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

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THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.—BY GUSTAVE DORE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JANUARY, 1897.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.*



CRUSADERS' ARMOUR.

The Holy Land! Memories the most sacred, the most tender, and the most thrilling, cause the very name to call up before us a vista of the past, such as no other land possesses. As we muse upon the words, we hear the singer's harp and the prophet's lyre, and we catch echoes of the apostle's eloquence; there rise up memories of men and women whose stories are the world's best treasure; the forms of Abraham, of Samuel, of David, and of Isaiah, sweep by in majesty; and after them, lovelier and loftier than all, we see the sublime figure of that

One for whom they looked. For that land, and it alone, has felt the footsteps of Incarnate Deity.

What a history that land has seen of peace and of turmoil, of free-

dom and of bondage, of glory and of shame. Across it has the tide of conquest rolled in every age; its plains have been enriched by the blood of many a different race. How many hearts have loved that land! Patriotism in its most ardent forms has never equalled the devotion that Israel's children have felt for Israel's soil. When within its borders, they have loved it with an intensity that made each hill a shrine, and the thought of leaving it like the thought of death. When absent from it, in their repeated exiles, their hearts have gone out to its mountains and its valleys, its skies and its streams, with yearnings that could not be expressed. Wherever they have sojourned, it has still been to them their only home, and to-day, in every clime, a scattered nation loves it of all lands alone. They dream of the promised time when it shall be their own abode again, and, when their lives are closing, they journey thither with tottering limbs, to die, because they think the sleep of the grave is sweeter there.

* "The Children's Crusade, an Episode of the Thirteenth Century." By George Zabriskie Gray. Boston: Houghton, Millin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

The chief authority for the following narrative is Canon Gray's interesting volume, whose merit is indicated by the fact of its having reached its eleventh edition. Canon Gray gives a list of thirty old Latin chronicles, six of which were contemporaneous with the "The Children's Crusade," which he studied for its history. The following sketch is told, as far as possible, in the very words of Canon Gray's book.

F. E. W.

How many feet have sought that land! The pathways to it from every part of the earth have been worn by the staves and the footsteps of pilgrims. In the front we see the venerable form of him who, "when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed, and he went out, not knowing whither he went." Thence down to these busier times, stretches the long procession of those that have travelled far, to kneel and to dwell on soil that, to the pious heart, is like no other soil. And as it has been in the past, it will be in the future. Old-

But of all the associations linked with that magic name, none are more strange than those of the wars for its liberation from the Moslem. The Crusades alone would endue any land with a deathless interest.

When the followers of the False Prophet had overcome its feeble defenders, pilgrims still sought Palestine, undeterred by the perils they might meet. But as years passed by, they were more and more oppressed and maltreated, so that they who returned brought back to Europe sad tales of suffering of the believers there, and of increasing desecration of the spots



“DEUS VULT,”—“IT IS THE WILL OF GOD!”

est shrines may be deserted, superstitions may pass away, but the sense of reverence and the power of association will never so far perish that they who have the Bible will no longer care to visit the Holy Land.

Poets may tell us of romance, but there is no romance like that of this consecrated Palestine,—consecrated by the lives that have illumined it, by the love that has been lavished on it, by the blood that has been shed for it, above all by the cross once reared in it: what land is like that ancient Canaan, which, so fair and so cherished, has given us all a name for heaven.

connected with the life and the passion of Immanuel.

At length, in the eleventh century, these reports became so numerous and so exciting, that there ran throughout Christendom a thrill of indignation. Then Peter the Hermit raised his voice to plead for the deliverance of those sacred scenes. With a voice like that of many waters came the response, “Deus Vult,”—“God wills it! God wills it!”

Thus began those wonderful wars, in which, with a devotion and persistency that are unique in history, host after host assembled, fought, and died. Even as the

billows of the sea roll, one after another, against a rocky coast, so did the noblest and best of Europe's life for more than two hundred years, rush against the exhaustless ranks of Asiatic power, and as vainly. At times success seemed near at hand, but the heathen front rolled back the tide, and stood defiant and unmoved at last.

In the words of a Byzantine princess, "All Europe was hurled upon Asia." For two hundred years, crusade after crusade went forth from England, France, Germany,

ruins in the world, over 1,000 feet long and 300 wide, with cliff-like walls 100 feet high, twice as large as that of Heidelberg, the grandest in Europe, is the Crusaders' castle, which crowns the hill twenty-five hundred feet above Baniyas, the ancient Caesarea-Philippi, the point of our Lord's most northerly excursion in Palestine.

At Tripoli, an ancient town on the Syrian coast, is the famous castle built by Count Raymond, still inhabited and in good preservation. It was one of the most



GATHERING OF THE CRUSADERS.

Hungary, Italy, to rescue from the infidel the desecrated sepulchre of Christ. Godfrey, of Boulogne, became king of Jerusalem. He refused, however, to be crowned with gold where his Saviour was crowned with thorns, and so received his royal investiture in the little town of Bethlehem.

It is a surprise to most tourists to find throughout the length and breadth of Palestine so many and such striking relics of the crusades in ruined and deserted churches and castles.

One of the most stupendous

important of all the Crusaders' fortresses, and was held by them for over one hundred and eighty years. Its stern battlements and bastions, once resounding with the clash of Christian and Moslem arms, rise in impregnable strength from a lofty hill, as shown in our engraving. From its summit one beholds a rich and varied prospect. The minarets, domes, and glittering white roofs of the city form the foreground; inland a forest of orange groves, with the Kadisha dashing down the ravine, and snow-covered Lebanon beyond.

More remarkable still is one in the Land of Moab, beyond the Jordan, the Castle of Kerak, shown in a restored condition in the accompanying large engraving. "This is a wonderful pile," says Dr. Ridgaway, "not only for the area which it covers, but for its massiveness and history. It was built

in Palestine was utterly broken. The impregnable castle, no longer defended, passed easily into the hands of the victors, and has ever since remained with their descendants."

Under the domination of the Arabs, however, it has largely gone to decay, although within thirty years the beautiful frescoes in its Gothic chapel were still to be seen.

It is an episode in the long war of the Crusades that we now sketch. We are to tell how, in this mighty movement, there was a wave of child life, to describe the part in that undying love for the Holy Land, and in the weary seeking of its shores, that has been taken by children's hearts and by children's feet.

THE MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

The first crusade of the children had its origin in France. In the quiet village of Cloyes there lived a poor shepherd lad named Stephen. One May morning, in 1112, while tending his flock, he was visited by a stranger dressed in the garb of a pilgrim returned from Palestine. The pilgrim announced himself to be Jesus Christ, described the persecution of the Christians in Palestine by

the Moslems, and commissioned Stephen to preach a crusade to the children with the promise that they should win the victory, which former crusades of soldiers and nobles had failed to gain. Furthermore, he gave the astonished youth a letter to the king of France commanding that monarch to aid the sacred enterprise.

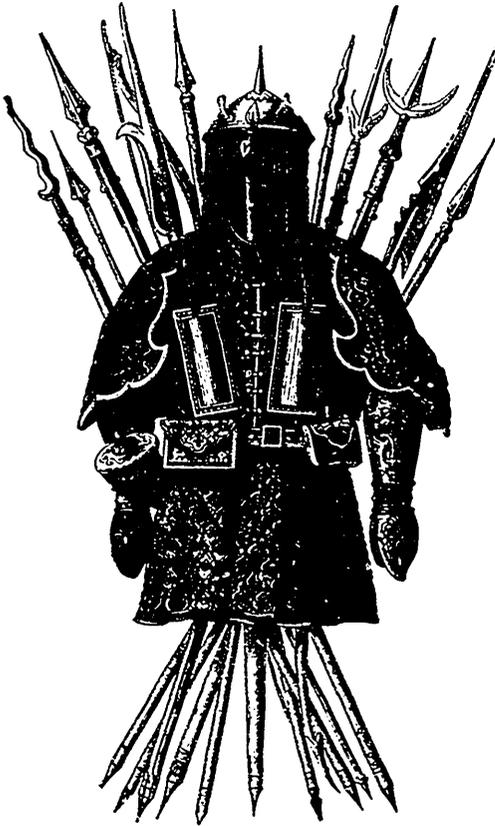


CRUSADING KNIGHTS.

under King Falco, a predecessor of Raynold of Chatillon, about A.D. 1131, and strengthened under the auspices of Godfrey de Boulogne. In 1183 it baffled the assaults of Saladin. It fell at last in 1187, only after the last bloody conflict between the Crusaders and the Moslems near the Sea of Galilee, in which the rule of the Christians

After the mysterious visitor, in reality a disguised monk, had departed, a strange conviction took hold of the shepherd lad that he was the chosen instrument of God to rescue from the infidel the land hallowed by the life of our Lord and by His sepulchre.

Stephen at once began to preach



SARACENIC ARMOUR.

a crusade to the children of his own village. A few days later we find him journeying to the city of St. Denys, near Paris, the shrine of the patron saint of France, the martyr Dionysius. According to tradition, this saint, after his execution, carried his head in his hand to the place where he wished to be buried; in evidence whereof the

effigy of St. Denys, serenely bearing his decapitated head, may still be seen on the facade of Notre Dame at Paris. To the martyr's shrine, crowded with pilgrims, came the young prophet. He contrasted its multitude of worshippers with the desolate condition of the tomb of the Saviour and made this the ground for a powerful appeal for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

At the market-place, at the cross roads, by the wayside, the young prophet preached his crusade. The enthusiasm of his youthful hearers spread like a contagion. Soon throughout the land his mission was known and the children were excited by dreams of terrestrial fame and celestial glory. From the battlemented castle, from the cheerless homes of the town-folk, from the mud hovels of the remotest hamlets, rushed the deluded children to begin a weary march from which few would ever return. It was a motley crowd that gathered, chiefly boys and girls, but containing also not a few men and women, pious dupes, or crafty thieves, praying pilgrims and vilest wretches.

From Vendome, on the Loire, where they marshalled, this strange army of thirty thousand souls set forth with oriflammes waving high in air and gilded crosses flashing in the sun. The air was filled with the sweet voices of the children whose hymns timed their march. Their route followed the ancient road across the Loire, along the Rhone to Marseilles, where they believed the sea would open to them as it had to the Israelites of old.

This host of deluded children, led by their child prophet—only twelve years old, of which age were most of his followers—trudged wearily along the then rugged roads of Central and Southern France. Unused to more than short journeys to and from the

pastures where they had tended their sheep and goats, they soon learned that if glory and honour were at the end of the pilgrimage, fatigue and suffering intervened.

Their innocence and credulity were such that often when they came in sight of an old castle or walled town, forgetful of the sea which must be crossed, they would ask, "Is that Jerusalem?" Poor little

climbed the last hilltop and saw stretched before them the cool blue sea and below them on the shore the great port of Marseilles. Halting before its gates, they asked and obtained shelter in the city. That night they went to sleep full of hope that in the morning the sea would open before them. Morning dawned, but it showed a still unsevered expanse of sea, presenting no path for the pilgrims' feet.



RUINS OF CRUSADERS' CASTLE OF ES-SUBEIBAH, NEAR BANIAS.

pilgrims, how often have children of a larger growth, as they toiled along life's highway, fancied that they beheld in some prospect before them the Jerusalem they sought!

Down through Central France they passed to Lyons, where their numbers were increased. Past broken aqueducts and roofless temples they wandered on in the beautiful country, through Vienne and Avignon and Arles, until they

Another day they tarried, and still another, but the sea remained pathless. Sore perplexed were the children. Some grew disheartened and, abandoning all hope of reaching the Holy Land, began their weary march back to their distant homes.

While the army was thus gradually melting away, like snow-drifts in the summer sun, unexpected relief came. Two wealthy merchants, who had vessels in the har-

hour, offered to convey to Palestine as many as still desired to continue their pilgrimage. The tears and disappointment of those weary and deluded children had awakened sympathy in all hearts, and had prompted these two men—their names are still preserved—to perform this deed “for the cause of God and without price.” Only five thousand, however, were willing to embark in the seven ships provided. As the ships set sail upon the unknown sea, the little pilgrims, a company on each, assembled upon the elevated “castle,” or stern of the vessel, and chanted that old hymn, sacred with the associations of centuries, “Veni Creator Spiritus.” On the cliffs crowds had assembled to watch their departure. Soon the songs grew fainter and fainter as the ships glided away. A little longer the white cross banners gleamed against the blue, and then the snowy sails faded from view like sea-birds in their flight.

After the seven ships sailed away that memorable August night they were not heard from again for eighteen years. In castle and cottage the unknown fate of the five thousand children was bemoaned by many an aching heart, as worse than death. The day of judgment alone would raise the veil from the sad mystery.

The year 1230 had come, when one day an aged priest, worn with toil and travel and years of slavery, arrived in Europe. He

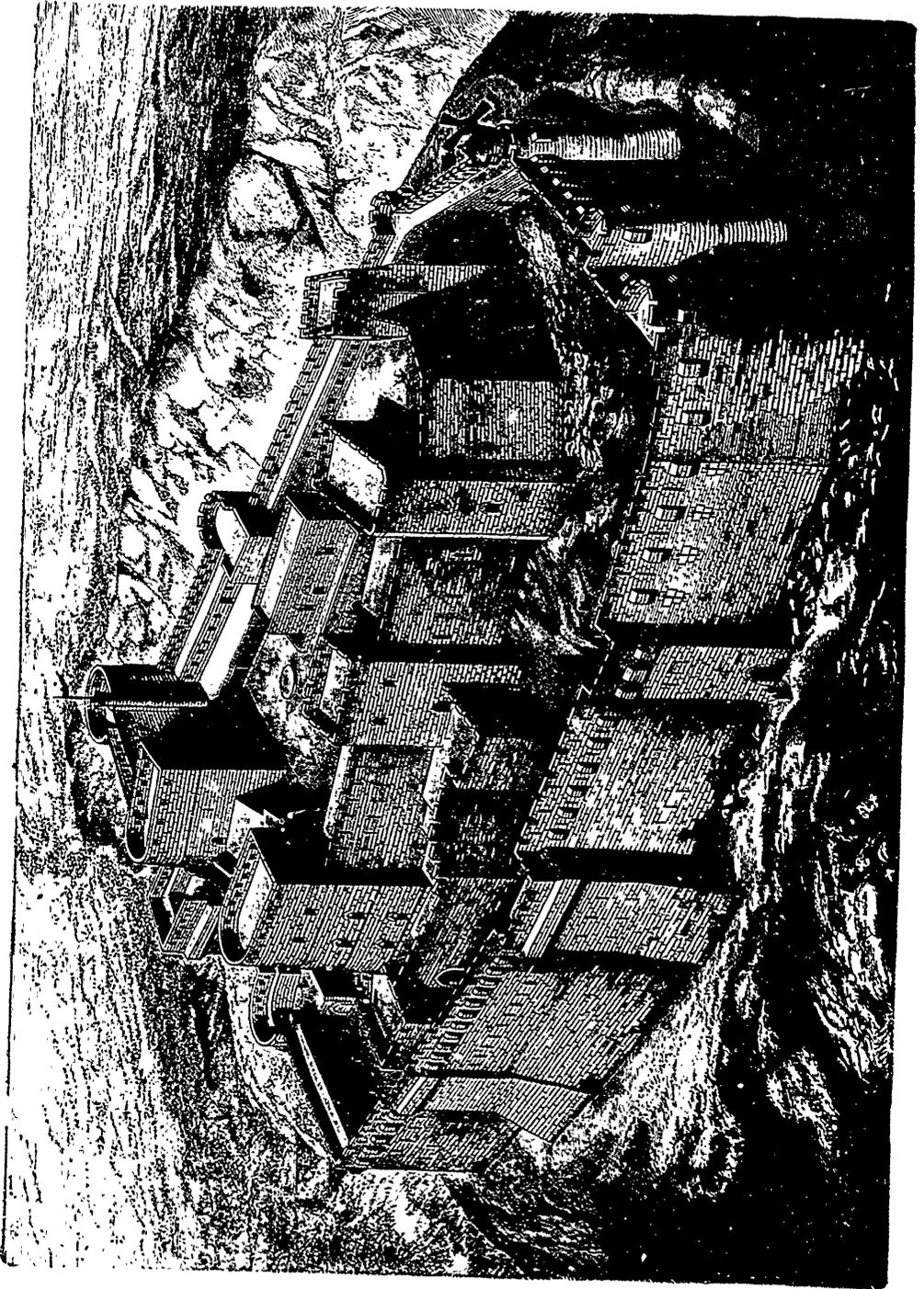
was one, he said, of those who had sailed from Marseilles in 1212. The little crusaders who set forth so happily that summer's day eighteen years before had met with a dolorous fate. Off the Isle of Falcons, to the south of Sardinia, two of the ships were wrecked and more than one thousand children were swallowed up by the sea or dashed upon the rocks: not one escaped alive.*



CRUSADER'S CASTLE AT TRIPOLI.

The children in the other five ships met with an even worse fate. Instead of being carried to the

* In memory of the shipwrecked children a church was erected on the island of San Pietro and named "The Church of the New Innocents." Here for three hundred years worship was maintained and it became a pilgrims' shrine. During the wars of the sixteenth century it was abandoned, fell into ruin and was quite forgotten. In 1867 it was re-discovered, roofless and in ruins, a symbol of the futile crusade of the innocents whom it commemorates.



EL CASERIO CASILLI AL KERAK

Holy Land, they found themselves victims of an infamous treachery. The kind merchants proved to be cruel slave dealers, who sold their hapless victims into bitter bondage—the most of them to the Moslems of Tunis. The rest were carried along the African coast to Alexandria, and were there sold to slave-dealers. Some of these were again re-sold and sent one thousand miles over land to Bagdad.

tives and looked upon Olivet in chains.

But the cup of their bitterness was not full, they must continue their march through the land once trodden by the feet of Jesus, over Mount Hermon, through ancient Damascus, across the desert sands to Bagdad on the Tigris. Here they were commanded to renounce their faith and adopt the creed of the False Prophet. This they re-



CRUSADERS' CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, AT SAL-ASTIYEH (SAMARIA).

Their route lay across the weary desert to Palestine, that Holy Land of their longings, through which they had hoped to march as conquerors, but were brought as captives. With what emotions did they behold the walls of the sacred city! Sadly were fulfilled the hopes they had often expressed in song. "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." They walked through its streets as cap-

tives and looked upon Olivet in chains. But the cup of their bitterness was not full, they must continue their march through the land once trodden by the feet of Jesus, over Mount Hermon, through ancient Damascus, across the desert sands to Bagdad on the Tigris. Here they were commanded to renounce their faith and adopt the creed of the False Prophet. This they re-

fused to do, and eighteen of those brave boys were put to death—as knightly souls as any who perished at Acre or Esdraelon. The old priest averred that of seven hundred Christian slaves in Cairo not one proved false to the faith of his childhood.

Is there a scene in history more touching than the martyrdom of these children, whom all the power of the caliph could neither tempt

nor dismay! How noble an ending of their crusade! Thus we have seen the army which left Vendome so full of hope, betrayed, scattered and enslaved.

THE MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

While this movement took place in France there was also a similar rising among the children of Germany.

The tidings of the preaching of Stephen of Cloyes quickly spread across the country until it reached the lands along the Rhine. In a small village near Cologne, there lived a boy who was to be the apostle of this crusade in Germany and play the part which Stephen acted in France. His name was Nicholas. In his case it was his father and not a crafty priest who incited him to this holy enterprise.

Inspired by religious enthusiasm Nicholas went to Cologne and there proclaimed his mission. There were the same reasons to recommend it as a suitable place for the purpose which made St. Denys such for Stephen. It was a great national shrine. Thither it was believed had been carried the bones of the Three Wise Men from the East who brought their gifts to the Babe of Bethlehem. To this sacred spot many thousands of pilgrims came every year. Marvellous was the effect of the preaching of Nicholas. He soon gathered thousands of adherents, who assembled at Cologne just as the French children had done at Vendome, and they presented just as motley an aspect.

At this point our narrative divides, for there was a division of the host into two armies. The fate of that which started under the leadership of Nicholas will be traced first.

One morning in early June, in the year of grace 1212, with banners and oriflammes and crosses upraised, at the sound of the

trumpets the strange army set forth. Vain had been the efforts to stop the enterprise. Too confident to be dissuaded, too elated to be discouraged, the band of twenty thousand children commenced its march towards Palestine. From the city walls thousands of eager eyes watched the receding army till it disappeared in the distance, their songs and their shouts sinking slowly into silence.

From the oblivion of ages there has survived one and only one of their marching hymns. It seems as a gleam of light in the darkness of the age. We give one stanza in the quaint German, and a literal translation of the hymn.

Schönster Herr Jesus,
Herrscher aller Erden,
Gottes und Maria's Sohn;
Dich will ich lieben,
Dich will ich ehren,
Du, meiner Seele Freud' und Kron.

TRANSLATION.

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
Thou of Mary and of God the Son:
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honour,
Thee my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes our saddened heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And the sparkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

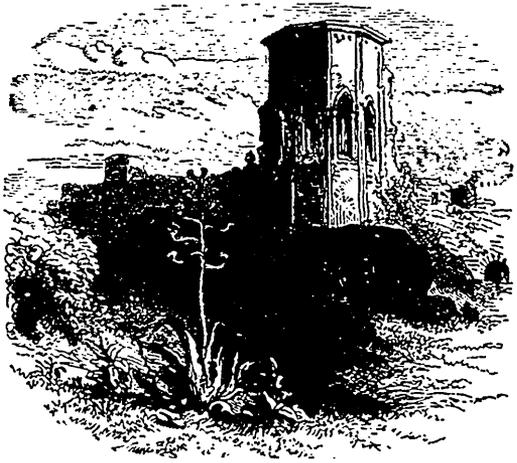
Along the Rhine, with its now legend-haunted castles, marched the children, until at length they reached the territory since called Switzerland, and beheld the Alps which rose grand and majestic before them. Weary and worn, singing and sighing, they neared the dark mountains, on whose summits rested the eternal snows. They followed the route over the

Mount Cenis Pass, which the Emperor Henry IV. had crossed at the command of Pope Gregory VII., better known as Hildebrand, his wife and child being dragged on ox-hides through the snow. Overcome with hunger and disease many deserted the ranks, but the diminished army pressed on. They often found themselves in these unpeopled regions without food save the wild fruit and berries by the wayside, and many perished by starvation.

They had left their homes in summer when their clothing was thin ; it had become scanty and ragged in the long and weary march, so that they were exposed to the full severity of the cold. Onward they toiled, hungry and tired, disheartened and dismayed by the gloomy appearance of the mountains ; on, through dense forests of pines and firs, over desolate moors, fording swift streams, and sinking into treacherous snows which froze their feet, and over jagged rocks which lacerated them. Many fell into that solemn sleep that knows no waking, and when their comrades rose to start in the morning, remained cold and stiff where they had lain down at night. Oh! it was pitiful !

The weary march over the mountains at last ended, and as they reached the summit of the pass, the plains of sunny Italy, lying far below, met their gaze. How the sight thrilled them ! How exultant grew their hearts ! Banners which had been furled in despondency were raised again to float in the seaborne air. Songs were resumed which had not been heard for many a tearful day. No more

Alps ! No more wilderness ! Only the path through the sea remains to be traversed and then they will tread the shores of Israel's land. Thus did the children exclaim as they saw the towers and palaces of Genoa, the Superb, beside the purple sea. Before its gates the army of children stood begging for admission. It was not such a band as had left the banks of the Rhine. Of the twenty thousand but seven thousand remained. Where were the rest ? They slept by every torrent, in every forest, on every hillside



CRUSADERS' TOWER, SAMARIA.

along the weary way. Only the most determined and robust were left. There stood by the walls of Genoa the flower of the youth of the Rhinelands.

They asked to be allowed to sleep within the city but a night, feeling confident, as had the French children, that on the morrow the Lord would perform his great miracle and open a way through the sea. But on the morrow the sea rolled as yesterday. No miraculous chasm yawned to receive their eager footsteps. They looked in despair out upon

the blue and sparkling waves and learned at last how terribly they had been deceived.

The more courageous determined to push on to Rome, thinking there to find the passage which they believed God had promised: but many yielded to despondency. It is even supposed that Nicholas deserted at this point, for he is not heard of again. Onward through Florence, Arezzo, Perugia, and Siena they marched, until they crossed the ruin-strewn Campagna and greeted the Eternal City. Here the children were brought before Pope Innocent III., who was never known to feel or to yield to emotions of pity or of tenderness. He ordered the young crusaders to totally abandon their enterprise, at the same time compelling them to pledge themselves to join a crusade in the future, should he call upon them. Here then is the end of the army which left Cologne under Nicholas.

The second division of the great host, assembled at Cologne, followed another route and another leader. Over this army there hangs great obscurity. The name of the leader is unrecorded. In numbers it equalled that of Nicholas, and was equally heterogeneous. Their route led through Swabia. By way of the valleys of the Main and Neckar, they reached the Danube, and through the wild ravines of the Black Forest returned to the Rhine near Constance. They then proceeded through Zurich to Lucerne, on the lovely Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. Through this glorious mountain-girdled lake they sailed in many boats and climbed the Alps by the sublime and rugged St. Gottard route, which after seven hundred years of travel is the most magnificent of the Swiss Passes.

Through scenes of unimaginable wildness, over roads which are still of frightful ruggedness, they

climbed. Avalanches and swollen streams swept some of them away. Others strayed from the path amid the mists into weird gorges, where they were inextricably lost. The Alpine rose and edelweiss were beautiful, but they could give no sympathy. Worn out and dismayed, hundreds, with children's grief and children's timidity, sobbed till they ceased to breathe. Over their remains no requiem was sung, except the voice of the torrents; no weeping was heard but the sighing of the wind.

Still the tired children pressed on, and at length the Alpine snows were passed and the sunny plains of Italy were reached. How interminable must have seemed that journey! Of course they knew nothing of geography. They only knew that if they travelled long enough, they would reach the extreme point of Italy, which was nearest to the Holy Land, and there surely God would open a path through the sea. Onward they marched, by village and town, by frequent shrine and wayside cross, by the banks of the lovely Lake Maggiore, through stately Milan, and over the even then fertile Plains of Lombardy, through Parma, Modena, Bologna—bustling mediæval cities—through the rugged Abruzzi and fever-haunted Apulia, until one day in early autumn they entered the quaint and dirty streets of Brindisi.

In this evil city many fell a prey to the surrounding wickedness and were treated with extreme cruelty. But the Bishop of Brindisi seems to have been a kind-hearted man who did all in his power to protect the little pilgrims. He advised them of the futility of their enterprise and entreated them to return to their far-off homes. But many, nevertheless, wished to persevere, and these embarked in several ships for the unknown Orient, but have never been heard of since.

They sailed away into oblivion and silence; for where they died—whether by shipwreck on some lone rock in the sea, or in slavery in heathen lands, or yet in battle with the Saracen—shall not be known until the day when “the earth and the sea shall give up their dead.”

Of the remaining children all that we know is that some remained in the cities of Italy and some wandered back to their homes, sadly realizing that it was one thing to belong to a large and enthusiastic army which was seeking to rescue the sepulchre of Christ, and another to be a de-

feated and worn-out penitent coming home. Day by day there came straggling into Cologne or the other cities from whence they had departed, groups of these victims of a sad delusion. When asked where they had been, we are told they replied they did not know; they only knew of days of varied vicissitude and peril. They had journeyed until they could journey no longer and then had turned homewards. Alas! how many Rachels were there by the Rhine and the Moselle, by the Meuse and the Lippe, who wept long years for children who should return no more!



ENGLISH CRUSADING ARMOUR.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The Old Year laid upon the portals of the Past
 A trembling hand,
 And said, “Oh! let me die and be at rest
 Within thy misty land!”
 Then all the years that lived and died before
 Reached forth and drew the wanderer safe within the door.

The New Year laid upon the portals of To-day
 A firm young hand,
 And said, “Oh! let me come and live and work
 Within thy shining land!”
 Then all the years that are to be replied,
 “This is your world,” and drew the youth inside.

—Kathleen R. Wheeler.

IN THE BLACK BELT.



I.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Black Belt is the

ubiquitous presence of "our brother in black." And a very picturesque

object he is. For "loopholed, windowed raggedness" he is not surpassed by the lazzaroni of Naples or beggars of Rome. As he stands in statue-like attitude, motionless in the blazing sunlight, he looks like a black bronze antique. There is an expression of infinite patience, almost of sadness, in his dark and lustrous eyes which one may easily fancy is the result of ages of bondage and oppression. When he speaks to you, which outside of the city he seldom does unless

first addressed, it is in a rich, velvety voice, in an obsequious, almost servile manner, and often in a rude and almost barbarous patois. But to see the negro at

his best you should see him in animated conversation with his brother black. Then he is all life and energy. His gestures are emphatic, his white teeth gleam, his dark eyes flash, his jolly laugh pours forth peal on peal in an inexhaustible flood. A very small joke causes infinite mirth, and you realize, as perhaps not before, that "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that heareth it."

The plantation negro gets much

pleasure from his weekly visits to the village or town where he does his marketing. The mule or the ox-team is then harnessed to a ramshackle old waggon capable of carrying the family, and a day is given up to the excursion. The negro is exceedingly sociable, and when he has any time on his hands, likes to go to the store, or the mill, or the railway station, or anywhere else where he can meet his fellows. Negroes who live in the small towns on the railways, spend hours

before, and their habits are a heritage from slavery days. Yet they are steadily improving. At Montgomery, Ala., a coloured man told me that his people paid taxes on \$500,000 worth of property, and that he himself paid taxes on \$20,000. Yet he had begun, he said, "without a nickel." The blacks are docile and eager to learn. Even where schools are provided throughout the "black belt," it is only at intervals between the pressing field-work of the suc-



A FAMILY PARTY IN THE BLACK BELT.

on Sundays at the stations to see the trains arrive and depart. There will be two or three hundred people lounging about the station when the train comes in. Its arrival is the event of the day, and the excitement attending it is shared almost equally by the white and coloured population.

The condition of the negroes in the new South is to the Northern tourist a problem of special interest. Since emancipation, it is true they are often thriftless and unprogressive; but so they were

cessive crops—corn, cotton, tobacco—that the young folks can go to school—about four months in the year I was told. That they have improved so much is greatly to their credit, and is an augury of still greater improvement in the future. The Sunday-school, moreover, is supplementing the deficiencies of the day-school to a considerable extent. The printed lesson leaves are a valuable means of instruction even in the hands of inexperienced teachers. I have heard coloured children in the

South respond to questions on the Bible as well as I ever heard white children.

In the thinly populated country

the 394,000 coloured people in South Carolina who could write. Since 1880, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, and the Methodist



COLOURED CONGREGATION IN THE BLACK BELT.

districts, as regards schools, the negroes are little better off than they were under the old regime. Fifteen years after the close of the war there were only 84,000 out of

Churches, as well as the American Home Missionary Societies and philanthropists in the North have given freely and worked hard for the education of the coloured peo-

ple, especially in the way of training teachers for the public schools.

The religious life of the blacks is a subject of deep interest. Intensely emotional, they are apt to be carried away by what is sometimes, it is to be feared, little better than nervous excitement. At Montgomery, Ala., the very heart of the "black belt" I witnessed far more noisy demonstra-

tions than anywhere else in the South.

There was on the part of many of the congregation a perpetual swaying of the body to and fro, accompanied by a continual chorus of ejaculations in a plaintive minor key; and all the while ran a deep undertone in a monotonous strain like the drone of a bag-pipe. The preacher favoured the excitement. His voice fell into a regular chanting cadence, a mournful minor strain impossible to describe. The responsive cries became louder and louder; several persons, all women, sprang to their feet, one after another, with impassioned gestures and ejaculations. Still the preacher went on with his weird incantation, till the confusion seemed to me to have no more religious character than the gyrations of the dancing dervishes. The more intelligent blacks disapproved of it, and said it was only the ignorant who indulged in it.

There is often a rude eloquence in the sermon that to the keen susceptibilities of the negroes is very arousing. The preachers are very fond of texts from the Revelation, and from the prophecies, and their literal application of allegorical language and of bold oriental imagery is very striking. The singing, too, is a very characteristic element in the worship—the



"WHEN CROONED AROUND THE
CABIN DOOR."

strange, sweet, plaintive strains with which the "Jubilees" have made us all familiar. They are especially fond of hymns describing the deliverance of the Israelites from the bondage of Egypt; as that beginning, "Go down, Moses," with its striking refrain, "Let my people go;" and hymns on the destruction of the Egyptians, as "Did not old Pharaoh get lost?" which they sing with enthusiasm. In the refrains every one joins, often

with swaying of the body and time-marking gestures. As a finale, they frequently all spring to their feet, and everybody shakes hands with everybody else, singing lustily all the while.

In their collections the negroes are exceedingly liberal; few white congregations, in proportion to their means, being as much so. Having fixed upon a definite sum as necessary, they keep at it till they get it. They are fond of pitting one secret or benevolent society against another, as the "Sons of Jacob" and the "Sisters of Rachel;" and amid an accompaniment of song and exhortation, and

Pharaoh, the delivery of Noah, Moses, Daniel, from their tribulations, above all, the solemnities of the Judgment Day. As crooned in the negro quarters around the open hearth, or beneath the silvery moon, or as chanted in unison at their camp-meetings, where the camp-fires flare and flicker in the evening breeze, bringing into strong relief the intense expressions of hope, or fear, or joy, or anguish, written on many a face, while all around the girdle of darkness seems to shut them in like a solid wall, and the night winds murmur through the cypress grove, the effect on their suscep-



OUTSIDE THE HARBOUR, ST. AUGUSTINE.

a good deal of chaffing and wit, the sum is almost invariably reached. Though many of this long oppressed race may not be models of honesty, thrift, and morality, yet their vices are a heritage of the dark days when no man could call aught that he had his own, and when even the sanctity of his home and the purity of his family-life were not protected. Already a great improvement is manifest, and under the regenerative influences of religion and education the negro is destined to reach a high standard of morality and intelligence.

The hymns and music of the negroes in the Black Belt have a strange, weird fascination. They deal with the most sublime and awful themes: The destruction of

tible imaginations is almost overpowering.

The following are examples of some of those strange melodies which were never composed after the manner of ordinary music, but sprang into life from the white heat of religion. fervour, some of them perhaps being echoes of strains chanted on the banks of the Senegal or Gambia, or wrung from souls writhing under the shackles of bondage:

When Israel was in Egypt's land:
Let my people go;
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go ;
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

We need not always weep and mourn,
Let my people go ;
And wear these slavery chains forlorn,
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

O take yer shoes from off yer feet,
Let my people go ;
And walk into the golden street,
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host."

The following have a plaintive
and tender refrain :

My Lord calls me,
He calls me by the thunder ;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul ;
I hain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus !
Steal away, steal away home,
I hain't got long to stay here.

When I was down in Egypt's land,
My Lord's a-writing all the time ;



When Israel was in Egypt's land : Let my people go ; Oppressed so hard they could not stand, Let my people go.



Go down, Moses, Way down in Egypt land, Tell ole Pha - raoh, Let my people go.

There is a sort of exultation in the strain, " Did not old Pharaoh get lost ?" with its weird refrain :

Old Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord,
That I should Him obey ?
His name, it is Jehovah,
For He hears His people pray.

Did not old Pharaoh get lost, get
lost, get lost,

Did not old Pharaoh get lost in
the Red Sea ?

I heard some talk of the Promised Land,
My Lord's a-writing all the time.

Oh, He sees all you do, He hears all
you say,

My Lord's a-writing all the time ;

Oh, He sees all you do, He hears all
you say,

My Lord's a-writing all the time. "

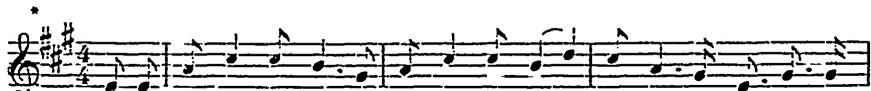
A strange cadence has the hymn
on the Parable of the Ten Virgins,
of which we give the first and last
verses and music :

Five of them were wise when the Bride-
groom came,

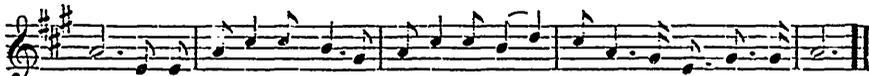
Five of them were wise when the Bride-
groom came.

O Zion, O Zion, O Zion, when the
Bridegroom came.

O Zion, O Zion, O Zion, when the
Bridegroom came.



Oh, He sees all you do, He hears all you say, My Lord's a-writing all the



time; Oh, He sees all you do, He hears all you say, My Lord's a-writing all the time.

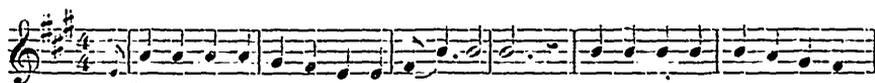
One of these strange hymns the
Hon. Fred. Douglass, Marshal
of the District of Columbia, said sug-
gested to him the thought of es-
caping slavery. They recall Long-
fellow's lines on " A Slave Singing
at Midnight."

" Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,

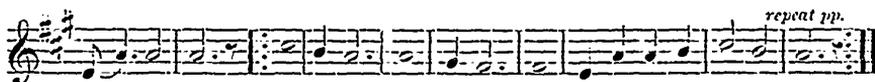
Depart, I never knew you, said the Bride-
groom, then,
Depart, I never knew you, said the Bride-
groom then.
O Zion, etc.

A sad, sweet cadence whispers in
this music :

We shall walk through the valley of death,
We shall walk through the valley in peace.



Five of them were foolish when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were foolish when the



Bridegroom came. O Zi-on, O Zi-on, O Zi-on, when the Bridegroom came.

Most of these melodies are in a
sad, minor strain, but sometimes
they ring like an exultant paean,
like the following :

Way over in the Egypt land,
You shall gain the victory,
Way over in the Egypt land,
You shall gain the day.

March on, and you shall gain the
victory,
March on, and you shall gain the
day.

Seldom, if ever, have the songs
of any race been so exclusively on
religious themes. Amid the trials
and tribulations of this life they
looked beyond the sordid present
and anticipated the glories of the
world to come.

What kind of song you going to sing?
New song!

What kind of harp you going to play?
Golden harp!

Golden harp I'm going to play,
That outshines the glittering sun.

Yes, yes, my Lord, I'm going to join
the heavenly choir,

Yes, yes, yes, my Lord, I'm a soldier
of the cross.

Oh! run up, children, get your crown,
There's a love-feast in the heaven, by-
and-bye.

And by your Saviour's side sit down,
There's a love-feast in the heaven, by-
and-bye.

There's a love-feast in the heaven, by-
and-bye, children,
There's a love-feast in the heaven,
by-and-bye.

Yes, a love-feast in the heaven, by-
and-bye, children,
There's a love-feast in the heaven,
by-and-bye.

If Jesus Himself shall be our leader,
We shall walk through the valley in peace.

There will be no sorrow there, if Jesus
Himself shall be our leader,
There will be no sorrow there, we shall
walk thro' the valley in peace.

The terrors of the Judgment are
vividly described in this hymn :

Gabriel's trumpet's going to blow,
By-and-bye, by-and-bye,
Gabriel's trumpet's going to blow
At the end of time.

Go, wake the sleeping nations,
By-and-bye, by-and-bye,
Go, wake the sleeping nations,
At the end of time.

Then, poor sinner, what will you do?
By-and-bye, by-and-bye,
You'll run for the mountains to hide you.
At the end of time.

It is utterly impossible to give
any idea of the wail and pathos of
the following chorus :

De win' blo' eas', de win' blo' wes':
It blo' like judgment' day.

O sinner, you better pray,
Do, Lawd, remember me!
Do, Lawd, remember me!

I spoke to Peter on de sea:
'E lef' 'is net an' foller me.

O sinner, etc.

More pensively is this thought
expressed in the two following
hymns, sung to a slow, sad tune :

My Lord, what a mourning,
My Lord, what a mourning,
My Lord, what a mourning,
When the stars begin to fall.

You'll hear the trumpet sound
To wake the nations under ground,
Looking to my God's right hand,
When the stars begin to fall.

You'll hear the sinner mourn,
To wake the nations under ground,
Looking to my God's right hand,
When the stars begin to fall.

You'll hear the Christians shout,
To wake the nations under ground,
Looking to my God's right hand,
When the stars begin to fall.

" He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day :
For Death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !"

You may bury my body in the Egypt
garden,
Bury my body in the Egypt garden,
Bury my body in the Egypt garden,
My soul is going to shine, shine,
My soul is going to shine, shine,
All around the heaven going to shine, shine.



SPANISH CLOISTERS, ST. AUGUSTINE.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Don't you leave me behind, oh,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Don't you leave me behind.

Good old chariot, swing so low,
Good old chariot, swing so low,
Good old chariot, swing so low,
Don't you leave me behind.

The sentiment in the following reminds us of Longfellow's noble lines in "The Slave's Dream."

The heart-breaking pathos of the following, once heard, can never be forgotten. Its strange grammar and grotesque imagery are unthought of in the tear-compelling cadence of the song :

Oh, mother, don't you love your darling child,

Oh, rock me in the cradle all the day,

Oh, mother, don't you love your darling child,

Oh, rock me in the cradle all the day.

You may lay me down to sleep, my mother dear,

Oh, rock me in the cradle all the day.

You may lay me down to sleep, my mother
dear,
Oh, rock me in the cradle all the day.

This recalls Whittier's touching poem, "The Virginia Slave Mother's Lament for her Daughters":

"Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp, dank and lone;
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them:

Oh, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love."

Like the "Dies Irae" of Thomas Celano rings the description of the Judgment in the following solemn lines:

The Lord spoke to Gabriel:
Go, look behind the altar,
Take down the silver trumpet,
Blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
Loud as seven peals of thunder:
Wake the sleeping nations.
Then you'll see poor sinners
rising;
Then you'll see the world
on fire;
See the moon a-bleeding,
See the elements melting,
See the forked lightning,
Hear the rumbling thunder;
Earth shall reel and totter.
Then you'll see the Christians
rising;
Then you'll see the righteous
marching,
See them marching home to
heaven.
Then you'll see my Jesus
coming
With all His holy angels,
Take the righteous home to
heaven,
There they'll live with God
forever.



IN THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA.

Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

"Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone;
By the holy love He beareth—
By the bruised reed He sparreth—

In this the sufferings of their
Lord are touchingly described:

The Jews crucified Him, and nailed Him to
the tree,
And the Lord shall bear His children home.

Joseph begged His body, and laid it in the
tomb,
And the Lord shall bear His children home.

Down came an angel, and rolled the stone
away,
And the Lord shall bear His children home.

Mary, she came weeping, her Lord for to see,
But Christ had gone to Galilee.

They led my Lord away, away, away,
They led my Lord away,
Oh, tell me where to find Him.

The grotesque imagery of the following is very characteristic of these melodies :

Oh, band of Gideon, band of Gideon,
Band of Gideon over in Jordan,

* CHORUS.

Keep a inch-ing a - long, keep a inch-ing a - long; Je - sus will come by'nd-
bye; Keep a inch - ing a - long like a poor inch-worm, Je - sus will come by'nd bye.

Band of Gideon, band of Gideon,
How I long to see that day !

Oh, the twelve white horses, twelve white horses,
Twelve white horses, over in Jordan,
Twelve white horses, twelve white horses,
How I long to see that day !

Oh, the milk and honey, milk and honey,
Milk and honey over in Jordan ;
Oh, the healing water, the healing water,
How I long to see that day !

The memories of the old slave life are expressed in this :

No more auction block for me,
No more, no more ;
No more auction block for me,
Many thousand gone.

No more peck o' corn for me, etc.
No more driver's lash for me, etc.
No more pint o' salt for me, etc.
No more hundred lash for me, etc.
No more mistress' call for me, etc.

An infinite pathos moans in this :

Oh, Lord, oh, my Lord ; oh, my good Lord !
Keep me from sinking down
I tell You what I mean to do ;
Keep me from sinking down.
I mean to go to heaven too
Keep me from sinking down.

Attention is called to the appropriateness of the melody for the expression of the following singular words. It is all embraced within the first three tones of the

scale, and thus may be said to be itself not more than an inch long :

Keep a inching along, keep a inching along ;
Jesus will come by'nd-bye ;
Keep a inching along like a poor inch-worm,
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.*

'Twas a inch by inch I sought the Lord,
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.
And a inch by inch he blessed my soul,
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.

One of those negro songs has been the marching hymn of a nation out of bondage into freedom, chanted by the war-worn legions in their weary march. It rang like the knell of doom :

John Brown died that the slave might be free,
John Brown died that the slave might be free,
John Brown died that the slave might be free,
But his soul is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His soul is marching on.

Some of the most interesting examples of negro life are seen in the peninsula of Florida. All through Alabama and Northern Florida are vast "turpentine orchards" of the long-needed pitch pine. The trees are scarfed with chevron-shaped gashes through which exudes the resinous sap. This is collected and in rude forest stills is manufactured into turpentine, tar, and resin. A very picturesque and rather uncanny sight it is to see the night fires of these stills and the gnome-like figures of the blacks working amid the flames.

St. Augustine is the oldest settlement in the United States, and its history carries one back almost to the Middle Ages. It was

founded by the Spaniards in 1565, more than half a century before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. It still retains much of its Spanish aspect, strangely quaint and in harmony with its romantic history. The mediæval fort and gateway, the narrow, crooked streets, the Moorish bell tower, the shovel-hats and black gowns of the priests, the gliding figures of the



SPANISH MOSS.

nuns, and the dark brown and black eyes and hair of the people seem like a chapter from life in old Spain. The indolent, sweet-do-nothing air of the natives completes the resemblance. The most interesting feature of the town is the old fort San Marco, now Fort Marion. It was captured from Spain by the British, and was said to be the handsomest fort in the

king's dominions. Its castellated battlements, its frowning bastions, bearing the royal Spanish arms; its portcullis, moat, and draw-bridge; its commanding look-out tower and time-stained, moss-grown, massive walls impress the observer as a relic of the distant past; while its heavy casements, its dark passages and gloomy dungeons suggest still darker memories. Anything more thoroughly quaint and unfamiliar to Canadian eyes it would be hard to conceive.

The St. John is one of the few rivers in the world running north, so that while going up the river you are going down the country to ever more southern and tropical regions. For a hundred miles or so it is too wide to be picturesque. It is rather a chain of lakes from one to three or four miles wide. But the steamers shoot shuttlewise from side to side, calling at the many plantations and winter resorts on either shore. Many of these are charming spots, embowered amid foliage of live oak, magnolia, and cypress, and as we approach the air is fragrant with the breath of the orange blossoms, and like apples of gold gleam the yellow fruit amid their glossy leaves.

A still more characteristic Southern trip is the sail on the Ocklawaha. This river can scarcely be said to have any banks—the channel being for the most part simply a navigable passage through a cypress swamp. It is exceedingly narrow and tortuous, the overhanging branches often sweep the deck, and the guards of the boat rub bare in many places the trunks of the trees. In one spot the passage between two huge cypress trees is only twenty-two feet wide, and the steamer Okahumkee is twenty-one feet beam. Palms, palmettoes, black ash, water oaks, magnolias, and cypresses fringe the banks, from most of

which hang funereal plumes of Spanish moss, waving like tattered banners in the air. It is an utter solitude, save when a single crane or heron, or a flock of snowy-winged curlews flit across the forest vista.

The chief excitement of the tourist is watching for alligators. They lie basking in the sun till disturbed by the approaching steamer,

river is at night. Then on the top of the pilot house is kindled in an iron vessel a fire of pitch-pine knots which throws a lurid glare far ahead on the river and into the abysmal depths of darkness on either side. The cypress trees thrust their spectral arms, draped with the melancholy moss, out into midstream, as if grasping at the little steamer as we pass. Anything



CYPRESS SWAMP, FLORIDA.

when they quickly "wink their tails" and glide into the water. The pilot at the wheel ever and anon calls out "'Gator on the right," "Turtle on the left," "Snake on a log," as the case may be. The mud turtles are of huge proportions, and in numbers so great that one might suppose that a grand convention of all the turtles in the country was being held.

The most wonderful aspect of the

more weird and awesome it is hard to conceive. Then the coloured deck hands and waiters gather at the bow of the boat and chant their strange, wild camp-meeting hymns and plantation songs, and one's memories of a night's sail on the Ocklawaha become among the most strange of a lifetime.

Amid such surroundings in the great Dismal Swamp, the fugitives from bondage

Saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp,
And a blood-hound's distant bay.

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass
Like a wild beast in his lair.

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth ;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth !

In the old days, in the towns and cities, most of the church buildings contained galleries set apart for the coloured people. On the larger plantations in the country, services were conducted on Sunday by negro pastors who were often in the pay of the planters. Since Emancipation the negroes have withdrawn almost entirely from connection with the churches of the whites, and in the towns, and where possible in the country, they have established church organizations of their own. The largest number are Baptists, and next come the Methodists, but there are also a number of coloured Presbyterian and Episcopal churches. Negro preachers have great influence over their congregations, due perhaps more to the fact that they are representative men chosen by the negroes from among their own number than to their priestly character. College graduates are occasionally called to the pastorates of the more prosperous negro churches in the large towns. In the country districts, the coloured pastors are little better educated than their congregations. They are, of course, very poorly paid, and usually have to look to other sources than their churches for means of living.

The spirit-stirring eloquence of the negro preacher is sometimes of surprising power. On the centenary of American Methodism we heard one of them preach a strikingly allegorical sermon from the

text in the Revelations, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." This woman he employed as a symbol of Methodism, clothed with brightness, crowned with glory, and trampling sin beneath her feet. His description of the beauty of holiness, the transforming power of grace, the victory of the soul over the world, the flesh, and the devil, was sublime. As the only white person present, the writer was called to the pulpit to address the audience. As I spoke of brave Barbara Heck, the mother of Methodism in their land and in ours, whose sepulchre is with us to this day, but whose soul is alive for evermore, their emotion was intense.

The census of denominations corrected to 1895 gives the separate African Methodist Episcopal "establishments" as six, with a total membership of 1,189,285, with 8,335 ministers and 10,381 churches. The total population of those with African blood in the United States is not far from 10,000,000, and of that number about 1,200,000 belong to the Methodist Episcopal Churches, and 1,350,000 to the Baptist denominations. In other words, the African Methodists and Baptists number over 2,530,000. Fully 4,000,000 of the possible 10,000,000 Afro-Americans are regular members of the church, and 16,000 are engaged in the regular work of the ministry. The valuation of the church property of the Methodist bodies alone is estimated at \$12,000,000. These are certainly remarkable facts, and show, as hardly anything else could, the marvelous progress which has been made by the African race since the days of Emancipation. It should be remembered that most of these churches had no existence thirty years ago.

THE BOER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF MAJUBA HILL.

BY H. W.



HAROLD FIELDING WOUNDED.

CHAPTER I.

An African sun beats fiercely on the slopes of Majuba Hill. Scattered on the hillside are the still forms of English soldiers, who but a few hours ago were clambering up in the quiet of midnight. The top was reached, the position taken, and the little army waited with confidence for the expected assault. At daybreak no enemy is in sight, and the surrounding country is scanned in vain for a trace of them. But under the cover of night, which sheltered the advance of the English troops, the enemy were also advancing, and are now slowly swarming up the hill on every side, concealed by the rocks and boulders which reach al-

most to the summit. But the summit itself is bare, and affords no shelter from shot or sun.

A sharp rattle of musketry suddenly breaks round the hill, bringing every man not killed or disabled to his feet. Arms are seized; officers shout their commands. But time is not left for the confusion of that first surprise to be changed into order. As the wreath of smoke encircling the hill clears away the enemy is still invisible. In perfect security they are

advancing from rock to rock. At a silent signal they pause again, and each man covers an English soldier as he stands, an easy target, on the bare summit of the hill. Ill-fated is the man who is covered at a few hundred yards by a Boer marksman. Again and again the rattle rings out, and each volley does its work of destruction. At length the longed-for charge is sounded, and with a savage cry of joy the small remnant of soldiers hurl themselves down the steep and craggy hill.

But the hidden enemy are nearer than was expected, and the sheer slope of the hill carries many of the soldiers beyond their sheltered lines. The general is shot; and the mad charge soon changes

to a headlong flight. Helterskelter as they rush, baffled and routed, down the hill, they are shot down, mercilessly by the death-dealing rifles of the enemy. The Muse of English history would avert her face from such a picture, and Englishmen love not to dwell upon it.

One there is, however, lying among his dead comrades, whose fate it is the purpose of this story to follow. He wears a lieutenant's uniform of the —th. His arm is thrown across his half-averted face to shield him from the sun. Anon he turns, and looks up into the blue African sky. He has the simple manly face of a young Englishman of two-and-twenty. With calm fortitude he is waiting for the end. His life is fast ebbing away. No sound disturbs the awful silence; no sign of life he sees in that blue vault but the wheeling form of a far-distant vulture. Slowly the grim bird of death draws nearer, and from every direction its fellows swoop from the sky in answer to its screams.

Such a sight may well disturb the dying peace of young Harold Fielding. Too weak he feels to raise an arm in self-defence should these foul birds be impatient for his end. He writhes involuntarily as, after a sudden swoop, the nearest bird hovers a few yards above him. Its greedy, savage, bloodshot eyes are fixed upon him, its red, featherless neck stretched out, and its great talons spread for a final swoop upon its helpless prey. But suddenly a shout is raised, a stone thrown, and the frightened bird wheels away with an angry scream. What little life was left in Harold was roused by his danger, and he looked eagerly in the direction of his preserver. In an instant he saw the tall form of a young girl running towards him. Her young and beautiful

face was pale with anxiety and excitement.

"Not dead," she murmured in Dutch, as she knelt at his side; "not quite dead."

She took his hand and felt his waning pulse. It was fading slowly. His eyes, too, were closed, for in the intense weakness following a momentary excitement he had fainted. The girl took a flask from her pocket, and poured its contents through his lips. She chafed his hands, and watched with the tenderest anxiety for the hoped-for signs of returning consciousness. Soon they appeared; his eyes slowly opened and his lips moved in silent thankfulness. She raised him gently, and stanchd and bound the wound in his neck at which his life's blood had long been wasting. She spoke to him in broken English, asking if he were better.

"You are very good to me," said Harold. "I thought I should die a cruel and awful death, and you have saved me from it. I thought I should die alone, and you are with me."

"But you shall not die, I have come to save you. I can save you. I will save you!"

"And will you save an English soldier, your country's enemy? You are tired and red with weeping for some loved one killed in battle—killed by us English."

Harold had touched a tender chord, and uncontrollable tears broke forth at the words.

"Don't speak of it!" she said hurriedly. "I feel that I can save you, and you must try to help me. But my friends mustn't find me here, and," she added, "as I am resolved never to leave you alive you must try and come for my sake."

So sweet a smile lightened the gloom of her face as to make her appeal irresistible. And Harold,

with a great effort, resolved to make a final struggle for life.

After carefully adjusting his bandages and giving him another draught from her flask, the girl helped him to his feet. They stood together for a moment, his arm thrown round her neck, while she supported his weak, fainting body.

Harold looked round him for the first time since he had fallen, stricken by a bullet as he rushed down the hill. His comrades were lying here and there on the steep hillside, in the uneasy and tumbled positions in which they had fallen.

He choked his rising grief at the moving sight, and battled with the tendency to sink on the ground and die among the bodies of his friends in the scene of their common disaster. But a word from his young guide breaks his reverie, and they begin the steep and perilous descent.

It was a long, painful, and dangerous journey that the young soldier and his strange deliverer performed together. Not till dusk, and after many pauses, and falls, and death-like faints on the part of Harold, did they reach the bottom of the hill. It was gained, however, at last, and after a rest they press on. They hear the distant shouts of the Boers, who had gathered on the hill to reap the fruits of their victory, and urged by the alarm and fears of his guide Harold struggled manfully forward. She told him of a Kaffir hut, on the outskirts of a wood, three miles hence, where she meant to hide him until he was strong enough to make his escape.

It was a little circular mud-thatched dwelling, and as they drew near a dog rushed forth, barking furiously at so unusual a visitation. The dog was followed by an old Kaffir woman, who greeted them with every sign of horror and amazement. A little

altercation in Dutch took place between her and Harold's friend, while Harold himself awaited the issue, knowing full well that the old Kaffir servant was objecting to harbour an English fugitive. Soon, however, the old woman seemed pacified, and Harold was led into the hut and told to lie down upon a straw mattress stretched in a corner. Too exhausted to speak, he lay down and listened to the unintelligible talk of the two women. A candle flickered on an old chair by his bed, and after a time the girl took it up, and held it close to his face and watched him intently for a few minutes.

Harold was now sufficiently recovered to notice the deep sadness of her face, and he felt it acutely. He timidly expressed a hope that she had lost no friends in the recent fight. But the question only broke the calm of the girl's despair, and wishing him "Good-night," she suddenly left the cottage. His eyes followed her as she passed out into the darkness, and he listened to her footsteps slowly dying away in the distance.

CHAPTER II.

Julia Cloete was the only daughter of a Dutch farmer, who held high rank in the Boer army. His son, an elder brother of Julia's, was also fighting for his country. The one interest of her simple, uneventful life had been a passionate love and devotion to her father. Her love increased with the old man's age, as it rendered him more and more dependent upon her. Their affection was mutual; and the father's great love and tenderness for his daughter had been a bright gleam in his rough and rather sombre character. They had sat for long together in silence

on the day before the expected battle. Her father seemed unusually depressed to Julia, and she tried feebly to rouse him to an assurance of victory and his safe return.

"If I never return, Julia," he said, "you must not be broken-hearted; our separation will only be for a little."

"But you will return; you will return!" cried Julia, throwing her arms about the old man's neck.



THE BOER'S DAUGHTER.

Julia's father and brother left her the same evening, after a long and sorrowful scene of parting. Alone in that solitary farm, with one or two native servants, her only relatives gone to risk their lives in battle, she might well have abandoned herself to despair. She watched the last horse of her father's company disappear over a neighbouring hill, when, obedient

to his wishes, she returned into the house to await the issue of the dreaded battle. How dear to her are all the objects in the house associated with her absent loved ones! She attempted bravely to stifle her sorrow by busying herself about the affairs of the farm. Vain, alas! was the task; and when at night she went to her room, passionate and fervent were her prayers that the God of battles would watch over and preserve the lives most dear to her. After a weary and sleepless night, never to be forgotten, she fell, in the early morning, into a light sleep.

She dreamt of fierce battles. She saw her gray-haired father, sword in hand, rushing up to the steep summit of a hill. He is gaining the top, and his enemies are flying past and behind him.

But one there is among the last to leave his post on the hill-top who is rushing upon him. He is grasping his gun with both hands, and the gleaming bayonet is pointed at her father's breast. Her father, alas! at that moment, has turned to exhort his men to the charge.

"Father!" she shrieked aloud, and amid a distant peal and rattle of musketry she awoke. She leapt up and went to the window. Trembling she listened to the distant firing. That at least was no dream. Now quick and general, now for a moment flagging, she listened, with a dull sense of dread, to the distant rattle as she hurriedly dressed. She had promised her father not to leave the house until she saw the troops returning. But the awful horror of her dream was upon her; and she rushed past the imploring servants, out of the house, and away in the direction of the firing.

It had almost subsided now, and with but a few stray shots the engagement seemed to be at an end. With beating heart, now running,

now swiftly walking, she neared the top of the hill, behind which she had seen her father and brother slowly disappearing. There, in the distance, she saw Majuba Hill. The Boers were on the top waving their hats and shouting triumphantly, while hurrying away in a disorderly retreat round the foot of the mountain she saw the conspicuous uniforms of the English soldiers.

But the signs of victory gave her little consolation. Indelibly stamped upon her mind was the picture of that English soldier rushing, with his cruel bayonet, upon her father.

"Is it true? can it be true?" she repeated to herself as she hurried forward.

But the conviction of his death was upon her, and she could not shake it off. It only remained to be confirmed in all the sadness of reality.

A little knot of Boers were bearing a body down the hill as, panting and exhausted, the poor stricken girl began the ascent.

"My father!" she cried aloud, "my father! It is my father!" as she recognized the helmet of a general, which one of the soldiers was carrying in his hand.

The men saw Julia coming, and recognized her at once as old Cloete's only daughter. The earnest, agonized expression of her face made any attempt to baffle or deceive her impossible. She broke hurriedly through them, and throwing herself upon the body, which the bearers had laid gently down, she abandoned herself to a passionate grief which we dare not attempt to describe. The Boers took off their hats and stood for a few moments aside from this heart-rending scene.

After a while the oldest of them went up to Julia, and putting his hand on her shoulder, spoke a few words of consolation. But the

passion of her grief must run its course, and for some time the kind words of the old man were unheeded. Suddenly, however, her cries ceased; she gave the dear face one more long, fervent kiss, then, rising quickly, she turned and quietly asked the old man for news of her brother.

"Your brother is safe, my dear," said the old farmer. "God has scattered His enemies like the chaff which the wind bloweth; and He has seen fit to take but a few lives of His servants. But rest assured your brother is not among them."

"But where?" said Julia. "Tell me where he is?"

"He will be returning soon, doubtless," said one of the men. "The poor lad doesn't know of his father's death. You had better come back with us and wait for him."

But Julia was in no mood for submission, and the idea of making one of that terrible and slow procession down the hill was unendurable. She was restless and tortured with apprehension of evil, and learning no definite news of her brother, she said,—

"I must find him. I cannot rest till I find him."

She looked once more at the body of her father, but the old Dutchman, interpreting her thoughts, said,—

"Alas! you fear for your father's body, my child. Be not afraid. His spirit has flown home and is at peace with God; but we will not be unmindful of the body. It shall be laid at home at rest and in peace, a faint image of the refuge of his immortal spirit in heaven."

Thus reassured Julia walked quickly away in the direction indicated by the soldiers as that in which they had last seen her brother.

She knew that if he had returned home she must have met him, so she wandered on and on, until

overcome by weariness she was compelled to sit down and rest. She looked round her, and saw the scattered forms of the dead English soldiers. The Boers had by this time left the mountain, and were crossing the distant valleys in little companies. For a long time she sat alone, amid that awful scene, faint and exhausted; and when after some hours she rose, it was with a dull and aching heart that she turned towards the old farm which she could no longer think of as her home.

It was at this time that she saw the horrid vulture hovering over the body of young Fielding. To her awful amazement she saw the young soldier writhe in his agony, and rushing forward was, as we have seen, the means of saving him from a horrible end.

CHAPTER III.

All the next day after his wonderful rescue young Fielding remained alone, wondering why Julia had not fulfilled her promise to visit him. He remembered with keen sorrow the painful and despairing expression of grief her face had borne all the previous day. He blamed himself, foolishly enough, for being unmindful of it at the time, and for allowing her to do him so much service while she was labouring under such evident sorrow. He felt that she had no doubt lost some friend in the recent battle. In fact, her grief when he mentioned the subject the previous night, seemed a sufficient confirmation of his fears.

He looked back upon his own part in the fight, and instinctively expressed a fervent wish that the only life he took was not of any personal interest to her. Vividly he remembered the face and form of an old man whom he had dashed

to the ground with his bayoneted-rifle, as he charged down the hill.

He had little reason, indeed, to suppose that he had not killed him, and he could not entirely reason away his fearful suspicion that he might be the loved one for whom Julia was mourning.

On the following day, early in the morning, Julia suddenly walked into the cottage. She was pale and careworn, and the calm of despair seemed to have settled upon her.



JULIA'S BROTHER.

She inquired of Harold how he was, and was evidently glad to find him stronger and out of danger. She told him quietly that her father had been killed in the recent fight, and that she could not leave her brother to visit him yesterday as he had promised. This sad news so simply related came as a great shock to Harold, and he tried in vain to stifle the suspicions that had been troubling him: so

long. He felt that he must set them at rest, or discover that he, indeed, had been the unwitting cause of Julia's grief.

But it was in vain that he offered his sympathy, and tried to make her speak on the subject of her loss.

"It was very awful," she said, "for my brother: he saw my father fall." But she added quickly, as hurrying over a detail which she knew ought to afford her no consolation,—

"He shot the English soldier who killed him as he ran down the hill."

"Was your father old?" said Harold; "was he an old man?" He tried to disguise the terrible anxiety which he felt when asking her this. Her answer sounded like a sentence of doom against him.

"Yes," she said, "his hair and beard were gray with age. He should never have gone into battle, but he felt it was his duty to fight for his country. Besides, my people elected him general, and his leadership was wanted."

Harold's suspicions were now confirmed beyond hope. He had noticed that the old man he had killed in the heat of battle wore a badge of generalship attached to his simple uniform, and Julia's confirmation of this and other particulars came as an awful blow to him. That this girl, unconscious whom she was serving, had done and was doing so much for him was now a harrowing reflection.

For long he meditated whether to discover himself to her as utterly unworthy of her goodness. But he thought wisely that it would answer no good purpose, but would probably only add to and intensify the grief he wished to soften.

Julia had brought with her a suit of Boer uniform, which she said Harold must wear in making his

escape through the country. He was gaining strength slowly, and hoped that in a few days he would be able to make the attempt.

But he shuddered at the thought of leaving the girl who had done so much for him in the awful distress which he believed he had brought upon her. He racked his brains to think of something he could do for her before he left the country. But her profound distress, instead of helping him, seemed to make any communication between them about her lot and destiny impossible.

Julia on coming in a few days later found Harold up and dressed in the rough corduroys of the Boer trooper. She brought with her a map of the country and other necessaries for his projected escape. Harold observed that she seemed to have shaken herself free from the dull and numbing sense of despair which had so much afflicted her on her last visit.

He determined to find out something of her life and circumstances in the hope that he might be able to help her. He told her that he could not leave her, to whom he owed everything, without making some efforts to lighten her sorrow; or without at least some hope of being able to befriend her in the future.

But Julia would not listen to him, and begged him to treat her simply as the instrument of Providence, to whom all his thanks should be rendered.

Harold, after much persuasion, got her to take him a short distance from the cottage and to point out her home, that he might visit her if he should ever return to the country.

Julia was timid and anxious lest they should be discovered, and her anxiety was unfortunately only too well founded. They were hurrying back from the fringe of the wood, whither they had gone to get

a full view of the house, when a shout was heard behind them. Julia trembled visibly and looked round. A young Dutchman was breaking through the cover, and walking hastily towards them. She saw at once that it was her brother, and with a half cry of despair she waited while he approached. Concealment or deception was impossible. A discovery of the truth, which seemed inevitable, would, if made by her brother, unaided, only be likely to inflame his anger.

So Julia walked forward to meet him, and told him in a few words Harold's story. At first young Cloete passively listened, half stupefied with astonishment. But this mood soon changed. When he realized the situation his face became flushed with anger. He began to expostulate wildly, and Harold, who had been looking on quietly at a short distance, walked towards them. He was quiet and collected, and, without any sense of his own danger, wished to save Julia from the rough abuse she was evidently receiving from her brother. But the girl eagerly motioned him back, and began with tears to renew her entreaties.

She seemed in some measure to be succeeding when Harold again came forward. Young Cloete then stepped aside, and faced him for the first time. After a momentary glance of sullen anger, his face was suddenly transfigured with an expression of fiendish rage. Uttering some half-stifled exclamation, he raised his rifle and fired point-blank at Harold.

But at the critical instant when he was drawing the trigger, Julia had flung herself upon him, and so diverted his aim. To fling his screaming sister away, to club his

rifle, and to rush madly upon Harold, was the work of a moment. In the meantime Harold had drawn his revolver, and waited quietly for the fierce onrush of his enemy. With the marvellous rapidity with which the mind moves in any terrible emergency, he saw with perfect clearness all the consequences of the act he meditated in self-defence. It was comparatively easy for him to shoot this infuriated man dead before he should reach him. Julia, who had now twice saved his life, and the life of whose father he had unwittingly taken, was lying on the ground where she had fallen when her brother had roughly thrown her from him. She was crying in the agony of her helpless despair. The man who was rushing upon him Harold knew to be her brother, her protector, her only friend.

These things passed rapidly through his mind. He took his decision. His arm, which was stretched out, holding his revolver pointed dead at his enemy's breast, dropped listlessly at his side.

In that awful moment of suspense the calm heroism of his resolution gave him strength. With a savage cry the Boer sprang forward to deal his death-blow; but he was again disappointed. His foot suddenly caught in the root of a tree, and he fell heavily forward.

By this time other actors were breaking upon the scene. The sound of firing had alarmed the small squadron to which Cloete belonged, and which he had left only a short distance away. As he got up, and was about to make a fresh attack upon Harold, he was roughly seized by his friends, who thought they were interfering in a quarrel between two comrades.

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

SPENSER AND THE FAERY QUEENE.

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

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When we speak of our old poets, we sometimes make the mistake of thinking that they were old men, and that their feelings and thoughts were the thoughts and feelings of the aged. Nothing could be farther from the truth than such a view of poets like Chaucer and Spenser. We should rather think of them as the mature man thinks of his own boyhood and youth. It is we who are the true ancients, for the world is older now than it was in the time of Chaucer and Spenser. It is we moderns who dwell like old men on "the burden of the mystery," and bow under

"The heavy and the weary weight,
Of all this unintelligible world."

To Chaucer the world was new as to a boy in June, and to Spenser what is now a dull and work-a-day world was a world full of colour and action and romance. Even the student when he speaks of the Renaissance, too often thinks of it chiefly as a time when the treasures of the old learning were studied afresh. It was rather a period in which the whole spirit of the modern world awoke to a new life, when men exulted in the consciousness of powers long unused and moved forward in all directions to the discovery and conquest of new worlds. What an age it was, that age of the golden prime of our great Queen Elizabeth!

Edmund Spenser was born in 1552, six years before the crowning of Elizabeth, and twelve years before the birth of Shakespeare. He died in 1599, four years before the queen. He was twenty years of age at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, thirty-five at the

time of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, and thirty-six at the time of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Leicester, Sir Walter Raleigh, Marlow, Shakespeare, Hooker and Bacon were his contemporaries, and some of them his personal friends. These names of persons and events are all suggestive of the strength and wealth of mind that marked the age and tell us of the glory and the terror by which the spirit of the people was chastened and exalted.

Spenser and Shakespeare seem to have looked out upon this age with different prepossessions. The mind of Spenser had been stimulated and nourished by reading and study. The classic writers of Greece and Rome, our own old authors, Chaucer in particular, and foreign poets, especially those of Italy, had been his masters. Consciously or unconsciously he had adopted their forms of thought and expression, and imitated their style. This he did even when the subject on which he wrote was of present living interest.

Shakespeare, on the other hand, was not burdened or biased by his reading and the literary forms of other days and other lands. He looked out on nature as he found it in the world about him, the world of Stratford and of London, and he spoke in the style, or I might better say, the styles he found on the streets and in the places of public resort for business, amusement, and instruction. The real living present was the world of Shakespeare, and when he undertook to deal with the distant and the past he ever threw back upon it a cer-

tain light from the present. Shakespeare had to suit not only the iords and ladies of the court, but also the masses of the people and the "groundlings."

Spenser wrote particularly for the people of the court, and he adopted therefore the forms that were usual at the court. His language and verse and imagery were in harmony with the quaint and brilliant costumes of the court, some of them handed down from a past age, and others brought in from Italy and France.

It must not be supposed, however, that the people and court for whom Spenser wrote were mere idlers and pleasure seekers. The men who wear the dress suit or the court dress to-day on occasions of ceremony are not seldom the very men who do the hardest work of the world. So it was then, and amid the brilliant company of the court of Elizabeth were to be found the men who upheld the name and fame of England in all parts of the world, who bore the cares and burdens of the State in those troublous times, and who directed the coming centuries in literature, philosophy, and religion. The courtiers who gave homage to the queen were often brilliant men, but they were at the same time strong and earnest, as the enemies of the faith and the realm of England learned to their cost.

It was for such men that Spenser wrote his *Faery Queene*, and in the choice of this subject he was inspired by the genius of the English people. The spirits of the great men of an age seem to be acting with perfect freedom and spontaneity, and so they are in one sense, but in another and an important sense they are exalted and borne onward by the larger spirit of the age. They are independent as the drops of water in the sea, yet every gleaming foam crest is borne upward by the mass of

waters. In the *Faery Queene* the spirit of England found a voice and uttered for the people their deepest emotions and aspirations.

I cannot at all agree with what a distinguished modern critic says of Spenser, viz., that he made a concession to the demands of the times when he made so much of the moral element in his great poem. On the contrary, I do not think the poem would ever have pleased the writer himself if the first place had not been given to the exaltation of truth and righteousness. It was indeed the very *raison d'être* of the poem, and the poet was prompted and sustained in his work by the enthusiasm of a prophet for the truth as well as by the enthusiasm of a poet for the beautiful.

This is not peculiar to Spenser. It is to be noted in the work of our other great poets, especially in Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning. If some there be in these last days who would glory in beauty apart from goodness they are working against the eternal harmonies and attempting to put asunder what has been joined together by the eternal energy from whom all things proceed, the fountain of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

Spenser does not leave us in doubt as to his motive in the writing of the *Faery Queene*. His well-known letter to Sir Walter Raleigh reveals his thought. "The general end therefore of all the book is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." That this was not merely a device to open the way for poetry under the pretence of a moral aim, but an actuating motive, is clear from Bryskett's narrative, in which we hear for the first time of Spenser's design to write his great poem. In his story of a conversation at a meeting of kindred spirits, amongst whom was Spenser, Bryskett, lamenting the fact

that instruction in moral philosophy was to be had chiefly in the reading of Latin and Greek and Italian authors, made an appeal to Spenser to undertake the work of giving to his friends directly the result of his reading and study on the subject under discussion. Said he:

"I think I should commit a great fault, not to myself alone, but to all this company, if I should not enter my request thus far as to move him to spend this time which we have now destined to familiar discourse and conversation, in declaring unto us the great benefits which men obtain by the knowledge of moral philosophy, and in making us to know what the same is, what be the parts thereof whereby virtues are to be distinguished from vices," etc., etc.

In his reply to this, Spenser says amongst other things, "I doubt not but with the consent of the most part of you I shall be excused at this time of the task which would be laid upon me, for sure I am that it is not unknown unto you that I have already undertaken a work tending to the same affect, which is in heroicall verse, under the title of a Faery Queene, to represent all the moral virtues, assigning to every virtue a knight to be the patron and defender of the same."

Such was Spenser's design. How far he succeeded we may gather from the praise of Milton, who exalts Spenser as a teacher of morals above the most famous of the scholastic doctors. "A better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas."

The original plan of the Faery Queene required twelve books, each of which would be devoted to the struggles and triumphs of a knight, fighting the good fight of a particular virtue. At the same time the character of Prince Arthur is made to play a part in the triumph of the several knights,—he being the ideal of a perfect knight in whom all the virtues were rea-

lized. "A brave knight perfected in the twelve private moral virtues, as Aristotle hath devised." This plan was never perfectly carried out. The death of Spenser at the comparatively early age of forty-seven took place when only six books had been completed. Neither did Spenser follow Aristotle to his analysis of moral philosophy and classification of the virtues. Aristotle treats religion apart from ethics, and hence holiness does not appear among his moral virtues. Wisdom and justice he also reserves for special treatment, the first as being intellectual rather than moral, the second as belonging to politics as well as to ethics. His classification is as follows: 1. Courage. 2. Temperance. 3. Liberality. 4. Magnificence. 5. Magnanimity. 6. Self-respect. 7. Mildness. 8. Wit. 9. Truth. 10. Friendliness. Spenser's virtues so far as given in the Faery Queene are: 1. Holiness. 2. Temperance. 3. Chastity. 4. Friendship. 5. Justice. 6. Courtesy.

That the remaining six books were never written, or if written, then lost, is not matter of much regret. The first books are the best, and the last show such a marked decline that we could not expect better work than he had already given in the six books. The quantity is already sufficient, and the quality could not probably be equalled, even by Spenser. Under these circumstances we may be thankful that we have the six books, and thankful also that they are only six.

Great praise has been given to Spenser for his invention of the peculiar stanza of the Faery Queene, now called the Spenserian stanza. It consists of eight iambic pentameters, followed by an Alexandrine. The rhyme scheme is ab ab bc bc c. The following stanza telling of the knight's ap-

proach to the "den of error" may be taken as a typical specimen :

"But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for ought
be staide,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistening armour made
A little gloming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Half like a serpent, horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did woman's shape
retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile
disdaine."

Each stanza is a framework in which a word painting is set, and taken together the stanzas give us a series of elaborate pictures full of the colour and life of chivalry. Sometimes the uniformity of the series becomes monotonous, at other times pictures are given which, however beautiful in themselves, turn us aside from the course of the story. Still the poet uses many devices by which he gives wonderful variety within the prescribed limits, and when he loiters by the way it is usually to look at something in which we also find a charm.

The interest of the Faery Queene is manifold. First comes the interest of strange and romantic story, the story of "Fierce Wars and Faithful Loves." A second interest is found in the allegory by which the narrative of knightly adventure portrays the struggle of truth and error. Spenser the artist leads us to Spenser the moralist. We are not oppressed, however, with his moralizing, but as in the Pilgrim's Progress, so in the Faery Queene, the charm and wonder of the story may fill our minds to the exclusion of other things. In both cases the moral teaching is all the more readily received because it is offered to us and not forced upon us.

In addition to the interest of romantic story, and poetry and ethical teaching, there is the interest of historical and personal allusion. The story passes into allegory, and then back again into history. Una is the truth, or the Church of England. Duessa is false religion, or the Church of Rome, or Mary, Queen of Scots. Archimago is hypocrisy, or superstition, or the Pope, or Philip II. of Spain. Sir Artegal is justice, and at the same time a poetic vindication of Lord Arthur Grey and his stern administration of Irish affairs. Prince Arthur is the perfect virtue of magnificence, and also Lord Leicester. The court at London is at one time presented in all the sweetness and light of Gloriana and her chivalry, and at another time it appears in the outward glitter and the inward grewsomeness of Lucifera and the palace of pride.

Illusion and complexity there are without limit, but we may take it all without perplexity or confusion. The gems are given to us in handfuls, but we are not obliged to examine them all one by one. The beauty and the truth lie everywhere like the manna in the wilderness. If we gather much we have nothing to spare, and if we can gather only a little we have enough. And so we read the Faery Queene, taking our fill of its beauty and truth. We may know that we are ignorant of many things in it and about it, and we may suspect ourselves of being more ignorant than we know, but we go on in the full assurance of the poetic faith of Keats,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to
know."

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are there,
Alike below, above;

Our friends are now in either world,
And love is sure of love.

PAUL, THE PIONEER MISSIONARY.*

BY THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M.

A great leader always appears for a great crisis. The divine supply equals the world's demand. Judaism, although containing all Christian truth in the germ, was nevertheless a race religion. Mohammedanism and Hinduism are race religions. Christianity alone is a world religion, hence, in its very essence, missionary.

During the progress of the World's Fair at Chicago, there was a picturesque "Convention of all Religions," but there never will be a convention of all Gospels, for there is only one Gospel, that of Jesus Christ.

Of the original eleven disciples, not one possessed, in due and equal balance, the requisite training, breadth of mind, and cosmopolitan character, fitting him to be the pioneer missionary of the Christian Church. It was at such a crisis as this, when Christianity was in danger of being strangled in its cradle, that Christ's glory smote the youthful and fiery Saul, and by a single touch transformed the bloody persecutor into the intrepid missionary, the chief of sinners into the chief of apostles.

From the moment that the scales fell from his eyes at the brotherly touch of Barnabas, until the hour that he placed his aged head upon the block, and sealed his testimony with his blood, he was ever the same flaming herald of the cross.

* During a large part of the coming year the life of St. Paul will form the subject of the International system of Sunday-school lessons. It will thus be studied throughout Christendom by many millions of Bible readers as never before. We have secured the preparation of the accompanying admirable paper as a contribution to this important study, and as an appropriate introduction to the series of missionary articles in this MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.—ED.

He passed over the greater part of the then known world like the angel of the Apocalypse, everywhere proclaiming the blessed Gospel of the Son of God.

Paul had great and peculiar qualifications for the work to which he was called. In the choice of his agents, God always adapts means to ends. It is Bishop Fowler who said that "God can thrash a mountain with a worm," but that he always takes the biggest worm he can get.

Among Paul's qualifications for his work may be named :

1. His early training. Of Jewish parentage, he was born and reared in Tarsus of Cilicia, a beautiful little city upon the banks of the Cydnus, distinguished for its cultivation of Greek literature and philosophy, and for the number of its learned men. In reward for its exertions and sacrifices during the civil wars of Rome, it had been made a free city by Augustus. It was, no doubt, here that, in Paul's boyhood, was laid the foundation for that breadth of mind and those world-wide sympathies for which he was distinguished.

In early youth he was sent to Jerusalem, and there brought up "at the feet of Gamaliel," the most noted doctor of the law, and so became a "Pharisee of the Pharisees."

"God did not choose a heathen to be the apostle of the heathen, for he might have been ensnared by the traditions of Judaism, by its priestly hierarchy and the splendours of its worship, as indeed it happened with the Church of the second century. On the contrary, God chose a Pharisee. But this Pharisee had the most complete

experience of the emptiness of external ceremonies and the crushing yoke of the law. There was no fear that he would ever look back, that he would be tempted to set up again what the grace of God had justly overthrown.*

2. A second qualification for his mighty work was his thorough conversion. All conversions are miracles of grace, but that of Saul of Tarsus was so sudden, and so connected with supernatural manifestations, as to make it in every sense miraculous. In all his after trials, travels and sufferings, not a doubt of the great change through which he had passed, or of his new relation to God, seems ever to have crossed his mind. He had seen the Lord. He knew whom he had believed. The doubt and uncertainty of the Agnostic had no place in his mind or heart. "I know," was one of his favourite phrases.

3. His intellectual endowments. Paul was a giant in intellect, one of the master minds of the race, the Shakespeare of theology. The most ardent piety would not have fitted him for his task, had he been in mental powers a weakling. How then could he have grappled with Jewish prejudice, Greek philosophy, and Roman scorn.

4. His broad sympathies. If he possessed a great mind, he possessed a greater heart. He saw in every one he met, from Agrippa on the throne, to Onesimus, the runaway slave, a redeemed soul, more precious than rubies or stars. He had "great heaviness" and "continual sorrow" in his heart, and could even wish himself "accursed from Christ," for his brethren, his "kinsmen, according to the flesh." Self was crucified with Christ, and in the spirit of his Lord, he gave his life in loving sacrifice for others.

5. His marvellous tact. In mat-

ters immaterial he became "all things to all men," but only that he might win the more for Christ. He could quote Moses to a Jew, and Cleanthes to a Greek. He was neither "crank" nor fanatic, but eminently practical and sober-minded, commanding the respect even of his enemies. He could write a prose poem on the resurrection, and in the next breath give directions "concerning the collection."

6. His courage. He was splendidly endowed with physical courage and a noble scorn of bodily discomfort and suffering. Grandly did these qualities stand him in hand in mob and shipwreck, in prisons and before thrones.

Thus splendidly endowed by nature and by grace, with heart and intellect matured by three years of retirement, study and communion with God,—like Moses and Elijah in the solitude of the desert—we see him in company with Barnabas, setting forth upon his first great missionary tour. It was at Antioch that the commission came, and it was from that city, the beautiful metropolis of all Syria, that they set forth.

"Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch, and Saul.

"As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.

"And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away."

This tour probably occupied about two years, and took in Seleucia, Cyprus, Perga in Pamphylia, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, and Derbe, the return trip going over much of the ground a second time.

It may be well to pause here and note Paul's method as a mission-

*Sabatier, "The Apostle Paul." Pp. 69-70.

ary. He was a pioneer. He built upon no other man's foundation. Apollos might water, but it was Paul that planted. He was always out on the skirmishing line.

He was self-sustaining. No missionary society, with eloquent secretaries and treasury from which to draw, stood behind him. He toiled with his own hands, rather than be chargeable to the churches.

• He depended upon the preaching of the Gospel for success. No questionable or sensational methods were his. He usually, if there were Jewish residents in the town or city to which he came, went into the synagogue, and as an opportunity was offered, preached Jesus, showing, by comparing the Old Testament Scriptures with the life of Christ, that he was indeed the Messiah.

The sermon preached by Paul at Antioch in Pisidia, may be taken as the model upon which his sermons to Jewish hearers were usually constructed. It is biblical, direct, and pungent in its application. Here occurred the great crisis, when, rejected by their own countrymen, Paul and Barnabas turned from them to the Gentiles.

"Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you: but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles.

"For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldst be for salvation unto the ends of the earth.

"And when the Gentiles heard this, they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord: and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed."

In preaching to the Gentiles, there was not so much necessity for exposition and application of Messianic prophecies, but still it was everywhere Jesus and the resurrection that Paul proclaimed; not cold dogma, but a once cruci-

fied, but now risen and living Christ.

His work was neither hasty nor superficial. He was an organizer. Over a part of the way the two apostles carefully retraced their steps. We read, "They returned again to Lystra, and to Iconium and Antioch, confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God."

They also ordained elders in every city, and prayerfully commended them and the flock to God. No rope of sand was Paul's work. He laid the foundations broad and deep.

Delightful must have been the reception at the Antioch church, by which they had been sent out, sweet and refreshing the temporary rest and Christian fellowship, for their journey had been one of privation and peril. They had been persecuted at Iconium, and Paul had been stoned and left for dead at Lystra.

It was again from Antioch that, accompanied by Silas, Paul set forth upon his second missionary journey. This journey, including the year and six months spent at Corinth, must have occupied about three years, and ended as it began, at Antioch. What an itinerancy? It extended through Asia Minor, and a part of Greece, including Thessaionica, Athens and Corinth. It was upon this tour that Paul had the Troas vision, and heard the Macedonian cry—type of the heathen world in all the Christian centuries, in its dark despair, blindly feeling for the truth and light.

Now the Gospel for the first time crosses over into Europe, and confronts Grecian civilization and culture. The first Christian church was founded at Philippi, and the first convert was a woman.

May not this fact be significant of the prominent part that woman was destined to take in the history of the Church.

It was during this journey that Paul came in contact with the very flower of Greek life and thought, and preached the famous sermon upon Mars' Hill. It was a scene for a painter. "The stone seats of the Areopagus lay open to the sky: in the court stood Epicureans, Stoics, and representatives of every school of Grecian philosophy. Around them spread the city, full of idolaters and their temples; and a little south-east rose the steep height of the Acropolis, on whose level summit were crowded more and richer idolatrous structures than on any other equal place in the world."

Amid such scenes as these did Paul set forth Jesus and the resurrection. But mark the profound tact and considerate courtesy with which he addressed his audience.

Paul was a Christian gentleman. He did not fly in the face of all the prejudices of his hearers.

"Ye men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are somewhat superstitious (or religious). For as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, TO AN UNKNOWN GOD. What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you."

We follow the Revised Version in this, because it better sets forth the thought and spirit of the original.

Paul's audience listened in respectful silence until he spoke of the resurrection, when "some mocked; and others said, we will hear thee again of this matter."

The seed did not, however, all fall in stony places, or among thorns, for "certain men clave unto him, and believed; among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." Upon the

whole, however, the result was unsatisfactory, and "Paul left Athens," says Farrar, "a despised and lonely man."

Could Paul have foreseen the future triumphs of the cross in Greece's splendid metropolis, he would have had very different emotions. "Nor were many centuries to elapse ere, unable to confront the pierced hands which held a wooden cross, its myriads of deities had fled into the dimness of outworn creeds, and its tutelary goddess, in spite of the flashing eyes which Homer had commemorated, and the mighty spear which had been moulded out of the trophies of Marathon, resigned her maiden chamber to the honour of that meek Galilean maiden who had lived under the roof of the carpenter of Nazareth, the virgin mother of the Lord."

It was upon this second missionary journey that Paul and Silas were freed from a Philippian prison by the earthquake power of God, and yet, ere they passed out into liberty, directed the distracted gaoler to the source of all comfort and help. Much peril and suffering Paul encountered upon this journey, yet never once did he falter or grow faint-hearted.

It was from Antioch that, after a very brief interval, Paul started upon his third missionary journey. He revisited the churches of Galatia and Phrygia, spent three years in Ephesus, passed through Macedonia and Greece, and from Corinth went by ship to Caesarea, and thence up to Jerusalem. The whole time, including the three years in Ephesus, occupied four years, bringing us down to A.D. 59.

This was Paul's fifth and last visit to the Jewish capital. To appreciate the magnitude of his labours, and the privations and sufferings that he endured, we must remember that travel in those

days was slow, painful and perilous. No swift steamers conveyed him from port to port. No palace cars whirled him from province to province. In small and clumsy craft, upon back of horse and camel, or afoot, he made his weary way.

Forced by false teachers to vindicate his apostleship, he himself has given us a little insight into the trials and sufferings that marked his life.

"Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one.

"Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep ;

"In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren ;

"In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

Do we ask for the impelling motive in all this? We have the answer. Not ambition, not the desire to build up a great ecclesiastical hierarchy, but that which is the supreme moving power in all true missionary labour: "the love of Christ constraineth us."

While there are counted three great tours made by Paul, these do not by any means make up the whole sum of his missionary labours. His third missionary journey concluded, as we have seen, with his fifth and last visit to Jerusalem. Then followed his arrest and imprisonment at Caesarea, the trial before Festus, the appeal to Caesar, voyage to Rome, shipwreck, and two years' imprisonment in the great Roman capital.

According to all tradition and the best authorities, there were two imprisonments at Rome, with an interval of four or five years between. These intervening years were spent in "labours more

abundant," for, released from his first captivity, with a heart burning with love for a lost and ruined world, the saintly hero sped away upon his errand of mercy. Ephesus, Crete, Miletus, Troas, Corinth and Nicopolis were among the places visited by Paul, during this period of release, as we glean from the Epistles to Timothy and Titus.

But again we find him a prisoner at Rome, and this time treated with much more severity. During the first captivity, although fettered, according to custom, to a military guard, he had been allowed to live in his own lodgings, and to preach to those that came to see him, living in "his own hired house." Now, he is not only chained, but treated as a malefactor, and his friends find it both difficult and dangerous to seek his prison, or to show him any sympathy.

Here the curtain falls. Concerning his final trial and death, we have *only tradition*. "That he underwent execution by the sword," says Alford, "is the constant tradition of antiquity, and would agree with the fact of his Roman citizenship, which would exempt him from death by torture."

In the eloquent words of Canon Farrar, "Neither respecting his bearing nor his fate do we possess any particulars. If any timid, disheartened, secret Christian stood listening in the crowded court—if through the ruined areas which marked the sites of what had once been shops and palaces before the conflagration had swept like a raging storm through the narrow, ill-built streets—if from the poorest purlieus of the Trastevere, or the gloomy haunts of the catacomb, any converted slave or struggling Asiatic, who believed in Jesus, had ventured among the throng, no one has left a record, no one ever

told the story to his fellows so closely as to leave behind him a floating tradition. We know nothing more. The last word has been spoken."

In the second Epistle to Timothy, written under the shadow of the expected martyrdom, we have his farewell testimony. There is neither fear nor flinching.

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith :

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Surely death to him was gain and joy.

"For sure no gladdier does the stranded wreck

See, through the gray skirts of a lifting squall,

The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despaired of, than he saw
Death dawning on him and the end of all."

Thus lived and thus died, sealing his testimony with his blood, Paul, the pioneer missionary, first in labour, first in sufferings, first in zeal, and first in love. A greater intellect, a more self-sacrificing spirit, a holier life, the world has never seen.

"He who can part from country and from kin,

And scorn delights, and tread the thorny way,

A heavenly crown through toil and pain to win ;

He who reviled can tender love repay,

And, buffeted, for bitter foes can pray ;

He who upspringing at his Captain's call,

Fights the good fight, and when at last the day

Of fiery trial comes can nobly fall,

Such were a saint, and more, and such the holy Paul."

WATCHNIGHT.

Jesus, Master, at Thy footstool in the midnight hush we bow,
Naught of worth have we to offer, but ourselves we bring Thee now ;
Thou hast blest us and protected through the year now fleeting past,
Thou hast walked with feet of calming on its waters 'mid the blast ;
In the storm-wind, in the tempest we have heard Thy gentle "Peace !"
And the tumult of our passions had before Thy word to cease.

Master, Thou hast in Thy mercy sins "forgiven until now,"
And in grateful thanks before Thee pardoned sinners here we bow,
And to-night in free surrender lay ourselves at Thy dear feet,
Living sacrifices precious, for Thy blessed service meet ;
Take the emptied vessels, Saviour, sanctify them for Thy use,
Not the meanest service for Thee would our willing hearts refuse.

Take our lives, now given to Thee, make them useful lives, we pray,
"Called" and sanctified and chosen, for Thy vineyard toil alway :
Take the hearts Thy love has filled—it has washed them pure as snow—
Let them still in tender loving to Thy followers o'erflow ;
Take the powers Thou hast given that they evermore may be
Used, and brightly kept and tender, polished instruments for Thee.

Jesus, Master, Thou hast given as a loving gift to-night
One more year unscrolled before us, fair and spotless, pure and white ;
Grant, O Lord, that sin may never mar the whiteness of the page ;
But that still unstained and perfect it may be from age to age :
So that when the scroll is opened in the glad New Year above,
There may be upon its surface, nothing but Thy seal of love.

—A. E. Holdsworth.

THE MISERIES OF A PALACE.

BY MISS N. KINGSTON KERR, B.A.

“ 'Tis better to be lowly born,
 To range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perked up in a glistening grief
 And wear a golden sorrow.”
 —*Shakespeare: King Henry VIII.*

The truth of these lines comes home to us in reading the life history of the Countess Krasinska, the main facts of which are gleaned from her own diary.* Of illustrious descent, beautiful, wealthy, and accomplished, she seemed to have a brilliant future before her; but rather might we envy a peasant girl her happiness than her who was the progenitor of kings. Her childhood, indeed, seems far from being devoid of joys, for she continually writes that she is perfectly happy in her castle home at Maleszow. But it is the gloom and pathos of her early marriage that makes one feel sad for the brilliant and tender-hearted girl.

But not to anticipate, let us begin at the beginning. The Countess Françoise was the second daughter of a Polish nobleman, whose proudest boast was of an ancient and illustrious lineage. The children were all imbued with a sense of the family grandeur, and it would have been considered a disgrace had they not known the names and exploits of every Krasinski and every Korvin in past history. “I can recite the genealogy of the Krasinskis and the history of each of them,” writes Françoise, “as perfectly as my morning prayer.”

* The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska, Great-grandmother of Victor Emanuel. Translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekonska. The authenticity of this journal has been carefully verified. The relationship of the Polish Countess as great-grandmother to both the King and Queen of Italy gives a special interest to her narrative.—Ed.

The count was blessed with other children—three girls—but Françoise, both as regards mental as well as physical endowments, seems to have been the flower of the family. From a portrait we get an impression of rare grace and charm—a beautifully moulded oval face, lit up with great lustrous eyes, sensitive smiling lips, and crowned with a wealth of raven hair. Further we learn from her own description, given with a charming candour thoroughly characteristic, that she is “straight as a poplar, with a complexion white as snow and cheeks pink as roses.”

On the 1st of February, 1759, at the age of sixteen, she begins her diary, at her home in the Castle of Maleszow. From its page exhales the memory of the remote past, its joys and sorrows, its smiles and tears. The old castle must have been a gloomy retreat, little suggestive of youthful jollity, with its “four bastions surrounded by a moat full of water, crossed by a drawbridge, and situated amidst forests in a rocky country.” But Françoise declares herself to be so happy here that she could sing the livelong day. “We are especially gay,” she writes, “when winter comes; when the captain of our dragoons does not lift up the drawbridge till night, so many people are continually driving in and out, and our court band has enough to do playing for us every day.”

She then goes on, with evident pride, to give an account of the retinue, which in accordance with his rank the count keeps at the castle. “There are two classes of courtiers, the honorary and the salaried ones, all alike nobles with the sword at their sides.” Of Mathias, the court jester, Fran-

coise is especially fond. Through-out her diary references are continually made to his wisdom and his warm, loving nature.

Among the other attendants are six girls of good family, and two dwarfs (one of whom is forty, but the size of a four-year-old child, and is dressed like a Turk). The other and still smaller is sometimes put for sport on the dinner table, "where he walks about among bottles and plates, as easily as if he were in a garden."

One's sympathy goes out to the poor servants of those times, for we are told that there is no special dinner provided for them. They stand behind their masters' chairs at meals, and, having to be satisfied with what is left on the plates, "follow with a covetous eye each morsel on its way to the master's mouth."

It is interesting to learn how the children of the castle spend their days. They rise at six in summer, seven in winter, and after saying a French prayer with Madame, their lessons are immediately begun. At eight o'clock they breakfast with their "honoured Parents"—Francoise never speaks of them otherwise. Then there is chapel and more lessons, "and Madame dictates to us the verses of a French poet—Malesherbes"—and they are taught to play on the spinet by a German teacher.

At noon they dine with the "honoured Parents," with whom they are allowed to stay for the rest of the day. If the weather is fine they take a walk, if not, they spend the time at their embroidery.

Once a week, we read, a messenger goes to Warsaw for letters and newspapers, and then the chaplain reads aloud the Gazette and the Courier. Occasionally the count, faithful to his duty of impressing the family importance on his children, reads the old Chronicles, which Francoise finds

"sometimes very dull, sometimes very interesting."

This rather monotonous existence makes one think that our every-day life, with its greater activities and possibilities, is much to be preferred. But Francoise seems to be content, for she cannot imagine how they can better amuse themselves even at the court in Warsaw. "Still," she adds, "I should like, if only out of curiosity, to have just a taste of that court life."

Poor child! She does have a taste of it sooner even than she dreams—a bitter taste, which poisons all her after-life, and causes her to look back, with sorrowful regret, on the innocent enjoyments of her early youth before ambition and disappointment had stained the whiteness of her girlish dreams.

At this point in her diary an event of great importance happens in the family—the marriage of the eldest daughter, Basia. From Francoise's detailed accounts we get an accurate idea, which is very interesting, of the curious Polish customs in connection with such a ceremony. We have not space to linger over these, merely noting, however, the manner of the proposal. The bride-elect accepts her future husband, not through any preference of her own, but simply because it is the will of her "honoured Parents." On the day of the betrothal, the Staroste—such is his title—asks in a voice loud enough to be heard by all, whether she will be his wife. Basia, timidly unwinding a skein of silk—an old Polish custom, which was to prove whether the girl was patient enough to meet the trials of married life—replies that the will of her honoured Parents has ever been a sacred law to her, and that is all the conversation which passes between the two. A method of procedure, this, to which we in the

humbler walks of life would seriously object, but which too often constitutes one of the miseries of a palace.

At length the wedding came off, cannons fired, bands played, there were hurrahs, and the breaking of glasses, and a general uproar.

After the wedding, the young countess is sent to a boarding-school at Warsaw. Here she takes for the first time the fashionable drink, coffee, and learns all the accomplishments befitting her station:—French, German, dancing, drawing, artistic embroidery, and music.

After spending a year thus, a new life begins for Françoise. She leaves school, and, instead of returning home, is allowed to spend the winter with her aunt and uncle, the Prince and Princess of Lublin, and is introduced into society. Now comes the first taste of the court life for which she had longed, and from now date the first stirrings of unrest in her hitherto tranquil existence.

On January 1st, exactly one year from the day on which she began her diary, occurs the great event which moulded all her after life—the meeting with Prince Charles, Duke of Courland. The prince was the best beloved son of the reigning king, Augustus III., and on his father's death would be one of the candidates for the throne. His ascendancy, however, was in no wise secure, for Poland, with its elective crown, was a prey to secret intrigues from foreign courts, each advancing a different claimant for the throne.

Of Duke Charles the young Françoise had heard much, and that much being always highest praise, she was early prejudiced in his favour. Before she had ever seen him she writes, "People say he has a real gift for attracting all hearts. He is very handsome. Very stately in figure. Very cour-

teous in manner." Throughout her diary we find remarks which show how much this hero was in her thoughts. Girl-like, she frequently wonders, "Shall I ever see him?" "When shall I meet him?"

In speaking of the preparations for her sister's marriage, she exclaims in a little gush of enthusiasm:

"Oh, if only the Duke of Courland should come, what grandeur would be added to the wedding!"

At her aunt's she listens eagerly to many praises of the Prince, who, she hopes, will one day be King of Poland.

"He is my hero," she writes, "and I am sure he will be a great man. Shall I ever meet him?"

It was not many months after that, at a court ball, she did meet her "Prince Charming," this hero of her dreams. And so the tragedy of her life begins. From the moment of their meeting the Duke is enamoured of her brilliance and beauty, and to win her for his bride seems the main object of his life. It is the old, old story of a lover's wooing. He calls frequently, and as she sits by her embroidery frame, he whispers in her ear sweet flatteries, which, he is quick to note, bring "a flying charm of blushes o'er her cheek." At the court festivities he pays her the most marked attention.

He is a wily wooer, too, this charming Prince. He dwells upon his love and reverence for his royal parents, even "speaking of his mother with tears in his eyes." This pleases the warm-hearted Françoise, who exclaims impulsively, "How good he must be!"

Knowing of the Duke's infatuation, one sees indeed that the climax must soon be reached. There are many opportunities for Françoise and the Duke to be thrown into each other's society.

The birth of a child to her sister

is followed by a magnificent christening, at which the Duke of Courland and Countess Francoise are the sponsors. It pleases her to see their names coupled together in the Courier, and she wonders what people will say. Dear child! she is so delightfully human!

One likes to linger over these days when love, with its golden glamour, its proud possibilities, and its keen ecstasies, was beckoning her on and showing her, under sunlit skies, its paradise on earth. For soon its eclipse was to come, in the darkness of which poor Francoise was to spend many a weary year.

At last the day comes when she whispers the secret to her diary, "He loves me! He loves me!" "How will it all end?" she wonders. "I see before me either a destiny so grand that I am afraid to think of it, or so dark and miserable that I shiver."

Two days later she is betrothed. One can easily see whither imagination and ambition are carrying her, when she writes on the day of her engagement: "I, Francoise Krasinska, I shall be Duchess of Courland, and perhaps one day something more!" Visions of royal splendour were no doubt dazzling her eyes and making the future stretch before her one unalloyed dream of bliss.

The succession of the Duke to the Polish throne would have been greatly strengthened by his alliance with a royal house. So, knowing that the announcement of his determination to marry the Countess Krasinska would have met with a storm of opposition, he binds his betrothed to secrecy. No outward demonstration could thus be made, but swearing eternal fidelity, they exchange rings, the Duke having prepared one similar to that she had always worn, but with the words, "Forever" engraved inside.

"The trees and the birds," she writes, "were the only witnesses of that silent betrothal. But a father's hand had not given me away, nor a mother bestowed her blessing." One sees that forebodings of the future already overshadow her. And from this day, poor child, her sufferings begin.

Shortly after the betrothal the Duke is called away, and weeks of trial follow for the young fiancee. The separation is rendered doubly painful by her refusal to write to her royal lover. She will have no communication without the consent of her parents, and this consent she cannot receive without revealing her engagement. "How hard when love and duty clash!"

They are separated for three months—months which seem interminable to the sad girl, rendered sadder by her mother's dismay at her refusal of a brilliant offer of marriage. The reproaches of her parents, and the innuendoes of her aunt, deeply moved the affectionate, sensitive Francoise. "Could I have foreseen," she says, "that what I called the height of happiness could have thrown me into such a depth of misery!"

She finally meets her lover again in Warsaw, where he pleads for a private marriage, to be solemnized on the 4th of November, the Duke's birthday. Francoise had become betrothed without the knowledge of her "honoured Parents," but the girl's sense of devotion and duty will not permit of a secret marriage. The Duke finally agrees to her writing to them, and in a few days the consent arrives. "But not," Francoise writes, pitifully, "such an affectionate blessing as they gave Basia, and it is just, for I do not deserve it."

Fearing to awaken the suspicions of the King, the Duke sees but little of his fiancee, even avoiding her at receptions and on all public oc-

casions. "I feel so lonesome," she writes pathetically, "with nobody to confide in or ask for any advice."

It is impossible to exculpate the royal lover. His was an ardent but selfish passion, which did not shrink from sacrificing the girl's happiness to his own ambitious dreams.

In the grey dawn of a dull November morning they slip out stealthily, and the marriage ceremony is performed. "The church is dark and silent as the grave, no living soul but the priest and sacristan." They approach the altar heralded by no triumphant wedding march, and leave it with no uttered benediction save that of the priest, who reads the solemn rites—a sorry wedding indeed for a daughter of a proud Krasinski! In ten minutes it is all over, and while the house is still asleep, Françoise creeps back to her room thinking that if it were not for the wedding ring which she would soon have to take off and hide, she could scarcely believe she was Duchess of Courland and "his forever."

Though it occasions the young wife untold misery and self-reproach, the marriage for several weeks is successfully kept a secret. But one day her aunt detects the Duke slipping a note into Françoise's work-basket. Fearing the worst, the irate lady pours a strain of invective upon her niece's head. She hears herself called the shame, the blot on the Krasinski name; and by this reproach and many others, she is stung into revealing her secret. One can imagine the fire that would flash in the depths of the great, dark eyes, the colour that would mantle the pure cheek and brow, and yet the sweet dignity withal, with which she simply replied, "There is no shame. I am his wife."

The Princess, nothing soothed,

orders her out of the house, the pretext being that it was not good enough for a duchess—perhaps the future queen of Poland. So the poor young bride is driven away from her uncle's house to the refuge of her sister's home.

One's sympathies are deeply stirred for the child-wife—for she is little more—deserted, as it were, at the very altar, and driven from place to place in the vain endeavour to find a home. Where were now the roseate visions with which in the olden happy days she had so often lulled herself asleep! Where were now her hopes, her ambitions, her dreams—the pomp, the magnificence and the grandeur with which she had once pictured herself surrounded? Gone—all faded, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wrack behind."

Later she returns to Maleszow, and the cold reception she receives from her "honoured Parents" causes the poor girl, pining for affection and sympathy, unutterable suffering. "My father bowed low to me," she writes, "as if I were a stranger; even now he will not sit next to me, and gets up when I enter the room."

"When the marriage is announced to the world," says her mother, "my honoured husband will sell a few villages, in order that our second daughter may receive an outfit in accordance with her high rank." She brings in bundles of silk, laces, and jewels, and says timidly that she would have brought more, but nothing seems good enough.

A last blow descends upon her, as if the burden was not already almost more than the young shoulders could bear. The king's minister, having heard of the marriage, informs her that a wedding without the knowledge of the parents, and not blessed by any priest, is null and void. "In the first mo-

ment," she writes, "I believed his words, and felt doomed and helpless; but God had mercy on me and suddenly my mind was cleared. . . . I know our marriage is valid." The minister, finding that he could not deceive her, then suggests a divorce, but only succeeds in extracting a promise, that if the Duke consents, the young Duchess would not refuse. She gave the promise in writing, because she felt assured of her husband's love and faith.

The brave, devoted girl's confidence was not well placed—it was the old, old story of loving "not wisely, but too well."

Weary years of trial and suffering, during which she was still an unacknowledged wife, broke down her strength, and made her old before her time. Her parents died early, and she spent many years in wandering and humiliation.

At last the death of the old king and the election of a foreign candidate to the throne of Poland, removed the only pretext for the Duke's not avowing his marriage. In words which breathed the most tender devotion, he wrote asking forgiveness of the woman he had so
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cruelly wronged, and imploring her to come to Dresden, where she would be received with all honour according to her rank. Francoise finally joined the husband of her youth, and from that time forward the fevered, fitful life seems to have become tranquil. All visions of royal splendour, all ambitions dreams were over; but Francoise, Duchess of Courland, secure at last in her husband's affection, passed the remainder of her life in peace and tranquillity. And thus, after long years of isolation, loneliness and suffering, she had her share of "what every woman counts her due, love, children, happiness."

Her only child, Marie Christina, grew up to be as graceful a woman as was her mother. She became Duchess of Savoy, was the mother of Charles Albert, and grandmother of Victor Emmanuel. Thus Francoise was the great-great-grandmother of the present King and Queen of Italy.

She died in 1793, being thus just in her fifty-second year; and her husband, as if to prove, after all his unfaithfulness, the strength of his reawakened love, survived her but a few months.

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

Resolve ye now, good gentlemen,
That either sow or reap;
For New Yeare cometh yet again
Where Christmasse lies asleep,
Make register of vows, and then
Have them in holy keep.

Leave off those sinnes of heart and life
Which troubleth conscience sore;
The unkynde worde which wounds the wife,
The crust denied the poore:
The anger and the daily strife
Wherewith ye dark youre doore.

Resolve ye in youre secret mynde
To live in loftier scope;
Not stumbling in the darkness blynde

Where lesser natures grope;
But dwell, with love for all mankinde,
On stately hills of Hope!

This world, by Christ, the Lord His grace,
With every plain and hill
Where cattle graze and rivers race,
Belongeth to you still;
But shines the sun from God's own face,
And onlie by His will.

Wherefore, do yet God's pleasure note,
And in His pathway tread;
For He hath tuned each birdling's throat—
Each fowle by Him is fed.
So shall thy life's shippe heavenward float,
By angels piloted.

THE EARLY AGES OF THE HUMAN RACE.*

I.

The relics of long-vanished races, which are from time to time revealed to us, possess not only a romantic interest, but also an extraordinary fascination. In the depths of the gloomy forests of Central America and Yucatan, the ruins of vast cities have constantly amazed the traveller, by their surprising extent and their lonely magnificence. In the solitary islands in the Pacific Ocean, where only a few miserable savages, armed with rude stone weapons, live under wretched shelters of sticks and leaves, similar memorials of the splendours of former days are visible on all sides. The voyager, landing from his vessel, and wandering over these secluded islands, sees all around him the ruins of great walls, platforms, towers, and cyclopean fortifications, rivalling in size and in beauty the temples of Nineveh, Luxor, and Karnak. But the builders are gone, leaving neither record nor tradition behind them. In Mashonaland, also, the marvellous ruins of Zimbabwe, and its associated cities, exhibit the former civilization of Southern Africa in a wonderful manner, and present a mystery which is still unsolved. But even more entrancing in its interest is the record of the state of the first wanderers of the human race, who lived amidst the primeval forests and struggled with mighty

beasts, many of which have disappeared long ago, and whose bones, relics, and weapons are buried in the caves, or amidst the gravels of Western Europe. Here, indeed, we see Early Man, in all his difficulty, danger, and solitude.

The three books reviewed in this article differ greatly from each other. Mr. Fiske's treatise is short, sketchy, and popular, and he merely unfolds the Darwinian view of Man's origin and early condition, without troubling his readers with proofs or details. Mr. Laing is a writer of a very different character, and his work is argumentative and scientific, while his charming style carries the reader easily along with him. After describing the earliest civilizations, and briefly noticing the condition of Neolithic Man, he unfolds at length the habits of Quaternary—or Palaeolithic Man. He then gives an account of the Glacial Period, and closes his work by an excellent summary of the discoveries relating to Tertiary Man. Though we reject entirely his estimate of the extreme antiquity of Man, and regard his theological and biblical views as very erroneous, we admire his patience, industry, and picturesque style, while the value of the book is enhanced by its excellent illustrations. The work of Sir William Dawson is most valuable. He also discusses the problems of Tertiary Man and the Glacial Period. His description of the Palaeolithic Period and of the human races of that time is most interesting, and he refers at length to the Diluvial Catastrophe which closed the Palaeolithic Period, and which he considers to have been the Deluge of Noah. He notices the state of pre-historic Egypt and Syria, and closes his work with an account of

* "Human Origins." By Samuel Laing. (Twelfth thousand). London. 1894.

"The Meeting-place of Geology and History." By Sir William J. Dawson. London. 1894.

"Man's Destiny." By John Fiske. London. 1893.

We reprint from *The London Quarterly Review*, for July, 1896, this admirable science paper, founded largely upon the researches of a distinguished Canadian scholar.—Ed.

the Post-Diluvial dispersion, from a scientific point of view. It will thus be seen that the three books, taken together, cover the whole of the early ages of the human race.

We may begin by endeavouring to ascertain the time and place of Man's origin, and we at once find ourselves plunged into difficulties. Mr. Laing thinks that Man's earliest ancestors lived in the Eocene Period of the Tertiary Era, and such a time was worthy of such an event. Europe then had a tropical climate, and was clothed with magnificent forests. Palms waved their feathery crowns, and creeping plants and gorgeous flowering shrubs grew everywhere in wild luxuriance. Indian water-plants floated on the rivers; crocodiles rustled amidst the reeds; serpents allied to the boa swept through the grass; and fruits, flowers, and spices, such as now grow in Java and in the Moluccas, flourished then in England in unrivalled splendour. But there is no trace of Man in this era. Of his bones, weapons, or relics nothing has anywhere been discovered. No creature existed at that time from which he could have been developed, and, as the highest forms of animal life then living were lemurs allied to those found in Madagascar, and far lower than any anthropoid apes, it is not surprising that the existence of Man at that time is denied, and so thorough-going an evolutionist as Professor Boyd-Dawkins rejects it altogether:

The Miocene Period followed, and in Europe the climate was still so hot as to be almost tropical, while the forests, shrubs, and flowers were almost indescribable in their magnificence. Mastodons, tapirs, and rhinoceroses filled the woods; apes swarmed amidst the trees; while stags, antelopes, and gazelles thronged the grassy plains in countless numbers. High up

in what are now the Arctic regions, the lands were covered with a splendid forest vegetation. Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Grinnell Land were clad with splendid forests, so that the Polar regions were then a paradise of trees and shrubs and flowers, and Sir Charles Lyell has given it as his opinion that in the Miocene Period the North Pole itself—if occupied by land—was covered with dense forests. To explain this wonderful Polar vegetation, it has been suggested that the warm tropical waters of the Indian and Pacific Oceans were carried into the Polar regions by powerful currents. A great inland sea reached from the Bay of Bengal to the Caspian, and thence to the Arctic Ocean, and this Asiatic Mediterranean was also connected with the Red Sea. In North America, also, a broad sea expanse covered the district between Hudson's Bay and the mouth of the Mackenzie, so that a vast quantity of hot water was poured into the Polar basins from the Indian and Pacific Oceans.

It was also a period of great volcanic activity. A splendid chain of volcanoes rose amidst the islands of the Hebrides in Scotland, and the great craters in Mull, Skye, and Eigg, poured forth vast masses of lava into the sea around the shores. In France (Auvergne), also, there were great volcanic eruptions, and the ashes, scoriae, and cinders, falling amidst the forests, overwhelmed the great beasts before they had time to escape. Along the Rhine there were at this time violent eruptions, the craters of the Eifel being in great activity. There are no bones of Man in the deposits of the Miocene Era, nor have the remains of any creature from which he could have been derived been discovered in any formations belonging to this time.

The Miocene Era was a glorious

time, when the earth must have been a perfect paradise. Vegetation was then at its most magnificent development; mammalian life—exhibited in the great beasts of the plains and forests—attained its maximum; but amidst all these sublime scenes, Man had no home, and made no appearance. At the close of the Miocene Era, great changes took place in the climate and physical geography of Europe. The land connection which had existed between Britain and Greenland was broken up, and the waters of the Atlantic flowed freely into the Arctic Ocean. The great volcanoes in the Scotch Hebrides ceased their eruptions, although those in Central France and along the Rhine continued to pour forth lava, and to darken the sky with smoke and ashes. The Pliocene Period was ushered in, and the climate of Europe became colder, though it was still warmer than at present. The vegetation—though much less luxuriant than in Miocene times—was semi-tropical. In Central and Southern France, bamboos, laurels, tulip-trees, and maples made the forests resemble those of the Canary Islands; and in Italy there flourished cinnamon trees, and sabal palms. Along with these there grew in Britain, maples, alders, elms, and ash trees, while the loftier mountains were clad with dense and dark forests of pines. Mastodons, rhinoceroses, and deer filled the woods. Apes, smaller than those of Miocene days, lived in the trees; wild horses scoured the plains; hippopotamuses plunged and snorted in the rivers; and, in the latter portion of the Pliocene Period, monstrous elephants, far larger than any now living, roamed the woods, and trooped in great herds across the grassy savannahs.

There are no undoubted remains of Man in the Pliocene Period, though some bones and skulls

have been discovered which are said to belong to this era. A short time ago, some skeletons were found at Castelnedolo, near Brescia, in deposits of Pliocene Age. But they lay in a marine formation, and there was nothing to show that they had not been subsequently buried. Animal bones, belonging to the Pliocene Era, have been found in many places, which are marked by cuts supposed to have been made by Man. But all these groovings and scratchings can be accounted for in a natural manner, either by supposing them to be the work of ordinary earth-agencies, or to have been produced by the teeth of sharks, which were very abundant at that time.

Remarkable evidence has, however, been produced from California, to prove that Man lived in the Pliocene Period. The auriferous gravels of the Sierra Nevada, which are said to be of Pliocene Age, contain many ancient stone tools and mortars, and they are covered by enormous masses of lava. Amongst these gravels, there was discovered in 1866 a human skull, since known as the Calaveras skull, and which has occasioned much controversy. Did this skull belong to a man who lived in the Pliocene Period? Mr. Laing is doubtful. Sir William Dawson does not believe in the great antiquity of the skull, and Professors Le Conte and Haynes have shown the utter insufficiency of the proofs which have been produced to establish the existence of Man in California during the Pliocene Period.

Another curious relic found in North America is the Nampa Image. In 1889, in a bed of gravel at Nampa, in Idaho, under a mass of lava, a little clay image, less than two inches long, but skilfully modelled, was discovered. The gravel is either of Pliocene or

Pleistocene Age, and the artistic formation of the image shows the high intellectual character of Primitive Man, and, like the Calaveras skull, it throws a heavy weight into the scale against the idea that the earliest members of the Human Race were sunk in the lowest depths of mental and moral degradation.

Much ingenious speculation has been exercised concerning the precise locality in which Man made his first appearance. Some time ago, Hartlaub conjectured that in Tertiary times a great continent stretched from Madagascar to Ceylon and the Malay Islands. He founded this theory on the resemblance existing between many of the birds of the Indian regions and those now living in Madagascar, and the name of Lemuria was bestowed on this long-submerged continent. It is in Lemuria that Haeckel has placed the earliest home of Man, and it has even been imagined that here also was the site of the Garden of Eden, the Zambesi being one of its four rivers! Mr. A. R. Wallace, however, has proved that Lemuria could never have existed. The great depth of the sea between India and Madagascar, as well as the fauna of the intervening islands, quite negatives the idea of a former land-connection, while the peculiar birds and animals of Madagascar were probably derived from Europe, by a migration through Africa.

Quatrefages thinks that Man first appeared in the great central plateau of Asia, which lies between the Himalayas on the south, the Pamirs on the west, the Altai on the north, and the Khinghans on the east. But in Tertiary times nearly all Central Asia was under water, vast inland seas then rolled their waves over the deserts of Gobi, Khiva, and Kizil-Kum, and the marine deposits left by these

waters can be traced in the Caspian plains, and high up in the valleys of the Pamirs. Sir William Dawson falls back on south-eastern Babylonia, placing the Garden of Eden at the head of the Persian Gulf, and he meets the difficulty that the alluvial soil in this region is all of a very recent origin, by the simple statement that at the time of Man's advent the continents stood at a higher elevation than afterwards. Bearing in mind that the four rivers of Eden can certainly be identified with the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Karun, and the Kerkhat, which are all in this region; and remembering also that Eden (or Idinu) was the name given in the cuneiform records to the plain of lower Babylon, we think Sir William Dawson's theory to be very plausible, and well supported by facts.

Mr. Fiske apparently imagines that Man appeared on the earth during the Pliocene Era, and he draws a melancholy picture of the moral degradation of the earliest men. He describes also the endless conflicts they carried on with each other, in the following gloomy language :

In respect of belligerency the earliest men were doubtless no better than brutes. They were simply the most crafty and formidable among brutes. . . . The conditions of the struggle for existence were not yet visibly changed from what they had been from the outset of the animal world. That struggle meant everlasting slaughter, and the fiercest races of fighters would be just the ones to survive and perpetuate their kind. Those most successful primitive men, from whom civilized peoples are descended, must have excelled in treachery and cruelty, as in quickness in wit and strength of will. That moral sense which makes it seem wicked to steal and murder was scarcely more developed in them than in tigers and wolves.

This is pure romance. In Man's earliest days there was no need whatever for this endless fighting, simply because the causes

for hostility did not exist. Food was everywhere abundant. Game of all kinds existed in such vast numbers as to be easily captured, and all the rivers swarmed with fish. Men were few, and immense uninhabited tracts separated the earliest human wanderers. If collisions did occur—which must have been rare—the beaten party simply moved off to distant regions where Man had not yet penetrated, and where their safety was complete. Instead of the earliest ages of Man's existence being days of incessant warfare, they must have been times of profound peace.

But let us hear Mr. Fiske on the mental natures of the lowest men. Here is his opinion on this matter:

In mathematical capacity the Australian, who cannot tell the number of fingers on his two hands, is much nearer to a lion or a wolf than to Sir Rowan Hamilton, who invented the method of quaternions. In moral development this same Australian, whose language contains no words for justice and benevolence, is less remote from dogs and baboons than from a Howard or a Garrison.

It is strange that Mr. Fiske should have fallen into such errors. However degraded the Australian may be, he possesses a capacity for improvement which may be marvellously developed by education. No animal possesses this faculty for progressive mental development, and here lies the great crux of the Evolution Theory. The Australians are capable of great mental development. They have been instructed by Bishop Salvado to be skilful agriculturists, and have been taught the art of sheep-shearing, until they are able actually to surpass Europeans in this occupation. They have also learned to play chess, and in the Moravian schools their children show themselves to be fully equal to European children in their readiness to acquire, and in their

ability to master, all the elementary branches of knowledge.

We need no longer discuss the problem of Tertiary Man, as Man's existence in those distant ages has been most emphatically denied by many of the leading geologists in England, France, and America. In England, Sir John Evans, Sir Joseph Prestwich, and Professor Hughes, all refuse to accept it; and Professor Boyd-Dawkins, in his greatest work, rejects the idea that Man lived during the Tertiary Period. Even in France—where the theory is more favourably regarded—so able an archaeologist as M. Cartailhac rejects the evidence for Tertiary Man. In America, also, Sir William Dawson will not accept the theory, and Professor Haynes, after having examined all the evidence for Tertiary Man, at length rejects the idea completely.

The Pliocene Period passed away, and with it, also, many forms of animal and vegetable life departed from Europe. The magnificent mastodons wholly disappeared when the Pliocene Era closed, though, strange to say, these great beasts lived on in America until long after the Glacial Period had terminated. Another important change was the disappearance of the apes from Europe, where they became entirely extinct at the end of the Pliocene Era.

The European climate now continued to grow colder, and, while great changes took place in the fauna and flora, the chill of the approaching Glacial Period began to make itself manifest. The Pre-Glacial forest beds along the coast of Norfolk contain remains of only those trees which now grow in Britain; and northern animals, such as the Mammoth and musk ox, make their first appearance. Sir Joseph Prestwich holds, on the

evidence of flints found at Ightham, in Kent, that man lived either before or during the Glacial Period, but the flints require to be further examined before a definite opinion can be pronounced.

We now reach the Great Winter of the Glacial Period. During this Ice Age, enormous glaciers covered all the mountains of Northern Europe and of North America. Vast moving ice sheets, also, covered millions of square miles in these regions and may even have filled up much of the beds of the Irish Sea and the German Ocean. Still, vigorous animal and vegetable life abounded. Buried forests occur between the glacial deposits in North America; and in Scotland the Mammoth, reindeer, and many wild oxen, lived during the Great Ice Age. There is also in Wisconsin, in North America, a curious region from which the Drift deposits are absent, and which is consequently called "The Driftless Region of Wisconsin." It is full of the remains of Mastodons, elephants, buffaloes, and wolves, and is supposed to have formed during the Glacial Period a great island surrounded on all sides by vast oceans of moving ice. In fact, it seems that Southern Alaska to-day presents us with a miniature of the Glacial Period. The snowfall of this region is prodigious, and enormous glaciers meeting and forming vast ice-sheets overflow the lowlands along the Pacific coast beneath Mount St. Elias. Still, in summer, a very vigorous vegetation flourishes; forests clothe the lower hills, grass mantles the valleys, and beautiful flowers grow in countless numbers and in wonderful luxuriance. How long the Glacial Period continued we do not know. Sir Joseph Prestwich thinks that it lasted from 15,000 to 25,000 years; there are grounds also for concluding that it departed with great rapidity.

The ice-sheets retreated, the glaciers shrunk up the mountain sides, the icebergs no longer floated on the seas, the climate became warmer, and the Great Winter of Europe was over. The dry land then stood much higher than now. Ireland was joined to England, and extensive tracts of land filled the English Channel and the southern part of the German Ocean, so that Britain in Post-Glacial times was connected with France, Germany, and Denmark. France and Spain extended far out into the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic. The Rhine flowed northwards through the lands which then occupied the southern portion of the German Ocean, and which were probably thickly wooded and teeming with animal life. Dense forests covered all the hills and mountains, and the rivers, swollen by the melting of the snows and by a copious rainfall, rolled in enormous volume through the valleys, filling them from bank to bank.

Western Europe in those days witnessed a wonderful development of animal life. It was the period when the elephants attained to their grandest development, for there were then no fewer than seven distinct species of elephants in Europe. Hippopotamuses swam in all the rivers from Spain to Scotland; rhinoceroses plunged amidst the thickets; and countless herds of deer, antelopes, buffaloes, and wild horses scoured the grassy plains in all directions. Carnivorous animals were equally abundant. Lions and tigers swarmed on all sides. Hyenas made the darkness of the night ring with their unearthly laughter. Bears inhabited the caves amidst the mountains, and packs of wolves sweeping through the forests after nightfall made the woods resound with their dismal howlings.

Alongside of these animals there dwelt such northern forms as the

reindeer, the musk ox, and the lemming, and the intimate association of these animals with the lion, the hyena, and the hippopotamus has given rise to much speculation. It has been thought that the Post-Glacial Period was divided into warm and cold eras, the southern animals (the lion, tiger, hyena and hippopotamus) living in the former, and the northern animals (the reindeer, musk-ox and lemming) in the latter. This theory, however, is refuted by the fact that the bones of the northern and southern animals are constantly found intermingled in the same deposit. Thus, the remains of the hippopotamus and the reindeer often lie side by side, and the bones of the reindeer are frequently found gnawed by the hyenas. Another hypothesis is that every summer the southern animals migrated northwards from the shores of the Mediterranean,

and returned in the autumn; the northern animals then migrated southwards, spent the winter in Central Europe, and returned to their northern homes in the spring. No such extensive migrations, on such a scale, take place amongst animals in the present day, especially—as in the European area—where lofty mountains lie in the line of march. No cause can be assigned for the southern animals leaving the warm regions of the Mediterranean in the early spring, while to suppose that such a clumsy animal as the hippopotamus, which loves the water, should make a land journey every year from Northern Italy to Yorkshire is perfectly ridiculous. The northern and southern animals evidently lived side by side all the year round where their remains are found, and the climate must in some way have permitted this strange association.

THE WARDEN OF THE PLAINS.*

BRONCHO JAKE'S CONVERSION.

BY THE REV. J. MACLEAN, M.A., PH.D.

On the wide western plains at the base of the Rocky Mountains, where countless buffalo once found luxuriant winter feeding-grounds, the white man's cattle were now roaming in tens of thousands.

It was the time of the "round up." The cowboys had been scouring the plain for hundreds of miles, gathering in the cattle and

horses, and driving them into the corral, there to be counted and the young branded.

The "round up" party had camped for the night. Many of them, weary from the hard day's riding, were sitting or lounging about in the tents or on the open prairie waiting for the supper which others were preparing.

"Hello, Jake," shouted one of these, as a man who seemed to have sprung from the prairie, so suddenly had he appeared, rode into the camp.

"All right, Bill," was the semi-questioning reply, uttered in a short, but friendly tone.

*The Rev. Dr. Briggs is issuing from our Connexional Press a volume under this title by the Rev. Dr. Maclean. Dr. Maclean has lived long among the adventurous characters of our Canadian North West, and thoroughly understands Indian, rancher, and cowboy life. His volume abounds in stirring episodes and striking adventures and character-studies of great interest.

"The boys 'll be right glad t' see ye, Jake, fur we haven't had a sermon fur a long time. Ye're the only preacher we fellows have got, and ye're welcome."

"Wall, Bill, ef ye w'ud follow the trail and no be straying frae the herd, ye wouldna get lost sae often, nur make it sae hard fur yerselves, and fur the Gospel cowboys t' find ye."

Jake, or as he called himself, the "Gospel Cowboy," was a queer character, but a true man, who felt himself called upon to go from ranch to ranch to tell in his own way the story of the Saviour's redeeming love.

Before his conversion he was known as "Broncho Jake," but since then the pioneers on the prairie had called him "The Warden of the Plains." He had been a daring fellow, fearless of danger in crossing the rapid rivers, a good rider, and a splendid roper. Few of the cowboys could handle a lariat like Broncho Jake.

When he joined the ranks of the "Gospel grinders," there were wry faces made and queer remarks uttered, for some of the boys thought he would be sentimental and sanctimonious; but there were others who knew him better and said, "Jake's a square fellow, and you bet he'll be a good un; none o' yer long faces nur yer long prayers when a fellow is in need of anything."

Jake justified his friends' faith, and no one exerted a wider influence for good over the cowboys, or was given a heartier welcome when he came among them, than the "Warden of the Plains."

On this evening as soon as supper was over, the boys gathered round Jake and were soon singing the hymns he had set to the rollicking airs all cowboys love.

Jake had a grand supply of stories, and when the lads were in good spirits they would listen

eagerly, unconsciously learning the lesson the story never failed to convey. Jake was too wise to draw the moral of his tales himself, thus treating his audience as children. He told his stories in a fascinating and suggestive manner, and left each listener to adapt their teaching to his own need or consciousness.

Much, however, as they liked his stories, the great event of Jake's visit was his sermon. The boys loved to hear him preach. He talked to them in language and in a way that they could understand, and his genuine goodness of heart and interest in their welfare had taught them to love him. It was a rough kind of affection, and the boys would not have called it by that name, perhaps, but it was none the less a genuine love for the man.

Taking a little book out of his pocket, Jake looked round on the men who sat about him, and smiling as he held it up, said :

"Ye see, boys, I allus bring my brand book wi' me to see to the strays and return them to the masters. I've got nearly all the brands by heart. The biggest cattle bosses I've known—an' a good many I've met in my day—are the Lord Jesus Christ and the Devil. I'm a wee bit afeard the Devil's got the biggest herd, for his range is cropped off bare, and the cattle are pretty thin. He's no a bit partic'ler how he gets them, mavrocks, strays and sich like, he puts his brand on them all. Sic a lot of scrubs you never saw afore. Puir things, wi' a hummock, stony range they get hardly anythin' to eat."

"I've ridden over the devil's range an' I reckon I know what it's like. His herd is just like Slim Jim's, where the cattle feed on furze and rushes, thinkin' they are fine grass and vetches, but ye can tell when ye see their ribs they're

no weel herded. I reckon the cowboys are asleep, an' the puir things maun rustle fur themselves. Ah, ma lads, yer among the strays the devil 'has stolen, an' he's put his brand on ye. Ye canna see his mark, fur he's put it pretty well on yer flanks. He's a cunnin' cattle-boss. He's afeard the owner might claim ye, for would ye believe it, ye belong to the herd of Christ, an' ye've strayed, and some of ye were mavrocks. It's easy to get lost on the prairie when ye take the wrong trail, an' some of ye hae jist shut yer eyes an' followed the ithers ahead o' ye. I tell ye, the devil's a good roper, an' his boys are up to ail kinds o' pranks. Get on his range an' he'll hae ye coralled an' his mark on ye afore ye know it."

Jake fell upon his knees and prayed briefly :

"Blessed Maister, we love you, and we're not ashamed to tell everybody. We oughter be ashamed if we didna tell. Some of us are not on the right trail. We've lost it, and we canna find it. The snow must a' covered it, or else our eye-sight is gettin' bad an' we canna see. Corral us, O Lord, afore we get lost in the storm. Brand us wi yer ain mark, that ye'll ken yer ain. Keep us on yer ain range, an' if ever we stampe, throw yer rope an' lead us to yer ranch. Save us frae wand'rin' in the mountains or strayin' in the coulees when there's fine food on the prairie. Help us to feed on grace an' truth, an' may we be prepared to walk in the trails o' heaven; then take us quietly some night, an' when we get hame we'll thank ye oursel' fur all yer kindness an' love. Amen !"

Before sunrise the camp was astir, and Jake, bidding his friends good-bye, continued his journey after partaking of a hasty meal.

Few were the houses on the prairie, and frequently did this Sky

Pilot, as he was sometimes called, travel from forty to fifty miles to visit some aged miner or sick cowboy.

"An' yer lyin' there yet, Jim," said Jake as he entered the shack of an old timer who had been sick for a few weeks.

"Ay, Jake, it's hard lines, but I might be worse."

"That's true. Ye never looked on it that way afore, an' I'm glad to hear ye talk in that way."

Jake threw off his coat and stepped outside without saying a word, and in a few moments the vigorous play of an axe was heard. It was Jake putting in a preface to his sermon. Oftentimes he would say, "Ye maun heed the book, fur it tells ye afore ye eat ye maun work, an' a clean religion is to creep down quietly afore anyone sees ye, to the widow's house, an' split wood an' carry water.

Jake had a roaring fire on, and was soon busy making pancakes, buns and tea, and frying some bacon.

Jim was badly crippled with rheumatism, and seldom saw any one except a cowboy or an Indian. He did not, however, feel lonely, as he had been accustomed to this mode of living for many years. The present year had been one of the hardest for him, he had suffered so much with rheumatism. Jim had been well brought up, his connections being numbered amongst some of the first families of Philadelphia. When quite a young man he had drifted westward, attracted by the report of the fortunes made at the mines. His life had been one of expectancy, always hoping for the fortune which seemed to others a long way off. He was not daunted in his pursuit of wealth. Several times he had made large sums and then squandered them freely, hoping to replace them by greater; but that happy day never came to him. And now

he was almost a helpless cripple, crawling around his shanty, and glad to see the face of a stranger. There was none more welcome than Broncho Jake. Jim had known him before he became a sky pilot, and so fully did he believe him, that no one dared to say a word against him in his hearing.

"The slap-jacks are not the best, Jim, but I reckon they'll keep life in for a while."

"They're fine, Jake, they're fine."

"The Maister," said Jake, "must hae been a good one, for He wus worse off than our rabbits; He didna hae a hole to creep into out o' the sight o' His enemies; an' min', He had a lot o' them, fur He was the friend on the side o' the men who had their failings and had none to sympathize with them.

"He didn't trample ye down when ye fell, but waited till ye got yer breath, an' then takin' yer arm, He would say, 'My friend, get up; ye'll soon be well. I'll gie ye a hand to put ye on yer horse, an' I'll help ye to find the trail.' He was a bonnie man."

Jim was silent. He had finished his meal and drawn near to the stove. He had seldom thought of such things until Jake began to visit him, and then his mind was directed towards religion, but in the quaint way which was characteristic of these men of the western plains. Jim sat gazing into the fire, while Jake continued his talk as he cleared the dishes from the small table and began to wash them. As he scrubbed and cleaned he talked about the Master in such a familiar strain that Jim felt as if he were some relation, that he had also some claim upon His sympathies, and would work gladly for him. The dishes were cleaned and the room swept, and then Jake joined him beside the stove.

"Ay, Jim, many a time I hae crossed these prairies thinking I was pretty smart, but I tell ye I

found my match. I could ride faster and better'n any of the boys, 'n, thinks I, there's none can beat me, I'm boss o' the ranches. Wall, I wus a ridin' to the ranch one day, an' as I was a crossin' the Belly River I thought I heard a voice out o' the bush calling my name. It wasna the same as the boys call me, but the voice called 'Johnnie!' Wall, it wasna the name that struck me so much as the voice. I says to myself, 'I ken that voice.' When I got across the river I went into the bush, and agen I heard my name called out, 'n I says, 'Hello!' but I heard nothin', till the third time I was a listenin', an' then fainter so I could hardly catch it, it said 'Johnnie!'

"I turned my horse's head to go to the mountains, but, wud ye believe it, the beast wudna go. I got a kind o' skeered, 'n says, 'There must be some ghosts here.' I dinna believe in such things, so I drove the spurs into my horse, but he wudna go; so, jest to see the end o' the thing, I let him take his own way, an' I gie' him the lines an' let him go. He turned right to the river an' crossed back an' off as fast as he could go. 'The spirits hae got him, sure,' says I. But as he went on, I began to think, an', puttin' the voice an' the horse's gait together, I says, 'I'll see the end o' this.' My horse took me right to the Missouri River, an' without thinkin' what I was doing, I put him in a herd an' stepped on a boat, an' off I went down the Big Muddy.

"I couldna tell ye all my qucer journey, for I wasna myself. Wall, I landed at last in a wee bit of a town, an' as I wus goin' up the street, I thinks to myself, I hae seen some o' these things afore. I stopped at a door to pick up a wee thing that was cryin', an' when I was talkin' to it, an old man comes to me, an' holding out his hand,

he says, 'I'm glad yer come. She's been a lookin' fur ye, an' she'll be right glad to see ye, fur she canna last long.' I looked at him an' shook my head. 'Come in, John Bedson,' says he, and I looked. I didna ken what to say. That was the first time fur many long years that I'd heard my name. I had almost forgotten it myself. I went into the house. It was none o' yer shanties, but a fine big house; an', as I went in, the old man took me to the bed, an' he says, 'He's come! Didna I tell ye that yer dreams an' prayers would all come true?'

"'Johnnie! Johnnie!'"

Broncho Jake stopped. The tears were coursing down his cheeks, and his lips were quivering with emotion.

"It was my mother, Jim. I hadna been back since I ran away when I was a wee fellow, an' I had forgotten all about them, an' I didna' ken which way to find them, an' here I was at last! That voice at the river brought me to her bedside. She took my hands in hers an' says,

"'Johnnie, He'll be a true friend to ye.'

"'He's too old, mither,' I said, 'to be any use to me. He wouldna make a cowboy; he's too old.'

"'O Johnnie,' says she, 'dinna talk in that way. I ha' trusted in Him since I was a wee lassie, and

He'll no leave me noo when I'm crossin' the Jordan.'

"'Mother, I'll take ye across the Jordan if it's no too deep. Many a time I hae crossed the Kootenay an' the Saskatchewan, an' if the Jordan's no wider an' deeper 'an them, I can take ye across. He's too old to take ye o'er the water.'

"'Johnnie, Johnnie! my laddie! hae ye forgotten all I taught ye at my knee?'" says my mother to me.

"Wall, Jim, she talked to me till I couldna see, fur my eyes were fu' of tears. The dear old body took me by the hand as she prayed for me wi' her dying breath, and afore she went away she says, 'Ye'll serve Him, Johnnie?' an' I put my hand in hers, and I couldna say anything, but jist kissed her old cheek afore she died.

"'Meet me yonder, Johnnie,' she said, 'and then she closed her eyes. I got a fine stone an' put it at her grave, an' I got the fellow who made it to cut out on it a saddle and a pair o' spurs, and afore them the words, 'Meet me Yonder.'

"'Late one night I went to her grave an' got down beside it, an' wud ye believe it I prayed and I says, 'Maister, Maister, I'll serve ye! I'm no happy here, an' I'll gang back to the ranch and serve ye.'

"'I went again next morning to take a last look at the grave, and then I said: 'I'm off to the mountains to serve Him.'"

Our other years have slipped away, as slips the flower its sheath,
Once more with hands held out we grasp a gift the Father sends,
And gave Him thanks for length of days, for joy that comes with breath,
For home and books and happy work, for children and for friends.

All in the midnight and the frost we sped the old year out;
All in the dawnlight and the glow we bid the new year in!
The King is dead! Long live the King!—'tis aye the clamorous shout;
And ever 'tis with mirth and hope the new-born reigns begin.

What yet may wait of care or grief to-day we cannot tell,
Another year, another start, another chance to do
What lieth closest to our hand: God loves us, all is well;
Disdaining fear, we greet the year, whose first white leaves are new.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

MARY SOMERVILLE, WOMAN AND SCIENTIST.*

BY THE REV. ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

The present century has made a new era in the intellectual life of woman. She has not failed in other periods to give proof of literary capacity, but the instances have, before the present age, been only occasional, and have, therefore, appeared to be exceptional. In our day women fairly throng the field of the lighter kinds of literary labour. In poetry and fiction their success is no longer disputable. In biography and history, also, they have been taking rank by the side of man. Occasional examples show that they may aspire to the highest attainments of the male intellect, to the loftiest regions of abstract science.

Mary Somerville was born in Jedburgh, Scotland, December 26, 1780. Her father was a naval captain, and therefore absent from home most of his time. The family lived on a bare competence at Burnt Island, a small seaport town on the coast of Fife, immediately opposite to Edinburgh. Her mother had no special qualifications for the training of such an intellect as her child subsequently revealed. "My mother," she says, "taught me to read the Bible and to say my prayers, otherwise she allowed me to grow up a wild creature."

When between eight and nine years old, she knew not how to write, and "read very badly." She had amused herself somewhat with the "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Pro-

* We have pleasure in reprinting from the *Methodist Review* this admirable character-sketch of Mrs. Somerville, by the veteran historian of Methodism, who is himself a remarkable example of bringing forth fruit in old age.—Ed.

gress." Her father, returning from sea, and mortified at her little progress during his absence, said to her mother, "This kind of life will never do. Mary must at least know how to write and keep accounts." So at ten years of age she was sent to a boarding-school, where it is a wonder that the small amount of intellect she seemed to have was not entirely stultified by the absurd discipline to which she was subjected. "The chief thing I had to do," she says, "was to learn by heart a page of Johnson's Dictionary." On her return home, after a year of such training, she was reproached with having "cost so much money in vain." "My mother said she would have been contented if I had only learned to write well and keep accounts, which were all a woman was expected to know. I was like a wild animal escaped out of a cage." She complains of even an uncommonly defective memory. Before she began to read algebra she had to restudy arithmetic, having forgotten much of it. Here was certainly no portentous sign of genius, nothing like that precocity which is usually supposed to presage a great intellectual career. An intellectual prodigy as a woman, she was apparently beneath mediocrity as a child.

After her return from school she spent hours on the sea-shore collecting shells—the beginning of her knowledge of natural history. She found a copy of Shakespeare, and the great master inspired her with a love of higher and more varied reading than she had hitherto cared for. There were two small globes in the house; they excited her curiosity, and she learned

their use from the village school-master, an evening guest in the family. They were the beginning of the sublime studies which culminated in her immortal works, "The Mechanism of the Heavens," and the "Physical Geography." "My bedroom," she says, "had a window to the south, and a small closet near had one to the north. At these I spent many hours, studying the stars by the aid of the celestial globe."

Nasmyth, the artist, opened a school at Edinburgh for ladies; she attended it, hardly as a student, more as a looker-on or an amateur, but in time became an accomplished painter. She casually overheard Nasmyth say to a group of ladies, "You should study Euclid's Elements of Geometry, the foundation not only of perspective, but of astronomy and all mechanical science." Her curiosity was aroused by the prospect of such a range of inquiry, and she became the only woman in the world, said La Place, who understood his "Mechanique Celeste."

Thus gradually opened before her the splendid intellectual career in which at last she stood foremost of all the women of her age in scientific fame, the highest example, perhaps—certainly the highest recorded example—of feminine scholarship in the history of the world. "I had," she writes, "to take part in the household affairs, and to make and mend my own clothes. I rose early, played on the piano, and painted, during the time I could spare in the daylight hours; but I sat up very late reading 'Euclid.' The servants, however, told my mother, 'It is no wonder the stock of candles is soon exhausted, for Miss Mary sits up reading to a very late hour,' whereupon an order was given to take away my candle as soon as I was in bed. I had, however, already gone through the first six

books of 'Euclid,' and now I was thrown on my memory, which I exercised by beginning with the first book, and demonstrating in my mind a certain number of problems every night, till I could nearly go through the whole. My father came home for a short time, and, somehow or other, finding out what I was about, said to my mother, 'Reg, we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket some of these days. There was X., who went raving mad about the longitude.'"

There was genuine heroism in these intellectual struggles of a young girl without sympathy, and without the ordinary facilities of study; and there is a touching pathos in her allusion to her surrounding disadvantages. She was trying, half-bewildered, to make out some consistent astronomical theory from Robinson's "Navigation"—her first book of the kind, casually picked up in her home.

She was beautiful in person as well as in mind; "extremely pretty" in her young womanhood, with a "delicate beauty both of face and figure," and was called the "Rose of Jedburgh." She was, therefore, not without early suitors, and in 1804 was married to her cousin, Samuel Greig. They resided for some years in London, but she had few opportunities to avail herself of its advantages for her favourite studies.

After three years of married life she returned, a widow with two children, to her parental home at Burnt Island, where she resumed her studies with more diligence than ever. Professor Wallace, of Edinburgh University, made her out a catalogue of sixteen books in the highest branches of mathematics. The list was formidable, but she procured them and "mastered" them. "I was," she says, "thirty-three years of age when I bought this excellent little library."

Her second marriage with her cousin, Dr. William Somerville, in 1812, opened a new life before her. He was a man of considerable learning, but gratefully recognized the superiority of his wife. Their domestic life, though attended by the usual household trials, and at one time by an entire loss of fortune through the treachery of a trusted friend, was a scene of closest mutual sympathy, of joint culture, and the purest happiness.

Hers was, in fine, a rare, a splendid example of self-education in ordinary life—education up to the loftiest, most erudite, and most difficult attainments of science, without a school, without teachers, without one special domestic advantage for study. We know not where to find an equal example in all literary history. It is a marvel of the intellectual world—a demonstration of the spiritual greatness and immortal destination of the human soul.

There was no scientific “hobbyism” in her pursuit of knowledge. She aimed at complete self-culture and universal knowledge. Her collection of shells and minerals in childhood was the nucleus of a cabinet of conchology and mineralogy which became one of the principal articles of her domestic furniture in maturer life; and while the mathematics, the abstract sciences, were the chief field of her fame, she was a technical and an accomplished naturalist. It may well be doubted whether any woman of her age excelled her in this department alone. She was a thorough botanist. Geology came up as a science in her day; she began with it nearly at the beginning, kept pace with it down to her ninety-second year, and was one of the first sufferers of public obloquy for its new, misunderstood theory of creation. She was denounced, by name, from the pulpit of York Cathedral for opinions which are

now accepted by all authoritative biblical critics.

She not only “read up,” but studied through the whole varied course of the physical and experimental sciences, down to the most minute and obscure subjects of molecular and microscopic inquiry. Faraday delighted to converse and correspond with her as an appreciative authority in his most recondite researches. La Place was proud to correspond with her as one of the very few minds, in all the intellectual world, who could even understand his treatise on the Celestial Mechanism; and her reproduction and simplification of that matchless work, in her “Mechanism of the Heavens,” was itself, it is said, above the intellectual reach of all France, except a few (Poisson said twenty) mathematical scholars. Sir John Herschell read it with “the highest admiration.” “What a pity,” he exclaimed, “that La Place did not live to see this illustration of his great work!” Whewell, on receiving it, said: “When Mrs. Somerville shows herself in the field which we mathematicians have been labouring in all our lives, and puts us to shame, she ought not to be surprised if we move off to other grounds.”

She was forthwith elected a member of most of the learned societies of Europe; and the Royal Society of London ordered her bust, from Chantrey, to be placed in their great hall. True to her womanhood, her chief joy, amid this universal outburst of applause, in which her kindred, who had hitherto ridiculed her, now enthusiastically joined, was in “the warmth with which Somerville,” her husband, entered into her success. “It deeply affected me,” she writes, “for not one in ten thousand would have rejoiced at it as he did.”

Her “Physical Geography” displayed still more the diversity of

her learning. Humboldt read it twice with delight. "It has charmed and instructed me," he wrote. "It showed that, to the great superiority of its author in the high region of mathematical analysis, she joined variety of knowledge in all departments of physics and natural history." Her "Mechanism of the Heavens," and her "Connection of the Physical Sciences," were objects of Humboldt's "constant admiration." "I know," he said, "in no language a work on Physical Geography that can be compared with hers. She dominates in these regions, as in astronomy, meteorology, and magnetism."

This versatility of her knowledge, combined as it was with depth and accuracy, is among the wonders of her intellectual character. Her daughter writes thus :

Although her favourite pursuit, and the one for which she had decidedly most aptitude, was mathematics, yet she was passionately fond of poetry, her especial favourites being Shakespeare and Dante ; and also the great Greek dramatists, whose tragedies she read fluently in the original, being a good classical scholar. She was very fond of music, and devoted much time to it in her youth ; and she painted from nature with considerable taste. Everything spoke to her of that great God who created all things, the grand and sublimely beautiful, as well as the exquisite loveliness of minute objects. Above all, in the laws which science unveils step by step, she found ever renewed motives for the love and adoration of their Author and sustainer. This fervour of religious feeling accompanied her through life, and very early she shook off all that was dark and narrow in the creed of her first instructors for a purer and a happier faith.

This high intellectual culture and labour (never, perhaps, equalled among women) in no wise interfered with her domestic life, or her duties as woman, wife, and mother. She brought up a considerable family, and her children

blessed her memory. Says one of them :

It would be almost incredible how much my mother contrived to do in the course of the day. When my sister and I were small children, although busily engaged in writing for the press, she used to teach us for three hours every morning, besides managing her house carefully, reading the newspapers (for she always was a keen and, I must add, a liberal politician), and the most important new books on all subjects, grave and gay. In addition to all this, she freely visited and received her friends. I must add that she was a remarkably neat and skilful needlewoman. We still possess some elaborate specimens of her embroidery and lace work.

This symmetrical and truly beautiful life was not without the usual tests of suffering. She buried children and her two husbands, and at last survived nearly all her early friends. After losing her fortune she was dependent upon a Government pension, first of one thousand, later of fifteen hundred dollars a year, and, for economy, lived many years in Italy. But her intellectual and moral life held on, self-sustained, serene, even felicitous. She unconsciously expressed the secret of her whole intellectual history when she said, "I wrote because it was impossible for me to be idle." Work is a condition of happiness, and, to a great extent, of health. A good medical authority (Dr. Wilks, of Guy's Hospital) has said: "I see more ailments arise from want of occupation than from overwork; and, taking the various kinds of nervous and dyspeptic ailments which we are constantly treating, I find at least six due to idleness to one from overwork."

To the thorough worker the so-called "mystery" of life is "an open secret." To him life is probation, and the most obvious condition of that probation is productive, beneficent labour. Most of the wretchedness of human life, at

least among men of culture, arises from either the lack of enough to do, or from the misfortune of being wrongly placed in their sphere of activity.

Mary Somerville had no morbid sensitiveness; she maintained her whole nature in a tranquil, vigorous, wholesome tone by always having something to do. When more than eighty years old, with a fame that filled the civilized world, she proposed still another great work which would involve the most laborious details of study and research. She says :

I was now unoccupied, and felt the necessity of having something to do, desultory reading being insufficient to interest me; and as I had always considered the section on chemistry the weakest part of the "Connection of Physical Sciences," I resolved to write it anew. My daughters strongly opposed this, saying, "Why not write a new book?" They were right; it would have been lost time. So I followed their advice, though it was a formidable undertaking at my age, considering that the general character of science had greatly changed. By the improved state of the microscope, an invisible creation in the air, the earth, and the water, had been brought within the limits of human vision; the microscopic structure of plants and animals had been minutely studied, and, by synthesis, many substances had been formed of the elementary atoms similar to those produced by nature. Dr. Tyndall's experiments had proved the inconceivable minuteness of the atoms of matter. Mr. Gassiot and Professor Plücher had published their experiments on the stratification of the electric light; and that series of discoveries by scientific men abroad, but chiefly by our own philosophers at home, which had been in progress for a course of years, prepared the way for Bunsen and Kirchhoff's marvellous consummation. Such was the field opened to me; but instead of being discouraged by its magnitude, I seemed to have resumed the perseverance and energy of my youth, and began to write with courage, though I did not think I should live to finish even the sketch which I had made. I was now an old woman, very deaf, and with shaking hands. I wrote regularly every morning from eight till twelve or one o'clock,

before rising. I was not alone, for I had a mountain sparrow, a great pet, which sat, and, indeed, is sitting on my arm as I write these lines.

When eighty-nine years old she says :

I have still the habit of studying in bed from eight in the morning till twelve or one o'clock; but I am solitary, for I have lost my little bird, who was my constant companion for eight years.

No mere lady-lounger of the boudoir was ever fonder of "pets" than this student of the most recondite problems of the universe. She gathered almost an aviary of such "pets" about her, and their life seemed to enter into her own. With Wesley, Swedenborg, and many other large-minded as well as large-hearted men, she believed in a future and compensative life for the brute creation. When about to step into the invisible world she says, with deep pathos as well as philosophy :

I firmly believe that the living principle is never extinguished. Since the atoms of matter are indestructible, as far as we know, it is difficult to believe that the spark which gives to their union life, memory, affection, intelligence, and fidelity, is evanescent. Every atom in the human frame, as well as in that of animals, undergoes a radical change by continual waste and renovation; the abode is changed, not its inhabitant. If animals have no future, the existence of many is most wretched; multitudes are starved, cruelly beaten, and loaded during life; many die under a barbarous vivisection. I cannot believe that any creature was created for uncompensated misery; it would be contrary to the attributes of God's mercy and justice. I am sincerely happy to find that I am not the only believer in the immortality of the lower animals.

It is delightful to trace along minutely so rare, so satisfactory a life, as it tends toward its long-deferred conclusion. When ninety-one years old she resumes her mathematical studies in some new books which had advanced to

higher grounds in algebra, and especially in "quaternions." She writes :

So now I got exactly what I wanted, and I am very busy for a few hours every morning ; delighted to have an occupation so entirely to my mind. I thank God that my intellect is still unimpaired. During the rest of the day I have recourse to Shakespeare, Dante, and more modern light reading, besides the newspapers, which always interested me much. I have resumed my habit of working, and can count the threads of a fine canvas without spectacles. I receive everyone who comes to see me, and often have the pleasure of a visit from old friends very unexpectedly.

The next year she writes :

I am now, in my ninety-second year (1872), still able to drive out for several hours. I am still able to read books on the higher algebra for four or five hours in the morning, and even to solve the problems. Sometimes I find them difficult, but my old obstinacy remains, for if I do not succeed to-day, I attack them again on the morrow. I also enjoy reading about all the new discoveries and theories in the scientific world and on all branches of science.

Her last record, in her last year, is worthy of her whole life :

Though far advanced in years, I take as lively an interest as ever in passing events. The Blue Peter has been long flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity. Deeply sensible of my utter unworthiness, and profoundly grateful for the innumerable blessings I have received, I trust in the infinite mercy of my almighty Creator. I have every reason to be thankful that my intellect is still unimpaired ; and although my strength is weakness, my daughters support my tottering steps, and, by incessant care and help, make the infirmities of age so light to me that I am perfectly happy.

Labour had become a luxury to her, as it does to all faithful workers. She kept it up to the day of her death, and her death itself was enviable. "My mother," writes

her daughter, "died in sleep on the morning of the 29th November, 1872."

The final testimony of her biographer is that her

Old age was a thoroughly happy one. She often said that not even in the joyous spring of life had she been more truly happy. Serene and cheerful, full of life and activity, and as far as her physical strength permitted, she had none of the infirmities of age, except difficulty in hearing, which prevented her from joining in general conversation. She had always been near-sighted, but could read small print with the greatest ease without glasses, even by lamplight. To the last her intellect remained perfectly unclouded ; her affection for those she loved, and her sympathy for all living beings, as fervent as ever ; nor did her ardent desire for and belief in the ultimate religious and moral improvement of mankind diminish.

She always retained her habit of study ; and that pursuit in which she had attained such excellence, and which was the most congenial to her—mathematics—delighted and amused her to the end. Her last occupations, continued to the actual day of her death, were the revision and completion of a treatise which she had written years before, on the "Theory of Differences" (with diagrams exquisitely drawn), and the study of a book on Quaternions. Though too religious to fear death, she dreaded outliving her intellectual powers ; and it was with intense delight that she pursued her intricate calculations after her ninetieth and ninety-first years, and repeatedly told me how she rejoiced to find that she had the same readiness and facility in comprehending and developing these extremely difficult formulæ which she possessed when young.

Often, also, she said how grateful she was to the Almighty Father who had allowed her to retain her faculties unimpaired to so great an age. God was, indeed, loving and merciful to her ; not only did He spare her this calamity, but also the weary trial of long-continued illness. In health of body and vigour of mind, having lived far beyond the usual span of human life, He called her to Himself. For her, death lost all its terrors. Her pure spirit passed away so gently that those around her scarcely perceived when she left them. It was the beautiful and painless close of a noble and a happy life.

Such was one of the most noteworthy lives in the history of the human race. Its rare length alone would entitle it to be so regarded; its rarer happiness, in old age; its still rarer success in the highest culture; the yet rarer fact of this success by a woman, render it altogether unique and admirable. But its most noteworthy fact, because most instructive and consolatory to us all, is that it was achieved, as we have shown, in the ordinary circumstances, amid the unneglected ordinary duties of our common life.

Mary Somerville judged herself very frankly, and she never claimed anything like genius; she claimed nothing more than an unusual degree of "perseverance." There are scattered through her writings occasional indications of that insight, that prescient perception of truth, which is usually esteemed genius, but which may, in most cases, be the result of persistent inquiry and thorough mental discipline. One of the sublimest achievements of science in our age is an illustration of her prophetic faculty in this respect. In 1846 the learned world was startled by the simultaneous announcement, from Adams, of England, and Leverrier, of France, of the demonstration, by mere mathematical calculation, of the existence, size, position in space, and the periodic time, of a hitherto unseen planet, rolling around our system, 3,000,000,000 of miles from the sun. The telescopes of Europe were pointed to the designated place, and the declaration of the two mathematicians was confirmed. Four years before this discovery Mary Somerville had given, in her "Connection of the Physical

Sciences," this ever memorable sentence: "If after the lapse of years the tables formed from a combination of numerous observations should be still inadequate to represent the motions of Uranus, the discrepancies may reveal the existence, nay, even the mass and orbit, of a body placed beyond the sphere of vision." This suggestion led one of the mathematicians at least (Adams), perhaps both of them, to calculate the orbit of Neptune.

But though this prediction looks like an intimation of genius, Mary Somerville never believed she possessed any such innate power in even the mathematics. In her early studies she complains of unusual difficulties and defects in the simplest calculations. She overcame them only by persevering industry. If she had genius in mathematics, yet it will hardly be claimed for her in other respects; but she was an accomplished naturalist, linguist, litterateur, musician, and painter. Her attainments, aside from her knowledge of the abstract sciences, were such as few of her sex have equalled, but they were the results of persistent labour. In these, at least, she is an example for all aspiring minds—a resplendent demonstration of what woman, as well as man, may achieve in self-culture in even the ordinary circumstances of life. None of us should close the review of such a career without an exhilarating sense of the possibilities of his own life, or without the brave determination that henceforth his aims shall be pitched to a loftier flight than ever before.

THE NEW YEAR.

A flower unblown; a Book unread;
A Tree with fruit unharvested;
A Path untrod; a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A Landscape whose wide border lies

In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed;
A Casket with its gifts concealed:—
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond To-morrow's mystic gates.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG.*

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. AND II.

This vigorously-written story begins with the receipt of two invitations by Phillip Strong, one to the Calvary Church at Milton, a manufacturing city with eighty thousand people, many of them being of foreign birth, and eighty saloons; the other, to a small university town, which promised learned leisure and long vacations. He accepts the former as the call of God and as affording the greatest opportunity for usefulness. He finds the city of Milton ruled by a defiant and aggressive saloon element, and much of its saloon property owned by professing Christians, some of them of his own church. Phillip Strong remonstrates personally with these people, and then begins a series of sermons on Christ and the Modern Society, in which he denounces the saloons and such unrighteous use of property. Of course, this raised a hornets' nest. Mr. William Winter, chairman of the trustee board of his church, called on Phillip Strong on the following Monday morning.

"I have come to see you about your sermon," said Mr. Winter. "I consider what you said was a direct insult to me personally."

"Suppose I should say it was not so intended," replied Phillip, with a good-natured smile.

"Then I should say you lied," retorted Mr. Winters, sharply.

Phillip sat very still for a moment, then faithfully admonished his wealthiest member of his sin, and made him his mortal enemy.

The saloon element was stung to the quick by his tremendous indictment of the liquor traffic as the greatest crime against man and sin against God of the age. In leaving his house one night to visit a sick child Phillip Strong was shot down at his own door by an enraged saloon-keeper, and thus the town learned what a murderous thing was the traffic which it was cherishing.

CHAPTER III.

As people waked up in Milton the Wednesday morning after the shooting of Phillip Strong, they grew conscious of the fact, as the news came to their knowledge, that they had been nursing for fifty years one of the most brutal and cowardly institutions on earth, and licensing it to do the very thing which at last it had done. For the time being Milton suffered a genuine shock. Long pent-up feeling against the whiskey power burst out, and public sentiment for once condemned the source of the cowardly attempt to murder.

Various rumours were flying about. It was said that Mr. Strong had been stabbed in the back while out making parish calls in company with his wife, and that she had been wounded by a pistol-shot herself. It was also said that

Phillip had been shot through the heart and instantly killed. But all these confused reports were finally set at rest when those calling at the parsonage brought away the exact truth.

The first shot fired by the man from behind the tree struck Phillip in the knee but the ball glanced off. Phillip felt the blow and staggered, but his next impulse was to rush in the direction of the sound and disarm his assailant. That was the reason he had leaped into the street. But the second shot was better aimed and the bullet crashed into his upper arm and shoulder, shattering the bone and producing an exceedingly painful though not fatal wound.

The shock caused Phillip to fall as if dead, and he fainted away, but not before the face of the man who had shot him was clearly stamped on his mind. He knew that he

was one of the saloon proprietors whose establishment Phillip had visited the week before. He was a man with a hare-lip, and there was no mistaking his countenance.

When the people of Milton learned that Phillip was not fatally wounded their excitement cooled a little. A wave of indignation, however, swept over the town when it was learned that the would-be murderer was recognized by the minister, and it was rumoured that he had openly threatened that he would "fix the cursed preacher so that he would not be able to preach again."

Phillip, however, felt more full of fight against the great rum-devil than ever. As he lay on the bed the morning after the shooting he had nothing to regret or fear. The surgeon had been called at once, as soon as his wife and the alarmed neighbours had been able to carry him into the parsonage. The ball had been removed and the wounds dressed. By noon Phillip had recovered somewhat from the effects of the operation and was resting, although very weak from the shock and suffering considerable pain.

"What is that stain on the floor, Sarah?" he asked, as his wife came in with some article for his comfort. Phillip lay where he could see into the other room.

"It is your blood, Phillip," replied his wife, with a shudder. "It flowed like a stream from your shoulder as we carried you in last night. O Phillip, it is dreadful! It seems to me like an awful nightmare. Let us move away from this terrible place. You will be killed if we stay here!"

"There isn't much danger if the rest of 'em are as poor shots as this fellow," replied Phillip. "Now, little woman," he went on cheerfully, "don't worry. I don't believe they'll try it again."

Mrs. Strong controlled herself.

She did not want to break down while Phillip was in his present condition.

"You must not talk," she said, as she smoothed his hair back from the pale forehead.

"That's pretty hard on a preacher, don't you think, Sarah? My occupation is gone if I can't talk."

"Then I'll talk for two. They say that most women can do it."

"Will you preach for me next Sunday?"

"What, and make myself a target for saloon-keepers? No, thank you. I have half a mind to forbid you ever preaching again. It will be the death of you."

"It is the life of me, Sarah. I would not ask anything better than to die with the armour on, fighting evil. Well, all right. I won't talk any more. I suppose there's no objection to my thinking a little?"

"Thinking is the worst thing you can do. You just want to lie there and do nothing but get well."

"All right. I'll quit everything except eating and sleeping." Phillip was still somewhat under the influence of the doctor's anaesthetic, and as he faintly murmured this absurd sentence he fell into a slumber which lasted several hours, from which he awoke very feeble, and realizing that he would be confined to the house several weeks, but feeling in good spirits and thankful out of the depths of his vigorous nature that he was still spared to do God's will on earth.

The next day he felt strong enough to receive a few visitors. Among them was the chief of police, who came to inquire concerning the identity of the man who had done the shooting. Phillip showed some reluctance to witness against his enemy. It was only when he remembered that he owed a duty to society as well as

to himself that he described the man and related the entire affair exactly as it occurred.

"Is the man in town?" asked Phillip. "Has he not fled?"

"I think I know where he is," replied the officer. "He is hiding, but I can find him. In fact we have been hunting for him since the shooting. He is wanted on several other charges."

Phillip was pondering something in silence. At last he said:

"When you have arrested him I wish you would bring him here if it can be done without violating any ordinance or statute."

The officer stared at the request, and the minister's wife exclaimed, "Phillip, you will not have that man come into the house! Besides, you are not well enough to endure a meeting with the wretch!"

"Sarah, I have a good reason for it. Really, I am well enough. You will bring him, won't you? I do not wish to make any mistake in the matter. Before the man is really confined under a criminal charge of attempt to murder, I should like to confront him here. There can be no objection to that, can there?"

The officer promised that, if he could do so without attracting too much attention, he would comply with Phillip's request. It was a thing he had never done before; he was not quite easy in his mind about it. Nevertheless, Phillip exercised a winning influence over all sorts and conditions of men, and he felt quite sure that, if the officer could arrest his man quietly, he would bring him to the parsonage.

This was Thursday night. The next evening, just after dark, the bell rang, and one of the church-members who had been staying with Mrs. Strong during the day went to the door. There stood two men. One of them was the chief of police. He inquired how

the minister was, and said that he had a man with him whom the minister was anxious to see.

Phillip heard them talking, and guessed who they were. He sent his wife out to have the men come in. The officer with his man came into the bedroom where Phillip lay, still weak and suffering, but at his request propped up a little with pillows.

"Well, Mr. Strong, I have got the man, and here he is," said the officer, wondering what Phillip could want of him. "I ran him down in the 'crow's nest' below the mills, and we popped him into a hack and drove right up here with him. And a pretty sweet specimen he is, I can tell you! Take off your hat and let the gentleman have another look at the brave chap who fired at him in ambush!"

The officer spoke almost brutally, forgetting for a moment that the prisoner's hands were manacled; remembering it the next instant, he pulled off the man's hat, while Phillip looked calmly at the features. Yes, it was the same hideous, brutal face, with the hare-lip, which had shown up in the rays of the street lamp that night; there was no mistaking it for any other.

"Why did you want to kill me?" asked Phillip, after a significant pause. "I never did you any harm."

"I would like to kill all the cursed preachers," replied the man, hoarsely.

"You confess, then, that you are the man who fired at me, do you?"

"I don't confess anything. What do you want to talk to me for? Take me to the lock-up if you're going to!" the man exclaimed fiercely, turning to the officer.

"Phillip!" cried his wife, turning to him with a gesture of appeal, "send them away. It will do no good to talk to this man."

Phillip raised his left hand in a gesture toward the man that made every one in the room feel a little awed. Phillip spoke directly to the man, whose look fell beneath that of the minister.

"You know well enough that you are the man who shot me Tuesday night. I know you are the man, for I saw your face very plainly by the light of the street lamp. Now, all that I wanted to see you here for before you were taken to gaol was to let you know that I do not bear any hatred against you. The act you have committed is against the law of God and man. The injury you have inflicted against me is very slight compared with that against your own soul. O my brother man, why should you try to harm me because I denounced your business? Do you not know in your heart of hearts that the saloon is so evil in its effects that a man who loves his home and his country must speak out against it? And yet I love you; that is possible because you are human. O my Father," Phillip continued, changing his appeal to the man, by an almost natural manner, into a petition to the Infinite, "make this soul, dear to thee, to behold thy love for him, and make him see that it is not against me, a man merely, that he has sinned, but against Thyself—against thy purity and holiness and affection. O my God, Thou who didst come in the likeness of sinful man to seek and save that which was lost, stretch out the arms of Thy salvation now to this child and save him from himself, from his own disbelief, or hatred of me, or of what I have said. Thou art all-merciful and all-loving. We leave all souls of men in the protecting, enfolding embrace of Thy boundless compassion, of infinite grace."

There was a moment of entire

quiet in the room, and then Phillip said faintly: "Sarah, I cannot say more. Only tell the man I bear him no hatred, and commend him to the love of God."

Mrs. Strong was alarmed at Phillip's appearance. The scene had been too much for his strength. She hastily commanded the officer to take his prisoner away, and with the help of her friend cared for the minister, who after the first faintness rallied, and then gradually sank into sleep that proved more refreshing than any he had yet enjoyed since the night of the shooting.

The next day found Phillip improving more rapidly than Mrs. Strong had thought possible. She forbade him the sight of all callers, however, and insisted that he must keep quiet. His wounds were healing satisfactorily, and when the surgeon called, he expressed himself much pleased with his patient's appearance.

"Say, doctor, do you really think it would set me back any to think a little?"

"No. I never heard of thinking hurting most people; I have generally considered it a healthy habit."

"The reason I asked," continued Phillip gravely, "was that my wife absolutely forbade it, and I was wondering how long I could keep it up and fool anybody."

"That's a specimen of his stubbornness, doctor," said the minister's wife, smilingly. "Why, only a few minutes before you came in he was insisting that he could preach to-morrow. Think of that!—a man with a shattered shoulder, who would have to stand on one leg and do all his gesturing with his left hand! a man who can't preach without the use of seven or eight arms, and as many pockets, and has to walk up and down the platform like a lion when he gets started in on his delivery! And

yet he wants to preach to-morrow! He's so stubborn that I don't know how I can keep him at home. You had better leave some powders to put him to sleep, and we will keep him in a state of unconsciousness until Monday morning."

"Now, doctor, just listen to me a while. Mrs. Strong is talking for two women, as she agreed to do, and that puts me in a hard position. But I want to know how soon I can get to work again."

"You will have to lie there a month," said the doctor, bluntly.

"Impossible! I never lay that time in my life!" said Phillip, soberly.

Only the assurance of the surgeon that he might possibly get out in a little over three weeks satisfied him. Sunday came and passed. Some one from a neighbouring town who happened to be visiting in Milton occupied the pulpit, and Phillip had a quiet, restful day. He started in with the week determined to beat the doctor's time for recovery; and having a remarkably strong constitution and a tremendous will, he bade fair to be limping about the house in two weeks. His shoulder wound healed very fast. His knee bothered him and it seemed likely that he would go lame for a long time. But he was not concerned about that if only he could go about in any sort of fashion once more.

Wednesday of that week he was surprised in an unexpected manner by an event which did more than anything else to hasten his recovery. He was still confined to bed downstairs when in the afternoon the bell rang, and Mrs. Strong went to the door supposing it was one of the church people come to inquire about the minister. She found instead Alfred Burke, Phillip's old college chum and Seminary classmate. The first thing that Alfred said was:

"Old man, I hardly expected to

see you again this side of heaven. How does it happen that you are alive here after all the times the papers had you killed?"

"Bad marksmanship, principally. I used to think I was a big man. But after the shooting I came to the conclusion that I must be rather small."

"Your heart is so big it's a wonder to me that you weren't shot through it, no matter where you were hit. But I tell you it seems good to see you in the flesh once more."

"Why didn't you come and preach for me last Sunday?" said Phillip, quizzically.

"Why, haven't you heard? I did not get news of this affair until last Saturday in my far Western parish, and I was just in the throes of packing up to come on to Elmdale."

"Elmdale?"

"Yes, I've had a call there. So we shall be near neighbours. Mrs. Burke is up there now getting the house straightened out, and I came right off down here."

"So you are pastor of the Chapel Hill Church? It's a splendid opening for a young preacher. Congratulations, Alfred."

"Thank you, Phillip. By the way, I saw by the paper that you had declined a call to Elmdale, so I suppose they pitched on me for a second choice. You never wrote me of their call to you," he said, a little reproachfully.

"It didn't occur to me," replied Phillip, truthfully. "But how are you going to like it? Isn't it rather a dull old place?"

"Yes, I suspect it is, compared with Milton. I suppose you couldn't live without the excitement of dodging assassins and murderers every time you go out to prayer-meeting or parish calls. How do you like your work so far?"

"There is plenty of it," answered

Phillip, gravely. "A minister must be made of cast-iron and fire-brick in order to stand the wear and tear of these times in which we live. I'd like a week to trade ideas with you and talk over the work, Alfred."

"You'd get the worst of the bargain."

"I don't know about that. I'm not doing anything lately. But say, we're going to be only fifty miles apart; what's to hinder an exchange once in a while?"

"I'm agreeable to that," replied Phillip's chum; "on condition, however, that you furnish me with a gun and pay all surgeons' bills when I occupy your pulpit."

"Done," said Phillip, with a grin; and just then Mrs. Strong forbade any more talk. Alfred stayed until the evening train and when he left he stooped down and kissed Phillip's cheek. "It's a custom we learned when we were in the German universities together that summer after college, you know," he explained with the slightest possible blush, when Mrs. Strong came in and caught him in the act. It seemed to her, however, like an affecting thing that two big, grown-up men like her husband and his old chum showed such tender affection for each other. The love of men for men in the strong friendship school and college life is one of the marks of human divinity.

In spite of his determination to get out and occupy his pulpit the first Sunday of the next month, Phillip was reluctantly obliged to let five Sundays go by before he was able to preach. During those six weeks his attention was called to a subject which he felt ought to be made the theme of one of his talks on Christ and Modern Society. The leisure which he had for reading opened his eyes to the fact that the Sabbath in Milton was terribly desecrated. Shops of all

kinds stood wide open. Excursion trains ran into the large city forty miles away, two theatres were always running with some variety show, and the saloons, in violation of an ordinance forbidding it, unblushingly flung their doors open and did more business on that day than any other. As Phillip read the papers he noticed that every Monday morning the police court was more crowded with "drunks" and "disorderlies" than on any other day in the week, and the plain cause of it was the abuse of the day before. In the summertime base-ball games were played in Milton on Sunday. In the fall and winter very many people spent their evenings in card-playing or aimlessly strolling up and down the main street. These facts came to Phillip's knowledge gradually, and he was not long in making up his mind that Christ would not keep silent before the facts. So he carefully prepared a plain statement of his belief in Christ's standing on the modern use of Sunday, and as on the other occasions when he had spoken the first Sunday in the month, he cast out of his reckoning all thought of the consequences. His one purpose was to do just as in his thought Christ would do with that subject.

The people in Milton thought that the first Sunday Phillip appeared in his pulpit he would naturally denounce the saloon again. But when he finally recovered sufficiently to preach again he determined that for a while he would say nothing in the way of sermons against the whiskey evil. He had a great horror of seeming to ride a hobby, of being a man of one idea and making people tired of him because he harped on one string. He had uttered his denunciation and he would wait a while before he spoke again. The whiskey power was not the only bad thing in Milton that needed to

be attacked. There were other things which must be said. And so Phillip limped into his pulpit the third Sunday of the month and preached on a general theme, to the disappointment of a great crowd, almost as large as the last one he had faced. And yet his very appearance was a sermon in itself against the institution he had held up to public condemnation on that occasion. His knee wound proved very stubborn, and he limped badly. That in itself spoke eloquently of the dastardly attempt on his life. His face was pale and he had grown thin. His shoulder was stiff and the enforced quietness of his delivery contrasted strangely with his customary fiery appearance on the platform. Altogether that first Sunday of his re-appearance in his pulpit was a stronger sermon against the saloon than anything he could have spoken or written.

When the first Sunday in the next month came on, Phillip was more like his old self. He had gathered strength enough to go around two Sunday afternoons and note for himself the desecration of the day as it went on recklessly. As he saw it all, it seemed to him that the church in Milton was practically doing nothing to stop the evil. All the ministers complained of the difficulty of getting an evening congregation. Yet hundreds of young people walked past all the churches every Sunday night, bent on pleasure, going to the theatres or concerts or parties, which seemed to have no trouble in attracting the crowd. Especially was this true of the foreign population, the working element connected with the mills. It was a common occurrence for dog fights, cock fights, and shooting matches of various kinds to be going on in the tenement district on Sunday, and the police seemed powerless or careless in the matter.

All this burned into Phillip like molten metal, and when he faced his people on the Sunday already becoming a noted Sunday for them, he quivered with the earnestness and thrill that always come to a sensitive man when he feels sure he has a sermon which must be preached and a message which the people must hear for their lives.

He took for a text Christ's words, "The Sabbath was made for man!" and at once defined its meaning as a special day.

"The true meaning of our modern Sunday may be summed up in two words, Rest and Worship. Under the head of Rest may be gathered whatever is needed for the people, and healthful recuperation of one's physical and mental powers, always regarding, not simply our own ease and comfort, but also the same right to rest on the part of the remainder of the community. Under the head of Worship may be gathered all those acts which either through distinct religious service or work tend to bring men into closer and dearer relation to spiritual life, to teach men larger, sweeter truths of existence, and leave them better fitted to take up the duties of every-day business.

"Now it is plain to me that if Christ were here to-day, and pastor of Calvary Church, he would feel compelled to say some very plain words about the desecration of the Sabbath in Milton. Take for example the opening of the fruit stands and cigar stores and meat markets every Sunday morning. What is the one reason why these places are open this very minute while I am speaking? There is only one reason,—in order that the owners of these places may sell their goods and make money. They are not satisfied with what they can make in six days. Their greed seizes on the one day which ought to be used for the rest and

worship men need, and turns that also into a day of merchandise. Do we need any other fact to convince us of the terrible selfishness of the human heart?

“Or take the case of the saloons. What right have they to open their doors in direct contradiction of the town ordinance forbidding it? And yet this ordinance is held by them in such contempt that this very morning as I came to this church I passed more than half a dozen of these sections of hell, wide open to any poor sinning soul that might be enticed in there. Citizens of Milton, where does the responsibility for this violation of law rest? Does it rest with the churches and the preachers to see that the few Sunday laws we have are enforced by them, while the business men and the police lazily dodge the issue and care not how the matter goes, saying it is none of their business?

“Who own these fruit stores and cigar stands and meat markets, and who patronize them? Is it not true that church-members encourage all these places by purchasing of them on the Lord’s Day? I have been told by one of these fruit dealers with whom I have talked lately that among his best customers on Sunday are some of the most respected members of this church. It has also been told me that in the summer time the heaviest patronage of the Sunday ice-cream business is from the church-members of Milton. Of what value is it that we place on our ordinance laws forbidding the sale of these things on Sunday, and then violate the statute by buying the very things covered by the law? How far are we responsible by our example for encouraging the breaking of the day on the part of those who would find it unprofitable to keep their business going if we did not purchase of them on this day?

“Take the case of the Sunday paper, as it pours into Milton every Sunday morning on the special newspaper train. I defy any preacher in this town to make much impression on the average man who has come to church saturated through and through with sixty pages of Sunday newspaper, that is, supposing the man who has read that much is in a frame of mind to go to church. But that is not the point. The point is whether the day of rest and worship shall be like every other day; whether we shall let our minds go right on as they have been going, to the choking up of avenues of spiritual growth and religious service.

“Is it right for us to allow in Milton the occurrence of base-ball games and Sunday racing and evening theatres? How far is all this demoralizing to our better life?

“If this thought of Sunday is bigotry or narrowness, then I stand convicted as a bigot living outside of the nineteenth century. But I am not concerned about that. What I am concerned about is Christ’s thought of this day. If I understand His spirit right I believe He would say that it is not a right use of this day for the men and women of this generation to buy and sell merchandise, to attend or countenance places or spectacles of amusement, to engage in card parties at their homes, to fill their thoughts full of the ordinary affairs of business or the events of the world. He would say that it is the Christian’s duty and privilege in this age to elevate the uses of this day so that everything done and said should tend to lift the race up higher, and make it better acquainted with the nature of God and its own eternal destiny.

“This, dear friends all, has been my message to you this morning. May God forgive whatever has

been spoken contrary to the heart and spirit of our dear Lord."

If Phillip's sermon two months before had made him enemies, this sermon made him even more. He had unconsciously this time struck two of his members very hard. One of them was part owner in a meat market which his partner kept open on Sunday. The other leased one of the parks where the base-ball games had been played. Other persons in the congregation felt more or less hurt by the plain way Phillip spoke,—especially the members who took and read the Sunday paper. They went away feeling that while much that he said was true there was too much strictness in the minister's view of the whole subject. This feeling grew as days went on. People said Phillip did not know all the facts in regard to people's business and the complications which necessitated Sunday work, and so forth.

These were the beginnings of troublous times for Phillip. The trial of the saloon-keeper was coming on in a few days and Phillip would be called to witness in the case. He dreaded it with a nervous dread peculiar to his sensitive temper. Nevertheless he went on with his church work, studying the problem of the town, endearing himself to very many in and out of his church by his manly, courageous life, and feeling the heart-ache in him grow as the sin burden of the place weighed heavier on him. These were days when Phillip did much praying, and his

regular preaching, which grew in power with the common people, told the story of his night vigils with the Christ he adored.

It was at this particular time that a special event occurred which put its mark on Phillip's work in Milton and became a part of its warp and woof,—a thing hard to tell, but necessary to relate as best one may.

He came home late one evening from some church meeting, letting himself into the parsonage with the night-key, and not seeing his wife in the sitting-room where she was in the habit of reading and sewing, he walked on into the small sewing-room where she sometimes sat at special work, thinking to find her there. She was not there. Phillip opened the kitchen door and inquired of the servant, who sat there reading, where his wife was.

"I think she went upstairs a little while ago," was the reply.

Phillip went at once upstairs into his study and to his alarm found his wife had fainted away. She lay on the floor in front of his desk. As Phillip stooped to raise her he noticed two pieces of paper, one of them addressed to "The Preacher" and the other to "The Preacher's Wife." They were anonymous scrawls, threatening the lives of the minister and his wife. On his desk, driven deep into the wood was a large knife. Then said Phillip, with a prayer, "Verily, an enemy hath done this."

ANOTHER YEAR.

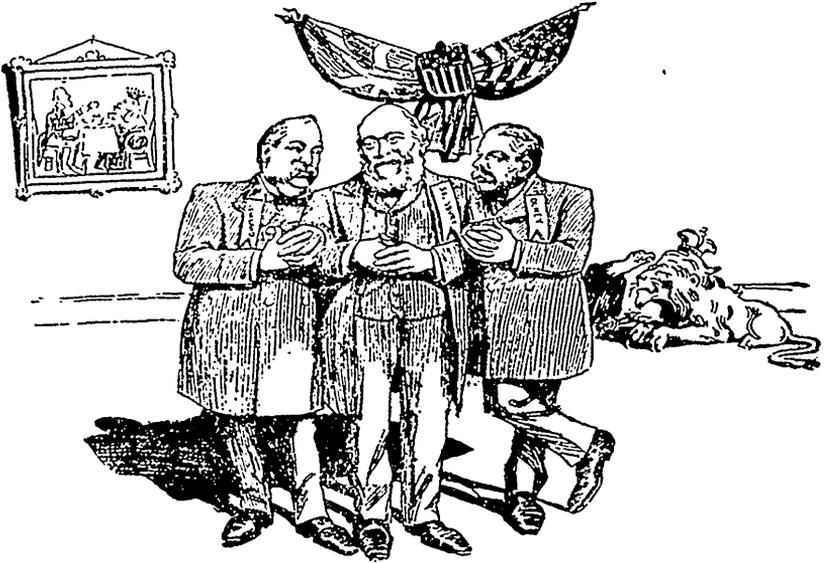
Again Time's dial doth remind
Us all, that we have left behind
Another year.

Its memories fain would linger yet,
Its blended joy and sad regret,
In the great past its sun hath set—
Another year.

What friends shall with us still remain,
What higher gifts shall we attain
Another year?

Lord, help us all to do and dare.
If we are only in Thy care—
What matter whether here—or there,
Another year?

The World's Progress.



"The Dominant Flag of the Western Hemisphere" and "The Flag that has Braved a Thousand Years the Battle and the Breeze," lovingly intertwined, hereafter to be united in leading the march of civilization by the path of peace with honour. Resting their cause upon truth and justice they need fear no foe, but could defy the world in arms.

The above cartoon, from an American paper, expresses the general sentiment of the American press on the happy agreement to arbitrate the Venezuela dispute. It is to the credit of British forbearance and patience that President Cleveland's war message did not lead to a rupture of the peace. *Harper's Weekly*, one of the ablest papers in the Union, says: "Our own ill-mannered and causeless interference in this matter seems to have been overlooked and pardoned, and it may be, as we have said before, that good will come out of it all. . . . If the affair should end, as is also likely, in a general treaty of arbitration between this country and Great Britain, the ill-feeling and chagrin occasioned by Mr. Olney's diplomatic methods might be forgotten in the glory of his success."

In a subsequent number it adds: "We have made a pretty large claim to supervisory jurisdiction over other American States, and Great Britain has quickly, almost eagerly, admitted our most extravagant demand of rights on this hemisphere. But there cannot be rights of any kind that do not carry with them

equally important responsibilities. The right to protect or sustain a State is one thing; responsibility for the conduct of a State over which we have no control is quite another thing."

It is remarkable that some of the secular papers exhibit a clearer grasp of the moral significance of the triumph of peaceful arbitration than do some of the religious journals.

The *Scientific American* says: "Peace hath her victories as well as war," and no triumph of arms, however brilliant, could have shed the glory upon either nation which is cast upon them collectively in the hour of their mutual forbearance. The jealous care with which Great Britain guards the person and property of the meanest of her subjects is abundantly vindicated, and is allowed to extend itself to every subject who can justly lay claim to it in the present case. The abiding effect will be beneficial to both parties, and will lead, it is hoped, to "arbitration" as the only civilized method of settling the household quarrels of the two great branches of the one great race.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

President Cleveland's annual message is on the whole an able document. He refers with moderation to the Cuban and Venezuelan questions, and announces that payment has been demanded from the Turkish Government for the destruction of the property of American missionaries. That evasive government has, however, made no satisfactory reply to this demand. The United States, isolated from the entanglement of European politics, has had the advantage, till recently, of being able to devote all its energies to the development of peaceful industry. It has had only a little handful of soldiers, some 25,000 in all, only enough to police the Indian frontier and preserve peace in case of mob violence, like that which accompanied the Chicago riots. But the creation of a powerful navy leads to a demand for a very material increase of the army and navy and for enormous sums for creating defensive works. The *Outlook* remarks: "To the man who believes in peace and economy, these demands, scientific though they be, are somewhat appalling; such a man asks who will guarantee that in ten years the strides of science may not have made the whole expenditure useless?"

THE BITTER CRY OF ARMENIA.

The American Armenian Relief Committee, of which David J. Brewer, Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is president, makes another urgent appeal on behalf of the persecuted Armenians. It makes a severe arraignment of the National Government:

"The United States Government, so far from having done anything in the interests of common humanity, has allowed a whole year to pass without securing a cent of indemnity or the arrest of a single offender in connection with the Harpoot outrage of November 11th, 1895, where even fifteen honoured American citizens had their homes bombarded, plundered and destroyed by the Turkish soldiers and mob, at a loss of \$100,000 and great personal peril and insult.

"Emboldened by this immunity, the Turkish Government is known to be making a deep and far-reaching plan for the expulsion of all American missionaries from the Empire, and for breaking up their work of philanthropy and education. For this work the Christian people of America have given, during the last seventy years, not less than ten million

dollars, and five hundred of their noblest sons and daughters."

The American missionaries at Van and elsewhere found a refuge beneath the protection of the British flag, they having no Consul of their own. The British and American and Canadian contributions have done much to relieve the distress of these unhappy people. This committee appeals for continued aid. "The immediate need for funds to relieve the actual and appalling destitution during the coming winter cannot, therefore, be lessened by any possible political changes in Turkey, either for better or for worse."

Contributions for the Armenians will be forwarded to the British Committee by Dr. Walter B. Geikie, of Toronto, or the Rev. Dr. Briggs, of the Methodist Publishing House.

GERMAN AGGRESSIVENESS.

It is upon the army-ridden nations of Europe that the military burden of militarism presses most severely. Now, the bumptious young Emperor demands a powerful new fleet, one strong enough, not only to protect the German interest, but so to engage the British fleet as to give German transports opportunity to land an army in England. It is proposed, therefore, to spend \$32,000,000 in naval construction—quite as much as last year's appropriation, although, there is a deficit of more than \$14,000,000 in the Imperial budget. Says the *Outlook*, "France, and Russia and England, too, by this proposed action of Germany, must burden themselves proportionately. When will the folly of militarism be so apparent that we shall hear the good news of disarmaments?"

CUBA.

The death of Antonio Maceo and of Francisco Gomez, two leading Cuban insurgents, has given a heavy blow to the rebellion in that country. It is time that it had ceased. It has degenerated into a cruel system of mutual depredations, both Spanish and Cuban burning and destroying property; it is said, even slaughtering non-combatants in cold blood. A fearful responsibility rests upon those who "Cry 'Havoc' and let slip the dogs of war." War is the most brutalizing and barbarizing thing in the world. The United States deserves much credit for the firmness with which the President has refused to recognize the Cubans as belligerents,

notwithstanding the strong pressure brought by persons interested in Cuban trade. But indeed he could do no otherwise. The Spaniards are the only ones having power to administer a government. The destroying guerilla bands make no pretence at civic administration.

If the rumour is true that Maceo was betrayed to his death under pretext of arranging a treaty of peace, it will prove a piece of bad strategy on the part of Spain. Treachery causes a moral revolt against the traitor.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

The country is to be congratulated on the virtual settlement, after years of disquiet and religious strife, of the Manitoba School Question. This long-deferred settlement recognizes the place of the Bible and religious instruction in the schools and, at the same time, respects the religious convictions of the Roman Catholic. We regard it of great importance that the different sections of the community who are to do business together throughout life in the market and in the store, in the shop and at the forge, and who are together to plough the glebe, sow the seed, and reap the harvest, should grow up, not hived in hostile camps, but trained as patriotic Canadians in the public schools. Of course, the Roman Catholic hierarchy object to it, as well as some extreme Protestants, but if Manitoba is satisfied we do not see that Quebec should object.

CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

Our readers are aware that old City Road Wesley Chapel in London, England, which has so many precious associations connected with the venerable founder of Methodism, has been very extensively reconstructed at an expense of nearly £18,000. Much of this was absolutely necessary, as the foundations had sunk, rendering the building insecure. This movement was intended and expected to be an "expression of loyalty and devotion of Methodists throughout the world," as the local congregation is reduced in numbers, all the men of substance having removed to the suburbs. £15,000 has been furnished by British Methodism, and £3,000 is asked from the Methodism of the United States and Canada to complete this work and to erect a tomb somewhat worthy of the founder of Methodism.

The Rev. William J. Brown, the min-

ister of Wesley Chapel, has been commissioned to visit the New World on behalf of this movement. He submits official credentials and the most cordial commendation from Dr. Marshall Raddalls, President of the Wesleyan Conference of Great Britain; the Rev. Dr. Moulton, ex-President; the Rev. Charles H. Kelly, Book Steward and ex-President; and the venerable and beloved William Arthur.

Although many of our own churches are heavily burdened, doubtless there are not a few in Canada who will be glad to have a share in the reconstruction of the venerable cradle church of British Methodism, which is the "Mother of us all."

Mr. Brown has a literary reputation as an able lecturer as well as eloquent preacher. He will be prepared to lecture in the cause of City Road Chapel. Among other topics his lectures include, "The days of Queen Elizabeth," "John Milton, the Puritan Poet." "England, the Foundations of Her Strength," "Byron, his Life and Lessons," "Oliver Goldsmith," "The Wit and Wisdom of Tom Hood," etc. Mr. Brown can be communicated with by addressing the Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE THEOLOGICAL CONFERENCE.

The recent Theological Conference, at Victoria University, was even more successful than the first. The papers presented were of a high average of excellence, and were, for the most part, on subjects of practical importance. They gave evidence of careful thought and study by the writers, and some of those by younger graduates give augury of very valuable work in the future—work that shall reflect credit on their *Alma Mater*, on their Church, and on themselves.

The thorough study of some one subject, the mastery of all the available literature, with original investigation, and the exercise of independent thought and judgment will be an invaluable mental discipline, and will help to push forward the boundaries of knowledge.

The discussions on the subjects were no less instructive and educative than the papers themselves. Many bright thoughts were struck out and, we are sure, many important truths were apprehended with fresh grasp and power. The attendance of the townspeople showed much interest in the subjects under discussion.

We were exceedingly pleased at the reception given by the Conference to the representatives of the labour organizations of the city in connection with the discussion of the Rev. Mr. Rowe's paper on "Labour Problems." As the Chancellor remarked, "The object of the Conference was to elicit truth and to obtain light from every source."

Several members of the working-class, who are also the members of the thinking class, presented their thoughts with much clearness and force, and expressed their thanks to the Methodist Church and to Victoria University for placing on the programme the labour question.

The important questions of the times are not scientific questions, or even questions of biblical criticism, but the social and economic questions. These come home to every man of business and bosom. It would be disastrous for us if the sturdy sons of toil felt that there yawned any chasm between them and the preachers and teachers and leaders of thought in the pulpits and university chairs. We are one people, our interests are one, and by coming together in frank and friendly discussion we may each learn from the other. The non-church-going classes may feel more disposed, as one of the speakers remarked, to listen to the ministrations of the pulpit when it shows itself in sympathy with their daily needs.

A FATAL FAILURE.

A few weeks ago a communication appeared in the *New York Independent*, stating that "there were over three thousand churches in the Congregational and Presbyterian bodies of this country that did not report a single member added by profession of faith last year." Mr. Moody writes: "The thought has taken such hold of me that I can't get it out of my mind. It is enough almost to send a thrill of horror through the soul of every true Christian."

The *Independent* claims that many of these three thousand churches may be small and weak ones, that others may have failed to report statistics, but making every allowance, it re-echoes Mr. Moody's urgent appeal. The great work of the Church is to preach the Gospel. That

will be the solvent of all the difficulties of the times. That will bring the true healing to the manifold woes of man. "The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul." We are glad to know that our Methodist churches recognize that the Sunday evening service is the true harvest of souls and, with scarce an exception, devote their energy to this all-important work.

MR. MOODY'S REVIVAL CAMPAIGN.

The revival services under Mr. Moody in New York city are growing in spiritual power and result. In reply to the question, "Is it possible to evangelize New York?" Mr. Moody replies: "Yes, if men would be as much in earnest about spiritual things as our politicians have been about political matters."

Referring to the recent campaign of Mr. Bryan, he adds: "If one man can do that for silver, which only effects a man's pocket, what could not the Church, with all its facilities and workers, do for men's eternal welfare. What is a man's temporal wealth compared to his soul? Would that every Christian would take a lesson from the history of the past six months, and not only would New York be reached, but all our nation would seek again the God of our fathers."

THE SUNDAY CAR.

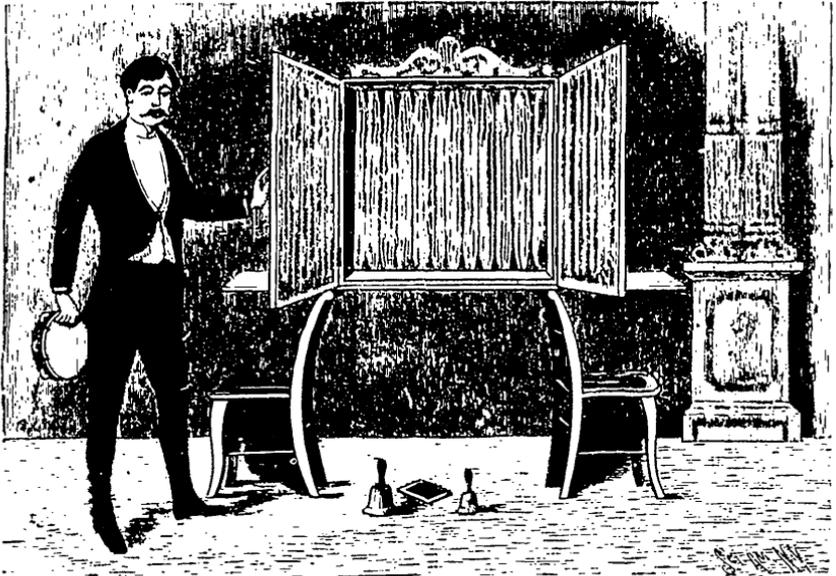
The Sunday car campaign has taken on a somewhat new phase. The proposition of the Street Railway Company to give seven tickets for a quarter for all day use on Sunday, and to speedily equip and run a one-fare railway service to and from the Island, looks suspiciously like a bribe to the citizens to vote for Sunday cars, or to salve their consciences by material considerations in the case of our Sabbath quiet being broken by the clang and clash of the trolley line. Forewarned is forearmed. We trust that our citizens who cherish our Sabbath quiet and revere the scriptural obligation, "Keep holy the Sabbath day," will give this insidious attempt to rob us of the one and overthrow the other the quietus which it deserves. The Rev. A. C. Courtyce has a strong letter of protest against this new "deal" in both *Globe* and *Mail and Empire*.

What matters it?—a few years more,
Life's surge so restless heretofore
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear
The shadows which we follow here,
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere.

Before no work of mortal hand,
Of human will or strength, expand
The pearl gates of the Better Land;
Alone in that great Love which gave
Life to the sleeper of the grave,
Resteth the power to "seek and save."

SPIRITUALISM EXPOSED.



THE CABINET OPEN FOR INSPECTION.

It is extraordinary the number of persons who are carried away by the delusions of spiritualism. People will gather in a dimly-lighted hall—for the spiritualist mediums for obvious reasons do not like the light—and become greatly mystified at the manner in which bells will ring, tambourines sound, and writing take place without hands. A clever exposure of the way in which these tricks can be accomplished is described in the *Scientific American* of November 7th, from which we have procured the accompanying illustrations, and quote the description :

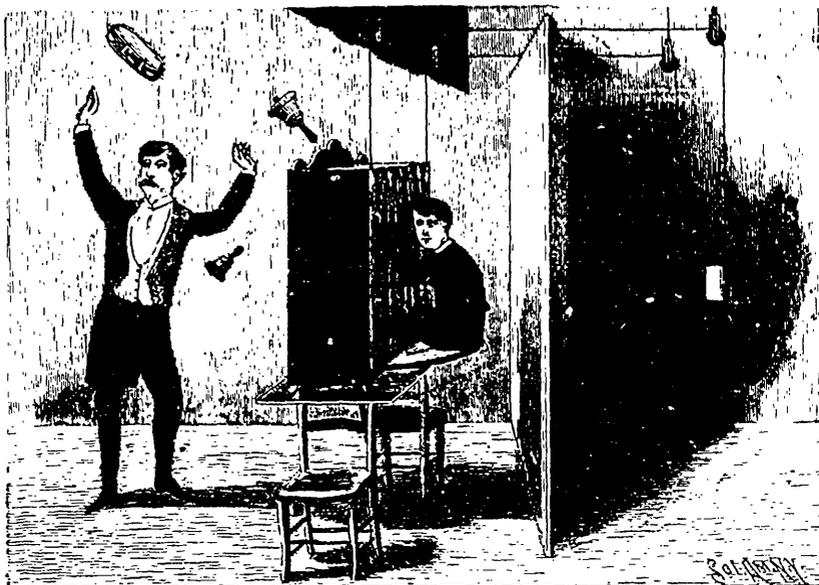
“A sheet of plate-glass about sixteen by sixty inches in size is placed upon the backs of two chairs, and on it is erected a small, beautifully-finished cabinet, consisting of four pieces, of which the sides are hinged to the back, and which, with the front, are seen resting on a chair at the side of the stage. When erected the cabinet is forty-two inches high, thirty-six inches wide, and fourteen inches deep.

“Tambourines and bells are placed in the cabinet and the doors are closed, when the instruments instantly play and are thrown out at the top of the cabinet.

The cabinet is now opened and found to be empty. Any slate placed in the cabinet has a message written thereon. In fact, all manifestations usually exhibited in the large cabinets are produced, and yet this cabinet is apparently not large enough to contain a person. We say apparently not large enough ; for, in reality, the whole secret consists in a small person, or an intelligent child of ten or twelve years of age, being suspended by invisible wires behind the back of the cabinet, where there is a small shelf on which the concealed assistant is sitting Turkish fashion. This folded cabinet is hung on two fine wires which lead up to the flies and over rollers or pulleys to the counterweights. When proper wire is used on a brightly illuminated stage they are absolutely invisible.

“After showing the chairs and placing glass upon them, the performer picks up the folded part of the cabinet and places it on the glass, the counterweights overcoming the extra weight of the concealed assistant, opens out the sides, places the front containing the doors in position, fastening same by hooks to the sides.

“The inside of the cabinet and panels of doors are lined with puckered gold



THE SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

silk. There is a concealed opening in the silk at the back of the cabinet, for the assistant to pass his arm through, in order to handle whatever is placed within it.

“Everything being in readiness, the tambourine and bell are placed in the cabinet and doors closed. The assistant now passes his hand and arm through the opening in the back and shakes the tambourine, rings the bell, and throws both out over the top of the cabinet, when the doors are opened and the cabinet is

shown to be empty. Clean slates placed in the cabinet are removed with messages written on them; in fact, the manifestations that can be produced in the cabinet are limited only by the intelligence of the concealed assistant.

“One of the cuts shows the cabinet with open doors as seen by the audience. The second cut is an end view looking from the side of the stage, showing the assistant on a shelf at the rear of the cabinet, and the wires leading up and over to the counterweights.”

THE GREETING OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

The snow lies stiff and white,
At the gate of the glad New Year;
Her face with hope is bright,
Though the wintry world is drear.

She smiles with welcome sweet,
She speaks in accents mild:
“Enter, with willing feet,
And the heart of a little child.

“So shall you treasure find,
Better than lands or gold;
Friends that are true and kind,
Love that is wealth untold.

“Humbly my lessons learn,
So shall you wisdom gain;
Deep peace your soul shall earn
Through the discipline of pain.”

Hark to the New Year's voice,
With its promise of hope and cheer:
“Courage, brave hearts, rejoice!
For God is always near.

“Skies may be dark with storm,
While fierce the north wind blows,
Yet earth at heart is warm,
And the snowdrift hides the rose.”

THE NEW ONTARIO.*

BY A. BLUE, ESQ.,

Director of Ontario Bureau of Mines.



RAT' PORTAGE IN 1851.

Reprinted from a sketch by Dr. Bigsby.

The New Ontario is a title which in the common use describes all that part of the Province lying beyond the Mattawan and French rivers, and the Nipissing, Huron and Superior lakes, to the north and west boundaries. These boundaries, now clearly defined and established by an Imperial statute, were for nearly twenty years a subject of keenly-waged dispute between the Governments of Ontario and the Dominion; and at one time, after Manitoba had been projected into the quarrel, feeling ran so high that recourse to arms was imminent. The extent of country involved in this dispute, while very much larger, is perhaps not less valuable in its resources of timber and minerals than the region in dispute between Guiana and Venezuela, over which the two great Anglo-Saxon nations were just now talking of war.

The area of the New Ontario has been variously estimated; it is not less than 150,000 square miles, and it may be 175,000 square miles. Even at the lower of these estimates it is larger than Minnesota and Wisconsin by 16,000 square miles, larger than Wisconsin and Michigan by 44,000 square miles, larger by 7,000 square miles than three States the size of New York, and larger than our part of

Ontario south of the French and Mattawan rivers by 100,000 square miles.

There are few places in southern Ontario whose beginning cannot be found within the limits of a century. Fort Frontenac, on the site of Kingston, was built in 1673, and Fort Rouille, on the site of Toronto, about 1750, and these were the only important posts in our part of the country during the French occupation. Kingston and Niagara were the first towns, and they date their origin from

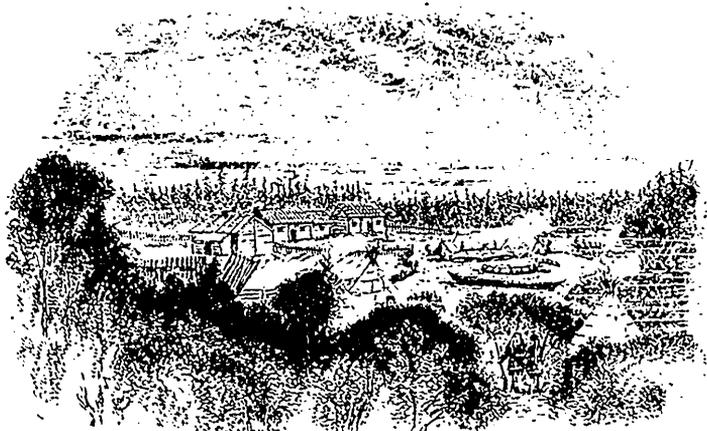
1783. The first houses in Toronto were built in 1794, and the town plot of Hamilton was not laid out until 1813.

But in the New Ontario of the north the fur traders, both the French and English, began active business more than two centuries ago, and many forts and posts were established throughout the region. The Hudson's Bay Company obtained its charter from Charles II. in 1670, and throughout the territory known as Rupert's Land it was active and dominant for a period of two hundred years, or until the surrender of the territory to the Queen in 1869, at which time it occupied about twenty-five forts and trading posts within Ontario limits.

But with the conquest of Canada by the British, the activity and enterprise of the early French traders passed away, the blithe and hardy *coureurs des bois* were scattered, and for the next twenty years the Hudson's Bay Company enjoyed a monopoly of the trade in peltries with the Indians, saving the extent to which a few individual merchants and small companies in Montreal were able to send their agents and goods into the country.

In 1783, however, a new competitor arose, when the Northwest Company was organized; and until the two companies united in 1821 their rivalry was a strife that broke out once or twice into war. The enterprise of the company was shown

* Abridged from Mr. Blue's admirable Report of the Bureau of Mines for 1895.



HUDSON'S BAY CO. FORT AT RAT PORTAGE, ON OLD FORT ISLAND, 1857.

Reproduced from a sketch by H. Y. Hind.

by the construction of a canal at Sault Ste. Marie, which was opened to navigation in the summer of 1800, being fifty-five years before the completion of the canal on the American side.

The chief seat of the Northwest Company's enterprise was on the north shore of Lake Superior. A new location for business headquarters was chosen at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River and named Fort William, after William McGillivray, one of the partners of the company. It soon became the most important post north of the great lakes, and at some seasons of the year the number of traders assembled there was not less than 3,000, gathered from all quarters of the Northwest to which the operations of the company had extended.

"Here, in an immense wooden building," to quote Washington Irving, "was the great council hall, as also the banqueting chamber, decorated with Indian arms and accoutrements, and the trophies of the fur trade. The house swarmed at this time with traders and voyageurs, some from Montreal, bound to the interior posts, some from the interior posts bound to Montreal. The councils were held in great state, for every member felt as if sitting in parliament, and every retainer and dependent looked up to the

assemblage with awe, as to the House of Lords. There was a vast deal of solemn deliberation, and hard Scottish reasoning, with an occasional swell of pompous declamation. These grave and weighty councils," Irving goes on to say, "were alternated by huge feasts and revels, like some of the old feasts described in Highland castles."

Neither Toronto, nor Niagara, nor Kingston could approach the commercial



SULTANA BAY, NORTH SIDE OF SULTANA ISLAND.

From a photograph by Miss Alice M. D. Fitch.

greatness of Fort William ninety years ago; and in no part of the interior of the lower peninsula were such scenes of activity to be witnessed as along the highways of trade in the interior of the northern country, from the Ottawa river to the Lake of the Woods.

The best hopes for the New Ontario are no doubt built upon its mineral wealth, the extent and value of which we are only beginning to realize. The rocks of the Huronian and Cambrian systems are found to be mineral-bearing over a wide extent; and from the number of discoveries made every year in new and unexpected localities, we have an assurance that as yet only a little of this hidden treasure has come to be known. Silver Island alone yielded upwards of \$3,000,000.

It is, however, in the Huronian system of rocks that the greatest variety of minerals is to be found. Ores of copper, nickel, iron, gold, and other metals have been discovered, and operations ar

the furnaces, was \$2,781,800, or an average of \$695,450 a year.

Iron ore has been found in many localities in the Huronian formation, but the largest and most valuable deposits are believed to be the hematites of the Mattawan.

Gold, however, is found more generally than any of the other metals. It has been discovered in the Sudbury district, in the townships along the valley of the Thessalon, on the north shore of Lake Superior, and in many places throughout that part of the Province which lies within the basin of Nelson River. This latter district embraces the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake and the territory drained by their tributary rivers, as well as a portion of the slope drained by the English River, and is two hundred miles long by one hundred broad. The discoveries made here within the last three years have raised great expectations, and some of the properties upon which development work has been done are confidently asserted to be rich and valuable. There are now six stamp mills in that country for treating gold ore, with an aggregate capacity of sixty stamps, and more are likely to go up this year if the needed capital is got. Those northern goldfields are certainly as well deserving of the attention of miners and capitalists as many in the United States, in Russia or in Australia. But



CROWN REEF VEIN, SULTANA MINE.

From a photograph by Miss Alice M. D. Fitch.

carried on which promise to establish a large industry. At the Bruce and Wellington mines, north of Lake Huron, copper mining was carried on for about twenty-seven years, ending with 1875, and the value of the output in that time is reported to have been as much as \$7,000,000. At the Sudbury mines, the ores of which yield nickel, copper and some cobalt, the total ore output of the mines for the six years 1890-95 was 539,936 tons, of which there was smelted and reduced to matter in the furnaces 430,539 tons. For the five years 1891-95 this industry paid for labour at the mines and works the large sum of \$1,436,216; and the value of the products of nickel, copper and cobalt for the four years 1892-5, computed at the selling price at

the production of bullion in large and paying quantities seems to be needed to establish confidence in them, and this work remains to be done.

Fifteen years ago (in 1881) New Ontario had seven organized municipalities, with a population of 4,765. In 1895 it had forty-eight municipalities, and a population of 36,000. This is some progress, but it ought to be far more. The two things most needed to open up the New Ontario are population and capital. British capital and emigration are turned towards the United States, in many parts of which a British citizen cannot hold a foot of ground in his own name; and towards the Transvaal, where he has no civil rights, and pays the bulk of the taxes without even the privilege of edu-



GOLD HILL MINE AND MILL.

From a photograph by Dr. George M. Dawson.

eating his children in the schools in his own tongue. He could depend on getting fair treatment and the security of all the rights of citizenship if he came to New Ontario instead, and he might find there scope for all his energies.

Rat Portage, at the outlet of the Lake of the Woods, has grown to be a busy lumbering town. The water power here is capable of running enormous flour and saw mills, and arrangements are being made for transmitting this almost exhaustless power

to Winnipeg, a distance of 125 miles, for furnishing electric light and power.

The Sultana mine is on an island in the Lake of the Woods, and is undoubtedly the richest mine in the Rainy River district. It was first discovered by F. W. Moore, a prospector, who kept it for a time, and not being able to develop it, sold the mine for \$100.

It is stated by the press that an offer of a million dollars has been made the present owner of the mine for his interest therein, but that he demands a million and a half for the property.

YEAR UNTO YEAR.

As year unto year is added
 God's promises seem more fair ;
 The glory of life eternal,
 The rest that remaineth there ;
 The peace like a broad, deep river
 That never will cease to flow,
 The perfect, divine completeness
 That the finite never know.

As year unto year is added,
 God's purposes seem more plain ;
 We follow a thread in fancy,
 Then catch and lose it again,
 But we see far on in the future
 A rounded, perfected bliss,
 And what are the wayside shadows
 If the way but lead to this ?

As year unto year is added
 And the twilight of life shall fall,
 May we grow to be more like Jesus,
 More tender and true to all ;
 More patient in trial, more loving,
 More eager His truth to know,
 In the daily path of His choosing,
 More willing in faith to go.

THE NEW LIFE.

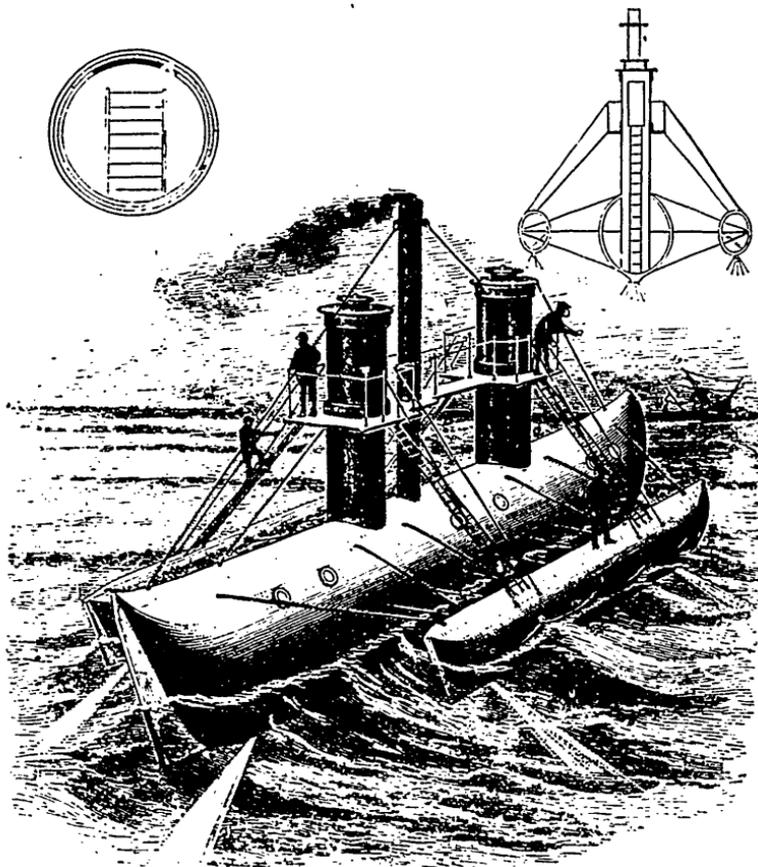
Old sorrows that sat at the heart's sealed
 gate,
 Like sentinels grim and sad,
 While out in the night-damp, weary and
 late,
 The King, with a gift divinely great,
 Waited to make me glad.

Old fears that hung like a changing cloud,
 Over a sunless day,
 Old burdens that kept the spirit bowed,
 Old wrongs that rankled or clamoured loud,
 They have passed like a dream away.

In the world without and the world within,
 He maketh the old things new ;
 The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin,
 Have fled from the gate where the King
 came in,
 From the chill night's damp and dew.

Anew in the heavens the sweet stars shine,
 On earth new blossoms spring,
 The old life lost in the life divine,
 My will is Thine, Thy will be mine.
 The song which the new hearts sing.

Recent Science.



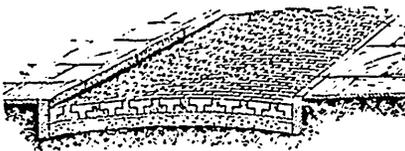
A JET-PROPELLED LIFEBOAT.

The illustration, which we take from the *Scientific American*, represents a lifeboat of strong and simple construction, arranged to be propelled by means of jets discharged either forward or backward, and provided with substantial floats rigidly connected with the hull on each side to hold the boat steady and break the force of the waves. This boat forms the subject of a patent issued to William F. James, of Denton, Texas. One of the small figures is a sectional view of one of the revolvable hatches, of which the boat has two, and the other is a cross section of the boat on the line of its front revolvable hatch. The central hull has bulkheads forming five water-tight com-

partments, of which the middle one is used as an engine and boiler room, while from the two adjacent compartments ladders extend up into outlet towers, closed at their upper ends by revolvable hatches. Each of these hatches opens on a platform supported above the deck, and ladders lead from the platform to the top of the floats. The propulsion of the boat is effected by means of a pump located in the engine compartment, by which water is drawn in centrally at the bottom of the hull, and expelled through pipes at its rear or front end, according as the boat is to be propelled forward or backward. This suction of a power pump in the centre of the vessel is designed to materially

assist in keeping the boat steady in the water. Similar pipes also extend from the pump to the front and rear ends of the floats, the vessel being steered either to the right or left by forcing water through one of the pipes in one of the sets, and the auxiliary pipes in the floats being also used when desired in the propulsion of the vessel forward or backward. Other pipes lead to openings in the sides of the floats, where their discharge is directed downward and outward, to assist to turn the vessel, to keep it from drifting on to a wreck or rocks, and to keep it from capsizing when in the trough of the sea. The pump is also connected by suitable pipes with the various compartments and the interior of the floats, to pump out water, should they become accidentally flooded. As the boat has no rudder or screw propeller, it is designed to stand the roughest weather without being damaged or disabled, and when the boat approaches a wreck the platform and hatches may be readily reached by those who are rescued, the interior of the central hull being then conveniently accessible.

A NEW BRICK ROADWAY.



Inventors are still trying to find the ideal pavement, and one of the latest attempts is that of Mr. G. E. Briggs, an American, who has recently introduced his plan into this country. Our illustration will give the reader a better idea of it than a long description. The bricks, as will be seen, are T-shaped, and lock into each other, one above, the other below, thus ensuring a compact, firm, and solid roadway suitable for light or heavy traffic. Such a road can be quickly made, and will prove very useful in the country as well as in towns.

The new Secor boat, says *Zion's Herald*, is nearly ready in Brooklyn. It has neither boiler, furnaces, nor coal bunkers; yet high speed is expected of it. In the stern of the vessel are two cylinders placed close together, one on each side of the rudder frame. The outer end of each

is closed by a valve; each has a piston. Atomized oil is to be injected into the cylinders; the pistons will compress it; an electric spark will explode it, the outer valve opening simultaneously, permitting the whole force of the explosion to project itself against the water at the stern. With 160 of these impulses a minute from each cylinder the speed expected is sixteen miles an hour. The boat when finished will be tested by a naval board. The inventor has spent \$300,000 in developing his direct propulsion system, and expects to revolutionize the motive power of vessels.

A novel system of disseminating weather forecasts, which seems a trifle ahead of the new scheme of putting bulletins in the post office date stamps, has been inaugurated by the Florida Central and Peninsula Railroad. The engineers blow six long blasts of the whistle, at intervals of three miles, to warn fruit growers of cold waves predicted by the United States Weather Bureau.

Strong nitric acid has set pine sawdust afire in less than three minutes after saturating the sawdust. When nitric acid is spilled upon woodwork there is danger of fire, and the acid should be neutralized immediately with ammonia.

The up-to-date cities now use street sprinklers with wheel tires six inches wide, and the outside of the front tire is placed even with the inside of the rear tire, the machine thus rolling twenty-four inches of street as it moves along, and doing excellent work in keeping the streets in good condition.

The little rows of perforations in a sheet of postage stamps to facilitate their separation was patented in 1848 by Henry Archer, and was considered of such utility by the Government that he was awarded twenty thousand dollars for his patent right.

When water freezes it expands with a force estimated at thirty thousand pounds per square inch. No material has been found which can withstand this pressure.

Exposure to sunlight is one of the best disinfectants for clothing known. The light passing through glass will not do it.

ANCIENT PERSIAN POEM.*

The "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" has created quite a literary, or almost religious, cult of its own. It has led to the formation of clubs and societies, and called for edition after edition of his writings. Few authors have had so many translators or such enthusiastic students. The marvel of it is that Omar, the tent-maker—for such was his designation—who lived at Khorasan, in Persia, two hundred years before Dante, wrote only a few hundred lines, fewer even than the poet Gray. Such were Omar's mathematical abilities that he was one of the astronomers employed to reform the Persian calendar. He also wrote a treatise of algebra.

His first European translator was Dr. Thomas Hyde, who, early in the seventeenth century, wrote a Latin version of the Rubaiyat. Other translators in English, French and German followed. It was Edward Fitzgerald, the friend of Tennyson, who has inscribed to him the fine dedication of his *Tiresias*, that first made the Rubaiyat popular in English. He wrote two or three translations of these Oriental poems. But so flat did his first version fall that his publishers sold nearly the whole at a penny each. Two years ago a single copy of this meagre little pamphlet sold for £6 6s. The famous illustrations of the Rubaiyat, by Elihu Vedder, did much to popularize his writings. The volume under review is the most complete and carefully edited edition which has appeared.

The tone of the Rubaiyat reminds one sometimes of the light irony of Horace, sometimes of the sadder strain of Lucretius, and sometimes of the deeper questionings of the Book of Job, or sombre moralizing of Ecclesiastes. The great themes of his poems are wine, the rose, the nightingale—the shortness and the emptiness of life and the nothingness of death. Specimens of the melancholy

plensiveness of his style may be seen in the following examples.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Casar bled ;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a potter thumping his wet clay :
And with its all-obliterated tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, brother, gently,
Pray !"

The Oriental fatalism of the poet is expressed in the following :

And that inverted bowl we call the sky,
Whereunder crawling, coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to it for help—for it
As impotently rolls as you or I.

Shall He that of His own free fancy made
The vessel, in an after-rage destroy ?

Professor Cowell, one of the ablest critics of the Rubaiyat, writes thus: "This little volume of tetrastichs occupies its own niche in Persian literature. For terseness of expression and vigour of thought we know of no epigrams like them, even in the Greek anthology ; while for passionate earnestness and concentrated sadness there is nothing equal to them, except Lucretius. The Epicurean views which pervade them but add a deeper gloom to the melancholy ; we know that the gaiety is unreal, and the poet's smile is but a *risus sardonius* of despair.

"All things whisper in his ear of change and decay. The sad refrain rings ever in his hearing ; everywhere in the world he reads the record of the inscription which Solomon, in Eastern story, gave for a signet ring, when one asked him for a motto which would suit alike prosperity and adversity,—'This also shall pass away !'"

The preparation of this edition has evidently been a labour of love to the author. He gives Fitzgerald's two editions with comparative versions in English, French and German, by seven other writers, with copious explanatory notes. Fine etchings of Fitzgerald and Von Bodenstedt, a German translator, are given. The title page in colours is very quaint.

* "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." English, French and German Translations Comparatively Arranged in Accordance with the Text of Edward Fitzgerald's Version ; with Further Selections, Notes, Bibliography and other Material, Collected and Edited by Nathan Haskin Dole. Boston : Joseph Knight Company. Toronto : Wm. Briggs. 2 vols. Pp. 777. Price, cloth, \$3.50. Half Levant, \$7.00.

SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

There is no doubt that the study of systematic theology has received both a new impulse and a new method in recent years. For some time the wonderful advance of exegetical studies and the development of biblical and historical theology had either thrown the formal systematic theology into the background, or reduced it to a mere orderly exposition of dogmatics. The scholastic spirit which sought with intense earnestness for the rational ground and the logical interdependence of the elements of Christian doctrine had given place to the inductive investigation of facts, and the tracing of their historical evolution.

By these methods, at least two new departments of theological science have grown up largely within this century. But, in addition to this, the new methods have furnished a new basis and new materials from which to work out afresh, and with far more success than of old, a system of religious truth. A systematic theology, i.e., a theory of religion, which, by the way, embraces all things the Church and the Christian world will have. Our intellectual nature is unsatisfied until in some way we have fashioned for ourselves a theory, however crude, of the how and why of everything in which we are interested.

Dr. Gerhart begins his work with a thoroughly masterly conception of the task of the systematic theologian. Systematic theology is to him no mere scholastic concatenation of biblical, historical and dogmatic theology. It has a distinct purpose and character of its own. It makes use of each of the others, but only as furnishing material for its own distinctive structure; and that structure is not a mere patchwork, but is built according to its own formative idea, a perfect unity in itself.

The principle of theology our author states in these words: "It is necessary that Christian truth, as taught in the

New Testament and adjusted to the demands of apostolic times, be translated into modes of apprehension adjusted to the changed social and scientific needs and to the new capacities of each successive age." Again, "A living Church cannot but grow intensively and extensively; and a living theology cannot but grow in clearness, consistency and wealth of divine knowledge. But the genuine progress of theology will always include the reciprocal action of two factors—the objective force of the written Word and the scientific capacities of the Church."

Following up this idea his object is to present the whole field of Christian truth in terms which satisfy the scientific mind and methods of our day. This will of course include the scientific interpretation of the sources, the scientific analysis of the material, as well as its scientific synthesis or construction, in systematic form. How far our author has succeeded in this task will appear from a few examples.

A Methodist in examining a system of theology emanating from a Calvinistic branch of the Church, naturally turns to the doctrine which lies at the foundation of Calvinism, the sovereignty of God. This the author recognizes as the fundamental and formative doctrine of the system. It is stated as follows: "The decretal system begins with the sovereign will of God. God governs man and the universe according to an eternal unconditional decree. The decree is twofold, negative and positive. A definite number of angels and men are chosen unto life eternal, all others are passed by. The Son of God becomes man and performs the work of redemption to the end that the elect may be saved from condemnation. The incarnation becomes an expedient of divine wisdom; the chief purpose of Christianity is to effect reconciliation between the elect and God by divine agencies." Of this system our author says: "Constructing a theological system from this point of view God is falsely exalted above man, and man is relegated to a plane of existence unworthy of His divine imageship." The opposite system he defines as follows:

Arminius, "against the false predominance of the divine will, asserted the rights of man." "Overlooking the impor-

* "Institutes of the Christian Religion." By Emmanuel J. Gerhart, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in the Seminary of the Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. xxvii-754; pp. xxvi-938. Price, \$3.00 each.

tant truth contained in Calvinism, and fixing contemplation chiefly on man's freedom, Arminius made the human will the starting point of theological thought, and in effect subordinated God to man."

"Calvinism assigns false predominance to the sovereignty of God's will, and overlooks the intrinsic necessities of man's ethical life." "Arminianism lays false stress on the freedom of the natural man. Recognizing and asserting the necessities of his ethical life, it fails adequately to emphasize the prerogatives of God. Divine Majesty is falsely subordinated to human will. Instead of God acting at will upon man unto salvation, it may be said that man acts at will upon God; that is to say, God governs the universe in the interest of man and according to man's self-determinations." (p. 111, Vol. I.)

We shall see presently what is our author's positive and modern reconstruction of these doctrines. In the meantime we must say that he has failed to grasp and state the true formative spirit of Arminianism as held by Arminius himself, and as developed by the Methodist theology of our time. Arminius does indeed recognize the necessities of man's ethical life. But he does so, not on the basis of "the freedom of the natural man, but on the basis of a universal grace: Salvation is all of grace and all of God, but on the basis of our being workers with God. It is not right or true to speak of this as subordinating the Divine Majesty to the human will. God does act at will upon man unto salvation; but instead of that action being arbitrarily limited it is universal, as a father's love to all his children. Nay, more, it grants with grace the dignity of sonship." "Son, give me thine heart," is the language which expresses at once the supremacy and majesty of Divine grace, and the fulness of that grace in permitting to man that choice and return towards God which makes him truly the child of God. There is no limit put upon the majesty or sovereignty of God, except that of his own moral attributes of holiness and love, to exalt sovereignty above these is to overthrow all moral foundations.

After reading the author's criticism of the two great evangelical systems of the past, one is naturally curious to see what he would give us in their place. This

we shall give in his own words: "Against both forms of theological one-sidedness, the false exaltation of God above man, and the false subordination of God's majesty and sovereignty to man's freedom, a strong reaction has set in toward a different fundamental principle of theology, the concrete union of the two essential factors. Reasoning in the light of a more scriptural conception of Christianity it has come to be seen that neither God alone nor man alone, neither Divine sovereignty nor human freedom, is the point of departure. Both require full recognition, God in His paternal relation to man, and man in his filial relation to God. These conditions of a theology, at once more scriptural and more Christian, are met by the Christ idea—the idea concerning the Divine-human personality of Jesus, the incarnate Son of God."

If we understand this, it is that the formative conception around which theology is to be constructed is not God and the manifestation of his glory as in the Augustinian, nor man and his responsibility; but the union of God and man in Christ Jesus. The incarnation is the end toward which all things move, the standpoint in relation to which all truth must be considered.

While admitting that great names of diverse schools have committed themselves to this departure in theology, we do not think it is at all likely to afford the expected results. It has too much of the vagueness of a mystic pantheism. It lacks the strong distinctive elements of either the old Calvinism or the Arminian doctrine of responsibility. While seeming to glorify Christ as the final goal of the world coming forth from God and taking humanity up into unity with himself, like all pantheistic or semi-pantheistic systems, it fails to give to God that distinct personality which places Him above all created, being as Sovereign ruler demanding moral obedience, and it fails to give to man that distinctive individuality which we think needed as the basis of true ethical responsibility. Such a theology may well accord with the present popular Neo-Hegelian philosophy, but with the passing away of that philosophy and the return to a more strongly ethical concept of humanity we think the theology will also lose its hold.

Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,

Or this first snowdrop of the year,
That in my bosom lies.—*Tennyson.*

PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN ROME.

The theme of the author of this magnificent work * is the transformation of Rome from a pagan into a Christian city. This was part of the great struggle between Christianity and paganism for the possession of the world. It is striking proof that God can make the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty. The Christian religion spread rapidly. "We are but of yesterday," writes Tertullian at the close of the second century, "yet we fill every city, town, and island of the Empire. We abound in the very camps and castles, in the council chamber and the palace, in the senate and the forum; only your temples and theatres are left."

Some of the noblest names of Rome (even members of the Imperial family) occur in the epitaphs of the catacombs. The evidence adduced on this subject by Signor Lanciani is of a most interesting character. Through recent exploration, countless objects of pagan and Christian antiquity have been found, among them hundreds of cartloads of votive offerings from pagan temples. Countless marble monuments were burned into lime or built into new structures.

Cardinal Mai enumerates a thousand churches in Rome, some dating back it is alleged, to Prisca and Pudens, mentioned in the Epistles of St. Paul. The sepulchres of the early Christians shared with those of the pagans the protection of the law. Except in times of persecution the Romans made not war upon the dead. We have records of funeral clubs and of their monthly contributions.

The experience Signor Lanciani gained in twenty-five years of active exploration in ancient Rome, both above and below ground, enables him to state that every pagan building which was capable of giving shelter to a congregation was transformed, at one time or another, into a church or a chapel. Smaller edifices, like temples and mausoleums, were adapted bodily to their new office, while the larger ones, such as baths, theatres, circuses and barracks were occupied in part only.

Rome under Augustus was probably as large as the London of to-day. In 14 A. D., its census enumerated 4,937,000

people, an increase of 874,000 during his peaceful reign. He found Rome brick and left it marble, and so adorned with art that in the hyperbole of the times it was easier to find a statue than a man. Yet the mausoleum of this great Emperor is now used as a circus, and harlequin plays his pranks over the tomb of the Lord of the world. These ancient tombs were often rifled for treasure. It is alleged that from that of David at Jerusalem Hircanus stole 3,000 talents of silver, nearly \$4,000,000.

The Christian catacombs, with their 587 miles of corridors, and over 3,000,000 Christian graves, yield most important testimony as to the life and character, the domestic and social relations, the rites and institutions and beliefs of the early Christians.

The disposal of the dead of the Imperial city for hundreds of years was a difficult problem. A niche for an urn cost from \$8.25 to \$8,000. The cost of the huge monuments that for many miles line the Appian Way cannot be estimated.

The contrast between the blankness of despair of the pagans and the hope of the Christians is very striking. Signor Lanciani quotes the following from a wife to her husband: "We knew we loved each other from childhood; married, an impious hand separated us at once. Oh, Infernal Gods! do be kind and merciful to him, and let him appear to me in the silent hours of the night; and, also, let me share his fate, that we may be reunited *dulcius et celerius*." The last two words "more sweetly and swiftly," he thinks of exquisite feeling.

Many pagan epitaphs give the rank in the army or navy, and even the name of the warship in which the deceased served. In the Christian tombs few military inscriptions occur. The author gives a curious example of the way in which the spade illustrates history. Titus repudiated his second wife, but no reason is assigned. In a marble statue of the dame, figured in this volume, "she looks," he says, "hopelessly disagreeable." A pagan inscription describes an area as sacred to the "Divine Crows." It is curious that the same spot is thronged with their descendants to the present day. The effigy and epitaph of a boy of eleven and a half years, who won a prize in competition against fifty-two Greek poets, is reproduced. The successful poem is engraved

* Pagan and Christian Rome. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Profusely illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Square 8vo. Price, \$6 00.

ed on his tomb to prove that his parents have not been inspired solely by their deep love for him (*ne adfectibus suis indulsisse videantur*).

The pagan family life is often of much tenderness. An inscription of one of the wealthiest women in Rome, Annia Regilla, describes her as the "light and soul of the house." Her monument is now used as a pig-pen. I have myself seen the sarcophagus of a senator used as a hog-trough.

Contrary to the general impression, there was no attempt at concealment of early Christian tombs. The author gives an engraving of the elegant entrance by the roadside to a catacomb; the very ruins of the architecture are quite impressive. In the excavation of the catacombs he estimates that 96,000,000 cubic feet of solid rock were removed.

The tombs of the martyrs were long the scene of pilgrimages from many lands, and itineraries, English and German, are still extant. A touching epitaph is given of a pilgrim from Thrace, "*cujus nomen Deus scit*," "whose name is known only to God." From the catacombs the best works of glyptic art, the rarest gems, coins, and medallions in European cabinets, have come to light. Our author identifies in an ancient tomb, that of Amplias, "My beloved in the Lord," mentioned by St. Paul, Romans xvi. 8.

On many slabs are outlined the tools of carpenter, mason, shoemaker, wool-comber, and even the forceps of a dentist

grasping a tooth, and the instruments of a surgeon. We have seen in the museum at Naples the very instruments themselves. The teeth of the Romans seldom showed decay, but there are examples of gold-plating and filling, still in excellent condition. An ancient law made it illegal to bury gold with a body except such as was thus used in the teeth.

This book is sumptuously illustrated with remains of pagan and Christian antiquity, including a girl buried in full bridal costume; copies of ancient frescoes and mosaics, including one of the Christian *agape* or love-feasts, in which the participants surround a table on which is placed a fish. The fish was a symbol of Our Blessed Lord, from the singular fact that the initial letters of the names and titles of Our Lord in Greek—*Ἰησοῦς Χριστός, Θεοῦ Υἱός, Σωτήρ*, Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Saviour—make up the word *ΙΧΘΥΣ*, a fish.

An exquisite ideal figure of Christ as the Good Shepherd, bearing a lamb upon His shoulder, is also given.

This book is a veritable *édition de luxe*, with its red and white and gold binding, its sumptuous printing and illustration. The learned author has devoted many years to exploration of both pagan and Christian Rome. This is a sequel to his companion book on "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries." The illustrations are in the highest style of the art.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Over the sorrow and over the bliss
Over the teardrop, over the kiss,
Over the crimes that blotted and blurred,
Over the wound of the angry word,
Over the deeds in weakness done,
Over the battles lost and won.
Now at the end of the flying year,
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Over our freedom, over our thralls,
In the dark and the midnight, the curtain falls.

Over our gain and over our loss,
Over our crown and over our cross,
Over the fret of our discontent,
Over the ill that we never meant,
Over the scars of our self-denial,

Over the strength that conquered trial,
Now in the end of the flying year
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Quietly final, the prompter calls;
Over it sweetly the curtain falls.

Over the crowds and the solitudes,
Over our shifting, hurrying moods,
Over the hearths where bright flames
 leap,
Over the cribs where the babies sleep,
Over the clamour, over the strife,
Over the pageantry of life,
Now in the end of the flying year,
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Swiftly and surely, from starry walls,
Silently downward the curtain falls

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.

Then from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light the soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Book Notices.

The Colonial Parson of New England. A Picture. By FRANK SAMUEL CHILD. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

The parson has been a favourite subject in literature. Nowhere was he more of an autocrat than in colonial New England. He touched life at every point, and, in men like Cotton and Increase Mather, dominated society. This volume is an exceedingly interesting study of the shrewd Dutch dominie of New York, and the somewhat worldly Virginia clergyman of whom Thackeray says, "Noblemen's hangers-on, insolvent parsons who had quarrelled with justice or the bailiff, they brought their stained cassocks into the colony in hopes of finding a living there."

Our author devotes himself especially to the New England parson. The book gives an extraordinary revelation of the drinking habits of a hundred years ago. At an ordination service seventy-four bowls of punch, eight of brandy, and twenty-eight bottles of wine, besides cherry rum, were used. Another parson stowed away thirty-eight barrels of cider for use, and public thanks was given for the large harvest yield of cider.

A chapter on the style of sermonizing is exceedingly curious. A vigorous parson would preach and pray for five hours at a stretch. Many of them had very large families. Increase Mather had twelve, and Cotton Mather had fifteen children, and others still more. Many of these became also ministers.

It was the day of long pastorates, one lasting for seventy years, and many others over half a century. The promise, "With long life will I satisfy thee," was strikingly fulfilled. One venerable minister is recorded as reaching the ripe age of 103 years, and leaving 206 living descendants. Others are mentioned as living ninety-one years with a pastorate of sixty-seven years; ninety years, with a pastorate of sixty-six; eighty-six years with a pastorate of sixty-two; eighty-five years with a pastorate of sixty years. One hundred and eighty-nine graduates of Harvard attained or passed the age of eighty-four, most of them ministers. The book abounds in curious anecdotes and throws much light on the social and religious condition of the times. It is daintily bound in white and gold with gilt top.

Quo Vadis. A Narrative of the Time of Nero. By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ. Translated from the Polish by JEREMIAH CURTIN. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 541. Price, \$2.00.

It is a curious illustration of the cosmopolitan character of the republic of letters that this story of old pagan Rome is written in the Polish language and translated by an American scholar, who dates his introduction from Guatemala, is dedicated to a French gentleman, M. Auguste Comte, and published by a Boston firm. Henryk Sienkiewicz is the author of a remarkable trilogy of tales on the romantic history of Poland, Turkey, and Sweden, which have won him very distinguished reputation.

This narrative of the struggle between Christianity and paganism for the possession of the world is one which appeals to wider sympathies and interest. It is an intensely graphic picture of a very stormy period. Some even of Caesar's household and near to the throne were members of the new and accursed sect of Christians, which it was the purpose of Caesar to stamp out. The persecutions of the early believers are vividly described. We are present at the worship of the infant Church, we observe its rites, we study its institutions, we listen to its holy hymns, we follow the martyrs to the dim crypts of the Catacombs, to the gloomy vaults of the Mamertine prison, to the fearful persecutions of the arena and the circus, where gentle maids and matrons, sewn up in the skins of wild beasts, are worried by Molossian hounds, are butchered to make a Roman holiday, or, swathed in garments of pitch, are burned as living torches to illumine the revels of the most brutal monster the world ever saw.

In the pages of this book pass before us Pretonius, by turns the favourite and the victim of Nero; Marcus Vinicius, the pagan who, through love for the Christian maiden Lygia, becomes himself a Christian; and even the august figures of St. Peter and St. Paul. But the masterpiece of depiction is that monster of wickedness, whom one of his victims in the amphitheatre denounces as Anti-Christ, and predicts for him the just judgment of God. We follow Nero from the orgies of his golden house to his scenes of guilt and blood, and to his

wretched end by his own hand in the garden of Phaon without the walls.

*On that hard Roman world disgust
And secret loathing fell,
For weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.*

Myths and Myth-Makers. Old Tales and Superstitions Interpreted by Comparative Mythology. By JOHN FISKE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.00.

Dr. Fiske is one of the most philosophical writers of America. His "Myths and Myth-Makers" is one of his most popular works, having reached its twenty-first edition. Much light is thrown upon primitive beliefs by the folk-lore and myths of antiquity. Some of our simple rhymes and jingles are echoes of old-world superstitions. That of Jack and Jill, for instance, has its origin in an old moon myth of Iceland. Indeed, the spots on the moon have given rise to a whole cycle of these myths.

Some of the so-called historical traditions which are commemorated in song and story, in paintings and monuments, are shown by Dr. Fiske to be pure myths. The story of William Tell, for instance, intensely believed by the Swiss, he traces back to old Danish, Persian, and Indian legends a thousand years old. So also the touching story of Llewellyn and his brave dog Gellert, has its counterpart in ancient Egyptian mythology and Sanscrit and Chinese fables. Even the legend of Romulus and Remus, the wolf-reared cubs of Rome, is interpreted as a myth by modern historians. The not uncommon use of a forked hazel branch to find water or precious metals underground can be traced back into oldest Elf-land. Our common sassafras derives its name from the *saxi-fraga*, or, rock-breaking plant, from its alleged power to crumble hardest stones. Solomon is said to have used this spell for the building of the Temple without sound of saw or hammer.

The myths of Werewolves and Swan-maidens are described and interpreted, also those of the primeval ghost world. The word and idea "bugbear," in nursery lore, may be traced back to the Sanscrit Vedas. The classical mythology, as Bacon long since showed, is but an embodiment of nature worship. The trolls, elves and fairies of Teutonic mythology, and the djinns and efreet of the Arabian Nights are all of ancient Aryan origin.

Modern Palestine; or, The Need of a New Crusade. REV. JOHN LAMOND, B.D., with sixteen illustrations. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

Surely no land has ever been the inspiration of so many books as the land made sacred evermore by the life and labours of our Lord. Mr. Lamond is a shrewd observer, and writes in a graphic manner. He has some rather unusual experiences from the fact that he stopped at the khans, or inns of the country, most of which he found very unsatisfactory. As a consequence of his mode of travel he found himself under arrest at Jenin, with the alternative of returning to Jerusalem or serious detention—a mere pretext to obtain backsheesh.

Mr. Lamond is indignant at the misgovernment of the country by the Turks. "Wherever the Turk settles, the grass forgets to grow," says an Eastern proverb. The new crusade he advocates is one which shall put the country under a European protectorate and relieve the peasants of the grinding oppression of the Government, and of periodical pillage and plunder by the Bedouin. He urges, too, more missionary effort in the Lord's land; but the conditions are very unfavourable. The Moslems are the most fanatical and bigoted of misbelievers. The Jews are a somewhat more hopeful class, and for them something is being done. This is an interesting addition to books of travel in Palestine.

Authors and Friends. By ANNIE FIELDS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 355. Price, \$1.50.

As the wife of the distinguished Boston publisher, Mrs. Fields had the privilege of knowing many of the leading authors of the United States and Great Britain. The favourite one of these, we think, was Longfellow. Except Shakespeare, no English-writing poet is so widely read, not even Tennyson. Twenty-four publishing houses in Great Britain have issued the whole or part of his works. His poems have been printed in many languages, including Russian, Hebrew, and even Chinese. His life was not without its share of sorrow. In Rotterdam, Holland, his young and dearly-beloved wife, to whom he inscribed the touching poem, "The Footsteps of the Angels," died. "Henceforth," he wrote, "let me bear upon my shield the holy cross."

The poet had, in one respect, a unique

record. On a stormy voyage, confined to his berth for twelve days, he wrote his seven noble poems on slavery, including the magnificent "Slave's Dream." After he became famous he was sorely beset by lion-hunters. One man, a perfect stranger, came to his house with an omnibus full of ladies and stayed for an hour. But he endured it all with the patience of a martyr. When in England the Queen invited him to Windsor Castle, where she received him with all the honours. But no foreign tribute touched him more deeply than the words of an English hod-carrier, who asked permission to take the hand of the man who had written, "The Voices in the Night." Another great sorrow was the tragical fate of the lady who, after seven years of widowerhood, gladdened his life; she was burned to death by lighted wax falling on her summer dress. Thenceforth he walked beneath the shadow of a perpetual-sorrow.

Similar glimpses are given of the philosophic Emerson, the genial humourist Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Celia Thaxter, and the great-souled Quaker poet of the slave. Mrs. Fields gives also charming glimpses of visits to Lord or Lady Pen-y-son at Aldworth.

The Life Indeed Series. Edited by the Rev. W. L. WATKINSON. *Life and Christ.* By EBENEZER E. JENKINS, LL.D., London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mr. Watkinson is rendering distinct service to the cause of Christian truth by editing, and the Wesleyan Conference office by issuing, the series of volumes of higher Christian literature known as "The Life Indeed" series. One of the most valuable of these volumes is this collection of discourses by one of the saintliest of souls, and one of the masters of Christian eloquence. The book is essentially Christo-centric. It treats of life in its relation to the One "mighty to save." It will deepen one's conceptions of the all-embracing sweep and power of the religion of Jesus. The conclusion of the whole matter is expressed in this sentence from the closing discourse: "Except the doctrine and voice of Jesus, no philosophy, no system of morals, no religion, professes to have any light upon the destiny of thought. Christianity finds thought upon the boundary of the hereafter, forsaken by every other guide, wandering alone, as if reserved for the blackness of darkness forever, and leads

it back to God, its natural home, its dwelling-place in all generations."

Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs; a Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome. By the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

We have few men in our Canadian Methodism with the peculiar literary gifts of Dr. Withrow. His is the rare power of painting life pictures, of grasping with the sympathetic intuition of genius the living significance of the dry facts which are recorded on monuments, or catalogued in cyclopedias, and of moulding them into pictures instinct with life and truth. The work before us is such a picture. The materials are familiar only to those versed in later classical literature and primitive Christian archaeology, in both of which fields Dr. Withrow is a master. They are here presented in a form comprehensible by a child, and yet of intense interest to a grave and reverend student of church history. For our rising ministry and for our Epworth Leagues this is a rarely valuable book, introducing the reader, almost as by a magician's wand, to familiarity with early chapters in the history of the Christian Church, chapters which immediately preceded the final triumph of Christianity in the Roman Empire. The mechanical execution is in the best style of the Book-Room, and beautifully illustrated. The book is just the thing for every Sunday-school library, or for a Christmas present.—N. B.

Christ's Trumpet-call to the Ministry; or The Preacher and the Preaching for the Present Crisis. By DANIEL S. GREGORY, D.D., LL.D., author of "Christian Ethics," "My Four Gospels," editor of the *Homiletic Review*, etc. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 365. Price, \$1.25. Toronto: The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This book is the enlargement of a series of articles that appeared in the *Homiletic Review* expressing the author's thoughts and convictions after thirty years' experience. Subjects discussed are "The Preacher's Present Conversion," "The Preacher's Message," "The Preacher and His Furnishing," "The Preaching for These Times," and "The Preacher as a Pastor in These Times." They contain valuable suggestions on the best pulpit efficiency for to-day, and on requisite means, forces and agencies for coping with existing moral enemies. They are suggestive and practical, and burn with intense earnestness. They discuss the life and death

questions that every minister of the Gospel should take up for the regeneration of a lost world. Dr. Gregory has no faith in substitutes for the Gospel; he gives the proper place to the divine message, and aims at making the Church a stronger arm for righteousness. This discriminating, timely book should be read by every preacher and theological student. It is, indeed, a trumpet that gives no uncertain sound and will inspire every reader with higher motives.

A. M. P.

Across Siberia on the Great Post-Road.

By CHARLES WENYON, M.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is one of the most interesting books of travel we have ever read. The author, who seems to be a Chinese medical missionary, made the journey from Vladivostok, on the Pacific coast, to the German frontier, over the great Post-Road and in part by the Yenisei and Obi rivers, a distance of about 5,000 miles. As an important section of the Siberian railway has been opened since, he was one of the very last Englishmen to make this journey in the old-fashioned way. He gives a vivid conception of the growth and consolidation of the Russian Empire, of the vast and, in large part, fertile regions of Siberia, with its strangely mixed nomad and settled populations, and its sad contingent of political and criminal exiles.

Mornings in the College Chapel. Short Addresses to Young Men on Personal Religion. By FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY, Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

This is a charming volume, both in contents and in form. It contains ninety-one sermons. They are models of brevity, pointedness and spirituality. The longest of them can be read in three, and the most of them in two, minutes. They constitute a good atmosphere for a student's morning hours. Fifteen minutes are allowed for the daily college service, and "the preachers to the university usually say a few plain words to interpret or enforce the Bible lesson which has been read." These sermons are Professor Peabody's contribution in this relation. They are worthy of the man, the occasion, and the beautiful form in which the publishers have introduced them to the public.

E. I. B.

The Spirit-Filled Life. By REV. JOHN MACNEIL, B.A., Evangelist. Introduction by REV. ANDREW MURRAY. Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 126. Price, 75 cents.

The Spiritual Life. By ANDREW MURRAY. Lectures delivered before the Students of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 243. Price, 50 cents.

The Master's Indwelling. By ANDREW MURRAY. Addresses delivered at the Northfield Conference Re-written and Revised. Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 180. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, 75 cents.

It is very gratifying that evangelical literature is on the increase. The demand must exist or the supply would not be so abundant. "The Spirit-Filled Life" comes from the Antipodes, the author being an Australian, and a worker among the Australasian Churches. He takes it that "Be filled with the Spirit" is a command to be obeyed, a duty to be done; and writes for "babes" who are living on the wrong side of Pentecost. His object is to call the attention of all who are "Born again" to the fact that the fullness of the Spirit is the birthright of every believer. The substance of the book was first delivered as a series of afternoon Bible readings in connection with evangelistic services, and published in permanent form by request. The standpoint of the author is, that being filled with the Spirit is "something different from the new birth," that it is everybody's need, may be obtained through cleansing, consecration and claiming, and that one may know that he is filled. "Christianity is nothing, except as it is a demonstration of the Spirit," says Rev. Andrew Murray in his introduction to the American edition, hence the great need and absolute duty of being filled with the Spirit. We are confident that the reading of this little book will bring help and blessing. Though not critical, it is thorough and scholarly, and brings out distinctions not usually found in works on the Holy Spirit. Ministers will do well to read this work carefully as an aid to a study of the subject.

Rev. Andrew Murray's writings have been made such a blessing to thousands that he needs no introduction. The publishers of these two volumes did well to put his platform utterances at the summer schools of 1895 in print, so that they might benefit a larger audience than heard them. "The Spiritual Life" con-

tains sixteen lectures, and "The Master's Indwelling" thirteen. The former treats specially of the work of the Holy Spirit in Christian life, and the latter of the relation of the Christian to Christ. In both he makes clear and definite distinction between carnal and spiritual Christians. These are companion volumes and will promote the higher life of all who read them with a true spirit and right motive.

A. M. P.

In the Banqueting House. A Series of Sacramental Meditations. By MARK GUY PEARSE. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is another of the elegant annual volumes which we have been led to expect from the pen of the author of "Dan'el Quorm" and "Mister Horn." In his sweet and tender spirit he discourses upon the sacred themes of our Lord's passion and the significance for us of the blessed sacrament of His body and blood. In its devout pages the reader will find inspiration, comfort and instruction. Mechanically the book is a gem of the publisher's art, with its black-letter preface and readings, and its titles and initials in bright vermilion.

The Indwelling Christ. By JAMES M. CAMPBELL. With an Introduction by PROF. A. B. BRUCE, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 178. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. Bruce says of this book that it is "the production of an author who brings to his task a thoughtful mind, enriched by extensive reading as well as by his

own reflection." He further pronounces it "thoroughly wholesome." The book merits Dr. Bruce's words of praise. It is a spiritually uplifting and helpful contribution to a theme of transcendent importance, and is heartily commended for its homiletical suggestiveness and religious fervour. Its circulation must do good.

S. P. R.

The Voice from Sinai. By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

The Social Law of God. By E. A. WASHBURN, D.D.

These are two books on the Ten Words from the Mount, and are published by Thomas Whittaker, New York. They have already attained a deservedly high reputation. Dr. Farrar's is the later and better contribution to the interpretation of the decalogue. Both are worthy of careful reading and study.

S. P. R.

An Introduction to the Study of American Literature. By BRANDER MATTHEWS, A.M., LL.B. New York: American Book Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an ideal text-book on American literature. It is concise and clear, gives judicious criticism and quotations from all authors of any note, a brief chronology and index, questions on each chapter, and sixty-seven portraits or other illustrations. The many fac-similes of the writing of the authors described bring us very near their personalities. We would like to see such a note-book on English literature, but we know of none such in existence.

THE NEW YEAR.

Behold, the New Year beckons like a flower
Hid in its roots among the untrodden hills:
God shows thee how its sweetness every hour
Grows only as His breath thy spirit fills!

Behold, the New Year beckons like a star,
A splendid mystery of the unfathomed skies:
God guide thee through His mystic spaces, far,
Till all His stars as suns within thee rise!

The New Year beckons. He, too, beckoning, nears;
Forget not thou that all its gifts are His!
Take from His hand all blessings of the years,
And of the blossoming, starred eternities!

—Lucy Larcom.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

In the city of Newcastle a unique state of things exists. The superintendents of all the three circuits are sons of ministers. Across the river, at Gatahead, another minister's son is minister, and a few miles away, at South Shields, there is a fifth, a proof that all the sons of ministers do not "go to the bad"; neither do all desert the Church of their fathers.

The foundation stones of a new Girls' High School, Lagos, West Africa, were recently laid.

Recent legacies to the Missionary Fund amounting to \$11,915 are reported.

At a love feast recently held in Fiji, among those who took part in the service, were the king, queen, court-officials and other distinguished citizens. Only a little while ago the entire population was cannibal. There are 30,000 Kafirirs in South Africa who are members of the Methodist Church, and all are total abstainers.

It is claimed that the largest regular Methodist congregation in the world is to be found at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, England, where there is a constant Sunday-night attendance of 4,000 persons.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse recently collected \$6,500 in South Africa, for the West End Mission in London.

Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, has formed a society for the employment of willing labour on land. A farm has been taken and a portion of it set apart for the unemployed. Rev. T. Champness and Dr. Paton want helpers and overseers who will be with the men day by day, who will work with them, eat with them, sleep in the same dormitory with them. It is a call to a high and noble, but very self-sacrificing, and therefore most Christian, service. This is real salvation and spade work.

The Rev. John Telford has issued a "Popular History of Methodism," at the low price of one penny. It ought to be sold everywhere. Some of the allusions to the secessions may not give universal satisfaction, but the movements originated successfully by Hugh Bourne and Wm. O'Bryan are spoken of with respect.

The "Joyful News" mission, in charge of the Rev. Thomas Champness, Rochdale, has just received a legacy of \$5,000.

Rev. Geo. Weavind, in one of the late missionary notices, gives an interesting account of a visit to Pilgrim's Rest. At Lydenburgh he states: "We stayed with a fine old Methodist, who though cut off from association with his own Church for over twenty years, has not ceased to take the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* and *Methodist Recorder*, and is to-day as true to Methodism as ever he was.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Hurst, in a recent Conference address, said that 280 manuscripts discovered within forty years attest the truth of the Bible. The scholars who accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt proposed to prove archaeologically the Bible untrue, but every discovery has substantiated its truth. Discoveries of great granaries in Egypt have been made, and part of the bricks are without straw. These evidences are being piled up to convince the world of the truth of God's Word.

Bishop Fowler, at a recent Conference in Ohio, said: "Begin the new Conference year right financially. If behind on last year's expenses pay them up first. A receipt for last year's coal makes better kindling-wood for this year than a last year's coal-bill. A deficit is a mill-stone on the neck of spirituality.

"It pays to pay as you go in Church affairs, so far as current expenses are concerned. The church that pays its first half year's bills before December 31st will have a chance to enjoy a happy New Year. Watch-night services will not light the spirituality of the church if the quarter's gas-bill is unpaid."

The Chicago Home Missionary and Church Extension Society has only built three or four churches during the past year, as against an average of ten each during the five years preceding. The Society has accomplished more in five years preceding 1896 than was accomplished during the first fifty years of Chicago Methodism. In the five years named the Society built fifty-two churches. During its first fifty years in the city twenty-seven churches were built. During

the latter period there were 8,886 members enrolled in the Methodist churches in the city. In five years the Extension Society enrolled 7,500 members, and nearly 10,000 Sunday-school children.

At the late meeting of the Missionary Board, which was held at Detroit, \$1,121,000 were appropriated to the mission fields at home and abroad. The Society is heavily in debt or a much larger sum would have been appropriated.

Bishop Vincent has gone to South America and will not return until May. Bishop Joyce remains abroad two years to hold the Conferences in China and Japan, and Bishop Goodsell remains the same length of time in Europe, where he will hold all the Conferences in those Conferences and superintend the work generally. This episcopal visitation entails a great amount of labour and personal sacrifice upon the bishops, but it is the bond of union to the Church, which has now become world-wide in its extent.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Recent news from Brazil Conference is encouraging. Six native preachers agree to depend wholly on their Church for support this year.

The Publishing House Report for the past year is a gratifying one. The total business in all departments amounted to \$350,526; gain in the assets, \$50,393; total assets, \$722,750.59.

Bishop Duncan, when addressing the probationers, among other good advice, said: "I do not know what your theory is concerning holiness, whether it is a first blessing or a second blessing, or what it is, numerically; but be holy. Be holy and don't waste words on a theory of holiness."

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Both the churches destroyed by fire in London have been rebuilt. The first church on Dufferin Avenue, the largest of the two, cost about \$90,000. On the first day of opening \$1,500 were given, when General Superintendent Carman, preached. Dr. J. H. Potts, of Detroit, and Dr. Milburn, Chaplain of Congress at Washington, preached the second and third Sabbath, Dr. Potts is deaf, and Dr. Milburn is blind and yet both preached eloquently.

The Rev. Messrs Crossley and Hunter are still prosecuting their evangelistic labours in the Eastern Provinces, and at every place where they labour most

wonderful results are produced. The converts are numbered by hundreds.

The Rev. Dr. Hart, Superintendent of Chinese Missions, was presented with a magnificent Chinese New Testament by the American Bible Society. It is a facsimile of the one presented about a year ago to the Dowager Empress of China. Two inscriptions on the cover, when translated, read, "The Complete New Covenant," and "The Holy Classics of Our Saviour."

There is still a good degree of heroism among our missionaries and their families. Miss Jane Crosby, daughter of the missionary at Port Simpson, accompanied by an Indian woman, went to Bella Bella, B.C., 200 miles distant, opened the mission house and took charge of the day school, and thus held the fort until help could be sent.

The new chapel at Chentu, China, has been opened; it will seat 400. The first convert was baptized at the church opening. There are now eighteen inquirers on the church register. Since the opening all the services are crowded.

At Nanaimo, B.C., a commodious mission-house has been built, towards which the Chinese on the Pacific coast contributed \$500.

The Woman's Missionary Society, which is such a valuable auxiliary, is calling for three new workers—a medical missionary lady for West China, who should not lose the opportunity of going with Dr. Hart and family early in February; also two missionary teachers for Japan.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The President of the Conference is devoting much time to the visitation of the poorer circuits of the Connexion.

Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Burnett have sailed to Fernando Po to spend a second term in that deadly climate.

Mr. W. P. Hartley has built at his own cost, and presented to Aintree, a public hall and café, with a suite of rooms for refreshments, etc., and with good stables for the use of carriers' horses, market gardeners and others. The outlay will exceed \$50,000. The building was accepted on the part of the city of Liverpool; Lord Stanley, mayor, with other gentlemen, spoke in terms of the highest commendation respecting the noble gift of Mr. Hartley, for the good of his fellowmen who needed such a place of shelter and comfort.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN.

The missionary receipts are greatly in advance, which is largely due to the valuable services of Rev. and Mrs. Pollard, who are at home on furlough from China, but who have been abundant in labours.

In a few years the Connexion has attained to an important position in the Australasian Colonies. There are now 92 ministers, 43 local preachers, 1 college, 346 churches and other preaching places, and 7,063 members. The estimated value of trust property is \$825,000.

RECENT DEATHS.

The Rev. Henry Daniel, D. D., of New Brunswick Conference, has joined the great majority. He was sixty-seven years in the ministry and had attained the age of ninety when called to his reward. Well might he be named the Nestor of Canadian Methodism. None of his predecessors had been so long in the ministry, though many travelled more than fifty, and a few even went beyond sixty years.

The Rev. Henry Harris, of Toronto Conference, passed on before on November 7th. For eight years he was laid aside. When in the active work, both in England and Canada, he was an acceptable minister, and was very useful. He was a man of good talents, and was the author of several small works, some of which reached a sale of several thousands. Brother Harris took great interest in social questions, and was a liberal friend to the poor. A widow and five sons survive him.

The Rev. Thomas Raston, the oldest Wesleyan minister in South Australia, died July 17th, aged 81. He first laboured in Sierra Leone for ten years, then went to England for a short furlough, and re-embarked for Australia. For twenty years he was Missionary Secretary, and for a quarter of a century he lived in retirement.

The Rev. A. Holliday, a leading minister in the Methodist Free churches, England, recently passed to his reward. After being circuit minister several years, he was elected President of Conference, and then was principal of the college, which office he filled at the time of his death.

The Rev. Joseph Preston, Primitive Methodist in England, died in November, 1896, at the great age of ninety-three. He was the eldest minister in the denomination when called to his reward. In

his early years he laboured in the West of England, where he endured many hardships and was subjected to much persecution. He had the honour of being the first Primitive Methodist minister who preached in Oxford. The writer knew him, and always regarded him as one of the most saintly men of his acquaintance.

The Rev. T. Lowe, Primitive Methodist, died on Thursday November 26th., 1896. His death was quite unexpected. He was in the sixtieth year of his active ministry, and was one of the first Primitive Methodist ministers to advocate the opening of missions in Africa. At the Norwich District Meeting, held at Swafham nearly fifty years ago, he offered himself for African mission work. He was truthfully described "as a voluminous reader, a broad thinker, a genial friend, an eloquent lecturer, a faithful preacher, a wise pastor, a kind husband, an affectionate father, and a devoted Christian."

DEATH OF THE REV. A. M. PHILLIPS, B. D.

Just as we go to press the sad intelligence reaches us of the death of the Rev. A. M. Phillips. We have learned no particulars of his illness or death, and insert this brief note in anticipation of a fuller reference hereafter. Mr. Phillips was a strongly-marked personality—a man of great energy of character and an enthusiastic worker in the promotion of Bible study and of Epworth League and Christian Endeavour societies. Of the latter organization in the United States he was a trustee. He gave a great impulse to both these departments of our Church work. Few men will be so much missed in our annual gatherings and conventions.

He was a man of marked literary ability and activity and one of the chief promoters of the union for theological study. Out of the annual reports of this grew the *Theological Review*, of which Mr. Phillips was for seven years the able and indefatigable editor and manager. Since that *Review* was amalgamated with the *METHODIST MAGAZINE* Mr. Phillips contributed largely to the Book Review department, for which he had a special gift. His last contribution is that over his well-known initials on pages 100 and 101 of this number, received only a few days ago. His inspiring influence will long be widely felt, especially among the young people of Canadian Methodism.—Ed.