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THE
METHODIST MAGAZINE
AND REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

VOL. XLVI.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1897.

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METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW

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VOL. XLVI.

JULY, 1897.

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of "Documentary History of Education
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This valuable work is now ready, and will be read with great interest, particularly at this time when there is so much discussion in the press on the subject of Public and Separate schools.

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WILLIAM BRIGGS, - Wesley Buildings, - TORONTO, ONT.
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A Poet of the People.

Morning Songs in the Night.

—

Poems

By **WALTER A. RATCLIFFE.**

With a Preface by . . .

W. D. LIGHTHALL, M.A., F.R.S.L.

Cloth, \$1.00, - Postpaid.

In his Preface Mr. Lighthall remarks: "Within these covers is to be found one of the most notable volumes of verse recently published in Canada, because probably no other deals so intensely yet simply with the everyday problems of the soul and of suffering humanity." The author is almost totally blind, and a touching reference to this affliction is made by Mr. Lighthall when he says: "Perhaps he has been sentinelled at one of the outposts of misfortune to show how bravely misfortune can be borne. We commend the book to the public. The reader will heartily share the author's scorn of wrong and love of liberty and sympathy with the poor and oppressed." There are some fine patriotic poems in the collection.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax.



REV. M. SAILLENS.
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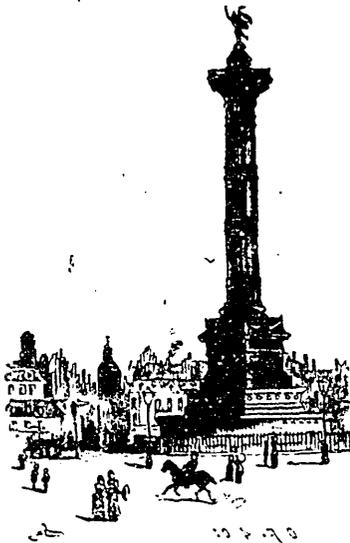
A group of McAll Mission Staff and Com nitter.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1897.

THE WHITE FIELDS OF FRANCE.*

BY THE REV. THEO. J. PARR, B.A.



COLUMN OF JULY, ON THE SITE
OF THE EUSTYLE.

I.

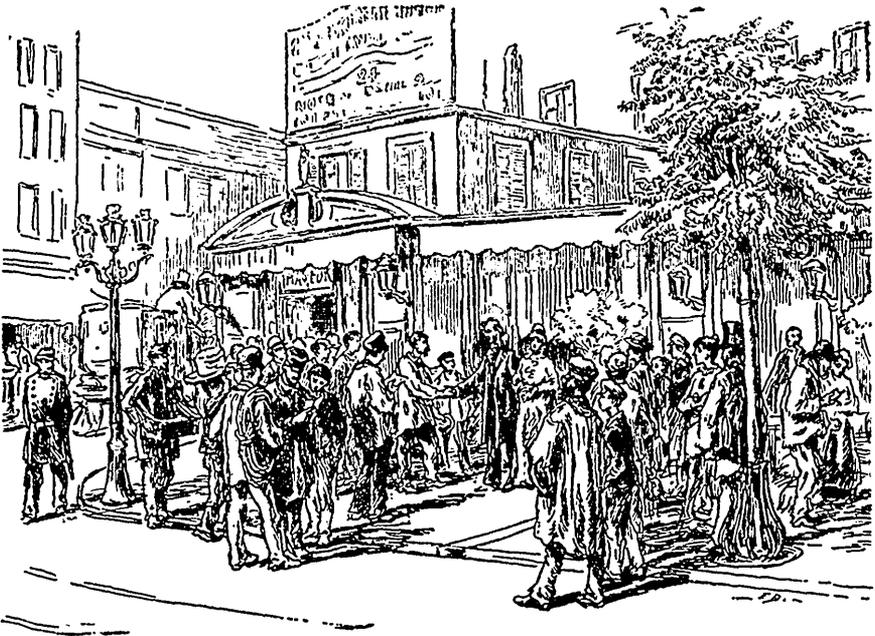
The romantic history of the work of Robert Whitaker McAll in behalf of the people of France, and especially of the workmen of Paris, is replete with interest and instruction for those who care to trace human effort and divine providence in the betterment of the condition of men.

Mr. McAll was a genuine Scotchman by descent, although

* The writer is indebted in the preparation of this article chiefly to "The Life of Robert Whitaker McAll," by his wife, and "The Story of the McAll Mission," by Horatius Bonar, D.D.

an Englishman born, and used to delight in making mention of his Highland ancestry as Celts of the Hebrides, who for ages had their dwelling in the lonely island of Coll, off the Argyleshire coast. His father was the well-known Dr. McAll, of Manchester, noted for his genius, his piety, and his eloquence. The son became the pastor of a Congregational church in Lancashire, from which, after a successful pastorate, he resigned, to enter upon the mission which since has made his name revered throughout Christendom. In leaving his native isle, no vision was revealed portraying the task that lay before him, no man of Paris, like him of Macedonia, saying, "Come over and help us;" but there was something no less explicit and remarkable. Happening to be in Paris soon after the Franco-Prussian war, on a four-days' vacation tour, he went into a cafe shortly before his departure for home. He was distributing tracts at the door, when a workman grasped his hand and said:

"Sir, are you not a Christian minister? If so, I have something of importance to say to you. You are, at this moment, in the midst of a district inhabited by thousands and tens of thousands of us workmen. To a man we have done with an imposed religion, a religion of superstition and oppression. But if any one would come to teach us religion



BEGINNING OF THE McALL MISSION, AUGUST 18, 1872.

of another kind—a religion of freedom and earnestness, many of us are ready to listen.”

These words were enough. They impressed the visitor deeply, and clung to him as he journeyed to England; and pondering them, he could not help recognizing in their solemn import a message from God. After three months, largely filled with prayerful consideration and the best and fullest advice, he took the final step, and the English pastor became the evangelist in France.

This was a romance of middle life, for he was just completing his fiftieth year, and stepped into the new field with the quiet wisdom of age, while, at the same time, full of the sweet and buoyant enthusiasm of youth. The supposed “dead line of fifty” to this man of hope and courage and love and spiritual ideals, was the threshold of his real life, and the portal to unfading renown. He left, it is true, a good record in England,

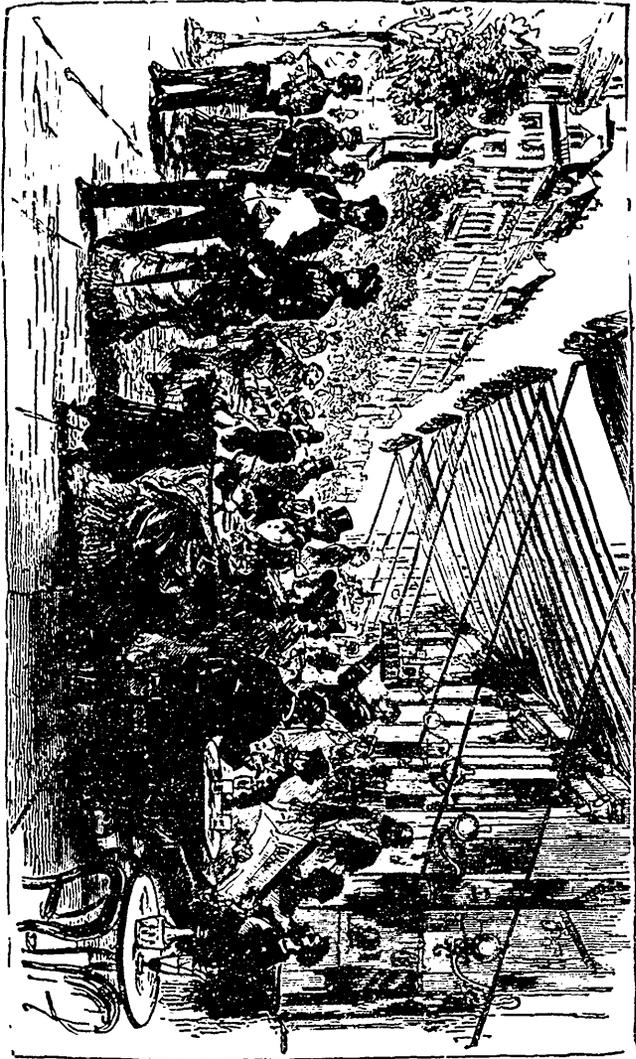
but his great work, for effective service and rich fruitage, was now just beginning. With his zealous and devoted partner, Mrs. McAll, who was gladly willing to cooperate with him, he took up his abode in Belleville, a suburb or faubourg of the city of Paris, containing a population of about a hundred thousand people. This quarter of the metropolis is inhabited by the poorest classes, and is famous for its poverty, wretchedness and crime.

See yonder, at the highest part of the Rue, near one of the present mission stations! What is it? A large garden with an iron gate. Look through the bars and you will see at the farther end, a wall—a blackened wall—with an inscribed stone. Into that garden numbers of the priests of Paris were brought by the exasperated Communists; to that wall they were fastened and shot. It must have been a dreadful scene of blood and butchery. And the men of Belle-

ville were the perpetrators of the crime.

No wonder McAll's friends entreated him not to throw himself into the dangers to which this degraded and lawless quarter of the

counted the cost. So he became a citizen in that abandoned district, and threw himself for missionary effort among those men and women whose hands were yet red with blood.



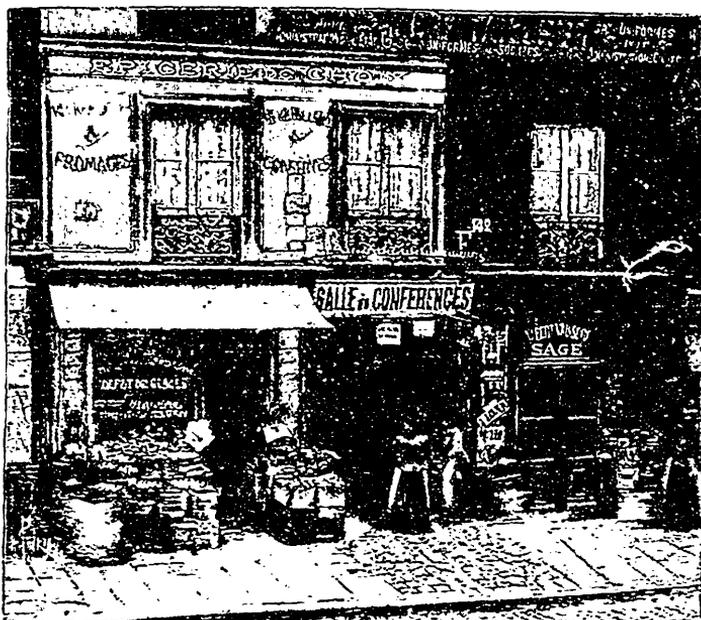
ON THE BOTLEYVAREH.
A characteristic street scene in Paris. The pavement in front of the cafes is crowded with tables, at which persons sit eating or drinking at all hours, especially in the evenings, when the streets are brilliantly illuminated.

capital would expose him. He was warned against Communistic violence. He was told that his life was not safe. But he had, in the strength of God, resolved to face the great work, and he had

Taking some time to improve his knowledge of the French language, and to make necessary preliminary arrangements, he hired a room for a hall, sent out his invitations, and soon gathered round

him a goodly number of these outcasts, eager to hear his words, and to listen to the hymns he sung them with his deep, rich voice—hymns which seemed to be, to the men and women of that district, what the Marseillaise was in other days, rousing and quickening them, not to martial deeds and works of violence, but to wonder at the unknown love of which they spoke, the new religion which they

He did not know, when he went to refresh himself after the fatigues of pastoral duties in England, that it was to receive a call to labour in France. While he was purposing one thing, God was preparing another. Hadleigh, the scene of his pastoral charge in Lancashire, with its four thousand inhabitants, was to be exchanged for Paris with its three millions; and the brief sojourn in the French



ENTRANCE TO MISSION HALL, 142 RUE DU FAUBOURG
ST ANTOINE, PARIS.

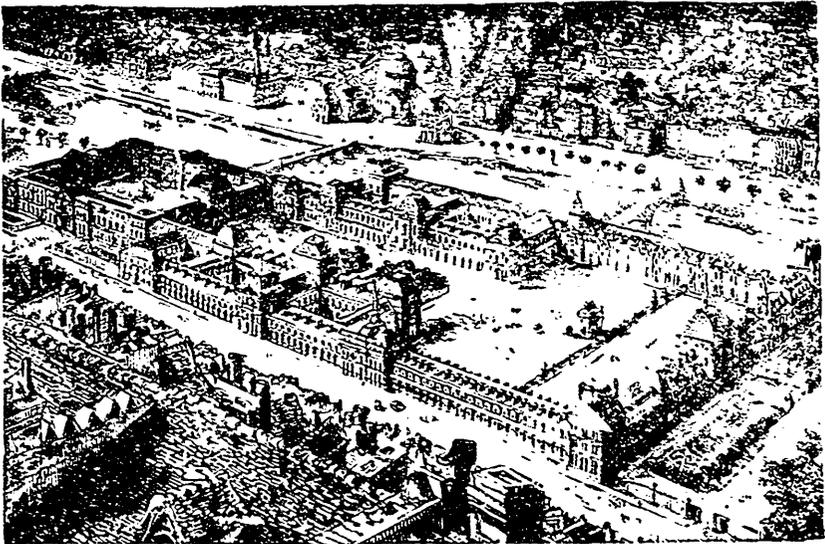
embodied, and the glad tidings which they proclaimed.

His first visit to the French capital with the tracts was in August, 1871; and in January, 1872, he opened his first meeting in Belleville. The work since then has prospered beyond all thought, and the sphere of operations has been widening year after year. Recreation was the object of his first visit; the second was for the inauguration of his great work.

capital, as a passing traveller, was to be the providential link in the accomplishment of the exchange so freighted with far-reaching results. Marvellous providence! It is in our journeys that God so often meets us, and gives us new directions, or entrusts us unexpectedly with a new commission; deranging all former plans, and sending us on an errand, perhaps the very last that we could have expected to undertake.

Paris was one of the most unlikely places for such a work as McAll contemplated, and the last city in Europe for which such hope and blessing might have been expected. Moralists regarded it as the arsenal of wickedness and outrage. Statesmen spoke of it as the crater of a great volcano. Christian men mourned over it as hopeless and inaccessible to the Gospel—wholly given to pleasure and frivolity. But God never leaves it with men to project the

portions. Paris and the French are listening to the Gospel—no man forbidding and not a few rejoicing. Great is the transformation that already has been wrought. From four mission-rooms at the commencement of the work, to more than thirty in Paris and suburbs, and more than eighty in the departments, is a wonderfully rapid growth, indicating without doubt the providential inception of this work of mercy, and the guiding hand of God in



THE TUILERIES AND LOUVRE, PARIS.

scheme or to forecast the issues. He leads the chosen man to the entrance, and without telling him whether the work is great or little, easy or arduous. He says: "There is thy work, do it: form no ambitious plans, but do the work before thee, asking no questions. The rest will follow: the work is Mine, not thine; be not anxious about the means or the issue."

With faith in God the work began; with faith in Him it has continued, and has reached its present unexpected and magnificent pro-

its prosecution. Indeed, the work has expanded into one of the great movements of the Christian age, to which Christian people have given an annual income of over eighty thousand dollars.

To give a faint idea of the magnitude of the mission work, note this fact: There were held, in the last year of Mr. McAll's life, over thirteen thousand meetings, with an aggregate attendance of over eight hundred and eighty thousand persons. Other and auxiliary forms of work have been added

with the growth of the movement, but the simple evangelistic service, or "conference," with which the work began, has remained its most important feature, and the many helpers who have come into the service have succeeded by the same methods as characterized so strikingly the wise, gentle, and utterly unselfish spirit and method of its distinguished founder.

How were the meetings conducted? the reader inquires. Such extraordinary results must have been achieved by extraordinary methods. No! It must have

familiar to us, but new to them, evidently delight the people. Everything that looks like public worship in a church is avoided; a short prayer closes the meeting, but it would not do us to commence. On Sundays we give a short sermon, and the feature of prayer is added. The reading of the Bible is listened to on all occasions with marked interest. We wish it to be understood that we attack no church or system, that our sole aim is to direct our hearers to Christ. When English or American friends visit us, if they



THE LOUVRE.

been the devoted earnestness and sincerity of the messenger and his helpers, together with the all-prevailing presence of the Spirit of Christ, who in His earthly days delighted to perform just such work, and who to the end of time will own and prosper such efforts begun, continued, and ended in His name.

The meetings are very simply conducted, says Mr. McAll, in one of his earliest reports. "On entering, a Bible, or other book, is lent to each individual. We have hymns alternately with short addresses. Most of the hymns we have ourselves imitated from the English. The cheerful tunes,

prefer to speak in English, the people listen with eagerness while each sentence is translated into French."

That the meeting is not a church service is indicated by the place where it is held and its furnishings. All the mission stations are shops, and consequently in the very track of the passer-by. These are on the wide boulevards. A large calico sign over each shop invites the workman to enter. Small bills of invitation are distributed in each district, containing the words,

“Un ami Anglais desire vous parler de l'amour de Jesus-Christ.”

Lamentable ignorance of the Word of God is prevalent in these mission districts, and is met from time to time. For example, more than once, after borrowing successively the New Testament and the Bible, an ouvrier has requested

usual to hear during the meetings, after some home truth has been spoken, such expressions as, “C'est bon,” “C'est vrai.”—“Good,” “That's so.”

But what, asks the reader, was the boyhood and earlier life of this remarkable man, who, having seen a half-century of years, then



REV. R. W. M. ALL, P.D.

the loan of “another volume of the same work.” An old lady, after receiving copies of several of the Gospels at the mission room, was anxious for “the Gospel of St. Paul” to complete the set. But there is a wide-spread desire awakened among these populations to know the truth, and it is not un-

took up the work which has brought the glad message of hope to so many despairing thousands and tens of thousands of French workmen? The story may be briefly told, and is not devoid of that interest which will hold the closest attention. Some like figures to fix facts. For such sys-

tematic people let it be said that the life of McAll divides itself naturally into four parts: His childhood and youth, 1821-1838; his life as a student of architecture, afterwards of theology, 1839-1848; his pastoral career in England,



MRS. McALL.

1848-1871, when the French chapter opens, and so remains until its close in 1893, when the prophet was called to his reward.

In his early home, the fear and love of God reigned supreme. Every influence coming upon the child was pre-eminently an in-

fluence Godward. The parental discipline was strict, unusually so. For example, the story is told of young Robert as follows: Robert would not sing a hymn which his father desired him to do. "I can't, father; there is something the matter with my throat." "You must sing when I bid you," said the father. "If you do not, I will forfeit my ticket to London and give up going." He was going to take some public engagement, but felt that the training of his son had even greater claim. He would doubtless have stayed at home rather than fail to obtain obedience. After clearing his throat, the son sang as desired. Such was the firm discipline to which the youth was subjected.

His father, scholarly man that he was, was his tutor, and there grew up between the two a tenderness of relation which brightened many an after day of toil and hardship. Here is a birthday letter from the father to his son, expressive both of confidence and love:

"My Dearest Boy,—I have only just time to write a single sentence, but as I know that my doing so will afford you pleasure, I cannot refuse it, and its object will be to assure you that during the past year your conduct has given me the highest satisfaction, and led to the hope of all which a parent can desire to witness in one who may most truly be called 'the son of his love.'"

THE AGNOSTIC.

BY GEORGE ALWAY.

Who boasts himself that nothing can be
known,
How much this man must know!
How far have been,
How much have seen!

He must have circumnavigated Space,
Have plumbed the Infinite,
And caught no trace
Of holy place.

He must have searched in vain through
endless Time,
Emptied Eternity,
And found no sign
Of One divine.

No ignorance omniscient, unmoved,
Across the universe,
Devoid of God,
Scrawls "Ichahod."

"THE LAND OF THE SKY," AND BEYOND.



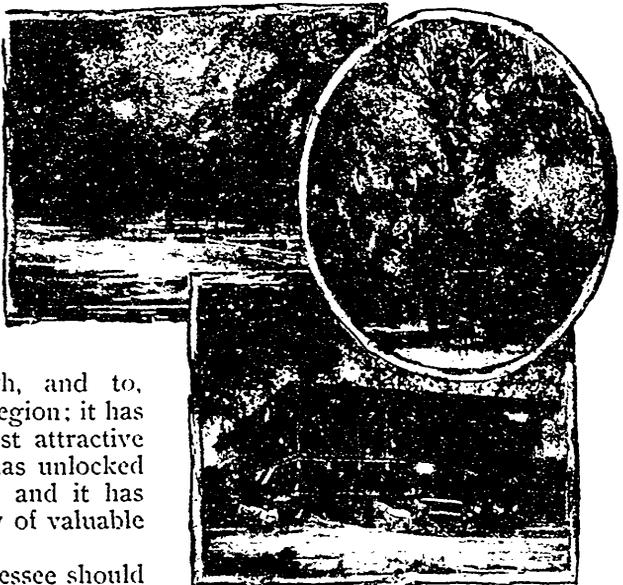
A NATIVE.

If any person had gone down the Valley of Virginia, across North Carolina, South Carolina, and into Georgia, twenty years ago, and written a correct description of the then long journey, and were to make the same short and interesting journey now and write of it again, it could be said of his two descriptions that never before had the lifetime of one generation covered a greater change—change in every way, change of everything. For the Piedmont Air Line, under which designation the Southern Railway is popularly known, is at once the cause and, to a great degree, the index of one of the most remarkable chapters in the rapid growth of the country. It leads the traveller through, and to, a rapidly developing region; it has made accessible a most attractive mountain section; it has unlocked a wealth of minerals; and it has opened a great variety of valuable timbers.

The tourist in Tennessee should not fail to visit Roan Mountain, "the highest human habitation east of the Rocky Mountains." Cloudland on the summit of Roan Mountain presents to the eye a marvellous panorama of field and

forest, mountain and valley, almost overwhelming at first sight from its vastness, but growing in beauty and attractiveness every day, as one becomes more familiar with it. Its horizon extends over 150 miles in every direction, commanding a view of seven different States. The area included in this wonderful vision is estimated to be fully 50,000 square miles of varied and sublime scenery, a very wilderness of mountains.

Prof. J. W. Chickering, an enthusiastic mountain-climber and botanist, says: "The beauty of the Roan Mountain scenery, words fail to describe. Standing more than a mile above sea-level, with mountains on every side, we look out upon such a wealth of mag-



LIVE OAKS AND SPANISH MOSS IN TALLAHASSEE.

nificence, both in vastness of extent and minuteness of detail, as would be hard to equal elsewhere.

The cloud views from the summit of Roan Mountain are magnificent. Often in the early morning, the whole horizon will be one mass of pure white vapour, like the waters of a shoreless sea, with only here

bare and barren, or a crown of huge boulders, is a grassy slope of more than 1,000 acres, the grass of a wonderfully vivid green. The great meadow is dotted here and there with clumps of alder,



BITS ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENNESSEE.

and there a mountain top, like an island, emerging above the ghostly billows.

“At the very summit, where in the Northern Appalachians or the Rockies would be a mass of rock,

and the mountain rhododendron, forming symmetrical domes of dark pink, from six to eight feet in height, while here and there are great masses of the flame-coloured azalea, varying from green or yel-

low to crimson, looking in the setting sun like great waves of fire sweeping over the prairies.

"On two sides of the mountain, deep gorges or ravines come al-

State, it would still lack over 5,000 square miles of being as large as North Carolina. Fifty-nine per cent. of its surface is forest, and it combines within its limits a greater variety of climate than any other State in the Union, except California, being semi-tropical along the sea and high and mountainous in the Western portion.

Living back in the uttermost fastnesses of the mountains, remote from all except those of their own kind, there still dwell many "Moonshiners"—a characteristic

class of people—unlike any other humans except themselves. The moonshiner feels that he has as much right to boil his fruit or grain into spirits as the farmer has

most to the mountain top, so that one may stand on the brink of an almost perpendicular precipice and look down into a gulf 2,000 feet deep at his very feet, and see the clouds in process of creation, as the warm and moist air rising from the valley sweeps up the gorge, and meets the cooler temperature of the upper heights, the ascending current being sometimes so strong that a newspaper or straw hat, thrown down into the abyss, is brought back again to the thrower, literally upon the wings of the winds."

Very few people realize that North Carolina is more than 500 miles in length, or that if New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Delaware, and New Jersey were made into one

to cook hominy in his own kettles, but the law places a negative upon his claim. So the mountain chemist is given to hiding, and, at times, when hunted too persistent-



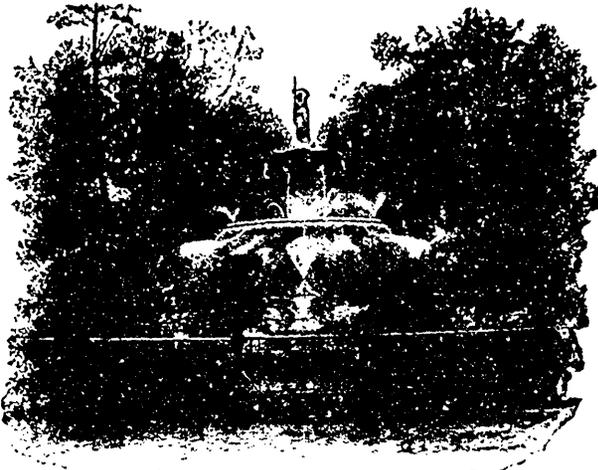
IN THE COTTON FIELD.



IN BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH.

ly, to shooting his pursuers. It is grewsome to see these lank,

way running south-west from Asheville to Murphy, a distance of 120 miles, is one of the most daring pieces of railroad engineering in this country. The road creeps around the wild gorge of the Nantahala River, so deep that the rays of the sun only shine upon the surface of the river for an hour a day.



PUBLIC FOUNTAIN, SAVANNAH.

The journey down the valley of the French Broad from Asheville to Hot Springs is one which remains a pleasant experience in the memory of him who

leathery, unkempt, semi-barbarous brethren brought into court, with manacles on their limbs, and summarily consigned to doleful exile in distant dungeons. You will, when you see them and their wives and their progeny, wonder how such a country can produce such specimens of humanity, but it is easily understood when explanation is at hand. In that region are reared the best of cattle, sheep, poultry, and fruits, but the moonshiner disdains them. He prefers, or habit and poverty compel him to prefer, soggy hot biscuit, vile coffee, and cadaverous, greasy bacon. He drinks too much of his own fiery decoction and too little of the salubrious water that leaps, gushes and sparkles on every hand. If one could capture young moonshiner girls and boys, feed them on civilized diet, girdle them with proper comfort, garment them decently, treat them amiably and educate them wholesomely, the transformation would be thorough, startling, and supreme.

The spur of the Southern Rail-

takes it. The distance is short, scarcely forty miles, but there is



CLIMBING THE LADDER OF LIFE.

not the smallest portion of it devoid of picturesque interest. For the entire distance the Southern

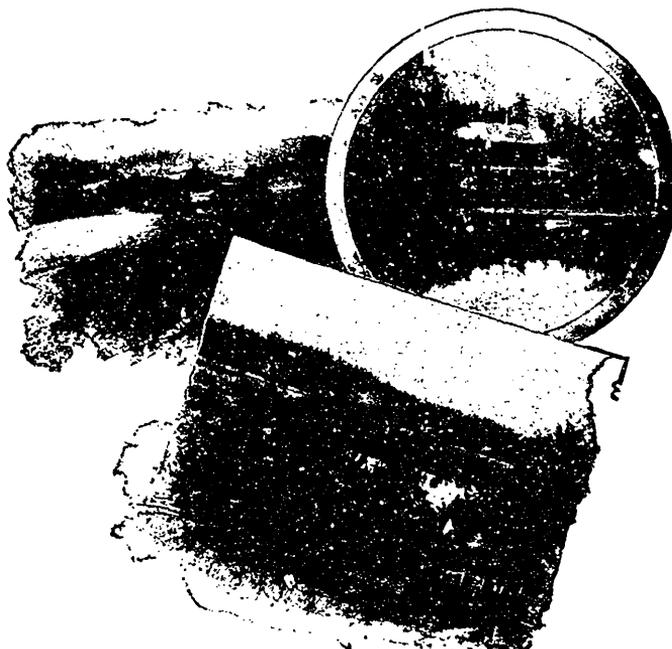
Railroad hugs close to the river, which dashes merrily over boulders as it cuts its way through the wild gorges of the mountains.

There are sixteen separate pools, 9 x 16, lined and floored with polished marble. The waters possess the same qualities as the baths at Ems and Wiesbaden, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas.

The mean temperature for a period covering a score of years has been 59 degrees, just one-half

ratio as the altitude is increased. The Ashville plateau, with its altitude of twenty-three hundred feet, has an atmospheric pressure of just twelve and three-quarter pounds, thus allowing the heart and lungs to perform their functions with the least expense of force and vitality, and under conditions which are absolutely normal!

The city of Chattanooga is admirably located, both from a commercial and picturesque point of view. The story of its siege, of the battle above the clouds, of the bloody field of Chickamauga, meaning in the Indian tongue "the river of death," or the desperate and terrific struggle on Missionary Ridge, need not be recounted here. For its breadth of vision, historic interest, and picturesque loveliness, the outlook from the point of Lookout Mountain, which rises almost above the city, is superb, prominent landmarks



AN OLD-TIME PLANTATION.

a degree from that of the entire Western hemisphere.

Another fact which makes every one "brace up" the moment they go to Asheville is not generally understood. It is the influence of altitude on vitality. Physiologists tell us that the heart pressure from within is twelve and a half pounds to the square inch at any altitude, and at the seashore the atmospheric pressure from without is fifteen pounds, decreasing in direct

in seven different States being within the range of vision on a clear day.

The city of Chattanooga lies almost at your feet, yet 1,700 feet below you, and the Tennessee, tracing its silvery and sinuous course through its fertile valley, is visible for many miles before it fades from view among distant mountains. Down the valley, the Government has established a National Park, embracing in its ten square miles all the battlefield.



CUTTING SUGAR-CANE.

COLLECTING
TURPEN-
TINE.

There are already over forty miles of finished roads of first-class construction in and about the park.

The old lines of works, and old houses and stone walls which were landmarks in the battles and which were destroyed, have been simply restored.

Savannah, which has a population of 65,000, is distinctly Southern in its appearance, and the plan of the city, designed by Oglethorpe, its founder, has been adhered to. Its public squares are adorned with statues and fountains, and are filled with gigantic live-oaks, bedecked with the graceful hanging moss of the tropics, with here and there beautiful magnolias, catalpas, and banana trees. Among the flowers the most beautiful are the rose and the camellia-japonica, which bloom luxuriantly in midwinter in the open air.

It is rich in historic memories ; and having passed through four wars, it is necessarily a city of much historic interest. Christ Church, the oldest church in the

city, dates from the founding of the colony, John Wesley having been its rector, long before he espoused the doctrine of Methodism. It was in Christ Church that the first Sunday-school was established by Wesley half a century before Robert Raikes, who is honoured as the founder of Sunday-schools, originated the scheme of Sunday instruction in England. Wesley Monumental Church, although of modern architecture, is, strange as it may seem, the only known monument to the founder of Methodism, and stands within a short distance of the great preacher's first pulpit in America. One of the most famous and beautiful cemeteries in all America is "Bonaventure," at Savannah.



HARVESTING COTTON.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;

For God who loveth all His works,
Has left His hope with all.

— Whittier.

A YANKEE ON THE BOSPHORUS.*

BY THE EDITOR.



THE REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

The missionaries of the American Board in Turkey have earned a well-deserved reputation for their energy and enterprise. They have established stations in many parts of the empire, which have become centres of religious light and influence. By means of Robert College, on the Bosphorus, they have promoted the intellectual development of the young nationalities of south-eastern Europe. The missionaries, statesmen, physicians, editors, and most progressive spirits of Bulgaria, Roumania

* Expanded from articles contributed to the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, London, and *Zion's Herald*, Boston.

and Servia have imbibed Western ideas and inspiration in its halls.

The life-story of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin,* the founder of Robert College, is one of very great interest. He was a Yankee of the Yankees, born in Maine, about as far "down east" as one can get in the United States. His father was one of seventeen children, six of whom bore the classic cognomens, Africanus, Africanus, Americanus, Europeanus, Asiaticus, Hannibal, and Cyrus. Cyrus, the second, the subject of this sketch, early lost his father and was from a boy inured to toil. There were few books accessible, except Rollin's History, Scott's novels, The Missionary Herald, and above all the Bible; but these were read and re-read into the heart and brain of the boy. Till he was sixteen he

never slept from under his mother's roof. At that age he set out to earn his living in Portland. The night before leaving home he went to the barn with "a lantern dimly burning" to bid his dumb friends good-bye. He kissed the noble oxen and favourite cows—"those good, virtuous and heavenly-minded cows"—a sad farewell.

In Portland he came under the influence of the saintly Dr. Edward Payson and experienced the great spiritual crisis of his life. He resolved to do that which he would

* "My Life and Times," by Cyrus Hamlin, author of "Among the Turks," etc. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society.

be most likely to approve "any number of thousand years in the future." A pious deacon urged him to enter the ministry. He thought much upon the subject but concluded, "No, I can never make a minister. I can make a good mechanic, and I had better stick to that." The church, however, sustained the call and voted \$1,000 for his education. So in his eighteenth year he began his study of Latin and Greek, receiving his first Greek Testament from Neal Dow, afterwards the famous Temperance Governor of Maine.

hardest work in his life. At graduating, in his twenty-third year, he could not afford a college gown, but Longfellow kindly lent him his.

Young Hamlin* proceeded to Bangor Seminary for a three years' theological course. While there he determined to go to Africa as a missionary, and resolved, he writes, "never to select a wife, never to fall in love, never to expose myself to that danger by any familiar acquaintance with young ladies, however excellent, until I have penetrated Africa and



CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS.

The boy studied himself into a brain fever, but worked his way into Bowdoin College. Here he assisted Longfellow as librarian and received from the young poet much kindness. When the professor of physical science lectured on the steam engine, there was no such thing in the State of Maine. Young Hamlin rashly offered to make a working model. He sent for "Lardner on the Steam Engine," and resolved to do or die. He worked at his model late and early till it was finished. It cost him, he says, three months of the

come out alive." But "*Dis aliter visum.*" He was appointed by the American Board to Constantinople. But the voyage to Smyrna of the American barque was cancelled and a year's delay ensued. Then a sudden message came from the Board that if he could get married and reach Boston in six days he could be ordained in time to catch a vessel for Turkey. He complied with the conditions, but the voyage was postponed for three months longer. At last he reached Smyrna and, soon after, Constantinople.

The Russian Ambassador strongly opposed Protestant missions. "The Emperor of Russia, who is my master," said the Ambassador, "will never allow Protestantism to set its foot in Turkey." Dr. Schauffler, the head of the American Mission, stoutly replied, "Your Excellency, the kingdom of Christ, who is my Master, will never ask the Emperor of all the Russias where He may set His foot."

One day Mr. Hamlin found a blaspheming American sailor named Brown apparently dying of cholera in the streets of Galata. He befriended him and took him home. The man recovered and was converted. Twenty-eight years afterwards, in Paris, Mr. Hamlin learned that Brown was a successful sailors' missionary in Honolulu.

Mr. Hamlin took charge of a seminary for Protestant youth at Bebek, near Constantinople, and fitted up a lathe and workshop in a stable. The Orientals attribute all mechanical skill and influence to Satan, so the missionary was sometimes complimented as the most "Satanic" man in the empire. This reputation was at times a signal advantage, as when he attacked a gigantic fisherman for beating his wife. The giant made no resistance. He had great fear of Diabolus and thought Diabolus had got him.

Many of the students of the seminary were exceedingly poor, and the Armenian converts were severely boycotted as to employment by the Orthodox, who were more bitter towards the missionaries than even the Moslems. So the ingenious American organized manufacturing industries for their support, from making stove-pipes and rat-traps to grinding corn and making bread.

One youth had a genius for chemistry, and started the manufacture of toy torpedoes for celebrating the feast of Ramadan. In

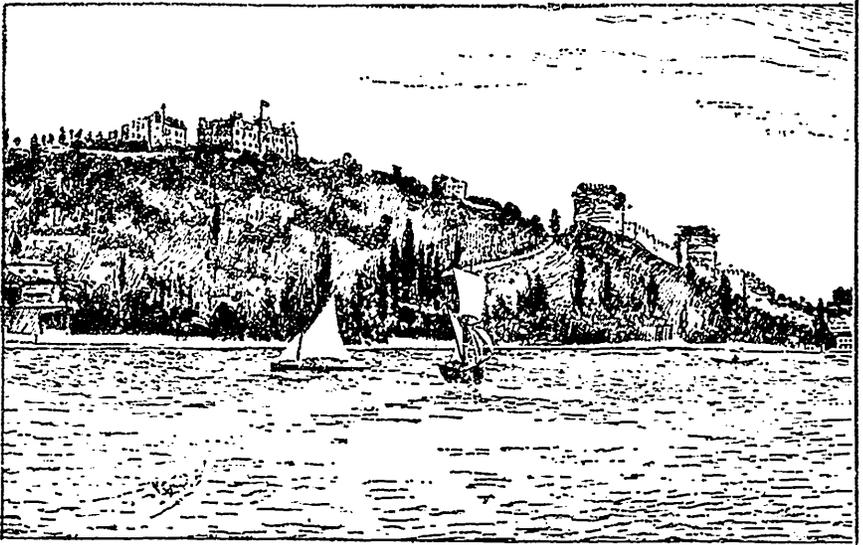
spite of an occasional explosion he got on remarkably well. He was offered employment with a very good and wealthy Methodist, a large manufacturer of drugs in England. "Your student may think himself fortunate," said Sir Austin Layard, "for a thousand pounds would not open such a career to the son of an Englishman." But the lad refused to accept this. He said: "When I knew Christ as my Saviour, I made a covenant with Him that if He would help me through, I would devote my life as a teacher to my poor countrymen, the Armenians. My life is fixed; I cannot change." He went to Aintab as a teacher on a very small salary and lived but six or seven years.

Two boys, Stephen and Simon, were in training in a convent at Moosh, among the mountains of Asia Minor, three hundred miles beyond Trebizond, for the Armenian priesthood. They had heard of the Christian school at Istamboul (Constantinople) and begged their way thither, a journey of eight hundred miles. They went direct to the Armenian patriarch, who sent them back to Moosh. Still dissatisfied, Simon started to walk across the Taurus mountains to the Armenian convent at Jerusalem, a two months' journey, to seek religious instruction. The other brother, Stephen, found his way to Dr. Hamlin's seminary at Bebek. Simon was expelled as a heretic from the Armenian convent at Jerusalem and fled to good Bishop Gobat, who paid his passage to Bebek, where he arrived one stormy night, forlorn and wayworn and dripping with rain. The brothers fell upon each other's neck with joyful tears. They proved diligent students and are to-day faithful pastors of Christian churches among their countrymen.

The missionaries had some

strange adventures. An Armenian convert died and was buried by the church. The Turkish *cadi* sent sixteen "cavasses," a sort of police, to guard the procession. It walked through the crowded Grand Rue of Pera amid varied comments in many languages: "No crosses, no candles, no chants!" "Sixteen cavasses—by Gimini! The Government is going to protect them anyhow!" "Ils sont des braves hommes!" At the cemetery, Turkish troops were drilling, which restrained the

of poverty became partially insane. He imagined that he was changed to stone, and would not speak nor wink for hours. Mr. Hamlin, to rouse him from his mental lethargy, showed him an American rat-trap, and said, "If there are thirteen hundred thousand inhabitants in Constantinople, there are thirteen hundred millions of rats. Go to! Make rat-traps and live." The missionary gave him a whole afternoon's help and made a first-rate rat-trap. Hovesep was despondent. "You and



ROBERT COLLEGE, FROM THE BOSPHORUS.

mob, but on the return, there rushed forth from a gorge, "as from the bottomless pit," a howling mob of roughs to the number of many hundreds, hurling stones and brick-bats. "Keep far apart, brethren," said the missionary leader, "give open space for the stones. Do not run—but take long steps," and so they got back to their homes.

The genesis of the rat-trap industry was very amusing. An industrious Armenian convert, Hovesep, a cutler, through stress

I, Reverend, have made one rat-trap in a whole afternoon. That would be four cents a day. No, I had better die and be done with it." Mr. Hamlin insisted on the experiment, and soon in every part of the city and suburbs Jewish boys were crying, "Boston rat-traps."

Book-binding, printing, and other trades were started; but most successful of all was the bakery. There was in the city one of the best wheat markets in the world, but all the grinding was done by

horse-power. - It was said that there were 10,000 horse mills and bakeries. Mr. Hamlin discovered that after the taking of Constantinople in 1453, in order to induce foreigners to settle in the capital, it was decreed that every foreign colony should have the right to its own mill and bakery, free from the interference of the guilds. He therefore resolved to start one. His fellow missionaries regarded the scheme as atrociously absurd.

"Do you know anything of milling, engineering, or bread-making?" they asked. To which he had to reply, "I do not."

"Do any of the Armenians know anything?"

"No one, so far as I know."

He began, however, to construct his works. Two Turkish police officers came to arrest the workmen. Mr. Hamlin stood on his treaty rights and was sustained by the American minister, and the desired firman granting permission was issued.

A friend in Boston, Mass., offered to advance funds for a steam-engine and boiler. These came in different vessels. The Customs officers had a habit of doubling or tripling the invoice, so Mr. Hamlin refused to present his invoice. They reported the engine to be a "garden pump," and to their subsequent disgust admitted it at a very low value. The hamals, or porters, demanded \$44 for landing the boiler—five times what it was worth. An English captain sent four sailors with ropes and pulleys, and "the way those fellows rolled that boiler on to the wharf, as though it were a bag of feathers, made the hamals exclaim, 'Mashallah!'" The sailors would take no compensation. It was fun to them to make the Turks stare.

Mr. Hamlin then made a strong sled for his boiler, got ropes and pulleys, made greased ways for the

sled, and with forty boys from the seminary, hauled the boiler up the hill, greatly to the disgust of the hamals.

But how to set his engine up, that was the question! "Consternation seized me," he writes, "and for one night my sleep departed from me, when I found my steam pipe short by eight or nine inches." He determined to cast a joint himself. He read up his



REV. GEORGE WASHBURN, D.D.,
President of Robert College, Constantinople.

"Ure's Dictionary of the Arts," made a model and mould in sand and melted the iron. But another mishap occurred. The sand was too damp, proper vents had not been made, and the iron was too hot. He poured the molten metal in boldly—and it went off like a cannon. The forty boys uttered a shout of terror and fled and the metal set fire to the roof. This was soon extinguished, and at last a perfect casting was made.

The joints were rough castings and not engine-turned, and leaked badly, but these difficulties were at last overcome.

Our ingenious missionary knew the theory of bread-baking, and wanted no woman to teach him, but, he says, "Pride goeth before a fall." The bread came out flat as a pancake, and too sour for mortal man to eat. But this fault was soon cured. The Bakers' Guild, the most powerful in Constantinople, were up in arms. The missionary, they said, was a master of the black art, in league with Satan, the bread would bewitch those who would eat it, and so on. But the bread was good and of good weight and soon swept the boycotting away like chaff.

The flour mill went merrily till the stones wore smooth and needed dressing. No one in the city could do this. The only steel picks available broke like glass or bent like lead; so that the missionary must learn to temper these picks himself. He shut himself up with his forge, good charcoal, olive oil, and "Ure's Dictionary," and succeeded beyond his expectations.

Mr. Hamlin now set up for a Greek convert a last-making machine, which would turn out a last in a minute or two, but the project was rigidly boycotted by the shoemakers, and he lost \$500.

It was well understood that no lazy person would be tolerated in the Christian community any more than a leper in Israel. It was a hard gospel, but a wholesome one, and weeded out the lazy.

About this time the Russian war broke out. Large barracks at Scutari, built under the direction of the great Moltke while an officer under Sultan Mahmoud, were occupied by the British. The officer in charge sent for the missionary.

"Are you Hamlin, the baker?" he asked.

"No, sir; I am the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, an American missionary."

"That is just about as correct as anything I get in this country. I send for a baker and I get a missionary."

The need of bread was urgent, and Mr. Hamlin agreed to furnish it at a price just half what was paid for bread the invalids would not eat. The demand rose to six thousand pounds a day. The former contractors conspired to discredit the bread by heating it to fermentation in close rooms and concealing in it cockroaches. The contract for bread was broken.

The condition of the hospital, crowded with six thousand invalids, was dreadful. At this juncture arrived Miss Nightingale with a trained corps of nurses and soon brought order out of chaos. "The death rate was changed immediately, from the moral effect, no doubt, of sympathy and woman's gentle care." She demanded better bread. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was filled with "fery indignation" when he found what depredations had been made upon the treasury by dishonest men. He urged Mr. Hamlin to take entire charge of the hospital and camp at his own price. England, he said, did not want cheap work, but good and honest work, and for that she was willing to pay. The need was urgent, from twelve to twenty thousand pounds of bread a day being required. The missionary yielded to pressure, purchased at once a thousand barrels of flour and ordered three thousand barrels more from Trieste.

True to his principles, on Saturday evening the supply of bread for Sunday was delivered. The provost of the camp, with an oath, ordered it back, to be delivered in the morning. Mr. Hamlin turned

away and left him swearing. The bread was kept. The next Saturday the missionary sent a man who knew no English, so the swearing did him no harm. The bread was so delivered till the war closed and the last soldier embarked for England.

At one time, for thirty days a north wind prevailed and kept the provision fleet out below the Dardanelles. A puff came and one Austrian vessel got through, whose flour Mr. Hamlin bought at \$20 a barrel. Soon the wind veered and five hundred vessels came crowding up the Marmora.

The coffee supply was bad. Mr. Hamlin undertook to improve it. It was declared impossible to grind coffee in a flour mill, but he succeeded in grinding ten bushels an hour. The Commissary-General offered Mr. Hamlin very liberal terms to supply the new grade coffee for the army. The latter made conditional contracts for roasting, grinding coffee and manufacturing tin coffee cases, when a large steamer with prepared coffee arrived, and he was relieved from the contract.

He was urged to supply the stores for the Russian prisoners. Mr. Hamlin declined, but recommended an Armenian Christian. But the prisoners protested against the white bread and fresh meat, and demanded black bread and salt fish.

"I am glad to testify," says Mr. Hamlin, "that in all my relations with the British army I never personally encountered what was so much decried—red tape. With three exceptions, all the gentlemen of the army with whom I had any relations were the soul of honour."

Mr. Hamlin now appears in a new role. The bedding and clothing of the Russian prisoners were infested with vermin; so much so, that vast quantities were condemned to be burned. Our

shrewd Yankee economist protested against this waste in presence of an urgent need. He rigged up a laundry and engaged a number of Greek and Armenian women to wash the blankets, etc. But so offensive was the task that the women fled from the place and a mob threatened to tear down the building. The undaunted missionary found some empty beer casks and improvised therewith washing machines which thoroughly cleansed three thousand articles per day, to the great comfort of the sick soldiers.

Mr. Hamlin has been described as a past-master in sixteen different trades and professions; but he declared that the one he was most proud of was that of washerwoman. With the profits of this business he built a beautiful church at Brousa, which cost nearly \$3,000. Another device of this ingenious man was building earthquake-proof churches with internal skeletons of oak and iron.

In the winter of 1855 the cholera broke out in Scutari, and the bakers in a panic stopped work. Mr. Hamlin seized a case of medicines and called the men together, assured them that there was safety if they would go quietly to work, and that every one of the sick would recover, and somewhat rashly pledged his word that not one of them would be attacked unless he should disobey orders. They rallied at once, and the bread supply was ready when due.

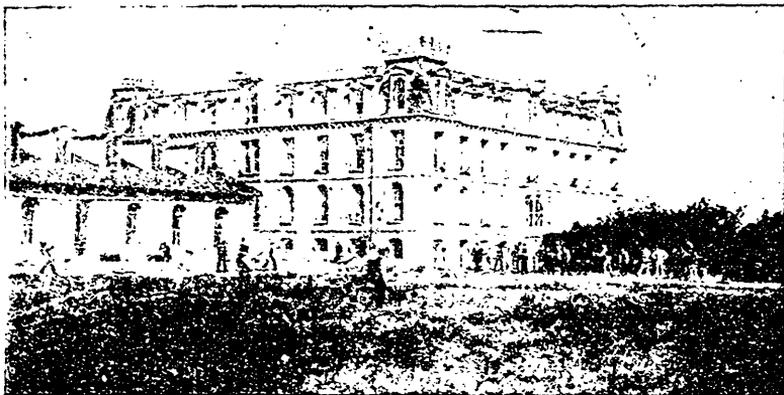
After the war, Mr. Hamlin took a well-earned holiday. There had been no mercenary thought in all his work. Not one cent of all the operations, sometimes amounting to \$50,000 a month, accrued to himself. A profit of \$25,000 was expended in building thirteen churches, with school-rooms annexed. After eighteen years' absence he landed in Boston, and failed to recognize his own

brother, Hannibal, though they were looking for each other at the depot. Everything seemed wonderfully changed: "Everybody spoke English; everybody was well dressed."

On his return journey to the East, after a few weeks at home, he met many distinguished men in Great Britain. One of these was the learned Dr. Duncan, of whom he tells a funny story. The Doctor was invited to dine with two German professors, and went from his garden with earth-stains on his hands. Being shown to a bedroom to remove them, his host,

Jesuits, the Russians and the Moslems, all alike opposed to a Protestant college, is a record of extraordinary interest. The Turkish grand vizier, Ali Pasha, became so irritated that he said in vexation, "Will this Mr. Hamlin never die, and let us alone on this college question?"

Admiral Farragut unconsciously proved an important factor in obtaining the firman or warrant to build. On the Admiral's visit to Constantinople, Dr. Seropian, a Greek gentleman, suggested that when dining with the great Pashas he should ask why this American



ROBERT COLLEGE.

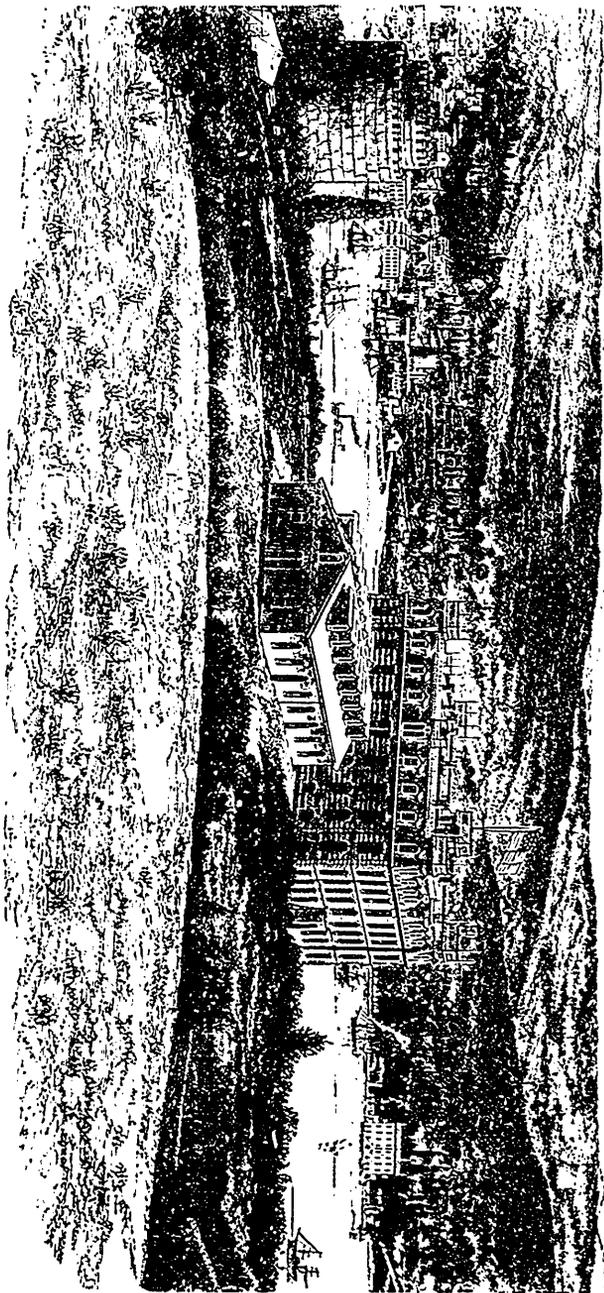
surprised at his delay, proceeded to investigate, and found that the absent-minded scholar had gone to bed.

Dr. Hamlin's greatest work was yet to be done.—namely, the founding of Robert College. Mr. Christopher R. Robert, a merchant of New York, had promised a large sum for the erection of a college at Constantinople. The story of the shrewd Yankee missionary's success after seven long years' struggle with the Turkish Government, and of his evading the fraud and cunning of the Turkish officials, the most corrupt in Europe, and circumventing the

college could not be built, but should make no reply to the response whatever it was.

Shortly after his visit, the firman, or rather an imperial iradee, directly given by the Sultan, the most sacred title to real estate in Turkey, was issued. Iron was ordered from Antwerp and Glasgow, timber from the Danube, brick from Marseilles, and excellent stone was quarried on the spot. The cement of the thousand-year-old walls of Constantinople was analyzed and similar material manufactured. Our shrewd missionary took advantage of the jealousies of the Greek and Ar-

ROBERT COLLEGE, ON THE HOSFORDS.



menian masons by making them work in different parts of the building and playing off the rivalry of one against the other.*

After the completion of the college, a distinguished Turkish visitor said: "We would never have given you leave to erect this college had it not been for the insurrection in Crete."

"What had that to do with it?" said Mr. Hamlin.

"Ah, when your great Admiral Farragut was here, that insurrection was our great embarrassment. Your Admiral asked the Grand Vizier, the Pashas, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of War and of the Navy, why the American College could not be built. We then saw that the United States Government was holding that college question over against us. If only an American 'Monitor' should come into the Mediterranean, it would be followed by war with Greece, and"—lifting up both hands—"war begun with Greece, Allah himself only knows where it would end. So, we said, better build a hundred colleges for the Americans without money than to have one of Farragut's monitors come into the Mediterranean, and we gave you their imperial iradec."†

Dr. Hamlin returned to America in the interest of the new institu-

tion. Before leaving Constantinople he received a beautiful service of plate and testimonial from the English and American residents.

He has since remained in his native land. Forty years after graduating from Bangor Seminary he returned to it as a professor. His long and busy life had secured him no wealth, for he was a poor man, but he had earned the higher honour which cometh from God. He was invited, in his sixty-ninth year, to the presidency of Middleburg College, where he spent five years of hard service. With characteristic energy he completely reconstructed the college buildings. He is now in his eighty-sixth year full of life and energy, lecturing and preaching, and serving as missionary editor on the staff of *Our Day*.

"The magnificent progress of the missionary work in India, China, Japan, and other places," he writes, "cheers us with thoughts of the coming glory of the Lord. I have neither wealth nor poverty, but I have all things needful for a quiet and happy life while I await the Master's call. In the unmerited and unbounded kindness of innumerable friends, I have received the promise, 'hundredfold more in this present life.'"

* Two half-savage Kurds from beyond the Euphrates, after the completion of the building, started to walk to their distant home, a month's journey. Mr. Hamlin requested a report by letter of their progress. In three months he received this message: "Weather good, people kind, feet not sore, not ill by the way, all things nice at home!" This occupied three and a half lines, while the address and titles of honour descriptive of all the magnificent characteristics which the letter-writer could conjure up occupied just fourteen lines.

† One bright day in May, 1892, the present writer took steamer at Constantinople and sailed up the Bosphorus to visit Robert College. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scenery on either bank of this noble strait separating Europe and Asia. For

many miles it is bordered by stately palaces and villas, while foliage of richest hue clothes the towering hills to their summit. The college was then attended by students speaking fourteen languages. English, however, was the common speech of the playgrounds and lecture-rooms. It is a large iron, fire-proof building, surrounding a central square, with admirable libraries, museums and lecture-rooms. It commands a magnificent outlook of the winding Bosphorus and far Bythinian Hills. Some two hundred Armenian, Greek, Bulgarian and other youth were receiving an admirable classical and scientific training. Near the college is a grim old tower where the patriotic Cyril Lskar, a Greek patriarch of Constantinople, who gave the Alexandrian MSS. to Charles I., was strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus.

INDIAN MISSIONS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY THE REV. ALFRED E. GREEN.



REV. THOMAS CROSBY.



MRS. CROSBY.

There may be a kind of romance and glamour in thinking of missionary work in far distant lands that does not belong to missions nearer home, and some think and say that the Church had better spend her efforts in the great heathen empires. They tell us the Indians are a dying race, and will soon be all gone. The Master's command was not to go to the large cities, to the great populations, to the clean and intellectual, but "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Our duty is, therefore, plain. We are to take the Gospel to the Red Indians. Ignorant, depraved, poor, superstitious, unclean, they may be. Their villages or camps may be far apart, far from towns and civilization, difficult to reach, without books or any written language, yet their

souls are precious in the sight of Him "who tasted death for every man."

It is not only the intellectual, polite, educated heathens of India, China, or Japan, who boast of historic cities, of old books, and a kind of civilization, reaching back thousands of years, who are transformed by the power of the Gospel. The illiterate, degraded red Indian, in his paint and miserable blanket, hears the good news and becomes a new creature in Christ. There is special encouragement to the Church in Indian mission work. We are following in the footsteps of the Master, in preaching to the poor, and He taught us to leave the ninety-nine who are already in the fold, and go after the one who was lost. The great Head of missions has abundantly blessed the preaching of the Gos-

pel to the Indians in British Columbia.

Captain Prevost, of H. M. Navy, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, was the first to be interested in the salvation of the Pacific Coast Indians. On going to England, he told of their degraded condition and pleaded for Christian help. A young man, William Duncan, volunteered, and came back with the captain on the man-of-war. He went to Port Simpson in 1857, and commenced his work. The people were savages; his life was threatened again and again, but patiently he pursued his work,



CROSBY GIRLS' HOME AND CHURCH, PORT SIMPSON, B.C.

learning the language, teaching the children, and preaching the Cross. He continued at Port Simpson four years. A number accepted the Gospel. But the opposition was so strong against him and the persecution of his converts so constant, and the temptations so many, as they were surrounded by every form of paganism, that he looked for a place of refuge for his people. Sixteen miles south of Port Simpson, he founded a village. His little flock moved in six canoes. This new village, named Metlakahtla, became famous as a model mission.

In 1859, four heroic men landed at Victoria, the pioneer Methodist missionaries, and in the name of the Lord set up their banners. They were sent to the white population, but they were large-hearted men. Their sympathy reached out to the Indians, and soon after, the Rev. E. Robson commenced a school for the Indians. A young man lived in his house, and he taught him the Gospel. This young Indian was brought near to the kingdom.

In 1864, Rev. Mr. Crosby commenced his mission work at Nanaimo, when Amos Cushan experienced a change. In his own words he said, "Mr. Robson first told me of Jesus, and I was half converted, then Mr. Crosby came, and I was quite converted." Amos was the first convert and the first Indian member of the Methodist Church in British Columbia. For twenty-five years he was a local preacher, and an agent of the Society. At times he preached with wonderful power. He had many temptations and some weak-

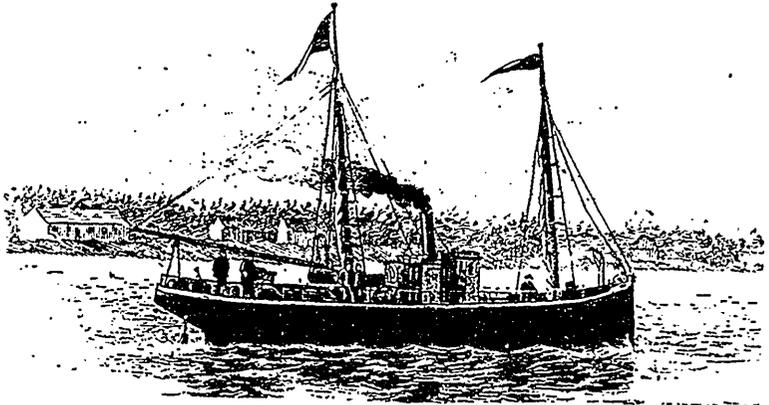
nesses, but the last few years he mellowed wonderfully, and a few months ago died happy in the Lord.

The Lord was with the work; a cause was soon established at Nanaimo, and while this was Bro. Crosby's headquarters, he visited the tribes living on the islands in the gulf, and along the shores of Vancouver Island, everywhere declaring the love of God. Among those converted was David Sallaseton, from Mr. Crosby's school. Only a boy, but filled with the Holy Ghost, he went like a flame of fire up and down among his

people, on the islands and up the Fraser River, declaring the wonderful works of God. Doctor Morley Punshon, after hearing David, said that "this Indian boy was the most natural and eloquent orator he had ever seen."

The trials, temptations, and persecutions were many. Progress was slow, but the Word was mighty to prevail. The lives of consistent, faithful converts, their holy conversation, and their happy, triumphant deaths, made a deep impression upon the people, that verily a sign from heaven had come to them. The Indians

dian came, on a Sunday, to our church, the first one I ever saw there. I had a conversation with him. He could speak but a few words of English. For the last ten years we had held a prayer-meeting at my house on Saturday nights. The Indian question was taken up at the prayer-meeting. Some old Victorians thought that nothing could be done for the Indians; that we could not get two tribes together without a war, but some of us had faith in the Gospel of Christ, that it can save the chief of sinners, so we went to work, commencing our Indian school on



MISSION STEAMER "GLAD TIDINGS."

around Victoria had come in contact with a large number of white men who flocked to the gold fields, and acquired the white man's vices rather than his virtues, and for a long time they might have said from appearances, "No man careth for my soul." A layman, William MacKay, lately gone home to heaven, made the first effort to help them. I will give his own words of how it came about. He says :

"In November, 1869, I felt a strong impression that the Lord would not bless us as a Church unless we did something for the natives. About this time an In-

December 19th, 1869. We started with eight or nine in attendance. Our school was always growing. On February 2nd, 1870, we had three conversions. We can say with truth, Jesus hath done it all. These converts prayed in their own language, and not one of the teachers understood a word they said, but the prayers had the spirit of the Master in them. When the Rev. Mr. Crosby came he was delighted with our success, and we all took courage and blessed the Lord."

Thus God honoured the faith and work of these noble men and women. Thirty souls were brought

out of heathen darkness into the marvellous light. Among these was Elizabeth Deix, an Indian chieftess from Port Simpson. She went to the Methodist Church; a prayer-meeting was in progress; a sister prayed. Mrs. Deix had never heard such a prayer. She arose from her seat, and walked over to see what kind of a book the prayer was from. Her astonishment was great when she saw that the woman's eyes were closed and that she did not have a book. "I knew she was talking with God. My heart became like boiling water." This chieftess at once became a great power in the school.

Like all others truly converted, she wanted others to know the joy and peace that had come to her heart. She went in prayer to the Lord for her son and his wife at Port Simpson. She asked the Lord to bring them to Victoria to be converted. She took Him at His word, that He would answer prayer. One Sunday morning she went to the school looking so happy, and with tears of joy told the friends that God had answered her prayers, and brought her son, his wife, and nineteen others in a big canoe from Port Simpson. Strange, say we, that these should come five hundred miles just at this time. Strange? No, not strange, if we believe that God hears and delights to answer prayer.

Her son was the leader of the heathen, one of the worst among them. At first he would not go with his mother to the school, and she went to the Lord in prayer again, asking Him to send her son to the school to be converted. Her prayers were answered. The Holy Spirit reached his heart and he was saved.

The teachers had laboured under difficulties in teaching, for they did not know the Indian language, not even the Chinook jargon, and

the Indians knew only a few words of English. Yet, through this imperfect medium, by the power of the Holy Spirit, the Gospel reached the consciences and hearts of the people. The conversion of Alfred and Kate, his wife, was of great advantage to the school. They could both speak English, and were good interpreters. The Christian friends now went on instructing these babes in Christ. Mr. MacKay wrote of it in this way :

"If you could see me sitting at a table, night after night, with twelve or fourteen Fort Simpson Indians, Alfred for interpreter. Our first lessons were the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th chapters of John. If you could see the faces of these noble-looking Indians when they would hear the name of Jesus spoken for the first time, and heaven spoken of as the home of the redeemed. We had conversions every night. We had heaven come down to earth. Alfred and his wife were now married and baptized."

So, night after night, assisted by Mrs. Rev. A. E. Russ, and Mr. and Mrs. McMillan and other friends, they were taught the old, to them new, story of Jesus and His love. They spelt out texts of Scripture, learned to sing the songs of Zion, and after some three months with Bibles, Testaments, Readers, A B C cards, and the Wesleyan Catechism, they started on their return voyage to their native pagan village, a distance of five hundred miles.

On former occasions their canoes going north would carry the deadly fire-water, to debauch themselves and friends. Not so now. They are carrying the Water of Life, the pioneer missionaries to their heathen tribesmen. Their long voyage is nearly ended; the Indians see the canoe nearing the village; they walk down to

meet them, thirsting for fire-water. Listening, they hear singing, not native songs, but songs of Zion. Amazed, they hear them pray, and right on the beach at the waterside, before they can leave their canoes, they are relating their experiences. They tell of the Gospel they have heard, how their lives have been changed, the peace and joy they have in their hearts. They declare the love of God for Port Simpson, they exhort all to repent, invite them to come to the Saviour.

No wonder the people were astonished! Alfred, formerly a leader in all evil, a terror to his enemies, now a preacher of righteousness, the leader in this Gospel attack on the citadel of paganism. God's Spirit moved upon these poor people, like the wind on the trees of the forest. Alfred and his wife opened a day school, in which two hundred scholars gathered to learn to read. They organized prayer and fellowship-meetings, and God's power was manifest. Before the white missionary went to Port Simpson, the village had renounced paganism, five hundred persons were attending religious services, and quite a number were converted to God.

The H. B. Co.'s steamer Otter going to Port Simpson just after this, the natives invited Captain Lewis to a council. They pleaded with him to carry a message to the Methodist Church at Victoria asking for a missionary. The chairman, the late Rev. W. Polard, went up to see them, and the people went out in their canoes miles to meet the steamer, and with every demonstration of joy took him from the boat to the village. He saw the large numbers at school, the whole village turned out to hear him preach, and on the Sabbath he baptized a large number of converts. He found that the village had renounced

heathenism for the Gospel of Christ.

The chairman, on his return to Victoria, sent Mr. C. M. Tate from the Nanaimo Indian School, to teach, preach, and lead this new work, till a permanent missionary should be appointed. Right nobly he worked, and held the fort for some months. The Rev. T. Crosby, then just married, was appointed, and in June, 1874, took charge of Port Simpson.



MISS JESSIE CROSBY,
Missionary to Bella Bella.

These natives needed a strong leader. They were only babes, their knowledge was very limited. Many, who had joined with the others in renouncing paganism, were not Christians. They had in a way given up the old, but did not know the new. Many of them had lived forty, fifty or sixty years in heathenism. They were superstitious, ignorant, and degraded. The old medicine men would certainly try to restore the old order of things, and many temptations would beset the young

converts. The Lord sent the leader in Bro. Crosby. He became a father to them, not only missionary, but mechanic, magistrate, teacher, and doctor. In all his arduous toil he has been ably assisted by his heroic wife, who has given every evidence of her love for the souls and bodies of these benighted peoples.

The Methodist Missionary Society, at a cost of some \$7,000, built a commodious and elegant church, capable of seating eight hundred persons, with a spire one hundred and ten feet high. The natives themselves gave several hundred dollars towards this building. Three years after its erection, a great storm blew off the roof and threatened to destroy the whole building. The people were almost heart-broken, and risked their lives while they lashed the walls firmly with strong ropes, and cried to the Lord in prayer.

As the storm abated, they repaired to the school-house. After Bro. Crosby had opened the meeting, a chief arose and said it was not a time for long speeches, but for action. Immediately twenty or thirty men left the house, others followed them, but soon returned with blankets, coats, shirts, shawls, guns, finger and ear-rings, bracelets, furs, and almost every thing that could be turned into money. They laid them in front of the teacher's desk, an offering to the Lord. These offerings, to the value of about four hundred dollars, were a striking testimony to the constraining love of Christ in their hearts.

These Port Simpson native Christians were the pioneers of Christianity to the vast territory of Alaska. The United States Government established a military post at Fort Wrangle. The gold mines at Stickeen brought in a host of reckless and wicked miners. Fort Wrangle was their headquarters,

and was almost wholly given up to gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery. They greatly demoralized the Indian population. These heathen Indians would not work. Christian Indians went from Port Simpson under contract to cut wood for the American Government in 1876. The leader was Clah, or Philip McKay, an Indian of superior ability and of great piety. These native Christians, surrounded with wickedness, resolved to make an effort, in the name of God, for the conversion of the Alaskans. They secured an old dance-house. At first only a few attended. They were mocked, opposed, and jeered at by wicked white men, but they persevered. Interest was aroused, and the benighted heathen came in crowds. Forty souls were converted, including the chief of the place. Week in and week out the voice of prayer and praise was heard in Fort Wrangle. The commandant of the Fort, a Christian gentleman, encouraged them, and secured a more suitable place for their services.

Clah now gave himself fully to the work, and acted as native preacher to the people. His audiences numbered from two hundred to three hundred. A school was commenced, the natives were so anxious to learn to read the Word of God. A grand work was done. After some months Philip was stricken by consumption, but refused to leave his post, protesting that though he could not go to the church to preach, he could talk to those who would come to see him. His salary had only been \$10 a month, so that his family had to live mostly on native foods. He was anxious that his wife and child should not suffer for lack of food, and as friends assured him they would be cared for, dying, he said, "As earth fades away, heaven grows brighter," and, looking

on his weeping wife, he said, "Annie, you must not cry, Jesus knows what is best."

Bro. Crosby visited, encouraged, and strengthened these people. Letters were written to American churches, and Mrs. MacFarlane was sent by Dr. Jackson, Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions, to live at Fort Wrangle, and take up the work. She proved a noble and devoted missionary, passing through many trying scenes in prosecuting the Master's work. On one occasion, after the troops had been removed, a lot of miners were wintering at Fort Wrangle. One day, while gambling, two men quarrelled. One drew a revolver and shot the other dead. No magistrate, judge, or any officer of the law was there at that time. The miners formed a court, selected a jury, tried the man, found him guilty, and sentenced him to death. All was done in a few hours. The condemned man was placed in a log-house, closely guarded by others. The poor man asked for a Christian to come to pray with him. They sent for Mrs. MacFarlane, who talked, read, and prayed with him, and exhorted him to look to Christ for pardon. Then she gave out the hymn, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," etc. The three rough guards joined in singing the

Eburne, B.C.

first verse, but when she gave out the second verse, "The dying thief," etc., they broke down, their eyes suffused with tears, they could not sing.

The prisoner said to Mrs. MacFarlane, "My mother used to sing that hymn to me when I was a child. The last time I heard it was when I was in the Sunday-school twenty-five years ago. Oh, how I wish I had listened to what was taught me then. But I commenced to break the Sabbath, then to drink, afterwards to gamble, and now I am here to die."

Hastily erecting a gallows, and then fixing up a few boards, so that they could stand behind and not see his face, hand over hand they pulled the rope, and launched this poor murderer into eternity. Thus even he was brought to hear the Gospel sound once more before his death by the devotion of a once heathen people to the cause of Christ.

So began the missionary work among the Indians of the Province of British Columbia, a work which has since grown into gratifying proportions, and while not without its graver features, one which makes us thank God and take courage. It will be the purpose of a future paper to describe the serious and joyful features of the progress of this work.

REASSURANCE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Dark though the night, it need bring thee no terrors;
Wild though the blast, it doth bode thee no ill;
At Jehovah's command all the shadows shall vanish—
A word from His lips the rude tempest will still.

Rough is the path? still thy feet shall not stumble;
Steep the ascent? thou shalt fail not of strength;
Thy God will make smooth the rough places before thee—
On His arm thou shalt lean through the journey's whole length.

Is thy life sad? there is bliss in the future;
Knowest thou sickness? in heaven is no pain;
The Lord doth prepare thee a crown of rejoicing—
If thou suffer with Him, with Himself thou shalt reign.

Toronto.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN SOME OF ITS RELATIONS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE W. KERBY, B.A.

The Epworth League is a conspicuous part of the greatest movement of the century—a movement that has brought to the front the consecrated energy and intelligence of the youth of the land, and is applying them to the solution of the century's problems—yez, more, a movement that is destined to conserve the waste of force and misspent powers of the young, and to use them for the uplifting of the race. Such a movement is truly born of God, and marks an epoch in the history of Christianity.

This general uprising of the young people is from within and not from without the Church. It may be characterized by three significant words. These words are Revelation, Revolution, and Reformation. First, it is a revelation of the possibilities of youth in the establishing and extension of the Kingdom of God on earth. Second, it is a revolution against doubt and despair, immorality and vice, against the forms and methods in Christian work that are out of harmony with the spirit of the Gospel. This is the negative side of the movement. Third, it is a reformation. It not only pulls down, but it builds up. It not only denies, but it believes with assurance. Hence we find it foremost to-day in the arena of individual, social, civic, political, and world-wide reform. This is the positive side of the movement, the side of achievement. It is preeminently an aggressive movement. The Epworth League is one of the results of this great awakening in the Church. It is one of the fruits of a deeper and

more intelligent interest of the Church in its young people.

Methodism has always given special attention to the young. Mr. Wesley himself enjoined upon every pastor to look well after the junior portion of his flock. He admitted children and young people to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He held meetings for the instruction of the young once, and sometimes twice, a week. In the Minutes of 1784, we read, "But what shall we do for the rising generation? Unless we take care of this, the present revival will be 'res unius aetatis.' It will last only the age of a man."

We see, then, that the Epworth League idea is not new to Methodism. It is simply a new form of an old idea, or as it has been said by another, "The developing of young Christians is an idea that has been with Methodism from the beginning. The Epworth League is only the newest and best method of accomplishing this end.

It will be our purpose in this article to consider the Epworth League—First, in its relation to the Methodist Church. Second, in its relation to kindred young people's societies. Third, in its relation to social problems. Fourth, in its relation to the future.

I. The Epworth League in relation to the Methodist Church.

The word that expresses this relation is "connexional." All the essential features of the League have been present in the Methodist Church from the beginning. They are not borrowed from any other church or organization. The springs of the League are easily traced back to the Epworth Rec-

tory and the Oxford Club. The mother of Wesley is the mother of Methodism and grandmother of the Epworth League. It is well known that the connexional spirit and polity is a distinctive feature of Methodism.

It has been, it is to-day, one of the great sources of her strength and power. It is a leading factor in the phenomenal growth that places Methodism in the front rank of the denominations of Christendom. This connexional spirit has been fostered in her young people all along. It has been the cherished principle in her history and government. What would be more natural then, than that she should seek to have her young people organized in harmony with the genius and polity of her past and present triumphant history? Any other course or policy would have been suicidal, unless it is conceded that Methodism has had its day and should cease to be.

It seems quite clear, then, that while the Church needs denominational colleges and Sunday-schools, she will need denominational young people's societies. It is equally plain that an organization adapted to a congregational form of government would not be best suited to the Methodist polity. Hence the Epworth League, like the Educational and Missionary Societies, was so constructed in its organization as to become a vital part of the connexional life of the Church. It stands connected with organized Methodism by the legislation of the supreme court of the Church, as well as by the spirit of its autonomy.

What, then, are the advantages of this relation between the League and the Church?

1st. It constitutes the League an integral part of the Church. It is not a separate and independent institution. It was originated by the Church. It does its work in

the Church and for the Church. It seeks to strengthen the hands of the Church. All its energies are for "Christ and the Church." All its moneys are distributed through the regular and prescribed channels of the Church. It, as one says, looks upon the pastor as leader and is willing to follow. It regards the Church as mother, and is willing to obey. Its members are in their place at the prayer-meeting, Sunday-school and preaching, as well as at the meetings of the League. Thus a healthy and helpful reciprocal influence is kept up between the young and the old in the Church. The young need the old, and the old need the young, and the Church needs them both. The young furnish the hope and enthusiasm, the old the wisdom and experience.

2nd. This connexional relation secures to the young people the paternal care and official recognition of the Church. Each local League president is a member of the Official Board, each District is represented at the Annual Conference. Each Annual Conference is represented on the General Conference Epworth League Board. This General Board, acting for the General Conference, supervises and directs the Epworth League during each quadrennium.

3rd. This relation secures to the Church the control of its young people. This is a very important matter. The young need guidance. Youthful energy needs to be directed in proper channels, and subject to "the powers that be." Methodism has never been disposed to hand over the supervision of its young people to an outside authority. The authority of the Church is not autocratic. It is the authority of wisdom and knowledge and experience and love.

4th. This relation is calculated

to inspire the deepest feelings of loyalty to the Church. Loyalty to one's own Church and denomination must ever be a cardinal principle with all members of the League, who rightly understand its spirit and aims. The Methodist people believe that the way to serve the Church universal best is by concentrating their energies in the work of their own denomination.

5th. This connexional relation ensures the training of the young people in the doctrines, polity, history, and usages of the denomination. At the same time it encourages the study of general Church history and Christian literature. Of this the Epworth League Reading Courses, the most complete and widely adopted reading courses of any young people's society, are a practical illustration.

6th. This relation tends to make the Epworth League a bond of union with the Methodism of the world, bringing the different families of Methodism into a closer union and more helpful relation. A striking example of this was seen in the Second International Conference of the Epworth League, at Chattanooga, Tennessee. There the young Methodism of the continent assembled. Sectional and national lines for the time were erased. North and South, East and West, met in a common cause, under a common Leader, Jesus Christ, and in the interest of His Kingdom.

But a little more than seven years old, the Epworth League has already an enrolled membership of a million and a half, in three branches of the Methodist Church.

II. The Epworth League in its relation to kindred organizations.

The word that expresses this relation is "fraternal." The general young people's movement that occasioned the formation of the Ep-

worth League was also the opportunity for the organization of many other young people's societies. These organizations may be divided into denominational, interdenominational, and undenominational. The Epworth League, Baptist Young People's Union of America, Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Luther League, and Wesley Guild belong to the first. The Christian Endeavour Society, Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, and Boys' Brigade belong to the second. The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations belong to the third. Apart from the distinctive features which this threefold classification emphasizes, there are features peculiar to each individual organization. Each society has some word, or role, or method, that it lays special stress upon, and which in a less prominent degree may belong to them all. To each class, as well as to each one of these societies, the Epworth League says, "All hail!" It recognizes their worth and work. It rejoices in their achievements for the truth. It extends to them the right hand of Christian fellowship. It says, in the words of the illustrious founder of Methodism, "If thine heart is right, give me thine hand."

While the Epworth League is a denominational society, and believes it can serve the Church and humanity best as such, it is not sectarian, nor narrow, nor exclusive. It stands on the broad platform of Christian brotherhood. It stands ready to co-operate with every young people's society, no matter what its name, so long as it seeks, in the words of John Wesley, "to form a league with every soldier of Jesus Christ, our common Master and Lord." Every member of the Epworth League should know something about the history and characteristics of these

kindred societies. Each one has some valuable lesson to teach. A brief consideration of some of these organizations will help us to understand more clearly the significance of the League's relation to them.

THE BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S
UNION OF AMERICA.

Among denominational societies the Baptist Young People's Union of America is one of the largest. The Baptist Church was one of the first to follow the Methodist Church in organizing its young people on denominational lines. Since then there has followed the Luther League in America, and the Wesley Guild in England, while in Canada and some parts of the United States, the Presbyterian Church is preparing to follow on the same line.

The B. Y. P. U. A. was organized in Chicago, on July 8, 1891. It is international in character. Its object, as stated in the constitution, is, "The unification of Baptist young people, their increased spirituality, their stimulation in Christian service, their edification in Scriptural knowledge, their instruction in Baptist doctrine and history, and their enlistment in all missionary activity, through existing denominational organizations."

It has a Christian culture course similar to the Reading Course of the Epworth League. Provision is made for examination on the Course, and diplomas are granted to successful candidates. The Course has three divisions. (1) Bible Reader's Course. A plan for daily Bible reading, covering the whole Bible in four years. (2) A Missionary Course—The aim of which is to show the progress of missions from Apostolic days to the present. (3) A Sacred Literature Course—The object being the study of the Messianic idea from its beginnings, in Old Testament

times, to its unfolding in New Testament and Christian times.

The B. Y. P. U. A. sustains an affiliated relation to the Baptist Church as contrasted with the connexional relation of the League to the Methodist Church. This is due to the difference in polity of the two denominations. The B. Y. P. U. A. being an affiliated body, it is therefore open to young people's societies in the Baptist Church of any name and method. The emblem of the Union is a cross. Its motto is, "Loyalty to Christ," and an open Bible. Its official organ is *The Baptist Union*, published in Chicago, the headquarters of the society.

THE LUTHER LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

The Luther League of America is the denominational society of the Lutheran Church of America. It was organized at Pittsburg, Pa., October 31, 1895. Prior to this date there were a number of societies in the Church of different names, but with no connexional bond between them. Hence the organization of the Luther League. Its constitution declares that the unaltered Augsburg Confession shall be the bond of union for the League. It further states that the object of the Luther League shall be, "The encouragement of the formation of young people's societies in all the Lutheran congregations in America, and the stimulation of the young people of the Church to greater activity and greater loyalty to the Church." Any society in the Lutheran Church, of whatever name, is entitled to membership, provided it subscribes to the Augsburg Confession. The constitution makes provision for National, State, and District Conventions.

THE ST. ANDREW'S BROTHERHOOD.

This is a denominational society in the Protestant Episcopal

Church. It has had marked success and is deserving of a word of mention here. Its membership is limited to men only. Its object is the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men. It was organized on St. Andrew's Day, in the city of Chicago, in 1883. A striking feature of the organization is its simplicity of method and work. It has two rules—the rule of prayer and the rule of service. By the former, members are pledged to pray daily for the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men. By the latter they are pledged to at least one faithful effort of word or deed on behalf of one young man each week. This is a noble purpose, and it emphasizes personal work in a way that should commend itself to every young people's society. The brotherhood has grown to over 1,100 chapters, with more than 12,000 men pledged to work for their fellows as indicated above. Its emblem is the St. Andrew's Cross, in red. Its headquarters are in New York city, and its official organ is *The St. Andrew's Cross*.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR SOCIETY.

This is by far the largest of all young people's organizations. It is also the most representative of interdenominational societies. It was founded by the Rev. Francis E. Clark, a Congregational minister, in the city of Portland, February 2, 1881. It has had sixteen years of wonderful history. Its Annual Conventions have been the largest religious gatherings in the history of the Christian Church. It lays great stress on the word "interdenominational," and by so doing has done much towards establishing a healthy "interdenominationalism."

Its platform, as stated by President Clark at the recent Conven-

tion in Washington, contains the following planks :

"First—Our Covenant Prayer-meeting Pledge, the Magna Charta of Christian Endeavour.

"Second—Our Consecration Meeting—Guaranteeing the spiritual character of the society.

"Third—Our Committees—Giving to each active member some specific and definite work "for Christ and the Church."

"Fourth—Our Interdenominational and International Fellowship, based upon our denominational and national loyalty.

"Fifth—Our Individual Independence and Self-government, free from control of United Society, State or local union, convention, or committee; all of which exist for fellowship and inspiration, not for legislation.

"Sixth—Our Individual Subordination as societies to our own Churches, of which we claim to be an integral, organic, inseparable part.

"Seventh—Our Christian Citizenship Plank—Our country for Christ, but as a society no entangling political alliances. Our Missionary Plank—Christ for the world.

"Eighth—Our Ultimate Purpose—To deepen the spiritual life and raise the religious standards of young people the world over."

Here is a declaration of principles that have in them the swing of victory. They are not all, however, the possessions of Christian Endeavour only. They are involved more or less prominently in many of the other young people's societies. The triumph of these principles in Christian Endeavour work has been very marked. There are now over 46,000 societies, with a membership of over 2,700,000. Five million copies of the Constitution, and fifteen million copies of the Pledge have been

printed in forty different languages. The society has gained an entrance into more than thirty evangelical denominations, and has raised \$2,000,000 for benevolent purposes. John Willis Baer has been its secretary from the beginning, and the Rev. Francis E. Clark, the father and founder, has been its constant president. The headquarters of the United Society are in Boston, and the official organ of the society is *The Golden Rule*.

It was our intention to have dealt with others of these young people's societies, but we fear that the space allotted for this article is already exhausted, and two of the points we set out to discuss have not yet been touched.

We can only say with regard to the first of these points, viz., *The League's Relation to Social Problems*, that the word that expresses this relation is—*Practical*. The work of the League in this direction is along the line of applied Christianity. It finds the forces of evil organized and determined. It proposes to meet them by better organization and stronger determination. It unites Christian hearts and Christian votes in support of law and order. It takes its stand for the suppression of the liquor traffic, the sanctity of the Sabbath, and for a better citizenship. Already it has made its influence powerfully felt by voice, and vote, and pen. The Ep-

worth League believes in a Christianity that is just as good for this world as for the next; for the week day as for the Sunday, for the farm, the factory, the bank, the store, as it is for the church and prayer-meeting.

The second of these points—*The League's Relation to the Future*. The word that expresses this relation is—*Prophetic*. "And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy." Shall testify and foretell the riches of God's grace. The connexional, fraternal, and practical relations of the League already referred to, intensify the prophetic. Indeed, they are in some senses fundamental to it. The League is a prophecy of a better day. The young people are coming at the call of the King.

"From the West where the rivers in majesty run
And the great highlands catch the last kiss of the sun,
From the East where the Gentiles saw Bethlehem's morn,
From the South where the beautiful summer is born,
From the North where the lakes are like mirrors enrolled
And the autumn woods frame them in purple and gold,
They come, in the name of the nation and God,
To crush the last viper from liberty's sod."

APART WITH GOD.

Apart with God—how beautiful the thought!

From cares of earth to win such sweet release:
To lay aside the vexing task, half-wrought,
And by the green, o'ershadowed path of peace
Seek the white altar that the saints have sought.

Oh, precious is the quiet place of prayer,
Where heaven and earth, where God and mortal meet,
To that dear spot come neither pain nor care,
And all about is like a garden sweet,
The flowers whereof shed healing on the air.

—*Advance.*

MANUAL TRAINING.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,

Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.

After tea was first introduced into Scotland, an old lady, when asked by a neighbour "how she liked the new Chinese plant," replied, "Indeed, I don't like it so well as the cabbage oot o' my ain garden." She had poured out the broth and eaten the leaves. Many things are condemned because we fail to conceive their purpose truly.

"Give your husband every four hours as much of this powder as will lie on a sixpence," said the doctor. He found his patient much worse next day. "Did you give him the powder?" "Yes, doctor." "How often?" "Every four hours as you directed." "How much at a time?" "Well, doctor, I had no sixpence, so I took five pennies and two half-pennies instead." The misuse of the most profound philosophy may lead to the rejection of the philosophy itself.

A Scotch soldier fell ill at Aldershot. The doctor instructed two of his comrades to give him a bath. When the water was brought to the room, he looked despairingly at the tub, and said appealingly to the doctor: "Oh, doctor, I canna drink all that." Great principles are often condemned because we judge them by our pre-conceived opinions.

A sea-captain decided to do without a doctor on his ship in order to save expense. He took with him a box of medicines, and a guide-book in which diseases were described and the proper remedies given by numbers corresponding to the numbers on the bottles. The carpenter fell sick and the captain studied his case. The symptoms indicated that the

proper remedy was No. 17. Bottle No. 17 was empty. The captain administered a mixture of No. 9 and No. 8 for 17, and the carpenter died. The captain lost faith in homoeopathy and threw his medicine box into the sea. Men often lose faith in great principles through their own obtuseness.

The educational revelations of Froebel have been misconceived and misapplied and condemned by the great body of his contemporaries and by most of his successors. Every foundation principle of his most comprehensive philosophy relating to the physical, intellectual, and ethical development of man, and every practical application made by him of pedagogical and psychological truth has passed through the stages of indifference, ridicule, rejection, partial recognition, and unfolding revelation. His most advanced interpreters see most clearly that they fall short of a perfect comprehension of his profound and practical philosophy.

No department of Froebel's work has been more misconceived and misapplied than his use of material things in the development of the child. Two great fallacies have filled men's minds so completely that they have been unable to see and understand new truth. Blinded by the idea that knowledge is in itself power, they have thought of knowledge storing more than of the growth of the child soul, and as George Eliot said with biting sarcasm, they have produced "schools that make people like bladders, just good enough to hold the stuff poured into them." On the other hand, the spirit of utili-

tarianism has tried to dominate educational work, and has appropriated for so-called practical purposes ideals that were intended to be truly educational. Other educators, possessed by these erroneous ideals, saw in Froebel's use of objects only a new and better way of giving knowledge quickly and definitely, and degraded his manual training into mere trade schools.

Froebel aimed to communicate knowledge, to illustrate abstractions, to arouse, define, and strengthen the observant or receptive powers, and to train the reflective or reasoning powers by his objective work. But he aimed to do much more than this. These are but steps leading to a man's highest mental function, originality, creativity, or the revelation of individuality by productive self-expression. Froebel used material things to reveal selfhood, and the assimilation of knowledge, the increase in the power, the accuracy and the quickness of the receptive faculties, and the improvement of the reasoning powers resulted as absolutely necessary accompaniments of the creativeness.

By his gifts and occupations he provided for a most comprehensive system of arousing the child's observant powers, of giving new conceptions regarding mathematical forms and principles, of unfolding the artistic and constructive elements in the child's mind, and of defining all these developing ideals by using varied kinds of material to express in visible form its own original conceptions. How utterly insignificant is the common object work of the schools when compared with this comprehensive use of material in making the child's environment the direct agency in the development of its individuality!

Froebel's gifts were chosen with great care and wisdom to suit the unfolding consciousness of the

child, to fill it with new conceptions suitable to its advancement, and to aid it in its artistic, mathematical and simple constructive development. The occupations give productive employment to the child, and develop its inventive power, its artistic ability, and its constructive power; in short, they provide means of expression for the child's original conceptions, and reveal its inner powers to itself and its teachers.

There are many points of superiority in Froebel's objective work when compared with that done in most schools. In ordinary objective work the child is receptive, Froebel made it creative; the schools give information; Froebel gave power; the schools allow the child to see, or at best to examine the object, Froebel allowed it to use it; the schools ask the child what it can find out about the object, Froebel encouraged it to find what it could do with it; the schools sometimes permit the child to make a representation of the object, Froebel required it to transform it into some other form as an expression of an original thought of its own; the schools are satisfied with increasing the store of knowledge, or at best with enlarging faculty power, Froebel desired the assimilation of knowledge by using it as it is acquired, and exercised the whole productive intellect; the schools bring the outer material to the inner life of the child, Froebel led the child's inner life to dominate and transform its material environment.

Just as the "object teaching" was misleading by directing the attention of educators to the objects instead of the development they were intended to produce, so the phrase "manual training" has been narrowing. It has directed attention to the external instead of the inner development, to the

making of things more than to the development of character. His successors caught the form of Froebel's thought without its life. Froebel saw the need of manual training to broaden the school programme, to give the race greater skill, and to lead men to love work; but he advocated its introduction into schools for much stronger reasons. His reasons were educational, not economic or utilitarian. He valued the change wrought in selfhood more than the products of its work or the improvement in hand skill.

The intellectual and moral advantages of manual training are gradually unfolding in the minds of educators, but none of Froebel's successors have as yet taken as high ground as he did in regard to them. He made work a handmaid of religion, and believed that, if children were trained to regard work as a means of self-expression, it would always be to them a means of joy—the joy that should always spring from the accomplishment of a true inner purpose. "Early work," he says, "guided in accordance with its inner meaning, confirms and elevates religion. Religion without industry, without work, is liable to be lost in empty dreams, worthless visions, idle fancies. Similarly, work or industry without religion degrades man into a beast of burden, a machine."

Froebel saw, too, the purely intellectual advantages of manual training. "Plastic material representation in life and through doing, united with thought and speech, is by far more developing and cultivating than the merely verbal representation of ideas. The life of the boy has, indeed, no purpose but that of the outer representation of his self; his life is, in truth, but an external representation of his inner being, of his

power, particularly in and through material."

Manual training does not mean the establishment of Trade Schools. These were founded by educators who saw the form of Froebel's work but not its living, underlying principles. Trade schools, established for the purpose of teaching trades to boys as a means of fitting them for earning a livelihood, are directly at variance with the highest principles of education. As Emerson said, "Education should not make a trader, but a man trading, not an engineer, but a man engineering, not a farmer, but a man farming, not a workman, but a man working."

After passing through the wilderness of trade schools, educators groped for a generation in the faint twilight and advocated the training of the hand without special association with any particular trade, but as a qualification for better work in any department of industrial life.

The most advanced leaders of educational thought now recognize the truth that the true basis on which the introduction of manual training should rest is educational and not economic, disciplinary and not professional. Mr. Courthope Bowen, of London, claims for Froebel the fatherhood of all rational manual training, and he is clearly right in doing so. He says: "We distinctly assert that manual training, and in particular Sloyd, which have been making such marked progress on both sides of the Atlantic of late, are direct and undeniable outcomes of Froebel's views, and that unless they are dealt with on Froebelian principles, they are certain to be little better than a waste of time."

True progress in manual training dates from the recognition of the fundamental truth that it is truly educational and not chiefly

economic in its advantages; that it is one of the most perfect school agencies for the thorough development of the physical, mental, and moral nature. The most important products of manual training are the invisible, not the visible.

The educational advantages of manual training may be summarized as follows :

It aids in physical culture. The physical exercise in connection with the work is strengthening to the muscles, but its best influence on the health results from the fact that it provides pleasant and interesting employment, and thus invigorates the nervous system. It is one of the most perfect tonics for the nervous system of both children and adults.

It is a great aid in discipline. Children, both at home and in school, are often restless and irritable because they have not sufficient opportunities for interesting productive occupation. They need occupation to relieve them intellectually, and to provide a satisfactory application of their physical energy. Manual training accomplishes both of these most desirable results.

It aids in the development of the power of concentrating attention. It is not natural for most young children to love books. The power of giving attention is often seriously weakened by the efforts of teachers and parents to compel children to attend to things that are not interesting to them. There can be no developing attention without genuine interest. Real things are interesting to children. Even real things soon lose their interest, however, when they are used in school as objects to be examined or studied. Appropriate things suitable to the stage of a child's development never lose their interest if the child is allowed to use them in construction or in the execution of its own original plans.

It trains the observant powers. Children never look definitely at anything without a definite motive. They examine most definitely when the motive is their own, and especially when the complete accomplishment of their purpose depends on accurate observation. Most of the old school processes develop the power of observation partially in response to the teacher's will. Manual training aids in definite and independent observation.

It develops the judgment of size, form, and the relationship of parts to wholes, and on this account it forms the best basis for mathematical culture. The development of apperceptive centres of size, form, and relationship in the minds of children is the essential foundation of mathematical power.

It helps to form clear conceptions in the minds of children. We really know definitely only those things which we have not merely thought out but wrought out.

It applies knowledge as it is gained. This is a most important principle in education. The productive power of humanity is weakened when knowledge is stored without definite purpose, or when it is communicated to a child before it has power to apply it. Our powers may be classified as receptive, reflective, and executive. These powers cannot be thoroughly developed separately. The only perfect training of the receptive powers and the reflective powers is the training they receive as subordinate and essential stages in the achievement of our purposes, especially of original purposes. Executive power is the highest product of education. The application of knowledge as it is gained is the only perfect way of gaining it clearly, and of fixing it in the mind as an available element in mental equipment.

It makes pupils constructive instead of destructive. Man was not intended to be destructive, but to be creative and constructive. If children are destructive, as they too often are, they have been made so by improper training. Every child prefers to be productive if it is supplied with materials suitable to its stage of development with which to exercise its creative and constructive powers.

It makes children happy, and happiness is an important element in moral development. All children are happiest when using their highest power. Their highest power is selfhood, or individuality. The highest use of this power is creativity or the production of original work. Childhood uses this power to best advantage in working with the material things of its environment. Manual training systematizes and defines the use of creativity and therefore typifies the ideal condition of human life, which is to have the whole human race happily engaged in productive work. One of the deplorable effects of imperfect training in the past is the wrong attitude of the race towards productive work. Work which should be man's highest source of joy has degenerated into drudgery. All men must be producers in the ideal society of the coming day when education shall have accomplished its perfect work. Manual training is the best school process for laying the true foundation for this ideal condition. Froebel says :

"God created man in His own image ; therefore man should create and bring forth like God. The spirit of man should hover over the shapeless, and move it that it may take shape and form, a distinct being and life of its own. This is the high meaning, the deep significance, the great purpose of work and industry, of productive and creative activity. We become truly Godlike in diligence and industry, in working and doing, which are

accompanied by the clear perception, or even by the vaguest feeling that thereby we represent the inner in the outer ; that we give body to spirit and form to thought ; that we render visible the invisible."

It increases the opportunities for the discovery of the special power of each individual pupil. It is only by the discovery and development of this special power that the teacher can accomplish the real work of true education. Manual training aids not only in the revelation of the child to its teacher, but, what is still more important, it helps to reveal the child to itself.

It develops habits of accuracy, definiteness and exactness. These are fundamental constituents in character. They are the essential elements in truthfulness. There is no other kind of school work which so completely reveals the importance of accuracy, definiteness and exactness to the child as manual training. Its plans and calculations must be definite, its measurements and drawings must be accurate, and its work with saw, chisel and plane must be exact in order that its finished product may be perfect. The effort to secure definiteness, accuracy, and exactness in material products helps to make them dominant in a child's life. When a boy forms a good piece of work he is incidentally aiding in the formation of a good character.

It is one of the best school agencies in the development of the powers of self-expression. True manual training is self-expression in form or in construction. Self-expression is the putting out of the original conceptions of our own inner life, the revelation of the powers of our individual selfhood. In early years the most perfect kind of self-expression in visible form is manual training. All children naturally use the material

things of their environment as aids in accomplishing their own designs. Their work with sand, clay, stones, sticks, blocks, paper, cardboard and other material is their means of achieving their most complete mental development, and the evolution of their selfhood. The school should take advantage of this clearly defined tendency of childhood, boyhood, and girlhood, and continue in a methodical way after the child enters school the educational process which nature led the child to adopt before it went to school. Till the child has reached the age of fourteen, manual training, the re-arrangement, re-adjustment, reconstruction, re-organization, and transformation of suitable material is the best possible process for self-expression. It is true self-activity.

The highest intellectual advantages resulting from manual training are the enlargement and co-ordination of the brain and the development of motor brain power. Nearly all the school processes of the past have developed only a one-power brain. They have trained the mind to receive knowledge and let it lie in a passive condition. All knowledge should seek expression. It should first demand adaptation to and assimilation with the kindred knowledge already in the mind, and then the enlarged and improved inner life should seek expression in an effort to improve the outer. The child's tendency to execute its plans should never be lost. Every educational process that either communicates knowledge directly to the child or trains the child to acquire knowledge for itself, and stops there, develops the sensor or receiving brain only. It matters little, so far as complete brain development is concerned, whether the knowledge is communicated by words or through real things, whether it is received from the

teacher ready made, or is gathered by the pupil himself. If school education stops at receptivity and reflection, at the acquisition of knowledge and the development of the knowledge-gathering and reasoning powers, the motor brain remains undeveloped, and the co-ordination of the sensor and motor neurological systems remains practically uninfluenced by school education.

It is of the highest importance that the improvement of the sensor brain should be accompanied by a corresponding development of the motor brain, and by the perfecting of the channels of communication between the sensor brain and the motor brain. Education is necessarily defective at its centre of vital power if it fails to preserve the true harmony of effective development between the receptive and executive parts of the brain, to enlarge the channels of communication between them, and to increase what may be termed the battery power of the brain as its power to acquire knowledge is increased. The young man has less tendency than the child to achieve his purposes. It is a serious charge against educational systems that they render the race less effective by reducing its executive power and tendency. The young child whose predominant tendency was to try to help before it had much power or wisdom, is transformed so that with increasing wisdom and power it loses the desire to help.

Fortunately the child is not in school all the time or the results would be much worse. There are many opportunities outside of school for developing the motor brain, for co-ordinating the sensor with the motor brain, and for increasing the battery power of the brain to correspond with the increase of knowledge. They are, however, fewer and less stimulating in cities and towns than in

rural districts, and men are gathering in increasingly large numbers in cities and towns. Even in the country, however, the schools should leave no important part of the child's development to chance, but there is a much greater need of manual training in cities and towns than in rural districts, not merely to give manual skill as a basis for industrial success, but as an aid in brain development and co-ordination.

While the introduction of manual training into schools should rest on its educational instead of its economic value, it is well to recognize the fact that it has many economic and social advantages.

It preserves the taste for work which all rightly constituted children have naturally.

It increases respect for honest labour.

It gives men power to adapt themselves to altered economic conditions, by enabling them to change from one occupation to another when circumstances make it necessary to do so. Trade schools make men slaves to a single trade; manual training should qualify head and hand for greater freedom in meeting new conditions.

It gives a careful, special training to those powers required by the majority in their life work.

It lays the foundation for an increase in national wealth by giving men and women the tendency to become producers, and by increasing their skill and intelligence. Mr. J. Scott Russell calculates that an unskilled workman is worth twenty-five pounds, a moderately skilled workman fifty pounds, and a highly skilled workman seventy-five pounds per annum to his country as a wealth producer.

It gives workmen individually greater earning power, and therefore enables them to have happier

and more cultured homes, in which the joys and soul stimulation of art, music, and literature may influence the family life.

It leads to more originality and greater individuality in the products of labour.

It is a great moral force. Swedish statisticians claim that since the introduction of Sloyd manual training in the schools of Sweden the people are more thrifty and less drunken.

Manual training accomplishes its best work in the early years of a child's life. This is one of the many reasons for the universal introduction of the Kindergarten. In recognition of this truth Froebel was two generations in advance of his successors. Froebel gave manual training in many adapted forms to the little children; his successors, most of them, began by giving it to the oldest children in the high schools. Modern development is progressively towards Froebel. Grade by grade downward manual training is forcing its way. In time all will see what Froebel saw so clearly long ago, that the developing influence of material things in productive self-activity and brain making is greatest in the early years of the child's evolution, and that if not begun then it can never by any possibility produce its best effects. Like all other education whose germs have not been developed in the first evolutionary stage, its later development is correspondingly weak and formal. The Kindergarten will in time become the universal basis for manual training, because it uses hand work as a means of head and heart growth, and at the period in the child's life when it is most developing to its active nature.

It may be well to explicitly state, what I have assumed throughout, that the girl is entitled to all the advantages of manual

training as fully as the boy. This will be admitted without argument when it is clearly understood that manual training should be given chiefly for educational, not economic reasons. Girls are entitled to complete development as fully as boys are. They should not only have manual training, but they should work with the same materials and the same tools as boys in early years. If needle work is good for the development of girls it is also good for the development of boys; if wood work helps to develop and co-ordinate a boy's brain and make him productively self-active it will do the same for a girl. The ridiculous distinctions that have been made resulted from the blinding effects of utilitarianism. They will disappear with the recognition of the broader and truer educational basis.

There are some objections still raised to the introduction of manual training in schools. It may be well to answer them.

1. It is sometimes urged that, because great manual skill is occasionally found with a low order or general intelligence, therefore manual training cannot have much educational value. It is unreasonable to base general principles applicable to race development on abnormal cases. It would be ridiculous to argue that, because "Blind Tom" possessed great musical genius, although defective in intellect, it is therefore wrong to teach music, or that arithmetic should be banished from the schools because Zera Colburn possessed astounding power to perform arithmetical calculations, and had little other mental power. It is equally absurd to oppose manual training because manual skill is not always accompanied by great brain power.

2. "There is not time for manual training, as the programme of study is already too crowded."

The real question that demands the attention of educators is, what is the best use that can be made of time? Manual training has more educational and more economic value than mere memorizing, than listening to instruction by even an able teacher in any subject, than grammar or geography or history or spelling or writing, especially as they are generally taught. Too much time has been given to most of these subjects. Too much time is given to arithmetic. Manual training should be correlated with arithmetic, geometry and drawing, and even with geography when it is properly taught. The proper correlation of the subjects on a school programme will save time and secure more thorough teaching. But, if no time could be saved by better methods of teaching the subjects at present on the programme, some of them should be taken off in order to make room for a subject of such high educational and economic value as manual training.

3. "Manual training gives too strong a tendency towards special trades." This is undoubtedly a valid objection to trade schools, but not to manual training. The teaching of manual training in schools has not made too many artists. Manual training is excellent training for those who aim to be lawyers, doctors, ministers, or business men. It is invaluable to any man or woman who requires a well developed, co-ordinated brain, trained to use knowledge as well as accumulate it. The superintendent of one of the largest American cities told me recently that nearly all the graduates of the manual training school in his city entered what are called the learned professions after graduating from the manual training school.

4. "Manual training will turn out a large number of imperfectly trained tradesmen." This is a

baseless charge. Manual training will produce a body of easily trained tradesmen, who will have more knowledge in regard to the materials they have to use, more skill in using them, and more intelligence in discovering new uses for them.

5. "Teachers have not been prepared to teach manual training, and therefore cannot do it satisfactorily." This objection, if valid, would shut the door against all progress. Teachers have to rise to every new ideal. Manual training must be adopted gradually step by step as teachers are prepared for it.

Few have yet been able to follow Froebel to the mountain top from which he saw in manual training, in the constructive and transforming use of material, the revelation of the complete inner life of the child and the basis of its moral training. To Froebel we owe our limited conception of the educational value of manual training, to him we shall owe our greater enlightenment when in the coming days we shall see beyond the mists and shadows, and understand that the proper use of objects or material things not only reveals new knowledge, widens and strengthens our faculties, develops and co-ordinates our brain power, and cultivates our executive force, but that it is the opera-

tive foundation of spiritual evolution.

Manual training must become an element in all the school training of young children in order that they may be fitly prepared for development in the later stages of their evolution. It should be introduced into all schools, not to fit men and women for making a living, but to qualify them for higher living; not to teach trades, but to give more power; not to mould material things, but to mould humanity; not to give manual dexterity, but to lead to creative activity; not to make things, but to make better men and women.

GIVE ME THE CHILDREN.

"Give me the little children," the master
Froebel said,
"The little souls all thirsting and hunger-
ing to be fed,
Like the flowers that have wakened when
springtime kissed the sod,
And they shall bloom and blossom in the
garden of our God.
I will teach them of the Father and His
beauties, one by one;
And love shall be the shower, and love shall
be the sun,
And faith and gentle patience the freshen-
ing dew shall be,
And a symphony of beauty shall blossom
here for me.
Give me the little children and the nations
I will make;
The world shall be all beauty and sweet-
ness for His sake.
They shall scatter all their fragrance in the
weary world of men;
Suffer the little children to come to Him
again."

MY GOODS.

My all I carry with me everywhere;
The presence of the Lord on land and sea,
The love of dear ones close enfolding me—
My patrimony, these: and, blest, I bear
For pictures, eyes to which the world is fair;
For books, the nearest thing, whate'er it be;
For gold, the mind that scorns its sovereignty;
For bed of ease, a soul God-freed from care,
For work, I have the task that next me lies;
For tools, I have my hands, my tongue, my brains;
For comrades in my toil, the trees, the skies;
And wide eternity is my domain!
I'll not exchange the very least of these
For all the wealth in all the lands and seas!

DR. DAVIDSON'S LAST CHRISTMAS.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

Christmas fell on a Sunday the year Dr. Davidson died, and on the preceding Monday a groom drove up to the manse from Muirtown Castle.

"A letter, Doctor, from his lordship"—John found his master sitting before the study fire in a reverie, looking old and sad—"and there's a bit boxie in the kitchen."

"Will you see, John, that the messenger has such food as we can offer him?" and the Doctor roused himself at the sight of the familiar handwriting; "there is that, eh, half fowl that Rebecca was keeping for my dinner to-day; perhaps she could do it up for him. I . . . do not feel hungry to-day. And, John, will you just say that I'm sorry that . . . owing to circumstances, we can't offer him refreshment?" On these occasions the Doctor felt his straitness greatly, having kept a house in his day where man and beast had of the best.

"What dis for the minister of Drumtochty an' his . . . hoose 'ill dae for a groom, even though he serve the Earl o' Kilspindie, an' a' ken better than say ony-thing tae Becca about the chuckie;" this he said to himself on his way to the kitchen, where that able woman had put the messenger from the Castle in his own place, and was treating him with conspicuous and calculated condescension. He was a man somewhat given to appetite and critical about his drink, as became a servant of the Earl; but such was the atmosphere of the manse and the awfulness of the Doctor's household that he made a hearty dinner off ham and eggs, with

good spring water, and departed declaring his gratitude aloud.

"MY DEAR DAVIDSON,—Will you distribute the enclosed trifle among your old pensioners in the Glen as you see fit, and let it come from you, who would have given them twice as much had it not been for that confounded bank.

"Your old friend,

"KILSPINDIE.

"P.S.—The Countess joins me in Christmas greetings, and charges you to fail us on New Year's Day at your peril. We are anxious about Hay, who has been ordered to the front."

The Doctor opened the cheque and stroked it gently; then he read the letter again and snuffed, using his handkerchief vigorously. After which he wrote :

"DEAR KILSPINDIE,—It is, without exception, the prettiest cheque I have ever had in my hands, and it comes from as good a fellow as ever lived. You knew that it would hurt me not to be able to give my little Christmas gifts, and you have done this kindness. Best thanks from the people and myself; don't believe any of those stories about the economies at the manse which, I suspect, you have been hearing from Drumtochty. Deliberate falsehoods; we are living like fighting cocks. I'm a little shaky—hint of gout, I fancy—but hope to be with you on New Year's Day. Go; bless you both, and preserve Hay in the day of battle.

"Yours affectionately,

"ALEXANDER DAVIDSON."

"Don't like that signature, Augusta," said the Earl to his wife; "it's true enough, for no man has a warmer heart, but he never wrote that way before. Davidson's breaking up, an' . . . he 'ill be missed. I must get Manley to run out and overhaul him when he comes down. My belief is that he's been starving himself."

The Doctor's determination—after the calamity of the bank failure—to reduce himself to the depths of poverty was wonderful, but Drumtochty was cunning and full of tact. He might surrender his invested means and reserve only one hundred pounds a year out of his living, but when he sent for the Kildrummie auctioneer and instructed him to sell every stick of furniture, except a bare minimum for one sitting-room and a bedroom, Jock accepted the commission at once, and proceeded at eleven miles an hour—having just bought a new horse—to take counsel with Drumsheugh. Jock was never known to be so dilatory with an advertisement before, and ere he got it out Lord Kilspindie had come to terms with the liquidator and settled the Doctor's belongings on him for life.

The Doctor's next effort was with his household, and for weeks the minister looked wistfully at John and Rebecca, till at last he had them in and stated the situation.

"You have both been . . . good and faithful servants to me, and I may say . . . friends for many years, and I had hoped you would have remained in the manse till . . . so long as I was spared. And I may mention now that I had made some slight provision that would have . . . made you comfortable after I was gone."

"It wes kind o' ye, sir, an' mindfu'." Rebecca spoke, not John, and her tone was of one who might have to be firm and must not give herself away by sentiment.

"It is no longer possible for me, through . . . certain events, to live as I have been accustomed to do, and I am afraid that I must . . . do without your help. A woman coming in to cock and

. . . such like will be all I can afford."

The expression on the house-keeper's face at this point was such that even the Doctor did not dare to look at her again; but turned to John, whose countenance was inscrutable.

"Your future, John, has been giving me much anxious thought, and I hope to be able to do something with Lord Kilspindie next week. There are many quiet places on the estate which might suit . . ." then the Doctor weakened, "although I know well no place will ever be like Drumtochty, and the old manse will never be the same . . . without you. But you see how it is . . . friends."

"Doctor Davidson," and he knew it was vain to escape her, "wi' yir permission a' wud like tae ask ye ane or twa questions, an' ye'll forgie the leeberty. Dis ony man in the parish o' Drumtochty ken yir wys like John? Wha 'ill tak yir messages, an' prepare the fouk for the veesitation, an' keep the gairden snod, an' see tae a' yir trokes when John's awa? 'till ony man ever cairry the bukes afore ye like John?"

"Never," admitted the Doctor, "never."

"Div ye expect the new wumman 'ill ken hoo mickle stairch tae pit in yir stock, an' hoo mickle butter ye like on yir chicken, an' when ye change yir flannels tae a day, an' when ye like anither blanket on yir bed, an' the wy tae mak the current drink for yir cold?"

"No, no, Rebecca, nobody will ever be so good to me as you've been"—the Doctor was getting very shaky.

"Then what for wud ye send us awa, and bring in some handless, useless tawpie that cud neither cook ye a decent meal nor

keep the manse wise like? Is't for room? The manse is as big as ever. I'st it for meat? We 'ill eat less than she 'ill waste."

"You know better, Rebecca," said the Doctor, attempting to clear his throat; "it's because . . . because I cannot afford to . . ."

"A' ken very weel, an' John an' me hev settled that. For thirty year ye've paid us better than ony minister's man an' manse hoose-keeper in Perthshire, an' ye wantit tae raise oor wages aifter we mairrit. Div ye ken what John an' me hev in the bank for oor laist days?"

The Doctor only shook his head, being cowed for once in his life.

"Atween us, five hundred and twenty-sax pund."

"Eleven an' sevenpence," added John, steadying his voice with arithmetic.

"It's five year sin we askit ye tae py naethin' mair but juist gie's oor keep, an' noo the time's come, an' welcome. Hev John or me ever disobeyed ye or spoken back a' thae years?"

The Doctor only made a sign with his hand.

"We 'ill dae't aince, at ony rate, for ye may gie us notice tae leave an' order us oot o' the manse; but here we stop till we're no fit tae serve ye or ye hae nae mair need o' oor service."

"A homologate that"—it was just a brave word, and one of which John was justly proud, but he did not quite make the most of it that day.

"I thank you from my heart, and . . . I'll never speak of parting again," and for the first time they saw tears on the Doctor's cheek.

"John," Rebecca turned on her husband—no man would have believed it of the beadle of Drumtochty, but he was also . . .

"what are ye stoiterin' roond the table for? It's time tae set the Doctor's denner; as for that chicken," and Rebecca retired to the kitchen, having touched her highest point that day.

The insurrection in the manse oozed out, and encouraged a conspiracy of rebellion in which even the meekest people were concerned. Jean Baxter of Burnbrae, who had grasped greedily at the dairy contract of the manse, when the glebe was let to Nether-ton, declined to render any account to Rebecca, and the Doctor had to take the matter in hand.

"There's a little business, Mrs. Baxter, I would like to settle with you, as I happen to be here." The Doctor had dropped in on his way back from Whinny Knowe, where Marget and he had been talking of George for two hours. "You know that I have to be, eh . . . careful now, and I . . . you will let me pay what we owe for that delicious butter you are good enough to supply."

"Ye 'ill surely tak a look roond the fields first, Doctor, an' tell's what ye think o' the crops;" and after that it was necessary for him to take tea. Again and again he was foiled, but took a firm stand by the hydrangea in the garden, and John Baxter stood aside that the affair might be decided in single combat.

"Now, Mrs. Baxter, before leaving I must insist," began the Doctor with authority, and his stick was in his hand; but Jean saw a geographical advantage, and seized it instantly.

"Div ye mind, sir, comin' tae this gairden five year syne this month, and stannin' on that verra spot aside the hydrangy?"

The Doctor scented danger, but he could not retreat.

"Weel, at ony rate, John an' me dinna forget that day, an' never wull, for we were makin'

ready tae leave the home o' the Baxters for mony generations, an' it wes you that stoppit us. Ye 'ill maybe no mind what ye said tae me."

"We 'ill not talk of that to-day, Mrs. Baxter . . . that's past and over."

"Aye, it's past, but it's no over, Doctor Davidson; na, na, John an' me wesna made that wy. Ye may lauch at a fulish auld wife, but ilka kirknin' (churning) day ye veesit us again. When a'm turnin' the kirk an' see ye comin' up the road, an' a' gar the handle keep time wi' yir step; when a' tak oot the bonnie yellow butter ye're stannin' in the gairden, an' then a' stamp ae pund wi' buttercups, an' a' say, 'You're not away yet, Burnbrae, you're not away yet'—that wes yir word tae the gude man."

Baxter was amazed at his wife, and the Doctor saw himself defeated.

"Mony a time has John an' me sat in the summer-hoose an' brocht back that day, an' mony a time hev we wantit tae dae some-thin' for him that keepit the auld roof-tree abune oor heads. God forgie me, Doctor, but when a' heard ye hed gien up yir glebe ma hert loupit, an' a' said tae John, 'The'ill no want for butter at the manse sae lang as there's a Baxter in Burnbrae.'

"Dinna be angry, sir." But the flush that brought the Doctor's face unto a state of perfection was not anger. "A' ken it's a lee-berty we're takin', an' maybe a'm presumin' over far, but gin ye kent hoo sair oor herts were wi' gratitude, ye wudna deny us this kindness."

"Ye 'ill lat the Doctor come awa noo, gude wife, tae see the young horse," and Doctor Davidson was grateful to Burnbrae for covering his retreat.

This spirit spread till Hillocks

lifted up his horn, outwitting the Doctor with his attentions, and reducing him to submission. When the beadle dropped in upon Hillocks one day, and, after a hasty review of harvest affairs, mentioned that Dr. Davidson was determined to walk in future to and from Kildrummie Station, the worthy man rose without a word, and led the visitor to the shed where his marvellous dog-cart was kept.

"Div ye think that a' cud daur?" studying its general appearance with diffidence.

"There's nae sayin' hoo it wud look wi' a wash," suggested John.

"Sall, it's fell snod noo," after two hours' honest labour, in which John condescended to share, "an' the gude wife 'ill cover the cushions. Dinna lat on, but a'll be at the gate the morn afore the Doctor starts."

On the Wednesday when the Doctor went to Muirtown to buy his last gifts to Drumtochty, he was very cunning, and ran the blockade while Hillocks was in the corn-room, but the dog-cart was waiting for him in the evening, and it was a great satisfaction afterwards to Peter Bruce that he placed fourteen parcels below the seat and fastened eight behind—besides three which the Doctor held in his hands, being fragile, and two, soft goods, on which Hillocks sat for security. For there were twenty-seven humble friends whom the Doctor wished to bless on Christmas Day.

When he bade the minister good-bye at his gate, Hillocks prophesied a storm, and it was of such a kind that on Sunday morning the snow was knee-deep on the path from the manse to the kirk, and had drifted up four feet against the door through which the Doctor was accustomed to enter in procession.

"This is unfortunate, very un-

fortunate," when John reported the state of affairs to the Doctor, "and we must just do the best we can in the circumstances, eh?"

"What wud be yir wull, sir?" But John's tones did not encourage any concessions.

"Well, it would never do for you to be going down bare-headed on such a day, and it's plain we can't get in at the front door. What do you say to taking in the books by the side door, and I'll just come down in my top coat when the people are gathered;" but the Doctor did not show a firm mind, and it was evident that he was thinking less of himself than of John.

"A'll come for ye at the usual oor," was all that functionary deigned to reply, and at a quarter to twelve he brought the gown and bands to the study—he himself being in full black.

"The drift 'ill no tribble ye, an' ye 'ill no need tae gang roond; na, na," and John did not quite conceal his satisfaction, "we 'ill no start on the side door aifter five and thirty years o' the front."

So the two old men—John, bare-headed, the Doctor in full canonicals and wearing his college cap—came down on a fair pathway between two banks of snow three feet high, which Saunders from Drumsheugh and a dozen ploughmen had piled on either side. The kirk had a severe look that day, with hardly any women or children to relieve the blackness of the men, and the drifts reaching to the sills of the windows, while a fringe of snow draped their sides.

The Doctor's subject was the love of God, and it was noticed that he did not read, but spoke as if he had been in his study. He also dwelt so affectingly on the gift of Christ, and made so tender an appeal unto his people, that Drumsheugh blew his nose with

vigour and Hillocks himself was shaken. After they had sung the paraphrase,

"To Him that lov'd the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,"

the Doctor charged those present to carry his greetings to the folk at home and tell them they were all in his heart. After which he looked at his people as they stood for at least a minute, and then lifting his hands, according to the ancient fashion of the Scottish Kirk, he blessed them. His gifts, with a special message to each person, he sent by faithful messengers, and afterwards he went out through the snow to make two visits. The first was to blind Marjorie, who was Free Kirk, but to whom he had shown much kindness all her life. His talk with her was usually of past days and country affairs, seasoned with wholesome humour to cheer her heart, but to-day he fell into another vein, to her great delight, and they spoke of the dispensations of Providence.

"Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth," Marjorie, is a very instructive Scripture, and I was thinking of it last night. You have had a long and hard trial, but you have doubtless been blessed, for if you have not seen outward things, you have seen the things . . . of the soul.

"You and I are about the same age, Marjorie, and we must soon . . . depart. My life was very . . . prosperous, but lately it has pleased the Almighty to . . . chasten me. I have now, therefore, some hope also that I may be one of His children."

"He wes aye gude grain, the Doctor," Marjorie said to her friend, after he had left, "but he's hed a touch o' the harvest sun, an' he's been ripening."

He opened the gate of the manse, and then, under a sudden

impulse, went on through deep snow to the village and made a third visit—to Archie Moncur, whom he found sitting before the fire reading the "Temperance Trumpet." Was there ever a man like Archie?—so gentle and fierce, so timid and fearless, so modest and persevering. He would stoop to lift a vagrant caterpillar from the cart track, and yet had not adjectives to describe the infamy of a publican; he would hardly give an opinion on the weather, but he fought the drinking customs of the Glen like a lion; he would only sit the lowest seat in any place, but every winter he organized—at great trouble and cost of his slender means—temperance meetings which were the fond jest of the Glen. From year to year he toiled on, without encouragement, without success, hopeful, uncomplaining, resolute, unselfish, with the soul of a saint and the spirit of a hero in his poor, deformed, suffering little body. He humbled himself before the very bairns, and allowed an abject like Milton to browbeat him with Pharisaism; but every man in the Glen knew that Archie would have gone to the stake for the smallest jot or tittle of his faith.

"Archie," said the Doctor, who would not sit down, and whose coming had thrown the good man into speechless confusion, "it's the day of our Lord's birth, and I wish to give you and all my friends of the Free Kirk—as you have no minister just now—hearty Christmas greeting. May peace be in your kirk and homes . . . and hearts.

"My thoughts have been travelling back of late over those years since I was ordained minister of this parish and the things which have happened, and it seemed to me that no man has done his duty by his neighbour

or before God with a more single heart than you, Archie.

"God bless you." Then on the doorstep the Doctor shook hands again and paused for a minute. "You have fought a good fight, Archie—I wish we could all say the same . . . a good fight."

For an hour Archie was so dazed that he was not able to say a word, and could do nothing but look into the fire, and then he turned to his sisters, with that curious little movement of the hand which seemed to assist his speech.

"The language was clean ree-deeklus, but it wes kindly meant . . . an' it maks up for mony things. . . . The Doctor wes aye a gentleman, an' noo . . . ye can see that he's . . . something mair."

Drumsheugh dined with the Doctor that night, and after dinner the Doctor began to speak of his ministry, lamenting that he had not done better for his people, and declaring that if he were spared he intended to preach more frequently about the Lord Jesus Christ.

"You and I, Drumsheugh, will have to go a long journey soon, and give an account of our lives in Drumtochty. Perhaps we have done our best as men can, and I think we have tried, but there are many things we might have done otherwise, and some we ought not to have done at all.

"It seems to me now, the less we say in that day of the past the better. . . . We shall wish for mercy rather than justice, and"—here the Doctor looked earnestly over his glasses at his elder—"we would be none the worse, Drumsheugh, of a friend to . . . say a good word for us both in the great court."

The Doctor read the last chapter of the Revelation of St. John at prayers that evening with

much solemnity, and thereafter prayed concerning those who had lived together in the Glen that they might meet at last in the City.

"Finally, most merciful Father, we thank thee for thy patience with us, and the goodness thou hast bestowed upon us, and for as much as thy servants have sinned against thee beyond our knowledge, we beseech thee to judge us not according to our deserts, but according to the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ our Lord." He also pronounced the benediction—which was not his wont—and he shook hands with his two retainers; but he went with his guest to the outer door.

"Good-bye, Drumsheugh . . . you have been . . . a faithful friend and elder."

When John paid his usual visit to the study before he went to bed, the Doctor did not hear him enter the room. He was holding converse with Skye, who was seated on a chair, looking very wise and much interested.

"Ye're a bonnie beastie, Skye"

—like all Scots, the Doctor in his tender moments dropped into dialect—"for a' thing He made is verra gude. Ye've been true and kind to your master, Skye, and ye 'ill miss him if he leaves ye. Some day ye 'ill die also, and they 'ill bury ye, and I doubt that 'ill be the end o' ye, Skye.

"Ye never heard o' God, Skye, or the Saviour, for ye're juist a puir doggie; but your master is minister of Drumtochty, and . . . a sinner saved . . . by grace."

The Doctor was so much affected as he said the last words slowly to himself that John went out on tiptoe, and twice during the night listened—fancying he heard Skye whine. In the morning the Doctor was still sitting in his big chair, and Skye was fondly licking a hand that would never again caress him, while a miniature of Daisy—the little maid who had died in her teens, and whom her brother had loved till his old age—lay on the table, and the Bible was again open at the description of the New Jerusalem.—McClure's Magazine.

MURMUR NOT.

"He chose this path for thee,
No feeble chance, nor hard, relentless fate,
But love, his love hath placed thy footsteps here.
He knew the way was rough and desolate;
Knew how thy heart would often sink with fear;
Yet tenderly He whispered: 'Child, I see
This path is best for thee.'

"He chose this path for thee,
Tho' well he knew sharp thorns would pierce thy feet,
Knew how the brambles would obstruct the way,
Knew all the hidden dangers thou wouldst meet,
Knew how thy faith would falter day by day;
And still the whisper echoed, 'Yes, I see
This path is best for thee.'

"He chose this path for thee;
What need'st thou more? This sweeter truth to know,
That all along these strange bewildering ways,
O'er rocky steeps and where dark rivers flow,
His loving arms will bear thee 'all the days.'
A few steps more, and thou thyself shalt see
This path is best for thee."

—Unknown.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF CANADA.

BY PROF. A. B. WILLMOTT, M.A., B.S.,

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In estimating the natural resources of our Dominion one thinks first of the boundless acres of fertile soil. These, a perennial source of wealth, which under good management can never be exhausted, are certainly our principal asset. At the same time it must be remembered that the annual production of both our forests and our fisheries amounts to many million dollars. Until recently the product of our mines was the least of these four resources, and this was not because we were without mineral resources, but that we had barely begun to exploit them.

Timber, fish, minerals are supplies laid up for us by nature on which we can draw at will. Minerals once mined are never replaced. Timber once cut might be, but with us, never is, replaced. Our fisheries we make some poor attempts to preserve. In agriculture alone do we seek to keep our rich inheritance intact. But though our mineral wealth be a fleeting one—though it be a resource which cannot be cultivated and increased like timber or fish—it is an asset of such enormous extent that it may be drawn on for hundreds of years to an amount far in excess of that annually produced by either our forests or our fisheries.

In considering the possibilities of mineral development, attention must first be directed to the extent and character of our country. With an area a little larger than that of the United States and with the same physical features, it would be strange indeed if much of the mineral wealth of that country were not duplicated north of

the boundary. The Rocky Mountains and parallel ranges extend for some 1,300 miles through the States of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, and for an equal distance through British Columbia and the Yukon District. and it is safe to assert that their mineral wealth does not stop at the forty-ninth parallel. So also the Sierra Nevada of California is represented north of the boundary by the Coast Range of British Columbia, and the latter may yet prove as rich as the former.

In the east the Appalachian system is perhaps even richer north of the boundary than south of it, though it is of course of much less extent. In the V-shaped territory of Archaean rocks stretching on either side of Hudson Bay from the Arctic to the St. Lawrence, there is an immense depository for minerals unequaled south of the line. True, we miss on the north the immense coal deposits of the Mississippi basin, but in a measure we have compensation in very fair-sized coal beds on both our Atlantic and Pacific coasts. It has been customary for Canadians to lament the existence of this large area of non-agricultural territory. But nature always makes compensation. If by mountain upturning or glacial erosion she has rendered parts of our country unsuited for farming, she has in many instances at the same time raised and uncovered inexhaustible stores of silver and gold, of copper and iron.

Nearly the equal of Europe in size, we surpass any one nation of that continent in the variety of our mineral deposits, and may yet

equal the richest of them in the total value of our production. Great Britain has had large deposits of coal, and her production is the greatest in the world. Her output must, however, shortly begin to lessen, while ours will increase. Russia stands second as a petroleum producer, and will no doubt surpass us for years. It is possible, however, that fields will be discovered in the Northwest quite the equal of hers. The copper output of Spain at present exceeds ours, but the deposits here are quite as extensive as there. Similarly with other minerals, different European nations surpass us in production, but it is probable that our deposits are the more extensive except in the case of coal, petroleum and tin. Already in asbestos we have surpassed not only Europe but the world. Italy, our only competitor, is far behind. With nickel we occupy the same proud position. Our gold product, though it may never equal that of Australia or the United States, may easily exceed that of all Europe combined. Our deposits of iron, lead, silver, copper, salt and other minerals are enormous. They are, however, almost entirely undeveloped. We can only guess at their value. So far we have, as a people, merely scratched the surface of a few acres of our mineral inheritance. Australia, with an area and population both slightly less than our own, has an annual mineral production nearly three times the value of ours. Belgium, a country of only 6,200,000 inhabitants, crowded into an area about half the size of Nova Scotia, draws twice as large an income from her mines as does Canada. And yet it is very probable that there is as much mineral wealth in Nova Scotia alone as in all Belgium. Indeed, Nova Scotia, with coal and iron deposits in close proximity to

each other and to the ocean, should, like Belgium, send her iron manufactures to the ends of the world.

While we have been slow in beginning the development of our mines, a fair start has now been made, and we may hope for more rapid advancement in the near future. The total value of the mineral product for 1896 was about twenty-three and a half million dollars. Coal is the most important, yielding annually about eight million dollars. Gold is second, with a product approaching three million in value, which gives us tenth place among the nations. Nickel, copper, and petroleum each exceed one million in value, and the silver output now amounts to over two million. In coal we rank eleventh, in petroleum fourth, and in silver tenth. Bricks and building-stones are the only other products passing the million line in value. In ten years the total production has doubled. Within the last two years the gold and silver output of British Columbia has increased enormously. Estimated at \$380,000 in 1893, it grew to about \$2,200,000 in 1895, and reached \$3,900,000 in 1896.

Petroleum is an oily liquid of disagreeable odour, usually greenish-brown in colour, but varying widely. In specific gravity it ranges from 0.6 to 0.9, some kinds being thin and flowing, whilst others are thick and viscous. On the one hand it graduates through maltha into asphalt, or solid bitumen; on the other into natural gas. None of these substances are properly minerals. They are indefinite mixtures of a number of hydrocarbon compounds, chiefly of the paraffin series. The solid paraffins are soluble in the liquid ones, so that crude petroleum often yields large amounts of paraffin wax. This is especially true of the Ontario oil. The dif-

ferent liquid compounds are separated by distillation and the crude oil is made to yield gasoline, benzine, naphtha, kerosene, lubricating oil, etc.

Petroleum occurs in all the sedimentary formations, from the Cambrian period to the present. Its geographical distribution is world-wide, but it is in comparatively few localities that it exists in economic quantities. It is associated usually with argillaceous shales and sandstones, and not infrequently is found impregnating limestones. Where these oleiferous rocks outcrop the water of the wells and rivers frequently has a scum of oil. More often, and especially with the richer deposits, the oil beds are at some distance below the surface and covered with an impervious layer of rock. The source of the oil is undoubtedly the animals and plants which were entombed in the sedimentary deposits. On decomposition these remains yielded hydrocarbons, which were stored in the rocks, sometimes evenly distributed, as throughout the bituminous Utica Shale, at other times collected in caverns.

To preserve the oil and gas it seems to be necessary that there be an anticlinal arch, with an impervious layer above and a porous one below, or else a cavern in an impervious stratum. Some geologists hold that oil and gas are always the result of secondary distillations; that after the production of bituminous shales slow distillation takes place and the products collect where the structure is suitable, or slowly escape. On this view, oil should never be found in the rock in which the organic remains abound, but above it. For some fields, as the Ontario one, this is certainly not the case. Some have assumed that oil and gas are the more volatile parts of the great mass of vegetation

whose remains form our coal-beds. The great oil and coal wells are however, sunk in Silurian and Devonian strata, while the coal-beds belong to the Carboniferous rocks above.

When a well is drilled into a petroleum pool oil, gas, or salt water may be found. They are probably arranged in the porous sandstone in the order of their specific gravities, with the gas at the top, water at the bottom, and oil between. Through long continued distillation in a confined space the gas is usually under great pressure. When the bore hole reaches the deposit the expanding gas either rushes out itself or, if the bore tapped the cavern nearer the bottom, forces out the oil or water as the case may be. After exhaustion of the gaseous pressure, pumping is resorted to. Before leaving a pumped out well it is customary to "shoot" it. A charge of nitroglycerine is exploded in the bottom, by which new channels are opened and a fresh supply of oil often found.

CANADIAN OIL FIELDS.

In 1862, the first flowing well was struck at Oil Springs, Lambton county, Ontario. There was an immediate rush to the field. Dr. Alexander Winchell, in his "Sketches of Creation," describes the excitement and waste as follows :

"Though Western Pennsylvania has produced numerous flowing wells of wonderful capacity, there is no quarter of the world where the production has attained such prodigious dimensions as in 1862 upon Oil Creek, in the township of Enniskillen, Ontario. The first flowing well was struck there January 11th, 1862, and before October not less than thirty-five wells had commenced to drain a storehouse which provident nature had occupied untold thousands of years in filling for the uses—not for the amusement—of man. There was no use for the oil at that time. The price had fallen to ten

cents a barrel. The unsophisticated settlers of that wild and wooded region seemed inspired by an infatuation. Without an object, save the gratification of their curiosity at the onwonted sight of a combustible fluid pouring out of the bosom of the earth, they seemed to vie with each other in plying their hastily and rudely-erected 'spring poles' to work the drill that was almost sure to burst, at the depth of a hundred feet, into a prison of petroleum. Some of these wells flowed three hundred and six hundred barrels per day. Others flowed a thousand, two thousand, and three thousand barrels per day. Three flowed severally six thousand barrels per day. Three years later, that oil would have brought ten dollars per barrel in gold. Now its escape was the mere pastime of full-grown boys."

Five million barrels were wasted in this way the first summer.

There are two distinct fields in Lambton county, separated by a synclinal fold. The Petrolia one extends W.N.W. thirteen miles, and is about two in width. The Oil Springs field covers about two square miles. In both cases the oil is found in the Corniferous limestone—at Oil Springs at a depth of 370 feet—at Petrolia 465 feet below the surface.

Some 5,000 wells are now in operation, yielding on the average about half a barrel a day. About 400 wells are drilled annually to replace those exhausted. Pipe lines are laid through the district and the companies receive oil from producers and store it until sold to refiners.

A third area, which will probably be a producing one in the near future, lies to the west of Bothwell, in Kent county. Small amounts of oil have been obtained in other parts of Ontario, notably Oxford, Essex, Perth, and Welland counties, and on Manitoulin Island, but no paying wells have been found. Recent discoveries on Pelee Island are very promising. Oil oozes to the surface over a considerable area to the

south of Gaspé Bay, Quebec. Several borings have been made, but the yield has been small. The prospect for product in oil wells is, however, a good one.

In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, surface indications of oil have been found, but boring operations have resulted in entire failure.

In the valley of the Arthabaska, in the Northwest Territories, there is an immense deposit of tar sands. These sands are siliceous in character, fine-grained, and cemented together by maltha, or inspissated petroleum. They belong to the Dakota formation, the lowest division of the Cretaceous, and lie unconformably on Devonian limestones. They outcrop over an area of 1,000 square miles, and possibly extend beneath the surface as far as the Saskatchewan. In many places one-fifth of the sand by bulk is bitumen. It has been calculated by McConnell that there are six and a half cubic miles of bitumen in the Arthabasca valley. It is the residue of a flow of petroleum from the underlying Devonian, unequalled elsewhere in the world. These tar sands will doubtless soon become of value as a source of bitumen.

Farther to the south there is a probability of finding oil which has not lost its volatile ingredients. All through the McKenzie River valley similar deposits of tar are found, and the same probabilities of extensive oil pools exist.

REFINING AND USE.

The crude oil is distilled in large sheet-iron retorts. The easily vaporized gasoline and naphtha come off first and are condensed; then the kerosene; the wool oils, and lastly the lubricating oils follow; a carbonaceous mass is left behind. The coke is used as fuel; the other distillates are farther separated and purified by redis-

tillation and by chemicals. The Ontario oil contains a very large percentage of sulphur, and in the early days it was not known how to remove this. Canadian oil as a result had a disagreeable odour and there is a prejudice against it to this day, though it is claimed that the best quality is now as good as any on the market.

Few raw materials yield so many products, ministering to the comfort and happiness of man, as does the rank-smelling crude petroleum. The benefits of cheap

illuminating oil can hardly be over-estimated. The lighter oils are used to mix the paints with which we adorn our homes, and the heavier vaseline we use to anoint our heads. Thick black oils are used to lubricate car axles and other heavy machinery, and white paraffin forms the basis of chewing gum. As gaseous gasoline, as liquid oil, as solid paraffin, petroleum affords us both heat and light. As naphtha and benzine, it is used as a solvent of fats.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER IX.

The letter which Phillip had received and which his wife now read was as follows :

REV. PHILLIP STRONG,

Pastor Calvary Church, Milton :

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—The Seminary at Fairview has long been contemplating the addition to its professorships of a chair of Sociology and Human Nature. The lack of funds and the absolute necessity of sufficient endowment for such a chair have made it impossible hitherto for the trustees to make any definite move in this direction. A recent legacy, of which you have doubtless heard, has made the founding of this new professorship possible. And now the trustees by unanimous vote have elected you as the man best fitted to fill this chair of Sociology. We have heard of your work in Milton and know of it personally. We are assured you are the man for this place. We therefore tender you most heartily the position of Professor of Sociology at Fairview Seminary at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year, and a preliminary year's absence either abroad or this country before you begin actual labours with the Seminary.

With this formal call on the part of the trustees goes the most earnest desire on the part of all the professors of the Semin-

ary who remember you in your marked undergraduate success as a student here. You will meet with the most loving welcome, and the Seminary will be greatly strengthened by your presence in this new department.

We are, in behalf of the Seminary,
Very cordially yours,

THE TRUSTEES.

Here followed their names, familiar to both Phillip and his wife.

There was a moment of astonished silence and then Sarah said :

"Well, Phillip, that's what I call the finger of Providence !"

"Do you call it the finger of Providence because it points the way you want to go ?" asked Phillip, with a smile. But his face instantly grew sober. He was evidently very much excited by the call to Fairview. It had come at a time when he was in a condition to be very much moved by it.

"Yes, Phillip," replied his wife, as she smoothed back his hair from his forehead, "it is very plain to me that you have done all that any one can do here in Milton, and this call comes just in time. You

are worn out. The church is opposed to your methods. You need a rest and a change. And besides, this is the very work that you have always had a liking for."

Phillip said nothing for a moment. His mind was in a whirl of emotion. Finally he said, "Yes, I should enjoy such a professorship. It is a very tempting call. I feel drawn towards it. And yet,"—he hesitated,—“I don't know that I ought to leave Milton just now."

Mrs. Strong was provoked. "Phillip Strong, you have lived this kind of life long enough! All your efforts in Calvary Church are wasted. What good have all your sermons done? It is all a vain sacrifice, and the end will be defeat and misery for you. Add to all this the fact that this new work will call for the best and most Christian labour, and that some good Christian man will take it if you don't,—and I don't see, Phillip, how you can possibly think of such a thing as refusing this opportunity."

"It certainly is a splendid opportunity," murmured Phillip. "I wonder why they happened to pitch on me for the place!"

"That's easy enough. Every one knows that you could fill that chair better than almost any other man in the country."

"Do you mean by 'every one' a little woman named Sarah?" asked Phillip, with a brief return of his teasing habit.

"No, sir, I mean all the professors and people in Fairview and all the thinking people of Milton and every one who knows you, Phillip. Every one knows that whatever else you lack it isn't brains."

"I'd like to borrow some just now, though, for I seem to have lost most of mine. Lend me yours, won't you, Sarah, until I settle this question of the call?"

"No, sir, if you can't settle a plain question like this with all your own brains you couldn't do any better with the addition of the little I have."

"Then you really think, do you, Sarah, that I ought to accept this as the leading of the Spirit of God, and follow without hesitation?"

Mrs. Strong replied with almost tearful earnestness:

"Phillip, it seems to me like the leading of His hand. Surely you have shown your willingness and your courage and your self-sacrifice by your work here. But your methods are distasteful, and your preaching has so far roused only antagonism. Oh, I dread the thought of this life for you another day. It looks to me like a suicidal policy, with nothing to show for it when you have gone through it."

Phillip spread the letter out on the couch and his face grew more and more thoughtful as he gazed into the face of his wife, and his mind went over the ground of his church experience. If, only, he was perhaps thinking, if only the good God had not given him so sensitive and fine-tempered a spirit of conscientiousness. He almost envied men of coarse, blunt feelings, of common ideals of duty and service.

His wife watched him anxiously. She knew it was a crisis with him. At last he said:

"Well, Sarah, I don't know but what you're right. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. The professorship would be free from the incessant worry and anxiety of a parish, and then I might be just as useful in the Seminary as I am here,—who knows?"

"Who knows, indeed!" exclaimed Sarah, joyfully; at the same time she was almost crying. She picked up the letter and called Phillip's attention to the clause which granted him a year abroad

in case he accepted. "Think of it, Phillip! Your dream of foreign travel can come true now."

"That is," Phillip looked out of the window over the dingy roof of a shed near by the gloomy tenements, "that is, supposing I decide to accept."

"Supposing! But you said, in effect— Oh, Phillip, say you will! Be reasonable! This is the opportunity of a lifetime!"

"That's true," replied Phillip.

"You may not have another such chance as this as long as you live. You are young now and with every prospect of success in work of this kind. It is new work, of the kind you like. You will have leisure and means to carry on important experiments, and influence for life young men entering the ministry. Surely, Phillip, there is as great opportunity for usefulness and sacrifice here as anywhere. It must be that the will of God is in this. It comes without any seeking on your part."

"Yes, indeed!" Phillip spoke with the only touch of pride he ever exhibited. It was pride in the knowledge that he was absolutely free from self-glory or self-seeking.

"Then say you will accept. Say you will, Phillip!"

The appeal, coming from the person dearest to him in all the world, moved Phillip profoundly. He took the letter from her hand, read it over carefully, and again laid it down on the couch. Then he said:

"Sarah, I must pray over it. I need a little time. You will have reason—" Phillip paused, as his manner sometimes was, and at that moment the bell rang and Mrs. Strong went downstairs. As she went along she felt almost persuaded that Phillip would yield. Something in his tone seemed to

imply that the struggle of his mind was nearly ended.

The callers at the door were three men who had been to see Phillip several times to talk with him about the mill troubles and the labour conflict in general. They wanted to see Phillip. Mrs. Strong was anxious about the condition of Phillip's health. She asked the men to come in, and went upstairs again.

"Can you see them? Are you strong enough?" she asked.

"Yes, tell them to come up. I am comfortable now."

Phillip was resting easily, and after a careful look at him Mrs. Strong went downstairs.

To her surprise two of the men had gone. The one who remained explained that he thought three persons would excite or tire the minister more than one; that he had stayed and would not trouble Phillip long. But the business on which he came was of such an important nature that he felt obliged to see the minister if he could do so without danger to him.

So the man went up and Phillip greeted him with his usual heartiness, excusing himself for not rising. The man took a chair, moved up near the couch, and sat down. He seemed a great deal excited, but in a suppressed and cautious way.

"I came to see you, Mr. Strong, to tell you about a thing you ought to know. There is danger of your life here."

"Where?" asked Phillip, calmly.

"Here, in this neighbourhood."

"Well?" Phillip waited for more explanation.

"I didn't want to tell your wife, for fear of scaring her, but I thought you ought to know, Mr. Strong, and then you could take steps to protect yourself or get away."

"Go on; tell me the worst."

"Well," the man went on in a low tone, "two others and me overheard a talk last night by the men who run the Star saloon and den down by the Falls. They have a plan to waylay and rob and injure you, sir,—and do it in such a way as to make it seem like a common hold-up. They seemed to know about your habit of going around through the alleys and cross-streets of the tenements. We heard enough to make us sure they really and truly meant to deal foul by you first good chance, and thought best to put you on your guard. The rummies are down on you, Mr. Strong, you have been so outspoken against them; and your lecture in the hall last week made them mad, I tell you. They hate you worse than poison, for that's the article they seem to sell and making a living out of."

Phillip had the week before addressed a large gathering of workingmen, and in the course of his speech he had called attention to the saloon as one of the greatest pests of the wage-earner.

"Is that all?" Phillip asked.

"All, man alive!—isn't it enough? What more do you hanker after?"

"Of course I don't 'hanker after' being held up or attacked, but these men are mistaken if they think to frighten me."

"They mean more than frighten, Mr. Strong. They mean business."

"Why don't you have them arrested, then, for conspiracy? If you overheard them talk they are guilty and could be convicted."

"Not in Milton, Mr. Strong. Besides, there was no name mentioned. And the talk was scattering-like. They are shrewd enough. But we could tell they meant you plain enough,—not to prove anything in court though."

"And you came to warn me?"

That was kind of you, my brother!" Phillip spoke with the winsome affection for men that enabled him to "grapple them to his soul with hooks of steel."

"Yes, Mr. Strong, and I tell you the rummies will almost hold a prayer-meeting when you leave Milton. And they meant to make you trouble enough until you do leave. If I was you," the man paused curiously,—“if I was you I'd get up and leave this God-forsaken town, Mr. Strong."

"You would?" Phillip glanced at the letter which still lay open on the couch beside him. "Suppose I should say I had about made up my mind to do just that thing?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Strong, you don't mean that!" The man made a gesture toward Phillip that revealed a world of longing and hunger for fellowship that made Phillip's heart throb with a feeling of intense joy mingled with an ache of pain. The man at once repressed his emotion. It had been like a lightning-flash out of a summer cloud.

"Yes," said Phillip, as if continuing, "I have been thinking of leaving Milton."

"That might be best. You're in danger here. No telling when some harm may come to you."

"Well, I'm thinking I might as well leave. My work here has been a failure, anyway."

"What! A failure? Mr. Strong, you don't know the facts. There has never been a minister in Milton who did so much for the poor and the workingman as yourself! Let me tell you," the man continued with an earnestness that concealed an emotion he was trying to subdue, "Mr. Strong, if you were to leave Milton now it would be a greater loss to the common people than you can imagine. You may not know it, but your influence among us is very great.

I have lived in Milton as boy and man for thirty years, and I never knew so many labouring-men attend church and the lectures in the hall as during the few months you have been here. Your work here has not been a failure; it has been a great success."

A tear stole out of Phillip's eye and rolled down and fell with a warm splash on the letter which lay beside him. If a twenty-five-hundred-dollar call could be drowned by one tear that professorship in Sociology in Fairview Seminary was in danger.

"So you think the people in this neighbourhood would miss me a little?" He asked almost as modestly as if he were asking a great favour.

"Would they, Mr. Strong! You will never know what you have done for them. If the mill-men were to hear of your leaving they would come down here in a body and almost compel you to stay. I cannot bear to think of your going. And yet the danger you are in, the whiskey men—"

Phillip roused himself up, interrupting his visitor. The old-time flash of righteous indignation shot out of his eye as he exclaimed: "I am more than half-minded to stay just on that account! The rummies would think they had beaten me out if I left!"

"Oh, Mr. Strong, I can't tell you how glad we would be if you would only stay! And yet—"

"And yet," replied Phillip, with a sad smile, "there are many things to take into the account. I thank you out of my heart for the love you have shown me. It means more than words can express." And Phillip leaned back with a wearied look on his face, which, nevertheless, revealed his deep satisfaction at the thought of such friendship as this man had for him.

He was getting exhausted with

the interview, following so soon on his illness of the night before. The visitor was quick to notice it, and after a warm clasp of hands he went away. Phillip, lying there alone while his wife was busy downstairs, lived an age in a few minutes. He struggled up into a sitting position, and with pain of body almost fell from the couch upon his knees, and with his face bowed upon the letter, which he spread out before him with both hands, he sobbed out a yearning cry to his Master for light in his darkness.

It came as he kneeled there; and it did not seem to him at all strange or absurd that as he kneeled, there came to his thought a picture of the Brother Man. And he could almost hear the Brother Man say: "Your work is in Milton, in Calvary Church yet. Except a man shall renounce all that he hath he cannot be His disciple." It mattered not to Phillip that the answer to his prayer came in this particular way. He was not superstitious or morbid, or given to yielding to impulse or fancy. He lay down upon the couch again and knew in his heart that he was at peace with God and his own conscience in deciding to stay with Calvary Church and refuse the call to Fairview.

When, a few minutes later, Mrs. Strong came up, Phillip told her exactly how he had decided.

"I cannot leave these poor fellows in the tenements yet; my work is just beginning to count with them. And the church, oh, Sarah, I love it, for it has such possibilities and it must yield in time; and then the whiskey men,—I cannot bear to have them think me beaten, driven out, defeated. And in addition to all the rest I have a feeling that God has a wonderful blessing in store for me and the church very soon; and I cannot banish the feeling that if I

should accept the call to Fairview I should always be haunted by that ghost of Duty murdered and run away from which would make me unhappy in all my future work. Dear little woman," Phillip went on, as he drew his wife's head down and kissed her tenderly, while tears of disappointment fell from her,—“little woman, you know you are the dearest of all earthly beings to me. And my soul tells me the reason you loved me enough to share earth's troubles with me was that you knew I could not be a coward in the face of my duty, my conscience, and my God. Is it not so?”

The answer came in a sob of mingled anguish and happiness :

“Yes, Phillip, but it was only for your sake I wanted you to leave this work. It is killing you. Yet” (and she lifted her head with a smile through all the tears),—“yet, Phillip” (she quoted from Ruth's words to Naomi), “whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me.”

There were people in Milton who could not understand how a person of such refined and even naturally expensive and luxurious habits as the minister's wife possessed could endure the life he had planned for himself, and his idea of Christian living in general. Phillip could have told them if he had been so minded. And this scene could have revealed it to any one who knew the minister and his wife as they really were. That was a sacred scene to husband and wife, something that belonged to them, one of those things which the world did not

know and had no business to know.

When the first Sunday of another month had come Phillip felt quite well again. A rumour of his call to Fairview had gone out, and to the few intimate friends who asked him about it he did not deny, but he said little. The time was precious to him. He plunged into the work with an enthusiasm and a purpose which sprang from his knowledge that he was at last gaining some influence in the tenement district.

The condition of affairs in that neighbourhood was growing worse instead of better. The amount of vice and drunkenness and crime and brutality made Phillip's sensitive heart quiver a hundred times a day as he went his way through it all. His study of the whole question led him to the conviction that one of the great needs of the place was a new home life for the people. The tenements were owned and rented by men of wealth and influence. Many of these men were in the Church. Discouraged as he had so far been in his endeavour to get the moneyed men of the congregation to consecrate their property to Christian uses, Phillip came up to that first Sunday with a new phase of the same great subject which pressed so hard for utterance that he could not keep it back.

As he faced the church this morning he faced an audience composed of very conflicting elements. Representatives of labour were conspicuous in the galleries. People whom Phillip had assisted at one time and another were scattered about through the house, mostly in the back seats under the choir gallery. His own membership was represented by men who, while opposed to his idea of the Christian life and his interpretation of Christ, nevertheless continued

to go and hear him preach. The incident of the sexton's application for membership and his rejection by vote had also told somewhat in favour of Phillip. Very many preachers would have resigned after such a scene. Phillip had said his say about it, and then refused to speak or be interviewed by the papers on the subject. But this morning as he rose to give his message in the person of Christ, the thought of the continued suffering and shame and degradation in the tenement district, the thought of the great wealth in the possession of the church which might be used to transform the lives of thousands of people, if the men of riches in Calvary Church would only see the kingdom of God in its demands on them,—this voiced Phillip's cry to the people, and gave his sermon the significance and solemnity of a prophet's inspiration.

"See!" he exclaimed, as he went on after drawing a vivid picture of the miserable condition of life in the buildings which could not be called homes, "see what a change could be made by the use of a few thousand dollars down there. And here this morning in this house men are sitting who own very many of those tenements, who are getting the rent from them every month, who could, without depriving themselves of one necessity or even luxury of life, so change the surroundings of these people that they would enjoy the physical life God has given them, and be able to see His love in the lives of His disciples. O my brethren, is not this your opportunity? What is money compared with humanity? What is the meaning of our discipleship unless we are using what God has given us to build up His kingdom? The money represented by this church could rebuild the entire tenement district. The men who own these build-

ings," Phillip paused as if he had suddenly become aware that he might be saying an unwise thing; then after a brief hesitation, as if he had satisfied his own doubt, he repeated, "The men who own these tenements (and members of other churches are among the owners) are guilty in the sight of God for allowing human beings in his image to grow up in such horrible surroundings when it is in the power of money to stop it. Therefore they shall receive greater condemnation at the last, when Christ sits on the throne of the universe to judge the world. For will He not say, as He said long years ago, 'I was hungry and ye gave me no meat, naked and ye clothed me not, sick and in miserable dwellings reeking with filth and disease, and ye drew the hire of these places and visited me not'? For are these men and women and children not our brethren? Verily, God will require it at our hands, O men of Milton, if, having the power to use God's property so as to make the world happier and better, we refused to do so and went our ways careless of our own responsibility, and selfish in our use of God's money."

Phillip closed his sermon with an account of facts concerning the condition of some of the people he himself had visited. When the service closed, more than one property owner went away secretly enraged at Phillip's bold, and as most of them said and thought, "impertinent meddling in their business." Was Phillip wise? And yet he had gone to more than one of these men in private with the same message. Had he not the right to speak in public? Did not Christ do so? Would He not do so if he were here on earth again? And Phillip, seeing the great need, seeing the mighty power of money, seeing the indifference of these

men to the whole matter, seeing their determination to conduct their business for the gain of it without regard to the condition of life,—Phillip, with his heart sore and his soul indignant at the suffering he had witnessed, came into the church and flung his sword of wrath out of its scabbard, smiting at the very thing dearest of all things to thousands of church-members to-day,—the money, the property, the lust of acquisition; and he smote perhaps with a somewhat unwise energy of denunciation, yet with his heart crying out for wisdom with every blow he struck, "Would Christ say it? Would He say it?" And his sensitive, keenly sensitive spirit heard the answer, "Yes, I believe He would." Back of that answer Phillip did not go in those days so rapidly drawing to their tremendous close. He bowed the soul of him to his Master and said, "Thy will be done!"

The week following this Sunday was one of the busiest Phillip had known. With the approach of warmer weather, a great deal of sickness came on. He was going early and late on errands of mercy to the poor souls all about his own house. The people knew him now and loved him. He comforted his spirit with that knowledge as he prayed and worked.

He was going through one of the narrow courts one night on his way home, with his head bent down and his thoughts on some

scene of suffering, when he was suddenly confronted by a man who stepped quickly out from a shadowed corner, threw one arm about Phillip's neck and placed his other hand over his mouth and attempted to throw him over backward.

It was very late, and no one was in sight. Phillip said to himself, "This is the attack of which I was warned." He was taken altogether by surprise, but being active and self-possessed, he sharply threw himself forward, repelling his assailant's attack, and succeeded in pulling the man's hand away from his mouth. His first instinct was to cry out for help; his next was to keep still. He suddenly felt the other giving way. The assailant's strength seemed to be leaving him. Phillip, calling up some of his knowledge of wrestling gained while in college, threw his entire weight upon him, and to his surprise the man offered no resistance. They both fell heavily upon the ground, the stranger underneath. He had not spoken and no one yet appeared. As the man lay there motionless, Phillip rose and stood over him. By the dim light that partly illuminated the court from a street lamp farther on, Phillip saw that his assailant was stunned. There was a pump not far away. Phillip went over and brought some water. After a few moments the man recovered consciousness. He sat up and looked about in a confused manner. Phillip stood near by, looking at him thoughtfully.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that hire us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

—*F. S. Osgood.*

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Adam Cartright's Will," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.

"Dead! Murdered!"

That was the first thought which escaped the agent's lips as he stooped to raise the dead body, and the affrighted butler echoed the awful word.

"Run for the doctor! Run, Thomas! Raise the alarm," cried the agent; "but whatever you do, on no account permit Lady Trethyn to come here."

In a brief space of time the room was crowded with the household servants, several police constables, the captain of the military, and others. Superintendent James was also there.

"Is it true that Squire Trethyn's dead?" asked the superintendent, stepping forward to look into the dead man's face.

"Too true, I fear," said Grainger falteringly.

"What has been the cause of it?"

"Murder," answered the agent fiercely.

"Are you sure?" queried the superintendent. "That's a very serious thing to say, you know."

"A terrible statement to make," said Captain St. Henry, "unless you are quite sure of it."

"There can be no doubt of it," persisted Stephen Grainger. "I only left him ten minutes ago, and he was alive and well then."

"But who could have been here since?" asked more than one of those who stood looking on and listening.

"At all events," said the agent decisively, "some one has been here, and I saw him."

"You saw him?" cried several voices.

"Yes; I saw him escaping, but, of course, I did not then either know or suspect this," pointing to the dead man. "I was returning from seeing the rioters chased from the park, when I saw a man in the shadow, crouching close to the walls of the house, and stealing away from it, but I was too weak to capture him."

"Why didn't you raise an alarm?" asked the superintendent.

"I did," answered Grainger; "I shouted with all my might, and he made off quickly."

"You are quite sure of this?"

"As sure as I am that I am now resting on my knee the honoured head of my late master," asseverated the agent.

"Did you see where the man came from?" asked the superintendent.

"No; but he was close to the drawing-room window when I first saw him, and as it was opened he probably came through there."

"That's your opinion?"

"It is."

He did not, however, state that it was he himself who had opened the drawing-room window, and who left it open when he went from the squire to help, as he had said, to drive the villains from the park.

"Churchill," said the superintendent to one of his men, "you had better make a note of what Mr. Grainger says."

"Where was Squire Trethyn hurt?" asked the superintendent, after a few moments' consideration.

Stephen Grainger did not know. He had not thought of looking.

His one concern had as yet been that his poor master was dead.

"But are there any wounds?" queried the superintendent.

At the words several of the police officers turned the body gently over and carefully examined it. But nothing of any moment was discovered—nothing, indeed, but a mere scratch on the back of the hand and a slight abrasion of the skin.

"A singular affair," said the superintendent. "Squire Trethyn, we have heard, was alive ten minutes ago, strong and well apparently. He's stone dead now, and no sufficient reason for it. Nor is anything known of it, but that a man was seen sneaking away from the house, who presumably must have come through the opened window."

"There'll have to be an inquest, Mr. James?" queried Captain St. Henry.

"Oh, certainly," answered the superintendent, "and I shall be obliged, Mr. Grainger, to summon you as the only important witness."

"There is the butler also," said Grainger.

"Oh, yes; you and he entered the room together, I think?"

"Yes."

"Very well; put the butler's name down, too, Churchill. And, by the bye, where's the young squire?"

No one seemed to know.

"Do you know, Grainger?" asked the captain.

For a few moments the agent maintained a dogged silence, his face, however, plainly showing that he was struggling with some strong inward feeling, while every eye in the room was directed upon him in wondering expectancy.

"Do you know?" repeated the captain, for the man's hesitancy created a suspicion that he did know, but was loth to tell.

"If I must, I must," he an-

swered. "He's keeping out of the road."

"What!" cried several voices, startled at the insinuation conveyed in the agent's words and tone.

"I say he's purposely staying away."

"But why?" asked Superintendent James.

"Why!" exclaimed Grainger, his face flushing with what looked very much like righteous indignation, "so that he'll not be held accountable for this murderous deed."

"Pshaw!" said the superintendent, while the others looked on and listened with growing wonderment, "no one out of a lunatic asylum would think of blaming Mr. Edward for this. I daresay he's absent at this moment just because he knows nothing of it yet. You are excited, Mr. Grainger, and are letting your tongue wag too fast. Best to keep yourself cool. You may allow yourself to say something that you might afterwards be sorry for."

"I repeat it," said Stephen Grainger emphatically, "and I know what I am saying."

"Do you want us to take it down?" questioned the superintendent. "If we do, remember you'll have to substantiate it."

"Yes, take it down," said the agent, "for I don't see why I should withhold what I know. Put it down in black and white that I, Stephen Grainger, say that the man whom I say crouching and sneaking away from the house when I came up to it was none other than the heir of Trethyn."

A murmur of indignant surprise ran through the room, and some of the listeners expressed incredulity.

"I know what I say," went on Grainger, "and I'll swear to it. Edward Trethyn was the man I saw, and though I did not know

then of this tragic affair, I doubt not now that he is the murderer of his own father."

"But there's no sign of foul play," urged the superintendent, "and I'm not quite sure that it is murder. It might simply be heart disease, or some other internal complication. But we'll make a note of your words, though they are very serious, remember. If you fail to prove them it may make things serious for you. You hear what he says, gentlemen?" turning to those present. "I shall have to take a few of your signatures as witnesses to what he states."

At this juncture, and while Captain St. Henry was signing his name, Doctor Burns came into the room, accompanied by the fleet-footed butler, who had gone to bring him.

"Is it true, gentlemen?" he said, as the spectators made a passage for him to view the body; "they say that the squire is dead."

"Yes; there is no question of it," replied the superintendent, "and he must have been quite dead before he was discovered lying here."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the doctor softly, taking the dead man's hand. "Foul play, I'm told."

"We do not yet know," answered the superintendent, for the moment ignoring the agent's charge; "we only know that he's dead; the cause of it we have yet to learn. But to me it doesn't look like murder."

Dr. Burns did not immediately answer, being busy in critically examining the dead.

"It is a mystery," he said presently, "but it cannot have been foul play, for there are no outward signs of it. There are no wounds, no blood, no apparent manifestations of violence, or—— Stay! What is this?"

He had again taken the dead man's hand in his, and was now carefully examining a scratch on the back of it.

"This is freshly done, I see. And there is a slight abrasion of the skin here," placing his finger on the fleshy part of the hand near the thumb.

"But that would not cause death," said the superintendent; "and if it could, such a thing might be accounted for in a score of different ways."

"Certainly, certainly," said the doctor. "I pass no opinion. I am only examining the body professionally, and I find here a scratch and an abrasion. But as to whether such a thing would occasion death, I've known very much more trifling things than this cause it."

"But," urged the superintendent—and his scepticism seemed to be shared by the others in the room—"he was seen alive and well within ten minutes from his being found here."

"Very likely," said the doctor, "but that proves nothing."

He had now taken from a small case a pair of powerful eyeglasses, with which he was examining the abrasion.

"You think it a murder?" he asked again.

"No, I've not yet formed any opinion upon it," answered Superintendent Jones.

"But that's the suggestion?"

"It is Mr. Grainger's suggestion."

"Mr. Grainger's!" exclaimed the doctor, raising his head and looking the agent steadily in the face.

"Yes, mine," said the agent; "and I maintain it!" he exclaimed vindictively.

"It is quite possible," remarked the doctor, calmly, "though of course it will have to be properly

inquired into. There must be a post-mortem, Mr. James?"

"Oh, of course, if you say so," replied the officer.

"If it be murder," said the doctor, impressively, "it must have been done by some one who understood the deadly effects of inoculating poisons—"

"Poisons!" exclaimed several of the bystanders simultaneously.

"Yes; there are certain poisons known to all physicians which, when scratched into the hand, the neck or arm, quickly circulate through the whole system, and produce almost instant death."

"And do you really think, doctor," queried Captain St. Henry, "that this is such a case?"

"Offhanded, I should think it was," replied Dr. Burns, "for I observe a very small punctured hole near this abrasion, as if it had been done with a sharp instrument. If you will just glance through my glasses I think you may see it, too."

Both Captain St. Henry and Mr. Superintendent James did so, and confessed that what the doctor said was true.

The effect of this intelligence upon those in the room was marvellous. A few moments before they had all scouted the idea of a murder, but their incredulity now disappeared, and they were all filled with intense eagerness for the arrest of the assassin.

"Mind," said the doctor, guardedly, "I'm only giving you a typical statement. Of course I know nothing definite as yet. I'm merely expressing to you my own opinion of what is very likely to be true. And, as I said before, there must be a post-mortem examination of the body."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Mr. Superintendent James spoke again.

"Under these circumstances,"

he said, "there is nothing for it but the arrest of the young squire."

"The young squire—Mr. Edward Trethyn?" cried Dr. Burns.

"Yes," replied Mr. Superintendent James, speaking slowly and deliberately, and with evident painfulness. "Mr. Grainger here charges him with this crime, so, Churchill, you must find him out and arrest him. Take Nelson with you. I put this commission into your hands, and I trust to your good sense and judgment to do the thing efficiently and—*and decently.*"

"Mr. Superintendent," said the doctor, impressively, "this is a serious charge. Surely there must be some terrible mistake."

"I confess to you," said the officer, "that I think so too, but I must do my duty. Mr. Grainger here charges 'm with sneaking away from the house as he came up to it after being to see the rioters driven from the park, and therefore there's nothing else for it but his arrest. Of course he may be able to clear himself, which I profoundly hope, and which, indeed, I have little doubt but that he will do. Now, however, my duty is clear."

But where was Edward Trethyn all this time? In the vigorous and sudden charge of the military upon the defenceless rioters the people were driven from the park in a wild rush. A moment before Edward had been in the thick of the crowd, urging the rioters away, and calling upon all those with whom he was personally acquainted, for the love of heaven, to desist and retreat. Not one of them dared harm him or offer him the slightest insult, for he was beloved and honoured by the majority of the townfolk, who would have defended him at hazard of their own lives. But little heed was paid to his entreaties, and if

any did appear to yield to his persuasions, they only slipped from his sight to join the rioters in another part of the field.

It was while he, nobly assisted by the fireman, was passionately pleading with the mob to retire that the soldiers came, and in their fierce charge he, too, was driven with the rioters from the park, unknown and unrecognized by the military in the darkness. At first he fought against it, but soon finding it hopeless, and fearing that he might be easily taken for one of the rioters if he persisted, and therefore subjected to some rough treatment, he gave way, and was soon borne far outside the park gates.

It was now that a strange thing happened. In the loneliness of her home that night Rhoda Roberts had heard of the terrible goings-on at the park. Young Dick Fowler had brought her the news. Dick had not joined the deputation. Though he was indignant at Squire Trethyn's treatment of his people, he had steadily refused to have anything to do with the deputation. It savoured too much of the devil, he had said. Jesus Christ would not have done it, he argued; the Master would have submitted to any contumely, reproach, and shame rather than join what he, Dick, contemplated would end in fighting. And so he stayed at home. Rather, he did not accompany his people to the park, but strolled over to the fireman's house with the intention of asking Rhoda to join him in a prayer for the deputation's success, and that it might all end peaceably. But on his way thither he met several of the chapel people flying home from the park.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked Dick.

"Matter!" they cried; "everything's the matter. The mob has broke into th' park, an' is destroy-

ing everything. And Mr. Grainger's house is on fire. And there's fighting an' plundering, an' shoutin' an' cursin', an' everything that is wicked an' bad. Oh! lack the day! lack the day!"

Dick Fowler questioned them particularly, and soon learned all that had happened. Filled with the news, he now hastened quickly to Rhoda's house, and imparted it all to her. She listened to it anxiously, and when he had finished rose to put on her hat and cloak.

"Where are you goin'?" asked Dick.

"To see if any harm has come to my father," she answered.

Leaving Dick Fowler to follow her as best he could, Rhoda soon arrived at the park gates. It was just that moment that the crowd came flying before the charge of the soldiers, and in a twinkling she was merged with the throng and whirled away with the rioters. As chance would have it, she was flung right in the way of Edward Trethyn.

"Rhoda!" he exclaimed on seeing her, and as he caught her in his arms and prevented her from falling in the sudden rush; "you here?" and, for a moment, Edward's face burned with shame. After all, was she no better than one of them, one of the turbulent, riotous, wicked crowd? Not an hour scarcely since he had left her quietly in her father's house, and then she had spoken disparagingly of the deputation, and had told him plainly that she thoroughly disapproved of it. And now!

"Rhoda," he whispered, while his heart and voice faltered, "I can hardly believe my own eyes."

"I came to see if any harm had come to father," she said.

"And you don't sympathize with these carryings-on?" he said eagerly, and more in assurance of his own doubts than questioning her.

"No," she said firmly, "it's wicked, wicked. Fearful reports have come to the town, and I could not rest at home; and I could see the light in the sky from the fire at Mr. Grainger's house. Oh, Edward!"—in her earnestness she did not stop at etiquette, or scruple to call him by his Christian name—"it is wicked, wicked, wicked."

"It is nothing but devilry," he answered emphatically, "and there'll have to be a heavy reckoning with some one for all this. But see! the soldiers are returning. Let us get away from this crush, and into a quieter place. I can't bear to think of you amongst these. Come! I will attend you home, and see you safe."

He led her gently through the throng, thence down a dark passage, and through a bye-street into the open road, far away from the noisy crowd.

"I wish father had never joined in it," she said, bitterly.

"And so do I," he answered. "He promised me always to discountenance harsh measures in this thing."

"I've no doubt," she said, "he didn't foresee the danger."

"Probably," he said; "and, after all, he did act nobly. I saw him in the crowd calling the people off and sending them home. And he looked so majestic and grand. He seemed to exercise a spell over the people, and when he was heard he was obeyed. Rhoda, your father is a great and good man. But what led him to countenance this thing I can't divine."

"What do you think will come of it all?" she asked presently.

"Imprisonment for some of them, I've no doubt," he answered. "The squire will show no mercy. There will be heavy punishments, and long years of imprisonment—especially for those who set fire to Mr. Grainger's house, if they can

be found out. Arson is an awful crime, and the law of England metes out terrible punishment to those who are guilty of it."

For a while they walked along in complete silence, Rhoda's heart surging with strong emotion, and her poor brain agitated beyond degree.

"I hope father will not be blamed," she said again.

"I would never blame him," said Edward passionately. "He was acting up to his conscience, and he could not have anticipated this tragic turn of events. Primarily, you know, I sympathize with his sentiments, and I only disapprove of the manner in which he, and your people, endeavour to carry them out. But, Rhoda, this night will put back your cause for years. In the end public opinion will go against your people. It is always so, and always will be so. Public opinion will support a rising against a wrong, but it will never countenance outrage."

"The law of England—what about that?" she asked nervously. "Will that hold father accountable?"

"I do not know," he said. "We must hope for the best. At all events, I fancy it could do no more than censure your people and him. It was others that caused the riot. Rake Swinton was one of the leaders, and if I had not caught him just in time, and tripped him up, he would have set the Manor in flames."

"Oh, dear," cried Rhoda, "how fearfully wicked."

"I do not know that I shall mention it though, Rhoda. I don't think Rake is bad at the bottom, but only wild. I, however, shall give him some plain talking, and shall frighten him a little. I don't think he can altogether escape punishment, but I will not make it any worse by informing upon him."

By this time they had reached Rhoda's home, and there, standing at the door, they lingered awhile, talking quietly together.

"Are you still of the same mind, Rhoda?" asked Edward. "Will you not look upon things differently?"

"Why do you press me?" she said in a sad and sorrowful tone.

"Because I love you dearly," he whispered, holding her hand in his. "Am I to allow you to go from me for ever without an effort?"

"Edward," she said slowly, "I've already told you. You forced it from me. I cannot help loving you in return. But—but I can never consent to be your wife."

"Well, at least, won't you tell me why?"

"There's a great barrier," she said slowly.

"What is it?"

"I shrink from telling you," she said; "it might cause you to—"

"To what?" he asked fervently, as she hesitated.

"Oh, I really cannot tell you," she said.

"To remove it?" he pressed her.

"Yes," she replied, "to make me think it removed."

"Can it be removed?" urged Edward.

"It can," she said.

"Well, won't you give me the chance, Rhoda, dear?"

She did not answer, but stood swept with doubt.

"Is it family position?"

"No."

"Is it because you love another better?"

"No; there is none I love better than you, Edward; but, oh! let us never talk of it more."

"You've not promised yourself to any one else?"

"No; oh, no," she answered earnestly.

"Well, Rhoda, don't you think you are dealing hardly with me? Don't you think you are dealing

unkindly towards yourself? Why not tell me of the barrier, and help me to cast it down? Won't you, Rhoda—dearest Rhoda? Why should we be for ever separated upon so slight a pretext?"

His voice was sweet and low, pleading, and fervent. She was touched to the depths of her heart. Why should she not tell him? After all the barrier might, indeed, be removed. He might become as she was, as her people were, and where, then, was the hindrance to their union? Not in worldly position or sordid wealth, for in herself she was equal to any position, and had riches of heart, disposition, and mind.

"Rhoda, dear Rhoda," he pleaded, "don't be hard and cruel. What is the barrier?"

For a moment or two she still hesitated. Then she spoke freely.

"Do you love Jesus Christ?" she asked.

The question startled him. It was so direct and personal, so different from what he had expected.

"We are taught," she said, "to marry only in the Lord. We are not to be unequally yoked with unbelievers."

"Rhoda!" he exclaimed reproachfully, "do you take me for an infidel?"

"No, not that," she replied; "I'm speaking of a change of heart. Have you passed through the new birth? Has God, for Christ's sake, pardoned all your sins?"

To say that Edward was surprised would be expressing only half of what he felt. He was completely amazed. In the sense that Rhoda spoke of it he had never honestly considered the question. He was a good Churchman, and regular in his attendance at church services. Morally, he was above the average of young men of his age, with no longings after life's gaieties. He was ear-

nest, whole-hearted, true, noble ; but Rhoda's question meant something more than all these, and went deeper down into the heart of things. It confused him and made him tremble.

"Is that the barrier?" he managed to say presently.

"It is, Edward," she answered, "and until it is removed I can give you no hope of becoming your wife."

"Dear Rhoda," said Edward, embracing her, and pressing his lips to her cheek, "you are a true heart, and I would give my life to win you. I could be contented with a crust and a cottage with you. God bless you, Rhoda—dear, dear Rhoda."

He did not attempt to deceive her as to the intention of her searching question, as many less noble minds would have done ; but he there and then determined to look her question straight in the face when he was alone with his own heart and God.

But what was that ?

"The sound of horses' hoofs coming in this direction," said Rhoda fearfully ; "it surely can never be that the rioters have returned to the park, only to be driven away again by the soldiers ? Oh ! I do wonder what has become of father."

"It can't be the soldiers," said Edward, "for there are sounds as of only a few horsemen. Oh, yonder they come ; do you see them there ?" pointing in the direction. "There seems only to be two of them."

"Two ; yes, I see them distinctly now," said Rhoda.

"They are coming here," said Edward presently, as the men galloped into full view. "What can they want ?"

"Oh ! I hope nothing has happened to father," exclaimed Rhoda, faintly.

In a few moments more the men

reined in their steeds and dismounted at the fireman's door.

"You, Churchill !" exclaimed Edward, for he knew the officer well. "What brings you here ?"

"I have a message for you," said the constable politely.

"Mr. James wishes to see you at once."

"Mr. James — Superintendent James ?"

"Yes."

"Where is he ?"

"At the station."

"Something about this night's work, I suppose ?"

"It is," said the constable briefly.

"Well, won't it do to-morrow morning ? It is so late now."

"I'm afraid not, sir," replied the officer ; "his message was urgent."

"Well, I'll come along presently," said Edward, and turned to speak to Rhoda again. Observing that the men did not move, Edward turned to them once more and repeated, "I say I'll come along presently ; won't that do ? Is it that urgent ?"

"Our orders, sir, were to bring you along with us," and then Edward for the first time noticed that they had three horses with them, instead of only two.

"Take me prisoner, I suppose ?" queried Edward, laughing. "Dear me, what can be the matter ? Is the Manor now on fire ?"

"It is not," said the officer, "but Squire—Squire Trethyn is dead, and the superintendent desires your immediate presence anent the matter."

"Dead !" involuntarily escaped from Edward's lips. "My father dead !"

With a great cry he sprang into the empty saddle, called a broken-voiced good-bye to Rhoda, and then rode off with the officers, furiously and fast, and all unsuspectingly, to the little police station at Trethyn.

CHAPTER X.

BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

Though the hour was now late, Mr. Superintendent James sat at his office-desk. His face was grave, his thoughts were busy, and his fingers toyed with the quill-pen with which he had been writing. He was awaiting the coming of the officers with their illustrious prisoner, Mr. Edward Trethyn.

Since he had returned to his office from the fated Manor, Mr. Superintendent James had sat reviewing in his own mind the case which that night had been brought before him, and penning down the facts, suppositions, and statements which had been made and entered in Churchill's notebook, from which the superior officer now transcribed them on to a sheet of blue foolscap. In his heart of hearts he believed Edward Trethyn guiltless of the crime with which the agent had charged him, and was by no means satisfied with the doctor's diagnosis. He was an experienced officer, was Mr. Superintendent James, and in the course of his long professional career he had often known the best of doctors to be guilty of gross errors of judgment. And Doctor Burns was only a licentiate of the College of Surgeons, and as yet of but very limited practice; of what errors of judgment, therefore, might he not be guilty?

Of course there was the charge made by the agent. But the superintendent was less satisfied with this than the doctor's judgment. He did not know why. He had no solid grounds for dissatisfaction, and technically the agent's charge was strong enough for anything. But there was something, an indefinable something, about the agent that he did not like, and which he could not

understand. He never had understood him, and had always looked upon him as a man capable of any duplicity, and hence as a man to be avoided. But he would watch him now; vigilantly and lynx-eyed he would watch all his movements, and if he found duplicity in this thing, or even the suspicion of it, he would know how to act.

What were the agent's antecedents? Where did he come from? What was his occupation before he became Squire Trethyn's agent? He had only been in the parish for a brief time, just some three years or so, but during the whole of that period there had been nothing but strife between the squire and his tenants, while more than a dozen evictions had taken place. It was generally understood that Stephen Grainger had been accountable for every one of these, as also for the harsh measures so frequently, of late years, imposed upon the cottagers.

"I will turn the fellow inside out," quietly whispered the superintendent to himself. "Whatever comes of it, I shall know all about him. I will set Carlyle to watch him. He's the man who'll soon fathom the mystery surrounding this detested agent. I'll give Carlyle a free commission to act just as he pleases."

Having come to this determination, Mr. Superintendent James leaned back in his chair with a feeling of relief. A few moments afterwards he was disturbed by the clatter of horses' hoofs without, and then Mr. Edward Trethyn, accompanied by Constable Churchill, entered the room.

Mr. Superintendent James keenly scrutinized Edward's face, and seeing it was ghastly white, and that he was labouring under great mental excitement and pain, said kindly:

"I needn't ask you, Mr. Trethyn,

how you feel. Will you take a seat? This is a sad business."

"Sad is no name for it," replied Edward wearily; "it is terrible—overwhelming. I never received such a blow, so sudden and awful."

"When did you first hear of it?"

"When the constables came to ask me to come here."

Mr. Superintendent James looked at him intently.

"Is that a literal fact, Mr. Trethyn?" he asked markedly.

"Is what a fact?" queried Edward, scarcely understanding the officer.

"That you've only just heard of the lamentable circumstance from the constables?"

"How could I learn it before?" exclaimed Edward. "It is quite two hours since I was at the Manor, and my father was alive and well then."

"But is it a fact?" persisted the superintendent. "I would like you to give me a plain answer."

"It is a fact," said Edward, emphatically, and with palpable annoyance. "Why do you ask me such a thing? Why do you press me so? Don't you believe my word?"

"Mr. Trethyn," said the superintendent gravely, and the words sounded strange and mysterious to Edward, "I have to ask it. It is my duty to do so. Your father is dead, and the circumstances surrounding his death are dark and enigmatical."

For a moment or so Edward stared into the superintendent's face with growing amazement. A faint, far-away kind of suspicion was already beginning to darken his mind, and he was already imagining that the officer's words implied more than they seemed to.

"Ten minutes before his death," pursued the superintendent, "at least, ten minutes before he was discovered lying on the floor of the drawing-room, where Mr.

Grainger and the butler found him quite dead, he was alive and apparently well."

"Oh, my poor, poor father!" groaned Edward.

"The suspicion is," went on the superintendent, "that he was murdered."

"Murdered!" cried Edward, leaping to his feet, and a wild glare rushing into his eyes.

"That's the suspicion," said the superintendent, solemnly. "Of course it has yet to be proved."

"But are there no signs?" queried Edward, passionately.

"Was he shot? Was he wounded?"

"Death," answered Mr. James, "apparently could not have taken place from any violence whatever—at least, so far as is at present ascertained."

"What then?" asked Edward, impatiently.

"The suspicion," replied the superintendent, "points to poisoning."

The officer uttered the words deliberately and with noticeable emphasis, and then keenly watched the effect of the intelligence they conveyed upon the young man's mind as evidence in his face.

"Impossible!" cried Edward; "if it had been so, death would have been a lingering one. And it could not possibly have happened before I saw him last alive. He was well then. If he had been poisoned, the effects of the poison would have shown themselves then, and I should have known something of it. If my poor father had been poisoned after I saw him, death could hardly have occurred yet."

"Expert opinion is at variance with yours," said the superintendent. "But from what you say I may take it that you know nothing of it?"

"Of the poisoning?"

"Yes; or the cause of death?"

"Of course I don't," replied Edward; "I've already given you to understand that much. Why do you put such pointed questions to me?"

"Because," said the superintendent slowly, "a man was seen stealing away from the house, and it is supposed that that man was the murderer."

"Then why wasn't he arrested?" demanded Edward.

"You forget," said the superintendent, "that the murder was not known then, and it was thought at the time that he was merely one of the rioters making good his escape."

"Who was he?"

"That's just what I've sent for you for," said the superintendent; "do you know who he was? Pause and consider before you reply."

"Mr. James," said Edward indignantly, while he drew himself up to his full height, "what do you mean? There seems to be an air of mystery about your words. I do wish you would come to the point. You're evidently driving at something; pray what is it?"

"Very well, then, tell me this. Were you the man who stole secretly away from the house?"

"Next I suppose you will ask me did I commit the murder?" replied Edward scornfully.

"Well, Mr. Trethyn," said the superintendent, "I will ask you that question also, if you'll permit me."

"Mr. Superintendent!"

"Of course, Mr. Trethyn, I've no right to ask you any question at all. English law doesn't require any man to incriminate himself."

"Nor yet to avoid the common decencies of life," said Edward bitterly.

Mr. Superintendent James paused a few moments, during which he slowly stroked his face from his

forehead downwards. Then he took up his quill pen, and bit the end of it, as if lost in deep thought.

"Listen, Mr. Trethyn," he said. "I need not delay my duty further. My questioning only seems to irritate you, and I must come to the point sooner or later. A serious and terrible charge has been made against you. You are charged with being the man who was seen stealing away from the Manor immediately after what is reckoned as the probable time of the murder, and it is my painful duty, upon the information given me, to arrest you upon suspicion as being the murderer of your own father. Now that I make known to you the charge you can either deny it or acknowledge it. Law does not require you to say anything. You can please yourself. But I warn you that if you do speak, all you say will be given in evidence against you at the trial."

Stunned and stupefied, Edward gazed at the superintendent in a dazed sort of way, and it was some minutes before he could properly realize the stern truth of his position. His very brain swam and a mist veiled his eyes. A sickly sensation came over him. He staggered, and would have fallen had it not been for Churchill's assistance. Slowly, slowly the force of the superintendent's words dawned upon him. He was charged with the most awful crime of which any man can be guilty, and of a peculiarly revolting phase of that crime. Or was it a dream? Was it really true? Was it a fact that he was standing in the police station, before Mr. Superintendent James, charged with a capital offence? Despite the vision of his eyes, he could hardly credit it.

"I will be perfectly candid with you," said the superintendent, observing his confusion, "and tell you that personally I do not, I cannot, think you guilty. But my

opinion cannot acquit you, and I'm obliged to do my duty. You cannot be brought before a magistrate to-night, as the hour is so late; but you will, in the meantime, be treated with every consideration here. And you can have free use of my private apartments."

Then it was true, and not a dream! He did actually stand before the superintendent of police charged with murder! What should he do? Resist? That would be folly. Treat the whole affair with contempt? That would be madness. Quietly submit to the indignity put upon him? That went sorely against the grain, but it was the only sensible thing he could do.

"I am thankful to you for your kind words, Mr. Superintendent," he said presently, "and I will accept your hospitality. But I am

not guilty of this horrible, horrible crime," and he emphasized the words powerfully. "Who is it that accuses me?"

"Stephen Grainger," answered the superintendent.

For a few minutes Edward's face was a study. Stephen Grainger accused him? What was the meaning of it? Was it possible that this was his fiendish retaliation for the blow struck him in the park by one of the rioters when he had menaced Edward?

"He will appear against you in the morning," said the superintendent, "and the magistrate will then decide whether or not there is sufficient evidence against you to remand the case or acquit you? If you wish, I can send for the lawyer."

"Thank you," said Edward drearily, "you can tell Jeffries that I want to see him."

MY FATHER IS THE HUSBANDMAN.

God compass thee with favour as a shield,
Through all the season's changeful days and hours.
The changes be as to some fruitful field,
Where sun is shaded but for gracious showers,
His favour by thy strength to serve and yield,
As earth serves heaven by yielding fruits and flowers.

If biting frosts come from the bitter north,
'Tis but to fray the earth with readier mould,
'Neath leaden skies the sower goeth forth,
And fills the furrows with a wealth of gold,
Though wild winds sweep a howl in threatening wrath,
The seed corn sleeps within thy heart; be bold.

There cometh soon a time when storms are still,
When all the earth is arched with sunny blue,
When thou shalt find the end of good and ill,
And how through all the harvest ripened grew;
Thy Father is the husbandman. His will
Is ever good who maketh all things new.

Since blackened roots and shapeless withered seeds
By patient skill He brings to fairest flowers;
Since He can meet a whole world's hungry needs
By sunshine and soft winds and passing showers;
Up to what beauty and what service leads
His love, when we are His and He is ours!
—*Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, in Sunday Magazine.*

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND ITS METHODS.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

No science has undergone within the last thirty years so deep a transformation in all its conceptions, its methods, and its very language, as has been the case with psychology. Thirty years ago the old conception, mainly worked out in Germany, and according to which psychology was treated as a mere branch of deductions from speculative principles, was no longer tenable. Under the influence chiefly of British psychologists, who had constructed their science upon a detailed analysis of the experiences of one's own consciousness, metaphysical psychology was compelled to retire in the background. But it was a question very much debated at that time whether the study of the phenomena of consciousness should continue to be carried on, as most psychologists maintained, by means of self-analysis, taken, of course, in its widest sense, which does not exclude the study of psychical acts in other individuals as well, or, as it was advocated by the younger school of German psychologists, Lotze, Fechner, and Wundt, the whole matter ought not to be handed over to the physiologist who of his own science to psychical research. "Who has to study psychology, and by which methods?" was the burning question of those days.

By this time, the then much feared transference is an irreversibly accomplished fact. Psychology is studied by the physiologist; it is a branch of physiology, making its way to become a sister science to it. To use the words of a Canadian psychologist, J. Mark Baldwin, "we find an actual department of knowledge handed over to a new class of men," who treat it by quite new

methods, the methods of accurate measurement and experiment, so familiar to the physiologist. They experiment upon sensations, involuntary actions, acts of memory and thought, and they measure the motions of the muscles and the chemical changes in the tissues in order to value in numerical data the intensity of the psychical acts themselves. And they do not consider their science as philosophy, but know very well that they only contribute, in common with all other sciences, the necessary stepping-stones to build up the philosophy of the universe.

Of course, in all psycho-physiological investigations the analysis of one's own experiences of his own consciousness remains now, as it was before, at the basis of psychological conclusions. When the experimenter measures the degree of sensibility of one's eye to luminous irritations, or of one's skin is pricking, or when he records in figures the fatigue of the brain during this or that mental exercise, he may reduce the self-observation of the person whom he experiments upon to its simplest elements; but he also knows that he must appeal in most cases to that person itself; he learns from it what its sensations were during the experiment and by so doing he gets a precious guide in his researches. Self-observation thus continues to occupy a prominent position in all psychological researches; but its very methods have entirely been changed.

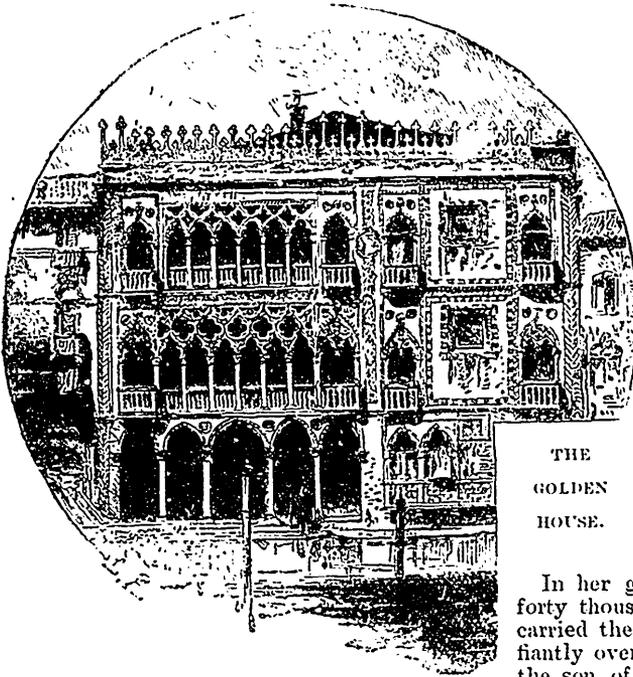
In the psycho-physiological laboratories which are now in existence, the numerical relations which exist between the energy of the outward stimuli—light, sound, chemicals, and so on—and the energy of the sensations they pro-

voke are measured, and the mathematical law of their relations is sought for. Both the conscious and the unconscious movements which are called forth in man by different sense impressions, under different states of self-consciousness, and under different mental states, are submitted to the same analysis. Nay, the mechanism of the growth of ideas, different mental operations, and memory itself are subjects of experimental studies, or of such inquests as the inquest which was carried on by Mr. Galton, and was epoch-making in psychology. And although all these investigations are very young—the first psychological laboratory was opened only eighteen years ago—experimental psychology has already become a natural science in the true sense of the word, a science of which both the powers and the limits are known, and which has already thrown floods of light upon the mental phenomena which, under the old methods, seemed to lie beyond the understanding.

At the same time another branch of psychology has suddenly taken, within the last ten years or so, a new development. The ambition of psycho-physiology has always been to find for each psychical process its physiological equivalent—in other words, when a sense-impression has awakened in us certain mental images, what electrical or chemical processes, what transformations of energy and, if possible, what molecular movements took place at the same time in our nerve-channels and nerve-centres? That such changes take place every psychologist admits, to whatever school, dualist or monist, he belongs—the difference between the two being that the dualist sees in the psychical and the physiological processes two sets of concomitant but utterly and substantially different phe-

nomena, while the monist considers them as two different aspects of the same process. The study of the physiological processes which go on in man during each psychical process is, accordingly, one of the main objects of psychology. But until lately such investigations met with an almost insuperable obstacle in our very imperfect knowledge of the intimate structure of the nervous system and the brain. However, within the last few years, a profound modification has taken place in the views upon the minute structure of the nervous system altogether. Then, the study of the inner structure of the brain, which was chiefly made by Ramon y Cajal, on the basis of the above discovery, has led the Spanish anatomist to attempt a most remarkable explanation of the anatomical mechanism of the formation of ideas and associations and of attention. And finally, the application of the same discoveries to the sympathetic nervous system has lately enabled the German anatomist, A. Kolliker, to make another important step. He has attempted to trace the mechanism by means of which our emotions and the irritations of our spinal cord result in such involuntary movements as affect the activity of the heart and the blood-vessels, and make one turn pale or red, shed tears, or be covered with perspiration, have his hair stand on end or shiver, and so on, under the influence of various emotions. Such psychical phenomena and such intimate relations between emotion, thought, and will, which it seemed hopeless to explain by means of self-observation on the introspective method, have thus had a flash of light suddenly thrown upon them since the above-mentioned transference of psychology to physiologists took place.

VENICE.*



THE
GOLDEN
HOUSE.

The sprightly French style and the graceful French taste correspond admirably to the romantic theme on which they are here employed. The writer knows his Venice well and is in love with his subject.

In the fourth century a band of fishermen, flying from the ravages of Atilla, the Scourge of God, built their homes like waterfowl amid the waves. Bold, skilful, adventurous, they extended their commerce and conquests over the entire Levant; and soon, like an exhalation from the deep, rose the fair City of the Sea. During the crusades the city rose to opulence by the trade thereby developed. In 1204 she became mistress of Constantinople and "held the gorgeous East in fee." The names of her merchant princes were familiar as household words in the bazaars of Damascus and Ispahan. Her marble palaces were gorgeous with the wealth of Ormuz and of Inde. Her daughters were clothed

*"Venice. Its History, Art, Industries, and Modern Life. By Charles Yriarte. Translated from the French by F. J. Sitwell. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$3.00.

with the silks of Iran and the shawls of Cashmere. Their boudoirs were fragrant with the perfumes of Arabia Felix, and tuneful with the notes of the bulbul from the gardens of Schiraz; and her walls were glowing with the breathing canvas of Titian and Giorgione.

"Her daughters had her dowers
From spoils of nations,
and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all
gems in sparkling
showers.
In purple was she robed,
and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and
deemed their dignity increased."

In her golden prime Venice had forty thousand sailors, and her fleet carried the banner of St. Mark defiantly over every sea. At length the son of her ancient rival, Genoa, discovered a New World beyond the western wave, and snatched forever from Venice the keys of the commerce of the seas. Cadiz, Bristol, London, Amsterdam, became the new centres of trade; and the disrowned Queen of the Adriatic saw her glories fade away.

"City of palaces, Venice, once enthroned
Secure, a queen 'mid fence of flashing
waters.
Whom East and West with rival homage
owned
A wealthy mother with fair trooping
daughters.
What art thou now? Thy walls are
grey and old;
In thy lone hall the spider weaves his
woof,
A leprous crust creeps o'er the house of
gold,
And the cold rain drips through the
pictured roof."

Some idea of the naval supremacy of Venice may be gleaned from the fact stated by our author that on board one of her galleasses, as they were called, sixteen hundred soldiers could fight. They were armed with fifty pieces of artillery of the highest calibre then known. In her arsenal were employed sixteen

thousand ship-builders and other workmen.

It is very odd on reaching Venice, instead of being driven to one's hotel in a noisy fiacre or rumbling omnibus, to be borne over the water streets, as smoothly as in a dream, in a luxurious gondola. In the strange stillness there was a suggestion of mystery, as though the silent gliding figures that we pass were not living men of the present, but the ghosts of the dim generations of the shadowy past.

Here are the old historic palaces, whose very names are potent spells—the Palazzi Manzoni, Contarini, Foscari, Dandolo, Loredan, once the abodes of kings and doges and nobles. Here swept the bannered mediæval pageants as the doges sailed in gilded galley to the annual marriage of the Adriatic. There is the house, says tradition, of the hapless Desdemona. Now we glide beneath the Rialto,



THE LION OF ST. MARK.

with its memories of Shylock, the Jew, and the Merchant of Venice. And

“Now a Jessica
Sings to her lute, her
signal as she sits
At her half-open lat-
tice.”

The romantic marriage of the Adriatic was celebrated for nearly three hundred years, and the doge dropped a jewelled marriage ring into the sea with the sacramental words, “Sea, we espouse thee, in the sign of true and everlasting dominion.”

Our author well speaks of the Basilica of St. Mark as a “prodigious reliquary,” a sumptuous monument to God by a people of merchants, soldiers, lawgivers, who became the envy of the world by their wealth, no less by their fourteen centuries of inviolate freedom.”

“Not in the wantonness of wealth,” writes Ruskin, “were those marbles

hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults that one day shall fill the vault of heaven — ‘He shall return to do judgment and justice.’” The old church was to the unlettered people a visible “image of the Bride, all glorious within, her raiment of wrought gold.”

The famous Lion of St. Mark was captured by the French in 1797, and carried with the bronze horses to Paris. During its sojourn in France it was despoiled of the precious stones which formed its eyes, but thereby, says the patriotic Venetian, upon its restoration, it was saved the sight of Venice fallen from her greatness.”

Our author pays a just tribute to Venice as for two centuries the great centre of printing. Her book trade was immense, and we have seen in

the doge's library many of the magnificent specimens of Aldine printing. In the eighteenth century Venice had still a hundred churches, with a priest for every fifty-four inhabitants. Now, scarcely half that number of churches

may be found, and the number of priests is also greatly reduced.

The book is sumptuously printed and illustrated with twenty-eight photogravures of most interesting bits of the city of storied memories and exquisite architecture. The beauties of the ducal palace, Giant's Staircase, the grand canal, the exquisite church of St. Mark, the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto, the Grand Piazza and Piazzetta, and many another are recalled with all their vividness by these beautiful engravings. It is like revisiting the “Bride of the Adriatic” to read this elegant volume and to look over its elegant pictures.

DR. WORKMAN AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.*

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL.D.

Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

What Sir William Dawson has done concerning Geology, and Dallinger and LeConte concerning Evolution, in rescuing these sciences from the service of Infidelity, Dr. Workman in this work strives to do with Modern Theology in general and Higher Criticism in particular. He makes large concessions without surrendering his faith in the divine message contained for the world in the Hebrew scriptures. His work is virtually an eirenicon. Eirenica, however, though devout and amiable, are not always successful. They do not always escape the difficulties they are designed to obviate, though their moderation is likely to be appreciated by all broad-minded men.

The author's position is clearly and candidly defined, and is fully endorsed in the Introduction contributed by the Rev. Dr. Burwash. Says the author, "This book has been written with the belief that all who read it will feel that there is nothing about the Old Testament that needs to be renounced but a traditional view of its origin and structure, and also that there is nothing about it that needs even to be modified but an erroneous theory of the inspiration of its authors and an irrational method of interpreting its books."

He intimates that his effort is the first attempt made to deal with objections of the kind he considers, from the standpoint of Christian faith. But may we not consider that the same practical purpose animated Robertson Smith and Driver and Briggs?

The occasion of the work is the recent attack upon Christian faith by Goldwin Smith, first in the *North American Review*, and later in his "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence." Goldwin Smith impatiently rejects revealed religion, largely in consequence of his renunciation of the literal view of Old Testament narrative. Certainly a most illogical proceeding, whose weakness has been clearly indicated by Dr. Burwash and others. In his vindication of the Old Testament

against such attacks Dr. Workman makes large concessions. The following are some illustrations of these.

"We may safely assume the same sort of evolution for the ages before the Scriptures were produced, namely, a gradual ascent from fetichism and polytheism to the worship of a single God," p. 48.

"While the general order of Genesis is such as physical science now accepts, judicious teachers do not maintain that the narrative in the first chapter of the book is perfect geology," p. 83. "Seeing that the first chapter of Genesis teaches neither geology nor chronology, there is nothing in it inconsistent with the doctrine of evolution," p. 85.

"The account of the Fall in Genesis, which was once explained by theologians as literal history, is now explained by Christian scholars as religious allegory," p. 24.

"The Song of Songs has not the mystical significance it was once supposed to have, and does not in any way refer either to Christ or to His Church," p. 58.

"The spiritualizing of Scripture for the sake of obtaining a Christian meaning, or with a view of solving a moral difficulty, is as unscientific as it is unauthorized," p. 56.

"It is unwarrantable for men to claim that Christ's reference to the story of Jonah proves that the incident is historical, or that He believed it to be historical," p. 60.

"Christ's utterance in the New Testament regarding any Old Testament book does not raise, much less decide, the question either of its age or its authorship, or of its literary character," p. 63.

These extracts fairly indicate the position of the author. The most serious of these propositions is the first, which happens to coincide with Spencer's view of the development of the Religious Idea just published in completion of his great life-work, his *Synthetic Philosophy*.

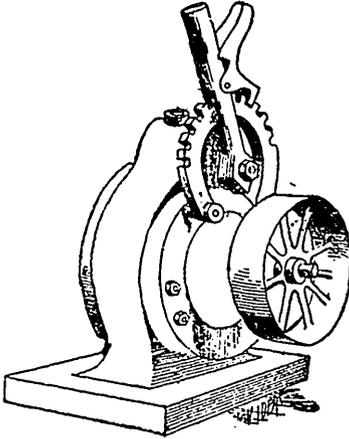
This volume, though small in compass, is large in contents. There is no question of the high spiritual purpose by which the author is animated. The work will deservedly secure large favour by its ability and earnest practical design. Still by many it will be condemned as simply inviting the reader from the perilous edge

* "The Old Testament Vindicated." By Geo. C. Workman, M.A., Ph.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Price, 60 cents.

of the precipice of Goldwin Smith's rationalism to a doubtful refuge only a little way removed. Many of its most intelligent readers will, however, pro-

nounce it an excellent antidote to the more destructive type of Higher Criticism which is insidiously working very great havoc.

Science Notes.



STEAM TURBINE.

Mr. Grant Brambel, a telegraph operator at Sleepy Eye, Minn., has been at work twelve years on a new type of engine, recently perfected it, and is said to have received an offer from an English syndicate of \$1,600,000 for his rights—something over \$133,000 per year. The inventor has developed an entirely new principle, whereby an engine developing forty horse-power can be carried round under a man's arm. The largest one yet built, 250 horse-power, occupies a space of 6x18 inches on the floor, stands less than two feet high, and weighs 300 pounds, and has been running ten months with perfect satisfaction. In a very interesting account of his invention given to the *Minneapolis Journal*, Mr. Brambel says: "I first got the idea of a rotary engine from the turbine wheel. I couldn't see why steam couldn't do what water did, especially when steam had qualities that water lacked and that were essential. You know that when a little turbine is hit by a column of water no bigger than your pencil something has to go. You take a smaller wheel, mechanically correct, and turn against it an inch steam jet at 100 pounds or over, and allow for the steam expansion, and why won't you get power? I knew that

it was necessary to get the greatest possible development of the steam expansion in order to give success to my idea, and I have been working along that line for twelve years. It took a great many models and a great many failures to get the thing right. I have had engine after engine that seemed to be perfect, and would spin along like a top, only to stop when some unexplainable point was reached. I have had problem after problem, and, finally, about five years ago, I hit the machine substantially as it is to-day. Since then all the experiments have been in the line of possible improvements, but I haven't found many, and I think—I believe—it will be hard to get anything simpler, more powerful or better in its way than what I have."

NEW METHODS OF PROPULSION.

It would seem that the world is about to have the benefit of many new improvements in propulsion upon water. An English lifeboat is attracting much attention. It has no wheels either at the sides or stern. The objection to the propeller wheel for quite small vessels is in the fact that when the water is rough the stern and the wheel of the little ship are out of the water half the time. The steam lifeboat is never used when the sea is smooth, and when the wheel is out of the water it revolves very rapidly, and is roughly tested when it again enters and meets the resistance of the water. To avoid this, steam pumps are used on the new boat, which hurl the water through a tube at the stern, which stream acts as would a pole pushed from the boat against a wharf or other mass detached from the boat. The result is a swift speed. The boat is moved ahead, astern or sidewise, according as the master opens bow, stern, or side valves and apertures. It is said that the new application of power acts exceedingly well. Another engineer in this country has invented a steam turbine which needs no cylinder whatever. The steam acts upon the turbine somewhat as water does, the

result being an access of a third more of speed, with less fuel and weight of machinery. The older steam engine is like a mass of rough old iron, as compared with the modern engine. The saving in weight is one of the wonders of the modern engine. The use of fuel has been reduced to less than a quarter of what it was forty years ago. We note that the equation between the weight of a vessel and the horse-power of its proper engines is stated far differently from what it was a few years ago. The immense English warship *Powerful*, which is about to make a trial trip across the Atlantic to New York and return, is one of the very blossoms with respect to modernism in mechanics. This vessel's displacement is about 14,000 tons, and her horse-power is twenty-five thousand. Thus the equation in this instance awards over one and three-quarters horse-power to each ton of the vessel's weight. The result is about twenty-five miles of speed. This is wonderful, because the ship herself is very heavy, and she is further weighted with ponderous artillery and stores. England is exceedingly active concerning her navy. She is now building new vessels which are more numerous than our whole navy, and her single fleet in the Mediterranean equals all the ships in our new navy. Mankind stagnates when it tries to stand still. Commerce, human needs and national competition put a premium upon mechanical skill. Our machine shops contain thinkers, and their products argue brains as solid and sound as those in senates and constitutional conventions.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

THE UTILIZATION OF TIDE POWER.

The well-known mathematician, Dr. Babbage, was so struck with the immense power represented by the tides of the ocean that his calculation was that, if the tides of the Atlantic Ocean alone were stored up twenty-four hours and converted into mechanical force, the power would be sufficient to drive all the machinery existing in the world at that time for 175,000,000 years! Since that time Professor Silvanus Thompson, the celebrated mathematician, stated in a lecture that at Bristol the displacement of the volume of water up and down each tide was represented by a force of twenty billion foot-pounds of energy each year, or fifty billion foot-pounds at the mouth of the river, which is five miles distant.

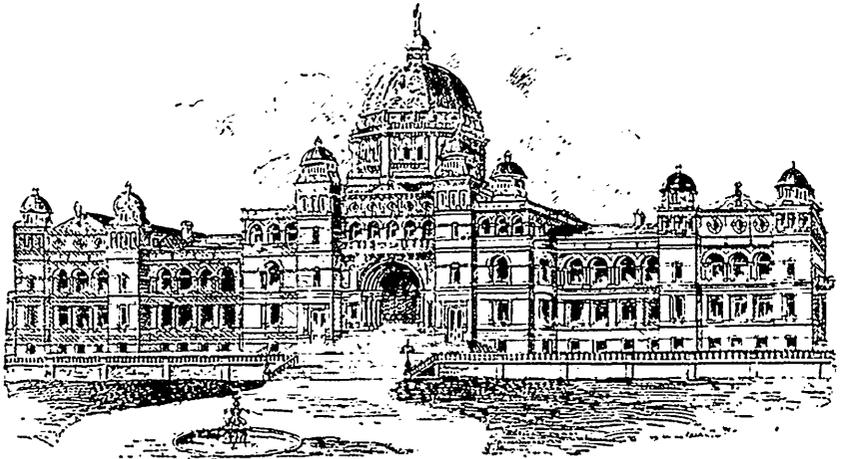
A tenth part of the tidal energy in the gorge of the Avon, the Professor states, would light the city of Bristol, and a tenth part of the tidal energy in the channel of the Severn would light every city in Great Britain, and in addition turn every loom spindle and axle in the United Kingdom. E. Davies describes the apparatus he has devised to get continuous power from the tides, night and day; he had kept a dynamo running without stop for months.

THE THIRD RAIL VERSUS THE TROLLEY.

Several important questions were settled by the experiment tried by President Clark of the road from Berlin to Hartford, Conn. The current was carried by a third rail. Thirteen miles of track were covered in eighteen minutes without intermediate feeders, thus demonstrating that cars can be operated from a central power-house in any direction for thirteen miles, or in a straight line twenty-six miles. Further, it was shown that trolley roads can no longer hope to parallel and compete with the old steam roads; for the latter, by simply laying a third rail and erecting a power-house, and providing suitable equipment, can run electrical cars on schedule time more swiftly, comfortably and cheaply than is possible by trolley on the highway. Indeed, this service can be operated, it is claimed, at one-fifth the cost of a trolley-line. More than this, the experiment demonstrates that the inevitable change from steam to electricity can be made on all our great trunk roads at the convenience of their managers, and with no interference with the schedule-running of trains. The days of the locomotive are numbered. Within a few years electricity will displace steam on all our great trunk lines.—*Zion's Herald*.

Stone-wood or xylolith (a word from *xulon*, wood, *lithos*, stone) is produced from sawdust and magnesia by Dr. Otto Lehnig. The mixture is highly heated and subjected to a pressure of 150 atmospheres. The product can be worked with tools, like hard-wood, but it does not burn, nor absorb moisture, nor warp. It is produced in different colours and patterns, in plates of all sizes, and is particularly adapted for use in buildings. It is very hard, and it is claimed will not wear smooth in steps and similar places. The two ingredients are cheap and the cost need not be high.

Current Topics and Events.



LEGISLATIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A DIAMOND JUBILEE MEMORIAL.

A significant celebration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee has been arranged by the residents of British Columbia, in the opening, on June 21, of the new legislative and administrative buildings, which have been in progress of erection during the past three years. The design, material and labour are all home productions, and the total cost of the building has been considerably less than \$1,000,000.

The sandstone, granite and marble of which the walls are formed abound in the province, and come straight from the quarries; native cedar, maple and oak, are combined in the interior furnishings; even the roof of slate and the dome of copper are British Columbia materials, while Canadian brains designed the imposing pile, and Canadian hands executed the well-considered plans. The architect is Mr. F. M. Rattenbury, of Vancouver. His design for the British Columbia public buildings was chosen from among sixty-seven competing sets from all parts of the world. Broadly, the buildings are arranged in three groups—the centre or principal building comprising six departments so arranged that whilst each of the three wings will be a perfect and complete building erected independently of the others, they will, when completed, form one structure. The length of the central building is 288 feet, with a maximum depth of

200 feet, and with the colonnades and side wings added the length of the facade is 500 feet. The buildings cover an area of 5,000 square yards, or more than an acre, while the great dome—to the top of the colossal copper figure of Capt. Geo. Vancouver, which surmounts it—is over 150 feet above the ground floor.

OTHER JUBILEE MEMORIALS.

It is characteristic of the Queen's kind heart and judgment that she requested that the memorials of her Diamond Jubilee should take, as far as possible, the form of works of charity and philanthropy. In harmony with this, many generous donations have been received for hospitals and other houses of mercy. In this country the Victorian Order of Nurses, proposed by the Countess of Aberdeen, is receiving generous recognition. Few things appeal more to one's sympathy than the sick and the suffering, especially in remoter parts of the country. Few things will contribute more to their benefit than creating an order of trained nurses who shall be able to bring the ministry of healing to the humblest home. In this order provision is made for the recognition of existing organizations, as the deaconesses of our own and other Churches.

The Conferences have also recognized the claims of the Barbara Heck Hall as

a memorial at once of our august sovereign and of the untitled woman who, in the providence of God, was the mother of Methodism on this continent.

accomplished Inspector of Public Schools for the city of Toronto, has a continental reputation as an authority on educational questions. We are apt to feel proud, and



LAMBETH PALACE.

The approaching conference of bishops of the Anglican Church throughout the world which will take place this summer will draw all eyes on the ancient Lambeth Palace, the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is almost opposite the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, a little higher up the river.

The building has beautiful grounds, lawn, shrubbery and garden, where very charming garden parties are given by the Archbishop. It has also a very noble library, and quaint old reception rooms and chambers. Of special interest is the Lollards' Tower, at the extreme left. The cells in which those sufferers for conscience' sake were immured may still be seen, and the rings and bolts by which they were confined. For this cut we are indebted to the *Flag*.

MANUAL TRAINING.

The admirable article on "Manual Training" in this number cannot fail to be of great value to all interested in the development of our educational system. The writer, Mr. James L. Hughes, the



JAMES L. HUGHES, ESQ.,
Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.

justly so, of the educational system of Ontario, whose foundations were laid so broad and deep and stable by that patriotic Canadian, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson. It has been steadily "broadening down from precedent to precedent," and will continue, we trust, to evolve new growth with the passing years. We regard the general adoption of the system of manual training as one of the most valuable of these developments.

In this respect, the little kingdom of Norway and Sweden has surpassed us. The "Sloyd" System, as there employed, has proven of wonderful advantage as an educational method. We trust that Inspector Hughes' philosophical paper will lead to early action in extending this system in Canada. His cogent statement of the advantages of this system in this magazine are especially worthy of consideration.

THE CONFERENCES.

The annual Conferences are occasions of very special interest. Most of them meet in the leafy month of June, the loveliest in the year. The charming

spring weather and the orchards all abloom heighten the enjoyments of travel and sojourn at the Conference town. To many of the ministers this annual trip is almost the only holiday season of the year—the time when the o'erstrung bow is unbent, and the tension of toil and study is relaxed. It might be thought that a week's busy occupation in Conference and committees, besides evening meetings, is not very restful; but the very change of occupation is a rest, and the social and religious enjoyments of the occasion are an inspiration and delight. To meet brethren with whom one has laboured in religious work in other days, to renew one's youth in remembrances of the distant past, to trace God's goodness in His guidance and protection through the vale of years—these are pleasures that only the veteran in the service can fully know.

The religious services of the Conference are times of rich refreshing. This is especially the case with that time-honoured service, the Conference love-feast. Few persons can hear unmoved the experience of the gray-haired veterans, as they recount the trials and the triumphs of their pilgrimage. Many are the hearty *Amens* and *Hallelujahs* and glorious bursts of song that go up to God from glad hearts in this hallowed service. The reception of young men who have completed their probation is also an occasion of the profoundest interest. The new recruits for the perpetual crusade against sin and Satan, as they buckle on their harness, are full of holy zeal and courage, and receive a hearty welcome to the ranks by the old veterans, who for many a year have borne the brunt of the battle. On Sunday, at the ordination service, they receive the accolade of their spiritual knighthood, and are enrolled as faithful soldiers of Christ's militant host.

A solemn hour also is that when the question, "Who have died during the year?" is asked. One by one their names are called over—the old, who, like a ripe sheaf, have been gathered home; the young, who have been smitten into immortality in their early prime. Words of loving eulogy are spoken, often with tearful eyes and broken voice—tributes of affection and regret by their comrades in the war; and then the living address themselves with renewed consecration to the unending battle for God and for His cause.

The hour of supreme interest to many, however, is that, generally late at night

on the day before the Conference closes, when the stations are read. All through the Conference, that solemn conclave, the Stationing Committee, which holds in its hands the destinies of so many households, is an object of not unnatural solicitude. The ministers would be either more or less than men if, with all the family interests involved and the welfare of those dearer than themselves, notwithstanding all their trust in a guiding and controlling providence, they did not feel a degree of solicitude concerning the decisions of that important body. Those decisions are often and inevitably disappointing. It is impossible to always meet the wishes of ministers, or to resist the pressure of lay deputations. But we think all will agree that the best judgment and most godly motives are the grounds of those decisions.

At last comes the hour for reading the stations. Every man is in his place, some, perhaps, to learn for the first time their destiny for the year—often involving the sundering of tender ties, a long and tedious journey, the seeking of a new home among strangers, and unknown hardships for wife and children in the future. Small wonder that there is felt a considerable degree of concern. The Secretary reads the decrees of the Book of Fate which he holds in his hand. Not a murmur is heard. Not a protest is made against the decisions which so vitally affect these men in their most intimate personal relations. Does the world ever witness a more sublime spectacle? Of the over twenty thousand Methodist ministers stationed in the United States and Canada last year, we believe that scarcely any refused to go to their posts. This fact alone is an ample vindication of the advantages of the itinerancy.

Some features of special interest mark the Conferences of the current year. Among the most striking of these were the spontaneous outbursts of loyalty finding expression in the hearty singing of "God Save the Queen," in response to the stirring addresses of our General Superintendent, and in their patriotic addresses laid at the foot of the throne.

The heroic efforts of the brethren of the British Columbia Conference to sustain their young college of the Pacific slope, keep up the traditions of the former times when, the Methodist preachers of this country, poor in purse but rich in faith, sixty years ago laid the

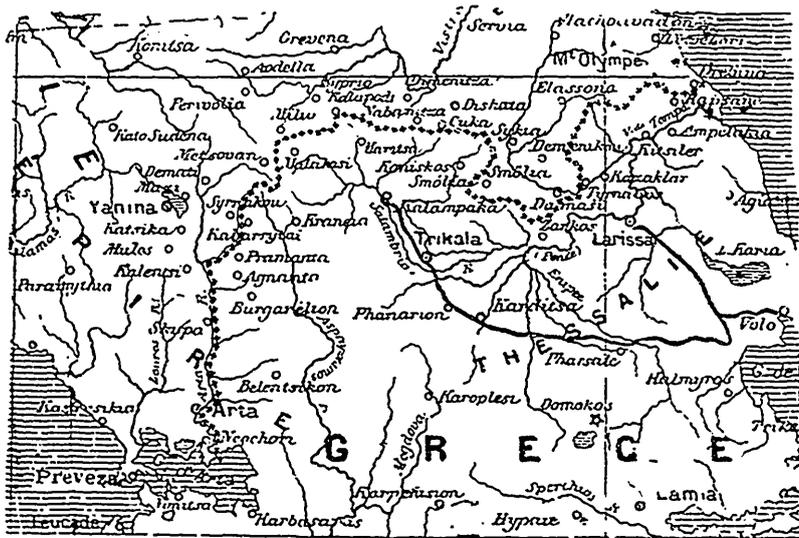
foundation of their college system in our veteran Victoria University. Nor has similar devotion to the higher educational and spiritual interest of the Church been lacking any time since.

The incidental questioning of the orthodoxy of the honoured Chancellor of Victoria University is not to be taken seriously. One has only to read his trenchant review of Dr. Goldwin Smith's "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," as strong as it is tender and loving in spirit, to see that he is a champion of the faith once delivered to the saints. No man, we believe, in universal Methodism has a stronger grip on the great essentials of the faith, a clearer insight into their spiritual relations, a more devout and reverent love of truth, than Chancellor Burwash. It is an inspiration which they shall never forget to the successive classes of students sitting at his feet. They find in him a man of Petrine strength, of Pauline learning, of Johannean tenderness. It is an incalculable blessing to our Church to have at the head of Victoria University a man of such Christly spirit and commanding influence. The occurrence of the Toronto

Conference incident since the above was in type does not, in our judgment, affect this statement.

We have not yet learned the total result of the year's labour in the increase of membership. But the work of the year cannot be thus adequately tabulated. Many thousands have been trained up in our schools and homes in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Many thousands have, through its ministry, been built up in the faith into strong and stalwart Christian character. And many thousands more have gone to enrich the skies. Notwithstanding these signs and seals of God's approval and blessing, we covet yet, as a Church, more abundant results and larger triumphs of the truth. This is the supreme object of our existence as a Church in this land. Without these spiritual results we have no adequate reason for our existence. In vain is all our organization, our machinery; our preaching, teaching, and prayers; our schools and colleges and churches; unless the Word come "in demonstration of the Spirit and in power," and "in mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God."

The World's Progress.



GREEK AND TURKISH FRONTIER.

AFTER THE WAR.

One result of the Greco-Turkish war has been to rehabilitate the tattered reputation of the "unspeakable Turk."

The Turk is a good fighting animal, and there are vast hordes of semi-barbarous Khurds and Bashi-Bazouks, like hounds in leash, eager for the fray. This brute

force seems to be the kind which is in highest esteem among the Great Powers. During the nearly four and a half centuries of Turkish occupation of Europe they have brought a blight on every country they have dominated. Of them as of Atilla it may be said, no grass grew where his horse's hoofs trod. This great Empire has shrunk from the walls of Vienna almost to the walls of Constantinople, but the recent fortunes of war have added much to the swagger and conceit of the Turks. Nevertheless, we hope that it will be forever impossible for them to retain the plains of Thessaly which their hordes have overrun. The accompanying map shows the present frontier, whose sinuosities are supposed to follow the strategic lines of defence of either side.

THE CZAR AND THE KAISER.

As concerns the Great Powers, the effect of the campaign seems to have been the aggrandizement of Russia at the expense of others. "The really impracticable person in the whole concert of Europe," says an acute observer, "has been the young Kaiser of Germany. This young man, endowed with very moderate abilities, and inflated with most inordinate self-esteem, sees in the Sultan a sovereign whose power is untrammelled by the vulgar voices of the common people, and on this ground a sovereign to be aided in every way." The German people have tolerated his bumptiousness largely as representing a successive military dynasty, but there are not wanting indications that their patience is exhausted. In a recent military pageant the Emperor was hissed and hooted by the populace, and the growth of the Socialistic section in the Reichstag gives promise of trouble in the not distant future. It is significant that at a time when the world-wide British Empire is paying its tribute of love and homage and reverence to its revered and honoured sovereign, to which almost every foreign nation adds its tribute of respect, the youthful Kaiser is making himself equally odious at home and abroad.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

The Plebiscite, it seems, is likely to be postponed for another year. This, perhaps, was inevitable, as there was not time to prepare a voting list which should do justice to the great number of persons entitled to the franchise of this im-

portant question. The year of waiting need not be wasted. The more discussion there is upon this subject the better for the cause of Prohibition. Such discussion is a great moral education of the people.

Our Conferences have spoken out strongly against the preposterous suggestion of the representatives of the liquor traffic to tack on the question of direct taxation to the vote of Prohibition. There are many ways of raising the revenue apart from this. Mr. Spence's lucid argument shows that the deficit in the revenue caused by Prohibition could be obtained by the additional duty of only half a cent on sugar, sixteen cents on tobacco, and seven cents on coffee and tea. But even if direct taxation were involved it would amount to only \$1.05 per head, and the diminution of the want and waste and woe, the crime and poverty, caused by the liquor traffic would add enormously to the prosperity and the wealth of the nation.

ENGLAND IN AFRICA.

Great Britain is already the paramount authority in Africa from Cairo to the Cape. Paul Kruger is astute enough to know how far it is safe to strain relations with the Suzerain of the Transvaal. His cancelling of the press censor-ship and some other obnoxious restrictions, his proposal to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, and the appointment of such a judicious Governor as Sir Alfred Milner, prepare the way for better relations with the Boers. Oom Paul doubtless estimates the bumptious Kaiser at his true worth. The Power that could not send a ship, or a single company of spiked helmets to Crete, could not risk much for the Transvaal.

It is reported that Portugal has leased Delagoa Bay to England for £16,000,000. At all events the presence of a strong British fleet there intimates that no one else shall exploit it. It is significant that the British fleet in the Mediterranean, without weakening the channel squadron, was equal to that of all the other Powers together.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

It is a significant thing that in this Queen's Jubilee year, notwithstanding the prolonged financial stringency which has affected almost the whole world, the revenues of Great Britain exhibit such a large surplus following a series of surpluses, and this, in a country of limited area

with a soil which has been cropped for two thousand years, and a climate often unpropitious to agriculture. By her free trade, in competition with all nations, whom she bids welcome to her markets, she is the foremost manufacturer and carrier in all the world. Her ships are on all the seas, her consuls in every port, her trade and commerce reaches to every land.

On the other hand, the United States, with vast natural resources, with, in the West and South, a virgin soil of richest character, with wealth of field and forest and mine, iron and coal, gold and silver, copper and lead, far beyond the mother country, yet exhibits prolonged financial depression, creating popular restiveness and discontent, and the vagaries of Populism, free silverism, and other nostrums for the healing of the ills of the body politic.

These are not the words of an unsympathetic alien, they are the language of a leader of the great Republican Party, the Postmaster-General of the United States under President Harrison, and one of the ablest men in the country. In a recent speech before the Business Men's League of Philadelphia, Mr. John Wanamaker said: "Hardly any noticeable improvement of the wretched times is manifest. Idleness and want breed a bitter discontent, which will never be overcome until there are ample employments. The foes America has to fear are not the sullen, savage Turks, nor the insurrectionists of Cuba, nor the territory-grasping British, but they are our own patient and heart-tired people, our own suffering, much promised people, who, betrayed and disheartened, no longer have faith in their party, and will turn to any leaderships that offer promise of better times, believing that worse times can never come than those now existing. It is a terrible thing to observe public sentiment adrift and uncaptured and the people sweeping away from their affection to the old party.

"The political religion of the nation is falling lower and lower under insults to intelligence, violation of law, reckless daring of unscrupulous bosses. There

are immeasurable depths of misfortune for this nation and State if the continued use of corporate and public moneys and the disposition of federal and state patronage continues to be controlled in the interest of office-holders to hold office for themselves and to benefit those who desire to keep government contracts or maintain particular protections through the money by which elections are decided. Laws continually despised and disregarded, legislation conceived for blackmailing purposes, speculation by public officials in trust and other stocks, while tariffs and other financial bills are pending, must surely and irrevocably alienate the people from their party and awaken a disposition and desperation to substitute almost any wild and untried leadership with the hope of possible relief."

The commercial system of the United States has driven its ships almost entirely off the seas. Last year not a single vessel bearing the American flag passed through the Suez Canal, the year before only a couple of yachts and one steamer. Its fertile lands are nearly all taken up, its immigration is falling off this year by 100,000. Now is Canada's opportunity to offer to the world the free-grant lands of our fertile North-West. We are glad that there is no retaliation in our tariff on the exclusive tariff of the United States. For the bulky articles of lumber and coal, and other raw material, our southern neighbours could offer a splendid market greatly to their own advantage as well as ours. But in the great food products of this country, its grains, its fish, its fruits, its live-stock, they are our rivals in the great markets of the world. We have already captured the cheese market of Great Britain, and supply ten times as much as the much larger nation. Let us rely upon our own resources, and in the great markets of the world Canadians need fear no competition from our American kinsmen, or any other rivals in trade or commerce. Canada's true policy is to knit more closely, as she is doing, the strong ties, commercial, social, and political, which unite us to the motherland.

MAN.

A sacred spark created by His breath,
The immortal mind of man His image bears;
A spirit living 'midst the forms of death,
Oppressed, but not subdued, by mortal cares.

—*Sir H. Dary.*

Book Notices.

Life After Death, and the Future of the Kingdom of God. By BISHOP LARS NEILSON DAHLE, Knight of St. Olaf. Translated from the Norse by the REV. JOHN BEVERIDGE, M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. 455.

The republic of letters has become world-wide. Scholarship and literary genius is of no nationality. Here, at least, is recognized the Federation of the Race, the Parliament of Man. A striking illustration of this is the volume above named. Dr. Dahle was born in 1843 of peasant parents in Norway. As a young man he went as a missionary to Madagascar and laboured for fourteen years in the translation of the Bible from the originals into the Malagasy. At the age of thirty-four he was appointed Bishop of the Norwegian Church in Madagascar. In spite of his episcopal and missionary labours he was the author of many books, and in recognition of the valuable services he has rendered to missions and literature, he received from King Oscar the knighthood of St. Olaf. It is fitting that the country which gave the earliest translation of the Scripture into the Gothic tongue, that of Bishop Ulfilas, who, in the fourth century, formed the written language of Norway, should give the oracles of God to the heathen of Madagascar. The present masterly treatise on the "Kingdom of God upon Earth and in Heaven" is one which we shall put into competent hands for a more full and adequate review than there is space for in this number.

Messages of To-day for the Men of To-morrow. By GEO. C. LORIMER, D.D., minister at Tremont Temple. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Toronto: William Briggs.

"I have written unto you, young men," said the Apostle, "because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." Similar is the message of the minister of Tremont Temple to the young men of the twentieth century, on whose threshold we stand. It is young men who are largely carrying on the world's work. In factory, and in shop and store, in counting-house and field, young men are taking up the burden of life and grappling with its problems. The organization of the young life and young blood of all the churches

for Christian culture and Christian service is one of the marked features of the day. They are heirs of all the ages, foremost in the files of time. They have a greatness of opportunity and a greatness of reward the world never knew before.

This is a book of eminently wise counsels. Its literary form is exceedingly attractive. There is about it an eloquence born of intense convictions, a wisdom the result of wide observation and experience, and a presentation of noble moral ideals, which if followed will ennoble and dignify life and character. Among the subjects treated are:—The Cherishing of Ignoble Ambitions—Migrating to the City—Overvaluing Athletic Sports—Seeking Something for Nothing—Living Beyond Their Means—Achieving Worldly Success—Bad Company—Good Books—Dealing Honestly with Time—Religion. It is one of the best books for young men that we know. It is not one of dry-as-dust didactic counsels, but one largely of teaching by concrete example, by illustration from history and literature.

The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah.

By ALFRED EDERSHEIM, M.A., Oxon., D.D., Ph.D., Grinfield Lecturer of the Septuagint, Oxford; and late Warburtonian Lecturer at Lincoln's Inn. Toronto: William Briggs. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. 1,570. Price, \$2.00 net.

This book, one of the greatest and one of the best of the many lives of our Lord, is a miracle of cheapness. How these two bulky, well-printed volumes can be published for the price is a marvel. The first edition was the result of seven years' work of the learned author, and in subsequent editions much labour has been added. The book is constructed on the thoroughly scientific principles of modern, inductive, historical study. It describes first the preparation for the Gospel, and gives a vivid picture of the Jewish world in the days of Christ, the Jewish dispersion both in the east and the west, the Jewish communities in Alexandria and Rome, Hebrew literature and the Septuagint and Apocrypha, the development of Hellenism in its relation to Rabbinism and the Gospels, and to the political and religious life of the Jews.

The author gives a vivid picture of the

intense bigotry and zealot patriotism of the Jews, and of the hatred which they inspired in the Romans. The wealth of Jerusalem in the time of the Herods was extraordinary. For forty years enormous sums were spent in building the temple and the royal palaces. It was an age of lavish luxury. Silk was paid for by its weight in gold, and other luxuries at ten times that rate. Yet the cost of living for the poor was but very low. A complete suit for a slave would cost less than five dollars. A calf could be bought for four dollars, and a goat for one dollar, and lambs sometimes as low as sixpence. Meat was about a penny a pound. A man might get lodgings for sixpence a week.

The study of this book will do much to give vividness to one's conceptions of the life and times and work of Jesus, and to give freshness and force to the exposition of the preacher's great and exhaustless theme. Numerous appendixes, nineteen in all, and copious indexes enhance the value of this noble work.

Manitoba Memories. Leaves from My Life in the Prairie Province, 1868-1884. By REV. GEORGE YOUNG, D.D., Founder of Methodist Missions in the Red River Settlement. With an Introduction by REV. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, General Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. With portraits and illustrations. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$1.00.

This is a contribution of no small value to the history of the Prairie Province, especially of the stirring scenes of the Rebellion and of the tragic death of Thomas Scott. Dr. Young's memory will forever be cherished as that of the founder of Methodism in the Red River Settlement, which he has seen in thirty years grow from a frontier village to a busy city. He played the part of patriot during Riel's first rebellion, and interceded for the life of Scott, and gave spiritual counsel during his imprisonment and stayed by him to the last.

Dr. Young records also the "fizzle and farce" of the Fenian Raid of 1871, and recounts the material and moral development of our great North-West. The book is of fascinating interest and gives authentic information not elsewhere to be obtained on the stirring events of the early history of Manitoba. It is handsomely printed, with numerous portraits and other engravings.

The Life and Work of D. J. Macdonnell, Minister of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto. William Briggs, Publisher.

This volume of biography, which will be of particular interest to adherents of the Presbyterian Church, and of scarcely less interest to those of other Christian denominations, has been prepared principally by Mrs. Robert Campbell, of Montreal, sister of the late eminent pastor and divine, and Prof. J. F. McCurdy, LL.D., of University College, Toronto, who has in charge the editorial supervision of the book. The work is intended to convey an accurate idea of the character and career of this singularly gifted man; and will, besides, contain a full history of St. Andrew's Church under his pastorate, an account of the various agencies for good both within and outside of his congregation which he founded or mainly promoted, and of the public movements in which he took part. Appended to the biography proper will be a selection of Mr. Macdonnell's discourses and prayers. A number of portraits and illustrations will add to the appearance and interest of the volume. The universal esteem in which Mr. Macdonnell was held ensures a welcome for what promises to be an able and interesting sketch of his life and work.

Methodist Year Book, 1897. A. B. SANFORD, D.D., Editor. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 15 cents.

This little book is a record of the remarkable progress of Methodism, not only of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but of Methodism throughout the world. It is packed full of information, facts, and figures, which should furnish a cure for any dyspeptic pessimist who considers that former days were better than these.

For Closer Union: Some Slight Offerings to a Great Cause. By FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON, Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia. Halifax: A. & W. Mackinlay. Price, 25 cents.

The feeling in favour of the Federation of the Empire has received of late an enormous impulse. This Jubilee Year of Her Gracious Majesty witnesses a still further development of this sentiment. We hail with pleasure anything that contributes to the integration of that greater Britain which belts the globe. Mr. Crofton's pamphlet is an admirable historic review of the movement, with cogent reasons for its speedy consummation.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

There is a net increase of full members of 3,520, with 632 on trial and 1,620 junior members.

During the month of May various anniversaries were held. The Missionary Breakfast was more than usually enthusiastic, and was addressed by returned missionaries solely.

The annual meeting proper was held in Exeter Hall from eleven until two o'clock, and then adjourned to Wesley's Chapel in the evening. Happily there is no diminution of income from the ordinary sources, though large amounts have been contributed on behalf of the Indian Famine Fund and the reduction of the debt.

The editor of the *Methodist Times* contends that Methodists ought to be as liberal in their support of missions as the Moravians, and if they were there would be 7,257 Wesleyan missionaries, and the income would be \$5,110,000. "We are still only playing at missions."

The London Mission is flourishing, though a deficit of income is reported, still the erection of a large mission hall to accommodate 2,000 people has been undertaken.

The Home Missionary Anniversary is increasingly popular. There was a tinge of sadness arising from the death of the zealous secretary, Rev. J. E. Chapman.

The Children's Home meeting was numerously attended. A rector of the Anglican Church, a son of an early Methodist minister, delivered an earnest speech, and as his parish is in the East of London, he could testify to the need and excellency of the Children's Home. Dr. Stephenson always secures gifted ministers from various denominations to aid him at his annual meetings. He has been requested to send a deaconess to New Zealand to take charge of a home and train workers in that colony.

The Manchester Mission retains its popularity. The noon-day meeting is still held. The mission has the largest congregation of any Methodist church in the world. It is said to be never less than 4,000 in Free Trade Hall, which is the head of one branch of the mission.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Those who read the Plan of the Annual Conferences can form some idea as to the extent of the Church. Between August 19th and December 16th fourteen bishops are to hold sixty-four conferences. Bishops Goodsell and Joyce will hold twelve Conferences in foreign lands.

Between two and three thousand converts are reported in the Sweden Conference. Upsala, the university town, has been most graciously visited.

The state of education among the negro children in the United States is most encouraging. There are 1,416,202 such children in the public schools, and of these 1,329,018 are in the public schools of the sixteen Southern States. A generation ago it was a penitentiary offence in all the South to educate a negro.

The *Bombay Guardian* says: "We could mention several Christian women who are receiving starving widows or orphans by the dozen on their own responsibility, without any guaranteed means for their support, but in faith in Him whose Book says, "Pure religion . . . is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," etc. One of these heroines is clearing her drawing-room to increase her accommodation for those who are "ready to perish," and is selling its furniture to help support them.

Rev. Henry J. Piggott, at the Wesleyan Mission in Central and Northern Italy, has undertaken to fill the Chair of Systematic Theology in the Methodist Theological School in Rome. In return for his services the students of the Wesleyan mission are to attend the school on the same terms as those of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Easter Sunday in future is to be set apart as the Children's Missionary Day throughout the whole Church.

The South India Conference has a native member who preaches effectively in five different languages. Four others preach in three languages each, and eight languages are used in the Conference.

Dr. Mary Carleton, of Foochow, tells of a Bible-woman who receives one dollar per month for her services, and with that must support herself, her invalid husband, and an idiotic son.

Dr. George W. Peck, says, "It took the whole of the first hundred years after the birth of Christ to gather 500,000 Christian adherents in the whole world. Now we are gathering 100,000 converts each year in the foreign missions alone."

In the year 1800, before the era of foreign missions began, there were 200,000,000 Christian adherents in the whole world. The next ninety years of this great missionary century showed a total increase of adherents to Christianity of 270,000,000. Surely in view of these facts none will dare say that missions are a failure.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

The income for foreign missions from all sources for the past year is \$244,462, increase, \$7,105; Woman's Board, \$81,916; Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society, \$18,000. Total, \$478,327.

In the four foreign fields there are 105 missionaries, including wives; native travelling preachers, 113; native helpers, 155; members, 8,756, increase for the year, 906; schools (day and boarding), 71, pupils, 2,081; Sunday-schools, 247, scholars, 6,862; Epworth Leagues, 19; members, 587; hospital, 1; dispensaries, 3; patients treated in 1895, 12,015; property, \$458,406.

Book Committee report: sales (total), \$326,528; profits, \$41,030.53.

Governor Stephens, the youngest governor Missouri ever had, being but thirty-seven years of age, is an accomplished Christian gentleman and is an active member of the Church in Nashville.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

It is gratifying that this centenary year, in which considerable attention will be given to finances, will be signalized for spiritual prosperity.

The Conference is to meet in Sheffield. The Wesleyan deputation appointed to convey the greetings of the parent body is to take part in the service.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

Rev. A. Baldwin, African missionary, has arrived in England, after a most painful and dangerous journey in that country. Though he has suffered much, he stated at the reception meeting held to welcome him home that he would gladly return to his mission, should the Missionary Committee deem it proper to send him, after a short furlough.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Miss Costin held a mission at Porth-

leven for ten days, during which 135 persons went into the inquiry-room.

The May Missionary Anniversary Meeting, held in Exeter Hall, was of an enthusiastic character. The speakers belonged to the Wesleyan, Primitive and Bible Christian branches of Methodism. One great attraction was the presence of his Honour Chief Justice Way. He is the son of a Bible Christian minister. His speech consisted largely of reminiscences of Methodism in the Southern world. He is hopeful of the union movement in his adopted country.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Rev. Thomas Crosby, the well-known Indian missionary, has been elected President of the British Columbia Conference; and who are more deserving of the honours which the Church can confer than missionaries who have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus? The presence of Revs. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, and Dr. Potts, Educational Secretary, was very gratifying to the Conference.

Letters have been received at the Mission Rooms from Rev. Geo. E. Hartwell, reporting the baptism of eight Chinese converts on the preceding Sunday, and that there are quite a number of inquirers and probationers for baptism who are under instruction. The converts are displaying great zeal in missionary work, having rented a building at their own expense in one of the suburbs of Chentu. They will conduct services themselves under the direction of the missionaries until a native pastor is available.

RECENT DEATHS.

The death of Dr. William T. Aikins was learned with profound regret throughout the length and breadth of Canada and beyond. Dr. Aikins was for twenty years President of the Toronto Medical School, and under his moulding hands passed successive generations of students who are now successful practising physicians. It has been of great value to this country that such an influential position was held by a man of such pronounced Christian character as Dr. Aikins. He used his influence earnestly and persistently for the developing of Christian ideals and raising the moral standard of a noble profession. Dr. Aikins, till laid aside by his last illness, was an active member of the Metropolitan church and one of its original trustees. He rests from his labours and his works do follow him.

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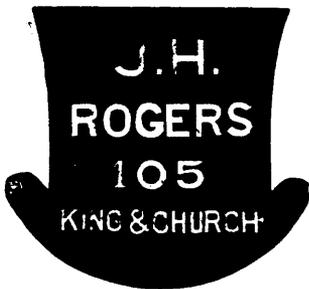


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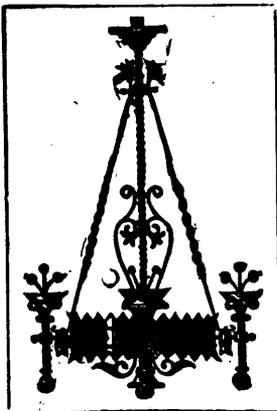
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By the late **W. A. Calnek.**

EDITED AND COMPLETED BY

A. W. SAVARY, M.A.,

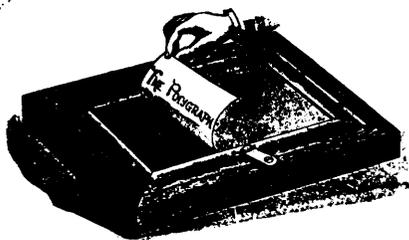
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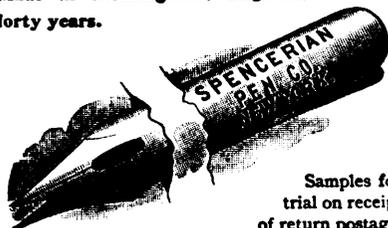
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