great discouragements.

Several missionaries who are on furlough delivered most inspiring addresses at the missionary anniversary. Unhappily the income of the

Society, though gradually increasing, is not equal to its wants. There was an increase of \$4,000 in the ordinary income, and in respect to legacies, \$15,000. Friends when making their wills should never forget Christian Missions, but they had better be their own executors.

Special evangelistic services seem to be very common. Almost every paper received from England contains accounts of one or more such services, which greatly increases the number of Church members.

A debt which rests upon the Missionary Society is becoming gradually reduced.

The increase in the membership is 2,451; deaths, 5,561; candidates for the ministry, 151.

More than one-half of the ordained Wesleyan ministers now on the mission field are natives, and more than one-half of the entire cost of the work is met by gifts and contributions on the mission field.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The Board of Missions recently held its annual meeting. The receipts amounted to \$374,565.14—\$904 more than the previous year. The Committee on Estimates wanted \$12,050, but it was decided not to appropriate more than \$259,576. The collections for the debt are \$67,000.

The Board of Extension, at its annual meeting, reports having helped during the year 431 churches with gifts aggregating \$85,276.10. This was 41 churches and \$1,800 less than the previous year.

Judge B. J. Lea, a widely known layman, has been elected Chief Justice of the State of Tennessee.

There are 753 Leagues, averaging 35 members each, a total of 27,000 Epworthians. We have 1,007 in Canada.

A recent issue of the *Christian Advocate* (Nashville) contains an earnest appeal for more labourers in Brazil, where there are 13,000,000 people, and only four Methodist

ministers and missionaries preaching there.

The same *Advocate* also states that the four leading congregations of Methodists in Nashville have more members than belong to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the whole State of Tennessee.

Rev. J. H. Stevenson, B.A., of Toronto Conference, has been appointed Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in Vanderbilt University, Tennessee. We congratulate our brother on the appointment, and the Board on their wise selection.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Samuel S. Sprague, a venerable minister in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, went to his heavenly home May 24 at the residence of his son, Rev. Howard Sprague, D.D., Centenary Church Parsonage, St. John, N.B. Mr. Sprague was seventy-nine years of age, fifty-five of which were spent in the ministry.

Rev. R. O. Johnson, of Truro, Nova Scotia, departed this life June 1. He had been thirty years in the ministry. A few months ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis which was followed by another while attending a mission service near his residence.

The sad intelligence has just reached us of the death at Los Angeles of the Rev. W. P. Wright, S.T.D., whose admirable article in the last number of this magazine will be fresh in the memory of our readers. He was also a contributor to its first number nearly twenty years ago. He and Dr. Ormiston were the two oldest surviving graduates of Victoria University. A fuller notice of his death will follow.

We regret that a misprint occurred in the July number of this magazine, attributing "The Burial of Moses" to Mrs. Charles. These fine lines should have been attributed to Mrs. Alexander.

Book Notices.

Ten Years Digging in Egypt. 1881-1891. By WILLIAM FLINDERS PETRIE, author of "Pyramids of Gizeh," etc., with map and 116 illustrations. London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Mr. Petrie is one of the greatest authorities and one of the most voluminous writers on Egypt and Egyptology. His previous publications of this subject number about fourteen, and cost nearly \$60.00. In this convenient hand-book, he has condensed very much of the interesting information given with greater fulness of detail in these larger volumes. This book, he tells us, is written for those who wish to grasp the substance of results without the precision of the details. Those who wish the last can find them in the annual volumes of the last ten years.

Mr. Petrie has been making most important discoveries among the buried cities of Lower Egypt—discoveries which largely reconstruct, and, indeed, in many cases for the first time make known the early history of that country. He has found, we think, beyond doubt, the very pavement of brickwork which Jeremiah describes as being the entrance of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes, and has made many other important discoveries. The stories of these explorations read like a romance. We shall have occasion to make further reference to these discoveries hereafter.

The intense antipathy of the Arabs to the Christians is shown in the contemptuous epithet of "Nazarene" bestowed on Europeans, coupled with the phrase with which the donkey-boy urges his beast, by calling it "Son of a dog, son of a pig, son of a Nazarene."

Mr. Petrie uses a plainness of speech that will be understood by everyone. The following is an example: "I hope that among my

readers there may be some who are not of the superficial class, for whom the tender-foot directions of the guide-book are written, so I have given some hints by which the traveller may go through Egypt without the usual routine of coddling and being led by the nose by a dragoon."

Many of the engravings have never before been published, and are taken from original photographs.

Ontario's Parliament Buildings; or, A Century of Legislation, 1792-1892. A historical sketch by FRANK YEIGH, Toronto. Illustrated. Toronto: Williamson Book Company.

The conclusion of one hundred years in the history of the Province of Ontario, or Upper Canada, as it was formerly called, is an appropriate occasion to give a historical sketch of the series of its Parliament Buildings. This Mr. Frank Yeigh has done with much skill in the handsome volume before us. He has also done something more; he has contributed many items of interest in the history of this period and its legislation.

The contrast between Ontario's first very humble Parliament Buildings and the magnificent pile just completed is typical of the development of the country and its institutions during the first century of its history. Numerous engravings of the buildings in which the Legislature of the Province has been housed are especially interesting. The series of graphic sketches on "Famous Scenes in the Old Chambers," "Reporters' Gallery," and the like, and the closing chapter, the contrast between "Then and Now," will be read with interest by all patriotic Canadians. The photogravures of the handsome new building, with details of its architecture within and without, as also portraits of the members of the

cabinet and other public men, enhance the interest of the book.

The Conscript Fathers of Canada in their first Legislative Assembly had the honour of passing the first resolution for the abolition of slavery, forty years before the Anti-slavery Bill of Great Britain, and more than sixty years before that of the United States, and sixty-seven years before that of Brazil. May the Province of Ontario ever continue to lead the world in moral and social reforms.

Joy, the Deaconess. By ELIZABETH E. HOLDING. Cincinnati: Cranston and Curtis. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 90 cents.

The Deaconess Movement is one which has received an extraordinary impulse in the United States and Canada. In many cities of the Union these Methodist sisters of the people, with their neat and modest garb, which is their passport and protection amid the vilest slums, are true angels of mercy, accomplishing a sublime work in ministering at once to the bodies and the souls of men and especially of suffering and often sinning women. This book gives a graphic account of deaconess life, first in the training, and second at work. We commend it heartily to those who would like an inside view of deaconess life and work. We hope that soon both Toronto and Montreal will have institutions similar to that here described.

My Mission Tour in South Africa. A Record of Interesting travel and Pentecostal Blessing. By REV. THOMAS COOK. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

Few Canadian readers are aware of the magnificent British Colonial Empire, as we may well call it, which has grown up in South Africa. With Cape Town with 60,000 inhabitants, Port Elizabeth, 940 miles distant by rail, 20,000 inhabitants and an immense pastoral country, the resources of the country are a mine of wealth. In Port Elizabeth is a magnificent Town Hall erected at a cost of \$150,000 which was employed by Mr. Cook

for evangelistic services. Kimberley is 480 miles distant with 15,000 people from which six tons of diamonds, worth \$200,000,000, have been exported since 1870.

Our author makes nothing of an 800-mile stage-ride into the interior, and finds at his journey's end a Wesleyan Chapel built at the cost of \$50,000. At Grahamstown and Durban, in Natal, are similar structures. There is also a flourishing Methodist paper published. Everywhere our author was wonderfully successful and his six months' evangelistic tour resulted in the conversion of at least 10,000 souls.

Mrs. Rebecca Wakefield, Missionary in East Africa. By REV. ROBERT BREWIN. London: Andrew Crombie. Toronto: William Briggs. Third edition.

The records of missionary trial and triumph are among the most inspiring reading for young people or old. Especially is this the case when those records are of adventure in darkest Africa. Of this book the *Edinburgh Review* has said, that the heroine, though only the wife of a Methodist minister, has exhibited a loftier courage than Joan of Arc. Charles H. Spurgeon made the book the subject of a special article and said that it had been quite a means of grace to him. Its gentle heroine was one of the martyrs of modern missions. "Her letters," said the late Dr. Punshon, "show the beauty of an entire consecration too early closed." We shall make this book the subject of a special article in a future number.

Bunyan Characters. Lectures delivered in St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh. By ALEX. WHYTE, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 279. Price 90 cents.

Bunyan's immortal allegory is one of the great classics of the world. Save the Bible, no book has been printed so often or in so many languages. Like the Bible too, the longer it is studied the more its

hidden meanings come to light. Hence the advantage of books like this. The writer by keen spiritual insight and interpreting skill brings out the strength and beauty of the characters portrayed. In special lectures our old friends Obstinate and Pliable, Mr. Worldly-wise-man, Goodwill, the Interpreter, Talkative and Hate-goodly-oids and Giant Despair, Timorous and Mis-trust, Formalist and Hypocrisy; and the fair damsels, Prudence and Charity, pass before us with striking comment and elucidation of their characters.

Christus Consolator; or, Comfortable Words for Burdened Hearts. - By GILBERT HAVEN. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 264

The late Bishop Gilbert Haven has ever seemed to us an ideal Christian optimist, a man full of heart and hope and moral enthusiasm, brave as a lion in defence of right, tender as a woman in all human relations and affections. The present volume consists of a number of selected discourses chiefly on the relations of the life that now is to the life that is to come. The titles of the chapters will indicate their scope: "The Life Beyond," "The World Vanishing," "Man Fails, God Abides," "Endurance — Happiness," "The Christian Soldier," "The Enigma Solved." No one can read this volume without obtaining a spiritual uplift and inspiration which shall make him a wiser and a better man.

James Calvert of Fiji. By J. STRINGER ROWE. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 304.

The annals of missionary achievement contain no more stirring story than that of the life and labours of James Calvert, the apostle of Fiji. The progress of Methodist Missions in that land is like a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles. Through the labours of John Hunt, the Yorkshire ploughman, and his successors, this kingdom of darkness and cruelty has become the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Where once foul devil altars blazed with

human sacrifices the family altar is erected in thousands of homes. The king himself became a Methodist local preacher, 900 Wesleyan chapels were erected and the proportion of church members to the population was probably greater than any land in Christendom. Enthusiastic missionary meetings were held, and native missionaries went forth to evangelize the neighbouring islands.

The Song of Songs, an inspired Melodrama. Analyzed, translated and explained by MILTON S. TERRY, Professor in Garret Biblical Institute. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 25 cents.

Dr. Terry thinks that the writer of this Song of Songs, who celebrates in a sacred drama all the pure, unwavering loves of a woman's heart was herself a woman. The song he interprets as describing the fidelity of a village maiden—the Shulamite—to her rustic shepherd lover, despite the enticements of the court of Solomon. Such love as is here described he says "is a holy passion, and worthy to be extolled in the volume of Divine inspiration. Wherever it exists in its charming purity and power, it truly represents the blessed relation existing between God and His people, or between Christ and His Church."

The People's Bible. Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By JOS. PARKER, D.D. London: Mark-Luke. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Octavo, 460 pp., cloth, \$1.50.

Dr. Parker appears to even better advantage as a commentator upon the New Testament than upon the Old. The volumes on the Gospels are of special value. Dr. Parker's expositions of Scripture are considered models, profound, spiritual, and suggestive. Parker's People's Bible is a sort of everybody's commentary, and is of special help and value to pastors, preachers, lay-workers, and private readers. It contains bright supplies for all who read the English Bible.