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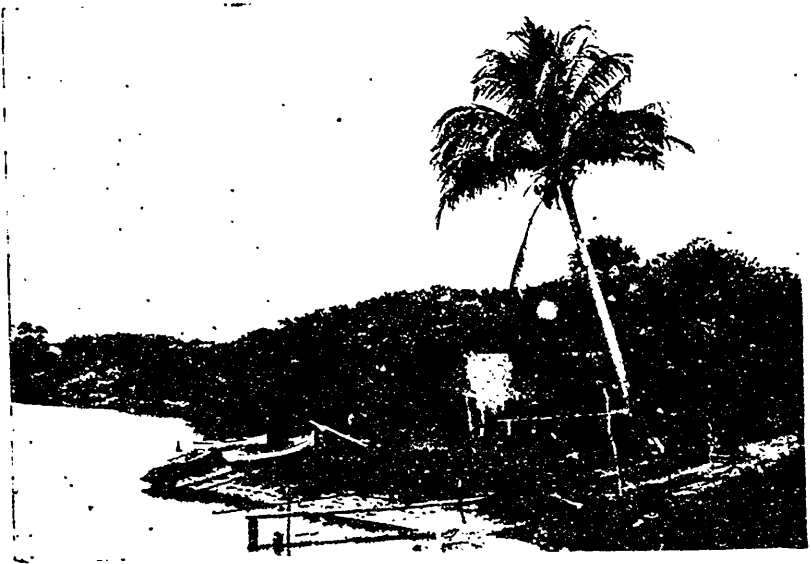
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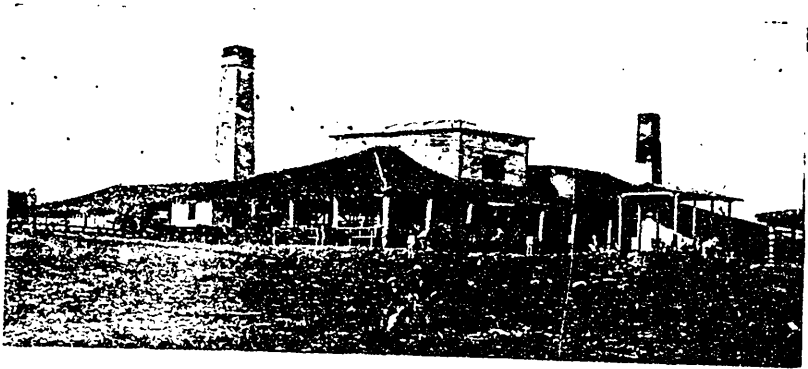
TROPICAL SCENERY ON THE SAN JUAN, CUBA.

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

CUBA—HER PRESENT CONDITION AND NEED.

BY THE REV. ARCHIBALD M'LEAN.\*



CRUSHING MILL ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.

Although the people of Cuba have had a form of Christianity for four hundred years, a recent visit to that noble island has convinced the writer that it is a proper field for Christian missions. Priests and nuns are everywhere. Churches abound, and their bells are ringing almost incessantly. Religious processions are numerous. Mass is said in every church several times every day in the year. Children are baptized and confirmed. Lovers are married. The dead are buried. All ecclesiastical functions are punctiliously performed. The forms of devotion are as scrupulously observed as in Italy and Spain and other Roman Catholic countries. At the same time it is quite apparent that the church has done very little for

the moral elevation and spiritual well-being of the people. Sunday is much like other days. True, the government offices are closed, so are most of the wholesale business houses, and perhaps some shops; but, for the most part, the retail places are open, and tradesmen pursue their callings. At all hours of the day, and far into the night, lottery tickets are hawked about the streets. If one goes to mass in the morning, he thinks that he can do as he pleases the remainder of the day. Sunday is the great day for receptions and dinners. Even on Easter the people are free to sing and dance, to eat meat, to trade horses, and to do many other things of the same sort. Sunday is the day for bull-fights and cock-fights. On Sunday evening the attendance at the theatres is the largest, and the crowds are

\*From the *Missionary Review of the World*.

the gayest. After sunset the band plays in the parks, and the whole population turn out to listen and pass the time. Those who are best qualified to speak, say that the moral standard is very low. Kingsley called Havana "The Western Abomination."

Paul told the Athenians that they were "too religious." If he were to visit Cuba to-day he would tell the Cubans the same thing. From one point of view the Cubans are exceedingly religious. The churches are never closed. Almost every place and object has a religious name. This is true of the streets, hotels, bridges, hospitals, theatres, plantations. Sometimes in one city two or more streets are called after the same saint. Such names as the Trinity, the Nativity, the Conception, the Sacrament, Charity, Hope, Peace, Grace, Glory, are very common. These are curious designations for tobacco and sugar plantations. A school for girls is named for a female saint, and a school for boys bears the name of a male saint. One who spent a number of years on the island says that every girl is called Maria. It is Maria Teresa, or some other combination. If there is no girl in the family, the boy is called Jose Maria, or something similar. Boys are frequently called Jesus, Manuel, and Salvador.

The church has to do with the most sacred events in the home; she has charge of the schools; she has a hand in all the affairs of state. From another point of view, however, the Cubans are not more religious than other people. Religion is, with them, a matter of form and ceremony; it consists in outward observances, and has little or no relation with the lives of the people. It does not teach them that God requires them to deny themselves of ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly and righteously and godly in this

present world. It does not teach them to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke.

There is a saying in Havana that the church is good enough for old maids of both sexes. Only the women go to church to worship. The men go sometimes to see the women go through their performances, or to flirt. They do not make any pretence to piety, but are careful not openly to break with the Church. They cannot afford to do that, for they and their children must have their names and dates of birth recorded in her books. There are no other records, and without these legitimacy cannot be established. The men must also go to confession before marriage, or the priest will refuse to marry them, and there is no civil marriage ceremony. They must be attended by the priests at death, in order to be interred in consecrated ground. Thus, with the people of Cuba, religion is a matter of necessity and decency; it is not a thing of the heart and life, permeating all and dominating all. That is not their conception of its place and purpose.

#### THE NEGROES IN CUBA.

If this is the condition of the Spaniards and Cubans, what must be the condition of the negroes? They constitute one-third of the entire population. Columbus found 1,200,000 aborigines on the island. He spoke of them as affectionate, peaceable, and tractable. He said: "There is not a better race of men in the world. They love their neighbours as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest and mildest in the world, cheerful, and always with a smile." And, though it was true that they wore no clothing, he added that they had many commendable customs. These people believed in a Supreme



COLUMBUS MEMORIAL COLLEGE, CUBA.

Being, and in a life after death. An old chief, presenting Columbus with a basket of fruits and flowers, said:

"Whether you are a man or a divinity we know not. You come into these countries with such a show of force we would be mad to resist even if we were so inclined. We are, therefore, at your mercy; but if you and your followers are men like ourselves, subject to mortality, you can not be unapprized that after this life there is another, wherein a very different portion is allotted to good and bad men. And if you believe you will be rewarded in a future state, you will do us no harm, for we intend none to you."

The Spaniards regarded Cuba as conquered territory, and dealt with the natives as they did with the Mexicans and Peruvians. They undertook to reduce them to a state of slavery. The Caribees were not accustomed to work, and could not be made to obey their Spanish lords. For this offence they were exterminated. They were told that if they would go on board the Spanish ships they would be taken to some happy islands where they

would see their ancestors, and where they would enjoy a state of bliss of which they had no conception. In this way more than forty thousand were decoyed away from home and slaughtered. Some Spanish vowed to kill thirteen every morning before breakfast in honour of Christ and his twelve apostles! Others compelled the natives to submit to baptism, and despatched them at once, to keep them from becoming apostates. A native chief opposed the Dons, and was tied to a stake and faggots were heaped about him. A monk held the crucifix to his lips and talked to him about the beauties of the Christian faith. "Be sorry for your sins, that you may go to heaven." "Where is heaven, and will there be any Spaniards there?" The monk replied, "Yes, a great many." The chief said, "Then let me go somewhere else."

Negroes were imported to take the places of these aborigines, and to do the hard and rough work for the Spaniards. Slavery has since

been abolished, and the negroes have learned some of the forms and words of the Catholic religion. But they are little wiser or better than they were while in their home in Africa. In the days of slavery it was against the law to teach or Christianize a slave. These simple-minded people are still worshippers of *Obi*. They have not outgrown the superstitions of their primitive home.

Since the Africans were emancipated, Chinese coolies have been brought in, and there are now about sixty thousand Chinese on the island. Religiously, they are what they were in China. The African and the Chinese need the Gospel.

Until recently no faith but Catholicism was tolerated. The Inquisition was introduced to extirpate heresy and heretics. Havana has had numerous "autos da fe." This has been most unfortunate for the Catholic Church herself. She grew rich and fat, and careless. Catholicism never does its best except when in the neighbourhood of Protestantism. The Inquisition was, therefore, a blunder as well as a crime.

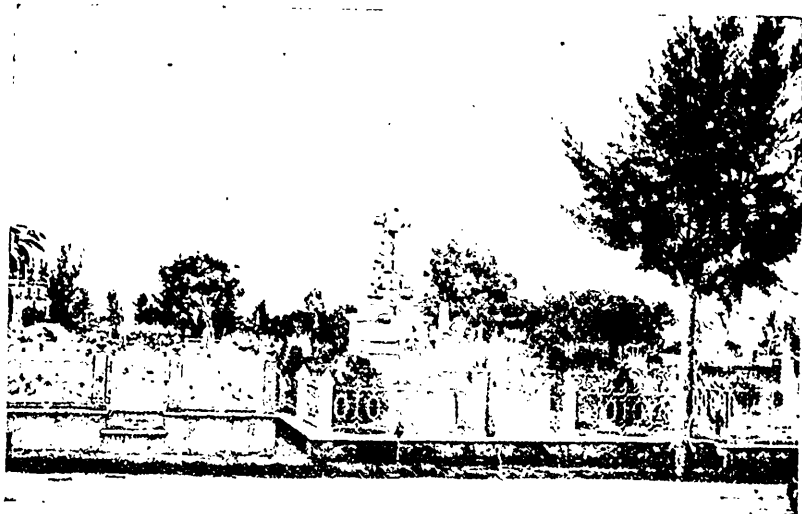
Macaulay tells us that the court of Rome, during the century that preceded the Reformation, had been a scandal to the Christian name. "Its annals were black with treason, murder, and incest." He tells us that the things that were the delight and the serious business of the court were choice cookery, delicious wines, lovely women, hounds, falcons, horses, newly discovered manuscripts of the classics, sonnets and burlesques in the sweetest Tuscan, designs for palaces by Michael Angelo, frescoes by Raffael, busts, mosaics, and gems just dug up from among the ruins of ancient temples and villas. The Reformation under Luther was met by a counter-reformation within the Church of Rome herself. In this Ignatius Loyola was the chief

leader, and many of the evils of which the reformers complained were then corrected. Men as strict in morals and as full of zeal as any of whom the Reformation could boast, came to the front and took charge of the affairs of the church. Because of this reformation within the church Catholicism was not only able to arrest the Lutheran movement to some extent, but to regain much of the ground that had been lost.

The best thing that possibly could happen now to the Catholic Church in Cuba would be for Protestant churches to be planted all over the island. Nothing else would do so much to stir up the lazy drones in the church, and provoke them to love and good works. The establishment of missions in Cuba means the dawn of a new day on that unhappy land. It will cause the church to awake from her long sleep, and to put on zeal like a cloak and exert herself to the utmost for the redemption of the people under her care.

#### CHURCH AND STATE IN CUBA.

Hitherto, Church and State in Cuba have been one and inseparable. For this reason the Church has had to bear a large share of the blame for the corrupt and tyrannical administration of the state officials. The Cubans have been taxed and oppressed till endurance ceased to be a virtue. Flesh and blood could bear it no longer. Spanish misrule has cursed the land. Once Spain was a world power, but she has lost one by one her colonies in North America and in Central and South America, until now she has been deprived of her possessions in the East and in the West Indies. The reason is clear. She does not know how to colonize, or how to care for her subject populations. In this respect she differs from England. English officials may be brusque,



THE CEMETERY, HAVANA.

but their word can be relied upon, and as a class they are absolutely incorruptible. Wherever the English flag floats one finds intelligence, justice, and civil and religious liberty. The aim of the British Government is to make it easy and profitable to do right, and disadvantageous to do wrong.

With Spain the case is different. It has been her policy to send impoverished grandees to rule her colonies, and their first concern has been to fill their own pockets. They availed themselves of every opportunity, legitimate and illegitimate, for this purpose. They were paid enormous salaries, and were allowed perquisites in addition. The captain-general was paid as much as the President of the United States; the perquisites might be made to amount to many times the sum paid in salary. Subordinate officials were also paid large sums, and were allowed to take as much indirectly as they could obtain by fair means or foul. The Cubans were looked upon as sheep to be shorn for the benefit of the men who were sent to rule over them. The government of

Turkey is scarcely more oppressive than has been that of Spain.

As State and Church are one in aim and in spirit, the people in hating one have hated both. They have not been able to separate the two in their thought. This need surprise no one. The prelates and most of the priests are Spaniards. The Church stood by and held the raiment of Weyler and others while they oppressed and robbed and butchered the people. No bishop and no priest showed any inclination to champion the cause of the Cubans. Every effort to crush the insurgents, who were fighting for their inalienable rights, had the aid and approval of the Church. The Pope saw Spaniard and Cuban devouring one another and was silent. It was not till America interfered that he sought to mediate between Spain and the United States Government. As long as his own children were cutting each other's throats, and starving non-combatants, he had no word to speak. The Church, no less than the State, is now paying the penalty for her evil course.

As it was in the time of the

French Revolution so is it now. Then the altar and the throne perished in mire and blood. The men who should have been the leaders and teachers of the people took away the key of knowledge. They outraged and brutalized the people whom they were commissioned to guide and save. The Church then, as now, sowed the wind, and reaped the whirlwind. The Cubans not only hate the Church and the priests, but thousands have broken with both and for ever. They will listen to no priest henceforth. They care nothing for Roman Catholicism. They must be reached soon with the Gospel of Christ, or they will drift into infidelity, and so their last state will be worse than the first.

#### THE FAMINE AND SUFFERING.

Their attitude toward the Church is not strange. They saw General Weyler drive the rural population into the cities. Their homes were burned, their cattle were killed, their implements were destroyed. They had no money to pay expenses in the cities. There were no houses in which they could find shelter. No provision was made for their support. As a result of this diabolical policy, four hundred thousand men, women, and children died. What did the Church do for their relief? Nothing. Was she able to help? Yes. What she needed was not ability but disposition. The Archbishop of Cuba offered to give Spain twenty millions of dollars to build four battle-ships to help crush the insurrection. He proposed to strip the saints and the churches. Why could not this money be used to feed and clothe and house the reconcentrados? It could have been so used if the ecclesiastics had been willing. But their thought the Cubans are no better than beasts, and deserved no help whatever from the Church.

Help came from the United States. This nation sent a fleet and an army and broke the yoke of the oppressor and compelled him to withdraw from the island. The Red Cross Society sent ship-load after ship-load of supplies of all kinds. Other liberal citizens contributed food and clothing, medicine and money. The sympathies of the whole people went out toward those who were struggling bravely for independence. The Cubans are willing to hear the Gospel from the lips of their benefactors. They should have an opportunity to hear it, and that without unnecessary delay.

#### WHAT CUBA NEEDS.

Cuba needs schools, but schools that differ in character from those which the Church of Rome conducted. Her children need to be taught something better than incidents in the lives of the saints and to be devout Catholics. Among other things they should be taught to read and speak the English tongue. They know that English is the language of liberty, of justice, of equal rights, and of progress. They hate Spain and the Spanish language with a perfect hatred. They know well that whether there shall be a Cuban republic, or whether the island be annexed to the United States, Cuba, to all intents and purposes, must be American in language, in spirit, and in customs. Americans will pour into Cuba and shape the destiny of the island and of the people. It will be found expedient for every mission to open schools in connection with the churches, and these schools will pave the way for the preaching of the evangelist. Moreover, Cuba needs the open Bible. This she has not had. During the period of Roman Catholic supremacy there was no place on the island where the Word of God could be bought.



Few Cubans have ever seen the Bible. Dr. Alberto J. Diaz, who was brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, states that he was a man grown before he ever saw a copy of the Holy Scriptures, and then he saw it in the United States. It is a well-known fact that the Catholic Church does not give the Bible to the laity. This accounts for the backward condition of all papal countries.

Macaulay called attention to this fact, and compared the history and condition of Denmark and Por-

those planted by Spain. Macaulay attributes the greater civilization and prosperity of the nations of northern Europe, as compared with those of southern Europe, to the moral effect of the Reformation.

What is true of Portugal and Spain is true of Italy and Austria, of Central and South America. Just in the proportion in which Catholicism prevails in any land is that land poor and unprogressive. The reason for this difference between Protestant and Catholic countries is very largely owing to



A PINEAPPLE PLANTATION.

tugal. At the time of the Reformation, Portugal was far in advance of Denmark, and she ought to be ahead now, but she is not. He compared Edinburgh with Florence, and showed that the Protestant is far in advance of the Catholic city. He compared the history of England with that of Spain in the last century. "In arms, arts, sciences, letters, commerce, agriculture, the contrast is most striking." The colonies planted by England in America have immensely outgrown in power

the different use made of the Bible by these nations. The peoples who have been taught to read and reverence and obey it are great and strong; those who have it not are left far behind in the race. The truth is, the Bible underlies our civilization as a root underlies a plant.

Moreover, Cuba needs good government. Under Spanish misrule every industry was crippled by exorbitant taxation. The Cubans were vassals, and were taught to consider it their duty to furnish

whatever their rulers might require. They were told that the government under which they lived was the most benign, just, and glorious ever given to man. No other colony could have stood such taxation, because no other colony was naturally so rich. Not only so, but the administration was not honest. In the thirteen years prior to the year 1895, it is said, on good authority, that the frauds in the custom houses amounted to \$100,000,000.

Only a very small portion of the money extorted from the people was used in Cuba; the bulk of it went to Spain. The cities had few sewers; the streets were not kept clean; the roads were so bad that they could not be worse. The Cubans were supposed to be disqualified by nature for taking any part in the government. The army was a Spanish army. Until recently no Cuban could fill a place in the ranks. The ships of war were manned by Spaniards. The civil service was filled by men imported from Spain. It was difficult for a Cuban to get justice. He might be shot without the formality of a trial. He was not present when he was tried. The witnesses that testified against him were not cross-examined. The newspapers were subject to a Spanish censor. They could publish nothing that was offensive to the authorities. Instead of vigorous editorials on living issues, they published little moral essays, such as school-girls might write.

It is not at all strange that the time came when the Cubans could submit no longer to such treatment. It is not strange that "the ever faithful isle" rose in revolt, and that the people adopted as their watchword "independence or death." Under the wise and just administration of Tacon the Cubans showed themselves peaceable and loyal. With similar treatment in

recent years, a garrison, one-fiftieth as large as that which they were taxed to support, would have been found sufficient. With good government the Cubans will manifest no disposition to rebel; they will cultivate the arts of peace, and war and waste will be known no more. Then Cuba will blossom like Eden, and like the garden of the Lord.

#### THE HOPEFUL OUTLOOK.

Is there reason to believe that the Cubans will accept the Gospel? The history of Dr. Diaz furnishes the answer. In eleven years he baptized 3,000 people with his own hands. He planted seven missions and put fourteen men to work. In that period he was in gaol six times. The authorities did what they could to annoy and hinder him in his work. The people listened to his message. In the war his missions were scattered, his helpers have been put to the sword. At the present time there are about 1,500 of his converts left. What he did while under the ban shows what can be done in propitious circumstances. Hereafter it will be possible to build churches with steeples, and to preach the Gospel boldly, and everywhere. The day for the Inquisition has passed; the Cubans will hear and believe and obey.

These people are poor. Their property has been destroyed. They need help now as much as they ever did. They need cattle and farming implements, and seed grain; they need help to enable them to build simple homes in which to live. Any aid rendered now will dispose their hearts to accept the Gospel. If they are helped to their feet they will be rich in a few years. Cuba is, as Columbus said, "The fairest land that ever human eyes rested on." Four-fifths of the island are a fertile plain. All the tropical fruits

may be grown. Among the products may be mentioned coffee, cotton, cocoa, sugar-cane, oranges, bananas, sweet potatoes, and tobacco. The forests are of ebony, mahogany, cedar, and palm. Iron and coal and marble abound. Gold and silver are found only in small quantities.

Cuba is larger than New England, but the present population is not much over 1,000,000. With good government, and all the blessings of the Gospel, the population will mount up to 10,000,000. Cuba

is able to support that many, and in affluence. American capital and skill will make that island one of the richest lands on the globe. What is done for Cuba by the Christian people of the United States should be done at once. Churches should be established in all the centres of population. These will be self-supporting in a very few years, but at present there is urgent need of men and money and prayer that Cuba may be won for Christ.

THE PRAYER OF SELF.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

One knelt within a world of care  
And sin, and lifted up his prayer:  
"I ask thee, Lord, for health and power  
To meet the duties of each hour;  
For peace from care, for daily food,  
For life prolonged and filled with good;  
I praise thee for thy gifts received,  
For sins forgiven, for pains relieved,  
For near and dear ones spared and blessed,  
For prospered toil and promised rest.  
This prayer I make in His great name  
Who for my soul's salvation came."

But as he prayed, lo! at his side  
Stood the thorn-crowned Christ, and sighed:  
"O blind disciple,—came I then  
To bless the selfishness of men?  
Thou askest health, amidst the cry  
Of human strain and agony;  
Thou askest peace, while all around  
Trouble bows thousands to the ground;  
Thou askest life for thine and thee,  
While others die; thou thankest Me  
For gifts, for pardon, for success,  
For thine own narrow happiness.

"Nay; rather bow thine head and pray  
That while thy brother starves to-day  
Thou mayest not eat thy bread at ease;  
Pray that no health or wealth or peace  
May lull thy soul while the world lies  
Suffering, and claims thy sacrifice;  
Praise not, while others weep, that thou  
Hast never groaned with anguished brow;  
Praise not, thy sins have pardon found,  
While others sink, in darkness drowned;  
Canst thou give thanks, while others sigh,  
Outcast and lost, curse God and die?"

"Not in My name thy prayer was made,  
Not for My sake thy praises paid.  
My gift is sacrifice: my blood  
Was shed for human brotherhood,  
And till thy brother's woe is thine  
Thy heart-beat knows no throeb of Mine.  
Come, leave thy selfish hopes, and see  
Thy birthright of humanity!  
Shun sorrow not; be brave to bear  
The world's dark weight of sin and care;  
Spend and be spent, yearn, suffer, give,  
And in thy brethren learn to live."

—*Outlook.*

I see your crowns, the wreaths which cannot wither,  
And from the city walls ye beckon me;  
Come up and tarry not, oh, come up hither;  
To this dear land of light we welcome thee.

Only a little while; a little longer  
Of tarrance here upon these death-swept plains.  
Oh, well-beloved, death is growing stronger,  
And life more feeble, in these ebbing veins.

To follow you we are each day preparing,  
And where you are there we shall shortly be.  
Death is to us but as an angel, bearing  
The keys of life and immortality.

## WYCKOFF'S "WORKERS."\*

REV. W. H. ADAMS.

The reader of this brace of beautiful books will most likely lose his heart to their author. That is, of course, always assuming that he has one to lose. For not only is it generally known that hearts vary in different individuals from the glorious dimensions of a laundry wash-tub to the size and consistency of a parched pea, but also that some people on the planet are destitute of any heart whatever to bless themselves withal.

Professor Wyckoff is one of those strong, glad humans 't is truly inspiring to know; and, all unconsciously, he has discovered himself in these pages. He grows upon you as you proceed—a broad-minded, noble-souled, highly-cultured Christian character—intrepid, chivalrous, heroic. It would verily be no light privilege to have his company for an ordinary trip across the American continent. For then the regular highway of transportation would grow interesting instead of tiresome, and you would meditate the end of the journey with other emotions than those of satisfaction. But in these volumes you are permitted to accompany him from Connecticut to California on one of the most extraordinary journeys ever undertaken. Eighteen months are consumed in the transcontinental passage; and those months are filled with thrilling experiences which you are made to share. Your thought and sympathies undergo a steady change as you advance from point to point, and you finish the

itinerary possessed of a new philosophy.

It is simply impossible, in the compass of a paper like the present, to touch more than the fringe of the story which these books tell; or to give more than the merest taste of their author's quality. But that much on a fairly obvious principle the owner of this quill holds he must essay.

With the celerity of a descent of Mercury from the clouds, Professor Wyckoff dropped one day from his birthright ease and luxury into the discomfort and drudgery of those who subsist in the very lowest ranks of human life. It was an actual transition from the Brahmin to the pariah—a metempsychosis if you will. At that moment he broke with all his associations and traditions. His relationship to the world underwent a radical readjustment. Men and things appeared to him in a new light, and from a different point of view. A vagrant on the earth, living by odd jobs, he was an object of pity, suspicion or contempt. The very air he breathed gathered new qualities. And they eliminated those that hitherto had vitalized his circumambient atmosphere.

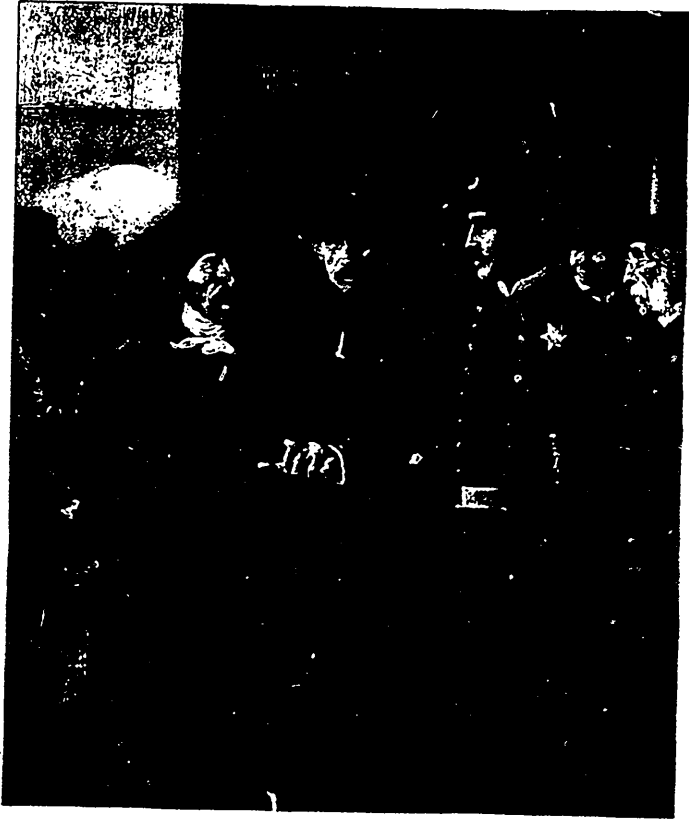
He was a young graduate, charged with a lively interest in the new humanitarianism, social science. He had resolved on this unwonted course for the purpose of acquiring a practical knowledge which should subserve that still occult but indubitably pressing study. That it was no Quixotic project on his part—no mere device "his ennuï to amuse"—is evident from the earnestness with which it was conceived, and the astounding self-abnegation with

\*"The Workers, an Experiment in Reality." By Walter A. Wyckoff, Assistant Professor of Political Economy in Princeton University. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

which it was prosecuted to the end. Few men could have been induced to enter upon such a mission; fewer still would have failed to veer about within a week. But inflexibly bent on more than a slender, book-learned lore "regarding men and the principles by which they live and work, our author

when our chronic social evils shall have been swept away.

To all his personal friends, I learn from one who knows him well, it is a mystery how Professor Wyckoff preserved so long his difficult incognito. True, broad-cloth or tennis-flannels had given way to frayed and faded clothes,



"HE FINDS HIMSELF, WITH OTHERS, INTERCEPTED."

forged on, submitting to badinage and bruises, to kicks and curses, to hunger, labour and exposure; and then in tense, terse, idiomatic diction he presents a striking record of the whole. A record, too, it is, it may be said in passing, which no careful student of sociology can afford to disregard, and which will have historic worth

and "the apparel oft proclaims the man." But he is specially noted for his choice vocabulary—his gifted command of the Queen's English. How was it his speech did not bewray him—that neither inquisitors, employers, nor "partners" saw through the disguise? Probably there is a partial answer in the subjoined colloquy.



"NEVER ONCE DID I FAIL OF A FRIENDLY GREETING."

We are in Chicago five months after the tale begins, and a pretty rich experience has been reaped, and our hero is seeking lodgings for the night in the basement of the police station-house. It is a hideous and unwholesome place, but the only one that offers a refuge from the cold winter night. On his way down the staircase to that inner passage where men lie by hundreds on the concrete floor, he finds himself, with others, intercepted. Some gentlemen are "slumming," and the police-officer is putting each man through a catechism.

"Here's another whiskers," announced the officer in explanation

to his charges: 'same kind, only younger and newer to the business.' And then to me, 'Where are you from?' he said.

"I replied with some inanity in mock German. 'Oh, he's a Dutchman. We get a few of them. But they're mostly older men, and kind of moody, and they tramp alone a good bit. Can't you talk English?'

"I said something in very bad French.

"Oh, I guess he's Frenchy. That's verv uncommon—'

"I interrupted his information with a line from Virgil, spoken with an inflection of inquiry.

"He may be a Dago, or—'

"I broke in with a sentence in Greek.

"'Or a Russian,' concluded the officer.

"I thought that I could mystify him finally, and so I pronounced a verse from Genesis in Hebrew. But he was equal to the emergency.

"'I've got it,' he exclaimed, with a note of exultation; 'he's a Sheeny!' And free to go, I walked down the corridor, feeling that I had come rather badly out of that encounter."

His first night in that station-house is painted vividly. "The space is packed with men all lying on their right sides, with their legs drawn up, each man's legs pressed close in behind those of the man in front. . . . Our soaked, pulpy boots we fold in our jackets and use them as pillows. . . . We need no covering in the steaming heat in which we lie. . . . Clark is fast asleep beside me, but I cannot sleep for gnawing hunger and the dull pain of lying bruised and sore upon the hard, paved floor. . . .

"I lie thinking of another world I know, a world of men and women whose plane of life is removed from this by all the distance of the infinite. Faith and love and high resolve are there, the inspirers of true living, and courage spurs to unflinching effort, and hope lights the way of unsuccess and gives vision through the vale of sorrows and of death. And the common intercourse is the perfect freedom which is bred of high allegiance to inborn courtesy and honour.

"What living link is there that joins these worlds together, and gives vital meaning to the confirmation of brotherhood spoken in the divine words of the Apostle: 'We, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another'?"

"Pondering this mystery I fall asleep."

Those weary days that ended in the shelter of the station-house were spent in a vain and disheartening search for work. Anything at all that was willing to attempt that means might be secured to appease his violent hunger. But no one needed hands; and though sometimes the request of the famished man met with a feeling and considerate refusal, more often it incurred a rasping negative or a curse. A "curious light-headedness" possessed him in his exhaustion, and he felt like one moving in a dream. His hand would go out in reach for fruit that lay exposed about him, "and the thought that the act would be wrong, and would get him into trouble, followed the impulse afar, and was forced into action by a distinct effort of the will." Now he almost touches elbows on the street with a fellow-alumnus of his college, and anon he stands before a wide deep window through which, the shades undrawn, he descries a friend from whom last winter he had parted in the sunny South. The memory of that parting scene is with him now, and again he hears the kind entreaty of that friend to visit him in his Western home. He adds:

"It was so short a step by which I could emerge from the submerged, and the temptation to take it was so strong and inviting. The want and hardship and hideous squalor were bad enough, but these things could be endured for the sake of the end in view. It was the longing for fellowship that had grown to almost overmastering desire, the sight of a familiar face, the sound of a familiar voice, the healing touch of cultivated speech to feelings all raw under the brutalities of the street vernacular. Never before had the temptation to abandon the attempt assailed me with such force . . . but . . . I found myself gradually awaking to

the thought, 'Ah, well, I will try it a little longer.' "

It was only in Chicago, and in the winter, that our author failed to obtain employment, and was left in helpless hunger and in home-

in a factory, and, afterwards, as a road-builder on the World's Fair grounds. Of course his position was that of the unskilled labourer, and he found between himself and the accomplished workman and



"THE MEN WERE RISING FROM THEIR SEATS AND THE AIR WAS FULL OF WELCOME."

lessness upon the streets. The country had generally furnished a meal for sawing wood or doing chores, and a bed in some stable on the straw. Even here in the city, at length, however, he found regular work as a hand truckman

artisan the same "curious, horizontal, social cleavage" that he had previously noticed between the different grades of "help" when porter at a hotel. Yet he says "there was no discrimination against me. . . . The barriers



which prevented entire freedom of intercourse were my own limitations, and were never of their making, for they made the most generous advances when we had lived together for a time, and no doubt I could have eventually risen to be one of them."

His observations on visiting the churches in Chicago harmonize with those he makes on his church-going elsewhere. And if they reveal the prejudice or the pardonable pride that keeps poor or ragged men from the house of prayer, they also serve to demonstrate it is not because such toilers get no welcome there that they absent themselves.

"In entering a church door on Sunday mornings," he says, "I was objectively in no other station than that of any workingman who may have wished to worship there. . . . In the vestibules, I always found young men who acted as ushers, and who were charged with the duty of receiving strangers. Never once did I fail of a friendly greeting. With every test I felt increasingly the difficulties of the situation for these young men, and my wonder grew at their graceful tactfulness. A touch of the patronizing in their tone or manner would have changed the welcome to an insult, and any marked effusiveness of cordiality would have robbed it as effectually of all virtue. It was the golden mean of a man's friendly recognition of his fellowman, with no regard for difference in social standing, which was the course so successfully followed by these young ushers."

Lack of space forbids more than a passing allusion to the Socialist meetings which Professor Wyckoff attended while "in forma pauperis" in Chicago, or to the advantages he derived from being able to regard, from the angle of the workingman, the problems there discussed. He found those in con-

stant attendance craftsmen of no mean order. "They were machinists and skilled workmen mostly, and some of them were workers in sweatshops. All of them had known the full stress of the struggle for bread, but they were decidedly not the inefficient of their class." Earnestly, as for their life, these men discussed the great social anomalies. Some denounced the "fiendishness" of the ministers of Christ—whom, in their purblindness they styled hirelings who hid the truth from the poor that the oppressor might the better fatten upon them! Others were moderate and even wise in creed and statement; but all were thoroughly imbued with the fact that the social system is out of joint. On this count all sane men whatsoever are agreed; and the knowledge of the circumstances or antecedents of these rampant orators precludes all hypercriticism even of their vagaries. Frantic beneath the Juggernaut, they struggle to escape, and are lawful claimants on our help and sympathy.

It is a far cry from Chicago to the Pacific coast, especially if you take "the tandem Nature gave" you, and eke your commissariat by the way. Our author travelled on good, bad, and indifferent roads, and by gulches and blazed trails. Sometimes he slept beneath a friendly roof; sometimes in brick-kilns and in hayricks, or under a tarpaulin on the plain. He worked for livery proprietors and for railroad men. He studied the Georgics and Bucolics—practical, prosaic this time—in his master's field or on the ranch. He acquired the technicalities and passwords of miners, "burro-punchers" and prospectors. And then, the long months over, he shouts with bounding joy, *Θαλσσα! Θαλσσα!* as he sights the sea. He says, "I may have travelled my country to little purpose, but I am conscious of a

new-born sense of things which comes of actual contact with the soil and with the primal struggle for existence among men." And can there be any doubt but that, touching this consciousness, ere this mousing of his readers say the same?

One more incident and we must conclude. It is furnished in the record of the first half year. It discloses Professor Wyckoff as a son at once of Phidias and of St. Paul, and helps us to understand why he is known at Princeton as an earnest Christian worker as well as a man of scholarship.

He is a new arrival in a logging-camp—in lumberman's parlance a "Buddy"—asking for work. He has undergone the scrutinizing gaze of each of the rough company in turn, has been horrified with the nameless blasphemies that swell their sentences, and now is being twitted with his ignorance—for he "ain't never worked in the woods before." At this juncture he says: "There was a sudden commotion just then, for the outer door had opened to the touch of a young woodsman, who, standing sharply defined against the black night, regarded the company with a radiant smile. He was the finest specimen of them all; not much over twenty, I should say, grown to a good six feet of height, and as straight as the trees among which he worked. Through the covering of rough clothes you felt with delight the curve of his splendid figure, and the sinewy muscles in symmetrical development. And then the lines of his throat and neck were so clean and strong, and his face charmed you with its fresh beauty, and its expression of frank joyousness. No wonder that he was a favourite in the camp. The men were rising from their seats, and the air was full of welcome, while he stood there for a moment, his teeth gleaming as he smiled, and his eyes shining with delight."

This captivating young fellow was a former member of the camp, and, it seems, had simply happened in to report himself. For an hour or more he sat profanely talking to the men of the jolly times he had lately had, and his prospects of the future.

"The men listened in rapt attention, knowing perfectly well that Williamsport was the destined end of Dick's journey, and that the dram-shops there and brothels would get every dollar to the last; yet charmed by his fresh enthusiasm. . . . He was so young and strong and handsome, so rich in native gifts that win and hold affection with no thought of effort! One knew it from the clear, keen joyance of the man, and the power which he had to hold the others, and to draw out their hardy sympathy. I could endure the sight no longer; I went out to the mountain-road, and waited where I thought that Dick would pass.

"He was startled when I stopped him, and instinctively he clenched his fists. . . . 'I'm a new man in the camp,' I began. 'The boss took me on this evening. I was interested in what you said about going to West Virginia, and I wanted to ask you more about it. Have you ever been there?'"

"'No.'

"'You are sure there's a good chance for a man out there?'"

"'It's all straight, Buddy, if that's what you mean.'

"I told him frankly what I meant, but he was still on his guard, and presently he broke in abruptly with,

"'Say, Buddy, you're a sky-pilot, ain't you?'"

"We walked on together for a mile or more, and Dick grew friendly, and I lost my heart to him completely. Only once Dick warmed a little at a question from me. Perhaps I had no right to ask it upon so slight an acquaint-

ance; but as there was little prospect of my ever seeing him again, I asked him if he felt no sense of wrong in using lightly the name of the Almighty.

"I can see him now as he stood against the blackness of the forest under the clear, still stars, with protest in his eyes and in his voice:

"By the Eternal, Buddy, I ain't swore for a month. . . . That? Oh, that ain't nothing; that's the way us fellows talks. If you live in the camp long enough, Buddy, you'll hear a man swear."

"His face was even more attractive in its expression of manly seriousness when we stood on the roadside at parting, and he put a firm hand on my shoulder, and fixed his clear eyes on mine, as he told me, in his frank, open way, that he wanted to make a man of himself, and not to be a drunken sot, and that in this new venture

before him, he would honestly try, and would ask for help."

It is gratifying to learn, from my good friend aforementioned, that Professor Wyckoff did not return from his pilgrimage like some modern palmer, prematurely aged and broken. Despite the acute, unmitigated sufferings at times endured, he the rather gained a degree of health and vigour that have since stood him in good stead. Best of all he has the joy of the true philanthropist in the knowledge of a service rendered to humanity; and the satisfaction of the true scholar in the assurance of a place among men of original research. And now, to appraise the worth of his tribute to modern science, our readers must ponder his volumes for themselves.

Claremont, Ont.

## C A I N .

BY CHARLES CAMPBELL.

I clasp my hands together, naught between,  
I bare my soul and droop my heavy eyes,  
I have no offering for a sacrifice  
That is not worthless, worthless and unclean.

Bare are my heart-throbs as my hands are  
bare,  
I pray not, weep not, only do I kneel  
In utter silence, void of woe or weal,  
Without a shelter—who am I that dare?

All springs are frozen in a deadly frost—  
So awful, voiceless and unlit is space  
My heart seems beating in some vacant  
place  
Outside the universe, forgotten, lost!

I kneel—a dull thought creeps within my  
brain:  
Perchance some passing angel may disce.  
My far-off shadowy form and come to learn  
What object mars his infinite demesne:

And I may drop before his shining feet  
St. John, N.B.

And pray him slay me for his mercy's  
sake,  
That I may nevermore to life awake  
Nor have to face High Heaven's awful seat.

I kneel no longer—prone I fall with dread  
To think no covering lies above my heart,  
That all is naked in each hideous part,  
Poisoned and black, forsaken, worse than  
dead!

Why strikes not lightning, swift to do the  
Will  
I mocked and jeered and daringly defied  
In puny strength, with mad, rebellious  
pride—  
Why strikes it not? Can there be mercy still?

Nay, for my fainting soul can nothing plead—  
Nothing—in hand or heart—have I to  
give—  
And yet the High God lets me breathe and  
live,  
And Nature ministers to every need.

## NEW ONTARIO: ITS RESOURCES, ITS MISSIONS AND ITS PROSPECTS.\*

BY THE REV. A. B. JOHNSTON,

*Chairman of the Sudbury District.*

Twenty-five years ago, while attending high school, there came to my boarding-place a Methodist preacher. He was gray with age, but stalwart and active, pleasing in companionship and fluent in speech. As he sat during the evening, he told us of his life's work, and the wonders God wrought by the preaching of the Gospel. As I listened, my young heart leaped at the narrative of hardship, heroism and joy. Fifteen years ago, while I was attending college in Cobourg, one of my brothers joined me, that he might further pursue his studies. He said, "While I was working on the C. P. R. construction at Sudbury, I met the Rev. Silas Huntington, of whom I have so often heard you speak. I liked him much as a preacher, but one thing especially impressed me. He had an appointment five miles out of Sudbury, and one hot summer afternoon he was starting to walk along the railway track to his appointment, when I said to him, 'Why not get on this hand-car and I will run you out?' He replied, 'No, railroad corporations needlessly rob many an honest employee of his Sabbath rest, and bring the day of God into disregard; I cannot do anything that looks like sanctioning running Sunday trains,' and he trudged along beside the hot rails."

I discuss not here the wisdom of his course (though I justify it), but I dare affirm that such conscientious life is bound to produce

\* An address given in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on the text, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

in others power over sin and "fruit unto holiness."

When, a year ago, Bro. Huntington told me that if spared to the next Conference, he should have completed half a century since he entered the ministry, I longed to have him, in a jubilee sermon, relate before his brethren what God hath wrought, to inspire us younger ministers and nerve us to lives of greater faith, fortitude, and success. But when I proposed that he should speak on this occasion, I had no thought that the ready acceptance by Conference of the proposal would, in the failure of his health, throw upon me the duty of speaking of missionary work in Northern Ontario.

I have had but two years' experience in missionary work in Sudbury District. To that part I shall confine myself. I know not a tithe as much as does he who founded the work there, built churches, and preached the Gospel over hundreds of miles of that country.

In writing biographies, one may speak freely, but in anything partaking of autobiography, though he may desire to remain as unknown as Junius, there is always the probability of appearing egotistic, even in those disclaiming personal prominence. Let your kindness protect me.

Neither myself nor any of my brethren, as far as I know, have any real estate investments in that fair northern land. So, I am sure, you will not suspect me of having any ulterior motive as of real estate agency, as to-day I give you not a

sermon, but a little talk of the natural resources, religious condition, and prospects of Sudbury District.

Does the world need Christian missions? Let the anarchy of China, let the present peace instead of the former savagery of the Pacific Islands, answer. But do we need Methodist missions? Let the revival of Christianity in general, which began with and has accompanied Methodism's progress, answer; let the increased measure of acceptance by other Christian denominations given to the doctrines of a universal atonement, free grace and the power given to every sanctified soul to live free from voluntary transgression, attest the need of the continuance of Methodist missions; for these are cardinal points in her doctrines. There is need of more ministers who bind themselves to total abstinence from tobacco and strong drink. Surely these men are as well qualified as any to rescue the perishing. There is room for Methodist missions.

In 1883 the Montreal Conference felt it a duty to the men going up into the wilderness west of Mattawa in the construction of our great national highway, to follow them with the Gospel, and chose the Rev. Silas Huntington for this work. He was the first missionary to come to Sudbury. There he preached to the navvies in their camps, partook of their fare, and to increase the facilities of worship for them he obtained from the Young Women's Society of our Church in Montreal a tent, which he set up in Sudbury; and there by day and night from extemporized pulpit he held forth the Word of Life; and then on a bed of shavings in a corner of the tent lay down to rest.

Having built a church, he moved his tent up to Chelmsford, and the scattered settlers, some of whom had not heard a sermon for

years, were brought under the ministrations of the Gospel. As the road was built to Chapleau, he moved his tent there, and later built a church. Churches were also built at White River, Schreiber, Naughton, Webbwood, and Walford; and preaching was established at Algoma Mills and Blind River.

It was at this time that Brothers Agar and Austin, moved by his noble example, offered their wealth to missions, and their lives, which they were so soon to lay down in the work. It was here and then that Brother Anglin felt constrained to leave remunerative employment for the Gospel work to which he is still so devoted.

Let us take a survey of the extent of this district. Sudbury, with 1,600 population, a large Roman Catholic church, and four Protestant churches, ours standing as a good third, stands in the centre. Eastward, thirty-seven miles down the main line, is Warren, with five appointments. Westward, five miles toward the "Soo," is Copper Cliff, with three appointments among the miners, a new church, and a hopeful cause. Ten miles westward is our mission to the Ojibway Indians, where the Rev. Richard Black, a tribesman, and his fair partner faithfully toil. Forty-eight miles west is Webbwood, with five appointments, the scene of hard work and assured success. Sixty-five miles further west is Walford, with four appointments, and one hundred miles still further west are three appointments, of millmen and lumberers, known as Blind River.

Again, from Sudbury sixteen miles westward on the main line stands Chelmsford, with its new church, five regular, and two occasional appointments. One hundred and seventy miles west lies Chapleau, a C.P.R. divisional point, with three appointments. At a

point four hundred and twenty-three miles west is Schreiber—a circuit extending up towards Port Arthur and down to White River, having ten appointments, and being over three hundred miles in length. This is Sudbury District, with its nine preachers, forty-two appointments, and stretching along a line six hundred and forty miles in length. The workers are far apart, the families are scattered, but the Shepherd who taught us to go after one solitary wanderer has given this work into our hands.

When the Spaniards from Mexico explored the coast of Labrador in search of gold they were disappointed, and took to their vessels saying, "A-can-a-da," which signifies, "There is nothing here;" and so to that part of the new world, later held by France, but now forming part of our fair Dominion, was given the name "Canada." I cannot say whether that derivation be the correct one, but I do know that for a long time Canada was little known and lightly esteemed. And that is exactly the condition of New Ontario and of Sudbury District.

But is there nothing there? Has it no farming lands? It has a soil most fertile; it has interminable forests and inexhaustible mines. Though it is only within the last fifteen years that agriculture has been thought of, already there are many successful farmers. On the Walford mission stands one of the largest barns I ever saw, and they fill it every harvest. One hundred and twenty miles north of Sudbury lies a large tract of rich, deep soil, destined yet, in spite of the severity of its winters, to become the home of a large and thrifty population.

But great as are the agricultural possibilities, it is when we turn our attention to its mines that the district stands forth, for nickel, copper, iron, and gold, a field of greater worth than the famous

Eldorado. Though yet only in its initial stages, in the year 1898 her mines produced 6,400,000 pounds of copper and 7,500,000 pounds of nickel. A dozen shafts are sunk, and though some of them have been left, it is only because others more tempting are at hand. Recently the Macdonald mine was ordered to be closed, when the foreman, misunderstanding orders, drilled in a wrong direction, and struck ore of the richest quality. In the old Copper Cliff mine, where ore was found from near the surface, they are working down on the thirteenth level—and some of the levels are one hundred and twenty feet deep; the ore being obtained is of higher grade than any nearer the surface.

There is certainly a great future before this country. On the 7th of March, Premier Ross assured his parliament that within twelve years New Ontario would contain half a million of population; and captious as Oppositions are, no one contradicted him. On the tenth of April, a mining man brought me a letter, hoping—alas, for our hopes—that I might assist him in its translation. It was from Herr Krupp, the great gun-maker of Essen, wishing to purchase a tract of Sudbury's rocks to supply his forges with nickel.

Some Americans were one day standing on a prairie to the south of the forty-ninth parallel, and looking away to where its extent seemed to reach the circle bounding earth and skies, when one of them, ceasing from conversation, stooped with his ear to the ground. When asked what he was doing, he answered, "I am listening to the tread of the coming millions."

While American capitalists are eagerly buying our fertile rocks; when from across the Atlantic come the inquiries of European foundrymen; when even as early as '93 the Columbian Exposition

gave first prize to some of our field products; when we have a climate that makes our whole district one vast sanitarium; when already the Aladdin-like hopes of Clergue\* show certainty of speedy realization, and are supported by his pledge to bring in one thousand settlers each year, who shall doubt that this is to be the home—not of half a million—but within a quarter of a century of millions. The voice of Him who promised “a land of milk and honey” to his people surely calls to Canadian Protestantism to come in and get the best of this good land. And this concerns Christianity. Methodism has always been the pioneer’s companion. Shall she fail now to go with her sons into their new homes and keep their hearts fresh with the influence of the preached Gospel? Shall she hesitate to—

“Go to the woodman’s dwelling,  
Go to the prairie broad,  
The wondrous story telling,  
The mercy of our God.”

But while we look with assurance to a large population in New Ontario, and foresee in our cold, dry atmosphere healthier cheeks and longer lives than even in the fair and older part of our province; while we may claim for our yet sparse population more of cleanliness, education, comfort and purity than was found in our former pioneer settlements; we cannot, from a missionary’s standpoint, say that it is a place for elegance or ease. It is a place for joy, but joy reached through heroism and hardship to the preacher—hardship and isolation to the preacher’s wife.

Let us illustrate: On the 9th of October, 1898, I preached missionary services at Schreiber (423 miles west of Sudbury). The parsonage was very cold, for already the frost was on the windows. Next day the coal stove was set up. On the 17th of April,

I visited Brother and Sister Austin there again. The coal stove was still burning, and had not once been out since the 10th of October. To enter the parsonage, I walked not through, but over the gate, on drifts, three, four, and six feet deep; the ice in the lake was forty inches thick, and firm as in January—on the 17th of April. All through the winter, as her husband was travelling over his field 300 miles in length, preaching among his ten appointments, she had kept the fire bright for his return.

The missionary’s life was hard—travelling on freight trains, waiting in stations, sleeping in cabooses, going into a church vestry to sleep when perhaps the thermometer stood at minus 60°, as it sometimes does there, is hard, but it is active and not monotonous. Yet all the year, indeed, for three years, unless at expense which their \$500 a year in that expensive country cannot afford, she must remain within the few acres which the village of the mission station covers—hardship is his; hardship and exile hers. Do they murmur? They have cheerfully entered on their third year. Are they loyal to the Church that sends them so far away? Last year they gathered up and paid to our missionary treasurer nearly \$4 for each member on the entire charge.

Our Discipline makes the first question asked of a candidate for the ministry to be, “Have you been converted to God?” That is a prime necessity; but after a knowledge of God, a knowledge of Greek and chemistry and carpentering, too, can all be utilized in preaching to our congregations and building up the cause, where are mining engineers, blow-pipe analysts, and in nearly every congregation men who are graduates of our higher educational institutions. Both learning, grace, and handicraft can be used in winning souls and building churches.

\* See his speech in Toronto in *Daily Globe* of April 3rd.

It is pleasing to see the appreciation shown by these people of the efforts made to send them the Gospel. This can best be shown by tangible reference—by what they, compared with older missionary districts, pay per member towards the support of their ministers. Accordingly, we find that Bracebridge District raises, per member, for ministerial support, \$2.51; Parry Sound District, \$1.10; Algoma District, \$2.00; Nipissing District, \$2.00; but Sudbury District, \$5.70 per member. Perhaps a fairer test of their appreciation of the Gospel would be what they contribute per member for all connexional purposes. Again, we find the average contribution per member throughout Toronto Conference is \$9.60, but in Sudbury District it is \$12.40 per member.

This open-heartedness is seen in patriotism as well as in religion. Last fall, when the call of the nation sounded for volunteers to go to Africa and help maintain the integrity of the Empire, our whole Dominion sprang to its feet with such readiness as astonished the world. From British Columbia to the sea, every railway station found our people there en masse to present "our boys" with kind wishes, banners, provisions, and purses, but the unanimous opinion of the contingents was that nowhere else along the line of travel did they receive such splendid generosity as at Sudbury.

Soon, however, our nation found it had done but half its duty—it had sent its sons and young husbands to fight its battles, but had not made sufficient provision for their dependents. Immediately every man in Schreiber subscribed half a day's wages. This was followed by other subscriptions and concerts till that little village had raised nearly \$300, or over sixty cents for each man, woman, and child, which they sent to Lord

Minto with their prayers for the aged mother and young widow. This was but a good sample of the entire district. Surely here are the elements of coming greatness, rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.

But Sudbury District is the last place in the world for a tramp. If a man come there he must do one of five things—have money to pay his way; or go to work; or get a doctor's certificate of illness and go to the hospital; or go to gaol; or get out—for begging will not be tolerated where work is so abundant, and wages so good.

It is in this last sense that I speak of Sudbury District (for I have not ventured to speak of the "Soo," whose future is fully as bright), which holds out such bright hope to the honest man, whose duty and struggle is to feed his family, and give his wife such comforts as she had before she left her father's home. There is many an industrious artisan living on the "skim-milk" of city competition, who would soon be able to butter his bread on three sides by going up into this new country, with its homes for a million, and employment so remunerative. I am sure that to-day I do a work like unto that of God's prophet, Moses, when I say to the industrious, intelligent Christian, "Come with us, and we will do you good." Come up and possess the land, fill our schools, enlarge our congregations, establish religion, and dwell in a land of health and plenty. The greatest blessing to Sudbury's missionary cause would be the coming there of godly people and an energetic evangelization.

I appeal to the Christians of older Ontario to follow with their prayers and offerings the pioneer and the missionary cause in New Ontario. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."



## THE UNIVERSAL NOTE.

BY PASTOR FELIX.\*

A certain note there is, a familiar and characteristic tone; it comes down to us from all ages, and breathes through all literatures; it is the sweetest, saddest burden of thought, with the earliest peoples as with the latest. It is the note of sorrow, the burden of plaintive meditation upon the brevity of life and the fleetness of time, that holds its way like a bird of never-folden wing; over the Past, which becomes the tomb of our loves and our joys, and over that mystic Future which awaits us, with its dumb oracles and vague prophecies; the theatre of cloud, wherein are performed our heroic actions, wherein we drink our deepest draughts of pleasure; the temple wherein Hope worships, and the winning-ground of Fame.

This note, vibrating through all time, is predominantly human; it is the voice of our own soul we hear; it is the language of our own heart that is uttered. Thereby the fathers and the patriarchs, the demi-gods of the ancient world, proclaim their kinship with ourselves; and when Jacob, or Job, or David speak they speak as if for us. A wind of sighs comes drifting down the height of Time from

that old Hebrew harp, and the wailing pipe of Arabia: "Few and evil have been my days. As the consuming cloud so man evanisheth; the eye that fondly regarded shall see him no more." . . . "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness."

The modern poet, with his—

"Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some glad angel leave the rest,"

does but reiterate the immemorial sentiment: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. . . . Remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. . . . Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee. . . . Walk in the ways of thy heart . . . remove sorrow from thee, and put away evil from thy flesh." Why shouldst thou be ever foreboding, repining, lamenting; yet why shouldst thou be ignorant, or indifferent to thine end? Take what short-lived pleasure thy time allots thee, indeed; yet take it not in the neglect of thy duty, but with regard to thine honour as man, with thanksgiving to God, and in moderation;—for thou wast not made for the pursuit of pleasure, neither would Heaven have thee to live altogether without it.

Pleasure (and bitter the sorrow for its loss!) was the lode-star of the ancient Egyptian muse, lighting those far-off men "the dusty way to death." In the words of the olden bard, we seem to hear an echo of Ecclesiastes; for may not the son and successor of David (if he indeed is the preacher who "sought to find out acceptable words," which should be "as

\* "Pastor Felix" is the pen-name of one of the best known writers Canada has produced—the Rev. Arthur John Lockhart. He was born in the village of Lockhartville, Nova Scotia, and for some years has been an honoured minister of the East Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. Among his popular works are "A Masque of Minstrels" (poems by himself and his brother); "The Heart on the Sleeve" (a series of essays); and "Beside the Narraguagus, and Other Poems." The chaste and elegant diction, the literary polish, the "curiosa felicitas" of Mr. Lockhart will be noted in his somewhat pensive article which we have pleasure in printing herewith.—Ed.

goads," or as golden "nails"), who imported his women and his horses from Egypt, have imported some of his wisdom, as well as his folly, from that soft Memphian clime? Hearken! Is it the voice of Memnon or the Sphinx?—"Enjoy thyself beyond measure; let not thy heart faint. Follow thy desire and thy happiness while thou art upon earth: fret not thy heart till cometh to thee that day of lamentations. The still-of-heart heareth not their lamentations; the heart of a man in the pit taketh no part in mourning. With radiant face make a good day and rest on it. Behold, it is not given to a man to carry his goods with him. Behold, there is one who hath gone, and cometh not hither again."

Does not this recall the Davidic musing—"Shall the dead praise thee, O Lord?" And the preacher surely bettered the strain, for he summoned to service, rather than pleasure: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." So we may couple with this admonition the familiar one of the apostle, suggestive of wisdom in the wise administration of our substance, as faithful stewards: "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." So "the singer of the tomb of King Antef," and so the "player on the harp who is in the tomb of Osirian, the divine father of Amen." The strain is one.

Does the olden minstrelsy sound unfamiliar? Here the Hebrew and Egyptian seem as voice and echo: "Set singing and music before thy face, and put sorrow behind thee. Bethink thyself of joys until there cometh that day on which thou moorest in the land that loveth silence, before the heart of

the son thou lovest is still." So the poet of our own time, who sets the bark of "Other's son" afloat toward

"The island valley of Avilion;  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly;"

in spirit hearkens back again to the old Poet of Heliopolis, with the complaint that

"In a little while our lips are dumb;"

and makes his repentant Guinevere fade and pass

"To where beyond these voices there is  
peace."

But the moral muse pauses upon the boundary, and attempts not to pass it. It marks the evanishing spirit; it notes the silence, the vacancy, and prophesies a future;—though "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Imagination need seek neither to draw the curtain that veils the chamber of mortality, nor that which conceals from our eyes the mysteries of the immortal state.

"The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,  
Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding  
shores,  
Under a scope of variegated sky;"—

taking his life less sombrely than the dwellers under the shadow of the pyramids, had nevertheless in his song this note of sorrow—as the reader of Greek poetry from Homer to Sophocles must know. A Poet of the Anthology looks back to the memorable parting of Hector and his weeping consort: "Still we hear the wail of Andromache; still we see all Troy toppling from her foundations, and the battling Ajax, and Hector, bound to the horses, dragged under the city's crown of towers—through the muse of Mæonides, the poet with whom no one country adorns herself as her own—but the zones of both worlds." And again, the pathetic resignation of the Greek wife, rising almost to a

Christian's piety, who lies, to our imagination, with a calm demeanour, and a pale countenance, sorrowful but composed: "Gazing upon my husband as the last thread was spun, I praised the gods of death, and I praised the gods of marriage—those, that I left my husband alive, and these, that he was even such an one; but may he remain, a father for our children."

The parting of Hector and Andromache, and her grief at the death of her hero-husband, while she forebodes and then deploras the doom of captivity and of widowhood, recalls to us the sigh of Carlyle over the hapless Louis Capet, crushed with the toppling of his throne, and his Antoinette, filled with the dread and passionate sorrow of their last interview: "And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other, the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all the ages of time, see thee any more! Never! O reader, knowest thou that hard word?"

Did not the writer feel the meaning of his sentence when he looked for the last time on the face of her who had been once so brilliant and so faithful, and knew that his own Jeanie was no more? Ay, and often we ask to be spared the weight of our own words, and we put far off the day when we must cry to one who is departing: "Stay a little!"

"Clasp me a little longer on the brink  
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;  
And when this heart hath ceased to beat  
—oh! think

And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
And friend to more than human friendship  
—ship just.

Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,  
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am  
laid in dust."

The legends of Medea, of Antigone, and of Orestes, are instinct with the mystery and horror of fate, and with human woe and sorrow. Wonderful the art and expressiveness of their poet. The purple juice of Chios, that maybe helped to make "Anacreon's song divine," could not have inspired this bit of wisdom:

"Oft am I by women told,  
Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old!  
Look how thy hairs are falling all;  
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!  
Whether I grow old or no,  
By th' effects I do not know;  
This I know without being told,  
'Tis time to live if I grow old;  
'Tis time short pleasure now to take,  
Of little life the best to make,  
And wisely manage the last stake."

So sings, or soliloquizes, the lively Teian minstrel; and the reflection sounds as if of yesterday. The time is fleeting, therefore take thy pleasure briefly and moderately. Thy candle may too soon be consumed, thy lamp too easily extinguished. The song is cheerful, but this mirthful muse has his undertone of regret. The call of another blithe spirit, the Roman, Horace, is to a merry heart, and for the like reason: "Who knoweth if to our short life the fates will add another fleeting day? Therefore, O friend! while there is space bestow your gifts to make glad the getter and the giver." An excellent recipe this for compounding pleasure, as suitable for the Christian as the pagan. To the foregoing the reader will easily supply concurrent passages of the Virgilian muse.

Sorrow, mingling with the joy of immortal fame (a dream at most), is the burden of the Celtic bards—most memorably of Ossian; whom we fancy grown into hoary years, the sole survivor of all his people. He lamented "the harp that once through Tara's hall the soul of music shed," the vibrations of which in after ages were stirred

by the minstrel who gave us the Irish melodies: "Ah, Cona, of the precious lights, now do thy lamps burn dimly! Thou art a blasted oak; thy dwellings and thy peoples are gone; east and west, on the face of thy mountain, only the trace of them can be found. In Selma, Tara or Temora there is not a song; the shell and the harp are no more. . . O Selma, home of my delight! is this heap thy ruin, where grows the thistle, the heather, and the wild grass?" For him nature had once her never-failing charm, in the delightfulness of Maytime; but it is now no more! The glories and delights of the past can never be restored. How once he exulted in the sea and on the shore? How beautiful the colour! How ever welcome the brilliance of the season," with the lulled billows and the flower-immantled earth! But they have gone that made all things beautiful, and now pleasure and hope are no more: "Roll on, ye dark brown years, ye bring no joy upon your wings to Ossian!" He watches with his dog on the wild heath at evening, and chants the praises of departed heroes:

"Spare thy light, O Sun!  
Waste not thy lamp so fast;  
Generous is thy soul, as the King of  
Morven."

The old Eddic lays, sounding the praises of Halgi and Volsung, have the like woven strands of sunshine and shadow. The star of fame is the light that redeems from utter gloom the last chamber of humanity. The gleam of a Valhalla lies beyond. The "common lot" has its palliative in that old dream, given to the ages and nations, of an immortal life: "Death cometh to the creatures of the field; death cometh to our kindred; we ourselves also die; but the fair fame of him who hath earned it dieth never." This half

wailing and sorrowful, half triumphant tone runs through many a strain of old Anglo-Saxon poetry. Their bards are sombre, but not gloomy with the splendid despair of him who painted and sang the "City of Dreadful Night." The Wanderer in Exile, through the lips of some unknown poet, like the Hibernian of Campbell's melody, utters his lament:

"So is his sorrow renewed and made sharper, when the sad exile must so often send the wings of his thought to wander away over the expanse of the rough billows, that blend for ever in their wild play. So, when I remember my kinsmen and my brave comrades, who have departed from the mead-hall, lest my spirit should be beclouded, I must seek to cast the sorrow out of my heart. Thus is the earth departing from us, with all its splendour; day after day it is passing, and we cannot bid it return. How sorrowfully must we learn wisdom; then, when we have learned wisdom in sorrow, must we also learn patience. . . Surely the wise one may see how like a desert the world hath become waste; how the walls are standing lonely, blown through by the winds, defaced and despoiled. The wise sees the proud dwellings in ruins, and covered with the dust and rime the wine-halls of kings who are brought low and made crownless."

Did the modern minstrel kindle his torch at the fire of this old song, when he sang of the Exile of Erin?

"Never again, in the green sunny bowers  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend  
the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven  
flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go  
bragh. . .

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-  
wood!  
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?"

Where is the mother that looked on my  
childhood?

And where is the bosom-friend dearer  
than all?

Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by  
pleasure,

Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall with  
out measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot  
recall."

Yet, for all the sorrow that finds  
expression in these world-songs,  
and awakens an echo in many a  
grieving heart, there is an antidote  
they sometimes, yet not always,  
name—God! And an English  
sage,\* who sometimes wrote in a  
melancholy, but never faithless or  
impious strain, has mentioned the  
great resource, and pointed to  
piety as the solace of the aged and  
scrowful. If the heart of man,  
who "is made to mourn," and is  
"born to trouble," has found utter-  
ance, the Divine lips have also  
spoken, and He has lived by whom  
the life of life has been discovered,  
and immortality "has been brought  
to light." Souls that have borne  
the earthly lot with us, and souls  
revered as well as loved, who have  
walked in unsullied whiteness,  
have passed before us, and are not  
seen.

"We trust they live in God, and there  
We find them worthier to be loved."

We might deem from some of  
these songs that life is only a  
miserere and death a lament, that  
earth has only dirges, and tears to  
fall as winter rains; but there is  
another psalmody, and if Time is  
afflicted with sorrows Heaven can  
cure them. Let no sad singer say  
—There is no balm in Gilead.  
Surely there is a Physician there!  
Our shoulders indeed are heavily  
laden; but the Burden-Bearer has  
come to us, and hearts and songs  
should be glad because of Him,  
who, after sowing in tears, teacheth  
us to reap in joy. There is more

\* Samuel Johnson.

than poetry in that majestic chant,  
found in the latest of the sacred  
books, to which nothing may be  
added and from which nothing  
may be taken away: "I am He  
that liveth and was dead; and, be-  
hold, I am alive for evermore.  
Amen; and have the keys of hell  
and of death:"—the keyword to  
that sublime oratorio of Redemp-  
tion—"They shall hunger no more,  
neither thirst any more, neither  
shall the sun light on them, nor any  
heat;" antiphonal to the Isaian  
music rapture: "The ransomed of  
the Lord shall return and come  
with singing unto Zion; and ever-  
lasting joy shall be upon their  
heads; they shall obtain joy and  
gladness; and sorrow and sighing  
shall flee away." Many a day  
may have dissolved in tears, many  
a sun may have set mournfully;  
but sorrow shall not be the sole,  
the eternal note of being. Thy  
Redeemer hath promised thee hope  
and comfort. It shall come to  
pass, after all thy lamentations  
there shall be joy; after all thy  
shadows there shall be light. "The  
sun shall no more be thy light by  
day; neither for brightness shall  
the moon give light unto thee; but  
the Lord shall be unto thee an  
everlasting light, and thy God thy  
glory. Thy sun shall no more go  
down; neither shall thy moon  
withdraw itself; for the Lord shall  
be thine everlasting light, and the  
days of thy mourning shall be  
ended." Therefore, though in  
harmony with the burdens of He-  
brew, Grecian, Egyptian, Celtic,  
and Anglo-Saxon song, it be so,  
that

"Friend after friend departs,"

let us comfort our hearts with  
these diviner words; for—

"On some solemn shore,  
Beyond the sphere of grief, dear friends  
shall meet once more;  
Beyond the sphere of time, and sin, and fate's  
control,

Serene in changeless prime of body and of soul.  
That creed I fain would keep, this hope I'll not forego."

Or, as this comfort to our sorrow finds expression in the Arabic lament: "Yea, the righteous shall keep the way of the righteous, and to God turn the steps of all that abideth; and to God ye return, too: with Him only rest the issues of things." Therefore, if we may

close this meditation with the concluding words of a book of luxury and carnal delights,\* let us say: "Glory to Him whom the shifts of time waste not away, nor doth aught of chance affect His dominion; whom one case diverteth not from other cases, and who is sole in the attributes of perfect grace."

\* The Arabian Nights.

## GOD IS WITH THE MAN OF LOW ESTATE.

BY MARETTA R. M'CAUGHEY.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
Stooid and stunned, a brother to the ox.  
—Edwin Markham, in "The Man With the Hoe

"Brother to the ox!" Is this the meaning  
Upon the roughened palm and stooping back?  
The long, close-written pedigree that lacks  
No record of continuous toil? Gleaning  
No hour of joy, no recompense? Leaning  
Across the years, do we find only racks  
Of torture? See but stupid, backward tracks,  
With never upturned face to read the meaning  
The Lord God writes upon the "peaks of song"?  
O God forbid! Shall we judge all the yield  
That to the centuries' harvesting belongs  
By one sad, straggling growth within the field?  
"Time's tragedy" is there, and cruel wrongs  
That centuries have made and left unhealed.

But surely 'gainst the dreary canvas falls  
Some gleam of light upon that "slanted brow."  
The "silence of the centuries" allows  
Interpretation now, as bugle-call  
To set our own to thundering at the wall  
To let in light. By so much he is now  
Above his dumb yoke-fellow at the plough.  
So far he's past the darkest hour of all,  
By so much he is nearer to the dawn,  
Though still he's deaf to "music of the spheres."  
Who made him dull? By whom were drawn  
Those bars that doomed a Soul to stunted years  
Instead of growth?—why question? We are born  
To free him. Why yield, then, to childish fears?

There's One who helps. He grants us all a place  
To grow, though blind to Pleiades' far swing  
Across the sky: though deaf to music's ring  
In rapturous dream: though dull to Nature's grace,  
Yet as safe-hidden in its wondrous case.  
The chrysalis, with patient, folded wing,  
Brooks never once man's clever mastering.  
So lives the stunted peasant, brute in face  
And gesture, holding what man cannot mar  
Nor make. Lift cruel hands, O Masters! Wait  
And work with One who hides the tyrant's scar.  
He presses back with Love compassionate  
The dreadful Terror threatening near and far.  
Cease wailing o'er the world's impending fate,  
For God is with the man of low estate.

—Western Christian Advocate.

## ROLLING OFF A MISSIONARY STUDENT.

BY THE REV. T. W. HUNTER.

Richmond College, in the Old Country, is a noble and historic pile, worthy of the splendid traditions of English Methodism. Of the four Theological Institutions in England for the training of young Wesleyan ministers, Richmond holds the place of antiquity and honour. It is distinctly the training-school for missionaries, and is rich in splendid missionary associations. Here David Hill was trained for his great work in China, W. O. Simpson for India, and scores of brave and notable men for the west coast of Africa, and other parts of the vast mission field of English Methodism.

The home ministry also has received no less distinguished additions to its ranks from the students of Richmond, for W. L. Watkinson and Hugh Price Hughes were students within its walls, and are to-day the foremost men of English Methodism, both having been Presidents within the last few years.

To enter the sacred precincts of the old college as a student is an experience never to be forgotten. The brightest young men of our more vigorous Methodism offer for the ministry, year by year. Only half the number of candidates can possibly hope for acceptance, and the other poor fellows, with their fate all too sadly written in their faces, go back to their homes to break the news of failure, and take up again the work of the farm, the office, or the shop, until perhaps they can try again, or enter some other ministry where the access is easier.

The successful student enters college in September, and in the first term learns many lessons

which tend at once to make him a nobler and stronger man. His companions of the first year are bound to provide him with considerable material for reflection. All are young men of several years' experience as preachers, and range in age from the proverbial college baby, who is usually twenty to twenty-five or twenty-six. There is the usual diversity of gifts and graces. One man is a great "grinder," and all perhaps can grind well, but to the one man it is an abnormal gift. Another is a fine musician, or an excellent singer, and these brethren are always among the most popular men in college. Another is a mechanic, and his friends consult him about broken pedals and ball bearings, or he is in request to fix up some new ingenious arrangement in some chum's den. Another man is an athlete of no mean order, he wins the college championship at racquets, or is appointed captain of his year in football, as was the writer, and consequently has to give the goal posts and cross bars several coats of white paint, and cut out the touch line in the field, and marshal the men two days a week for play.

The sphere into which the student enters is thus no narrow one, but rather one in which there is full play for every manly, vigorous instinct. There is plenty of hard work in the class-room, and "grind" in the silence of his den for every man who wishes to make the best of his preparation for future life-work. The more earnestly and diligently the work is done, the keener is the enjoyment in the tumble of the football field or the tennis court.

In this way, the round of life goes on, work and healthy recreation alternating. Most of the students receive appointments at the week end, and Saturday is given up to travelling and preparation for Sunday, and Monday is occupied in getting back to college; on these days, therefore, no classes are held. The students are welcomed everywhere as preachers, and as a rule are able to give a good account of themselves.

Such a life is full of interest, and brings out of a man the very best that is in him, rounding off the corners and fitting him to take his proper place in the battles of the future.

So the years steal by, and one day there comes a wire from the Mission House in London, "Blank dead, wanted a man at once for the West Coast, call for volunteers." Solemnly, after dinner, the governor makes the sad news known that the brave fellow who left Richmond so short a time before has fallen, and then he calls for a man to step into the breach. Time is given to consider. Many hearts are stirred, and many a man locks his door and kneels to pray. It is a deadly climate, and so only volunteers are sent. It is a great responsibility to decide so grave an issue.

But is there lack? Never! Next day four, five, six men from every year in college wait to speak to the governor. They are all not merely ready to go, but even anxious. Soon the news flies round the corridors, classes and lectures scarcely command attention, so strong is the excitement. Men group round the brave fellows who have offered, but the feeling in all hearts is too deep for words.

The men are sent on to the Mission House, and thence to an expert medical man to be reported on, as to whether they are fit in point of health for so trying a

climate. Then the selection is made, and in due time the students anxiously speculating in Richmond are informed of the choice.

Whatever excitement has held sway until now is at once swallowed up in the wilder enthusiasm which spreads from heart to heart, as men gather in the den of the favourite, and make the old college ring with their lusty cheers. What hand-shaking, what congratulation, and yet beneath all what gravity!

Then from the junior year, the man who an hour ago was a student and is now practically a missionary, selects his executor, whose honourable office it is to pack the books and other belongings of our friend and rail them to the Mission House, there to be packed by experts in zinc-lined packing-cases for shipment abroad. The executor likewise makes all arrangements for his friend's departure.

Meanwhile, a few weeks are spent at home saying farewell to the loved ones, then comes the day when, lo! there sits by the side of the governor the missionary designate, and the announcement is made that immediately after dinner he will say a few words of farewell to the men, and then the "rolling off" service will be held.

This is a unique and memorable service, and stands out as the most solemn and impressive memory of all one's college life. Loud are the cheers when stands our beloved brother to speak his last broken words of good-bye. The address over, the students with their hymn-books arrange themselves up the sides of the grand stone staircase of the college, the first year at the top, the second year in the middle, and the third year at the bottom, and at one side below the professors.

In addition to the students and professors, there are always troops of friends, residents, wives and



families of the faculty, etc. Two hymns are sung; the first is the great "rolling off" hymn. This and the tune set to it are never on any account used for any other occasion by the men of the college. No one dares to hum or whistle the tune, or in any way divert it from its one sacred and memorable use. The words of this hymn are, "And let our bodies part," etc. The second hymn is merely the slow and solemnly sung chorus of "When shall we all meet again,"

During the first hymn, the missionary comes down the stairs, shaking hands with all the students, year by year, then with the professors, and friends, then on one side he takes the right arm of the college chairman, and on the other the left arm of his executor, and walks slowly to the northern side

entrance, the students marching slowly behind, singing the parting refrain. The door reached, the missionary steps into an open carriage with one or two of his closest friends from among the students, and instantly three of the loudest cheers Richmond men can give rend the air as the carriage moves round the drive to the north.

Then there is a wild rush of men across the lawn to the outer gate, where out on the street we line ourselves on two sides awaiting our friend to give him just one more triplet of cheers. Many a skittish horse scarcely out on to the street is startled. The last cheer is reserved until further down the road a turn to the left carries our old friend from our view amid waving hats and handkerchiefs.

Waverley, Ont.

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THE MERCY OF THE MIGHTIFUL.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN,

*Poet Laureate of England.*

BEFORE.

No, not that they were weak, and we are strong,  
Nor to avenge imaginary slight  
To England's lofty majesty and might,  
Hymned round the world in many a sounding song,  
From farm and forge she mustered martial throng,  
And sped her war-shares through the waters white;  
No, but to vindicate offended Right;  
And bring to end insufferable wrong;  
That on remotest shore where her renown  
Wakes sluggish souls to strenuous discontent,  
On her fair Flag should be nor stain nor rent,  
No man to no man kneel nor grovel down,  
But, all men wearing Freedom's kingly crown,  
Hope still might dawn on Darkest Continent.

AFTER.

So to the Lord of the embattled host,  
Not unto us, praise and thanksgiving be,  
Who made this Isle vicegerent of the sea,  
And spread its Empery from coast to coast,  
Empire whose sole and not unworthy boast  
Is to proclaim the fettered must be free,  
And, firm as Fate enforcing that decree,  
Is least avenging when victorious most.  
Therefore, since now wrong and rebellion cease,  
Let wimpled Mercy heal the wounds of war,  
Solace the heart and cicatrice the scar;  
Let race with race commingle and increase,  
And Concord's portals henceforth stand ajar,  
Guarded by Justice, Liberty and Peace.

—*The Independent.*

## OXFORD UNDER TWO QUEENS

BY W. MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D., LL.D.



DISTANT VIEW OF OXFORD.

I am restricted to a discussion of Oxford in certain aspects. I may not become an archaeologist, and linger on the certain or uncertain past. I may not picture the emigration when Greek students came from Cricklade, and Latin students from Lechlade, in search of the quiet spot where the oxen forded the Thames, which they christened Bellosite, and there founded a seat of learning. I may not pause to question the old houses whether Alfred's mint could coin ideas as well as money. I may not even dwell upon the time when there are reported to have been 300 houses of learning and 30,000 students in this University, which had a reputation for scholarship that was scarcely second to any.

These are not available for the sharp contrast of attainment, op-

\* An address at the Oxford Conference of the Evangelical Alliance.

portunity, and privilege which "Oxford Under Two Queens" seems to suggest that I should draw. The most salient feature of the contrast is, of course, that the times of one Queen were times of persecution, and the times of the other Queen are times of peace. Three hundred years ago! What an air of romance seems to surround that period. We can hardly persuade ourselves that the actors in the stirring and often tragic events which happened then were our own flesh and blood. But we must escape from the glamour, and remember how stern was the reality to those who witnessed for conscience and for God.

We are gathered here in brotherly conference, rejoicing in the truth and its freedom. Carry your thoughts backward to another convocation—held in Oxford four hundred years ago—at which Archbishop Arundel presided. What

record did it leave upon the page of history? This—that “none were to translate the Scriptures into English, and that no books were to be read by the people which were composed in the time of Wycliffe or since his death.” Come down a hundred years later—to those red days when Mary reigned. I see commissioners sent by her authority to search for all Protestant books and English Bibles and destroy them. I listen, as Stephen Gardiner, flushed with the insolence of power, tells of his fell purpose. “It were vain to cut away the leaves and branches if the root and trunk of rebellion were spared.”

I recall that solemn mockery of debate which was enacted in this very city, when Ridley, and Latimer, and Cranmer were brought separately from prison to argue on the question of the Sacraments. I seem to hear that unseemly brawl of priests and shavelings—when hisses passed for arguments, and every sentence of the venerable captives was greeted with shouts of “indoctus,” “imperitus,” “impudens,” sometimes from learned lips inflamed with passion, oftener from the lips of those who could hardly stammer through a breviary. Then I stand upon the scene of the consummated tragedy and hard by the martyrs’ memorial, on the spot whence their souls went up to God through fire. I hear the brave words of the three faithful ones, echoing through the ages still. Cranmer’s solemn appeal, all the more solemn because following upon his public avowal of dishonour, “From this your judgment and sentence I appeal to the just judgment of God Almighty;” Ridley’s strong confidence and godly resignation, “Although I be not of your company; yet doubt I not but my name is written in another place whither this sentence will send me sooner than by the

course of nature I should have come;” and then honest Hugh Latimer’s exulting utterance, “I thank God most heartily that He hath prolonged my life to this end that I may glorify Him by this kind of death.” and his equally triumphant counsel, which has swept through the years as a prophecy, “Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God’s grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out.”

Then comes the linked ghastly vision of near three hundred of both sexes and all ages, linked with these by solemn kinship of suffering, and done to death in the same Marian slaughters by those, it may be, who thought that, as one of the actors in the Bartholomew massacre expressed it, God was much obliged to them on that day.

If the retrospect were not too sad for laughter, there were aspects of that age which are grotesque as well as grim. Thus priests from the pulpit gave solemn warnings against the study of Greek lest it should make the students heretics, and against the study of Hebrew lest it should make them Jews. Thus also it is related on the authority of Sir Thomas More, who would certainly “set nought down in malice” which told of Romish shortcomings, that a learned priest of those days had such exaggerated reverence that, heedless of the sense of Scripture, he scraped out the word “diabolus” in all his manuscripts of the Gospels, and substituted “Jesus Christus” instead, on the ground that the devil’s name was not meet to stand in so good a place.

Now, the underlying principle of all this, what was it? These were times of ignorance, which was content to be ignorance, and which resented as a personal affront any endeavour to enlighten

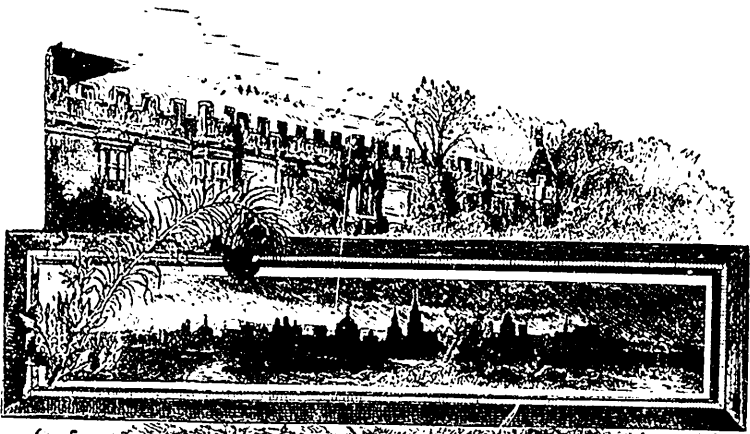
it. They were times of indifference which disliked any trouble in religion, and coveted easy absolution for permitted sin. They were times of stolid, blunt-hearted attachment to all ancient traditions, which had been transmitted from the past, and were deemed to be hallowed by time. The traditions might be baseless, foolish, cruel; but the hoar of antiquity was on them, and those were branded as pestilent fellows who would attempt to sweep them away. They were times of spiritual despotism, and spiritual despotism ever was and ever will be the foe both of constitutional government and of individual freedom.

If we think of these times, with all their conditions of disadvantage—the Queen upon the throne intent upon coercing mind; freedom of opinion under ban; spiritual thought dormant or sepulchred; total inability to understand the genius of our holy religion; the graces caricatured or absent; Faith, blind herself, blinding the eyes of Hope, and strangling Charity outright—because it was not fit that she should live; and then if we look at our own times—weird enough, God knows, and sinister in some of their aspects, but still with many bright omens—the Queen upon the throne (whom God preserve), the patron and promoter of religious liberty, all the glorious machinery of the constitution ready to be set in motion to screen the peasant's thatch, if high-horn wrong assail it, and to protect the beggar's conscience if he but fancy it aggrieved; with awakened thought, covetous of all kinds of knowledge; with intellect on the stretch to inquire, and frolicking in the intemperance of freedom; with juster views of the nobility of man and of the nature and claims of God: with the light shining, clear, brilliant, and accessible—even in the midst of the

darkness which can hardly comprehend it, and in more favoured quarters rising into a very noon of graciousness and blessing—there is enough to subdue us into a sweet reaction of humility and thankfulness; for the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have had the possession of "a goodly heritage."

We will not dwell upon these cruelties of the former time. It is not our business to embitter, but to heal. We send not forth the raven from our ark, bird of hoarse note and evil omen; we send forth the dove, and if it can find an olive branch amid the waste of waters, we hail its return as the harbinger of peace. Moreover, as Keble says, "our loathing were but lost, of dead men's crimes and old idolatries," if we were not keenly alive to the lessons which the ages teach. We are by no means apologetic for the Marian persecutions, nor indeed of the more inexcusable persecutions of those who, Protestant in name, have set up little Papacies of their own; but we ought not to forget that by that marvellous alchemy by which our God turns a curse into a blessing, we owe something of the robustness of our present faith, and of the strength of our own convictions to the persecutions which came upon our fathers.

Persecution is the confession of defeat, the last resource of a beaten adversary. In the first ages of Christianity, if the enemies of the Cross could have successfully used the elements of contradiction to answer what the Apostles alleged, Christianity might have been strangled in its birth, and the Jews might have rejoiced that in the sepulchre hewn out of a rock they had entombed both the impostor and his doctrine. But alike in common hall and bearded Sanhedrim, there was the feebleness of answer or there was the silence



- Oxford -



OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

of shame. From hostile lips came the admission, "We cannot gainsay it," followed speedily by the expedient of their rage, "But we can put it down."

Thus has it been in all ages. Persecution has made witnesses, who have inspired and confirmed other witnesses; and so the truth has been preserved and has prevailed. For us has all this testimony gathered around the truth of God. To confirm our faith we do not need to wade through ponderous tomes, or fill our mouth

with arguments. We have a class of testimony which goes straighter to the heart than these. Every reviled confessor, and every imprisoned apostle is our witness; every Huguenot in the dungeon, and every Lollard at the stake, is our witness; every Puritan hounded through the glen, and every Covenanter chased among the heather, is our witness; every Christian slave—done to death by his oppressor, every missionary butchered in his holy toil, every martyr soaring heavenward in his

shroud of flame, is our swift and brilliant witness that "we have not followed cunningly devised fables;" but that "our faith stands, not in the wisdom of men but in the power of God."

Another result of these times of persecution was to breed athletic and decided Christians. It is wonderful to think of the nearness to God and the deep insight into spiritual things which were enjoyed by those who had just struggled out of darkness into light. Through many a quaint confession, full of the conceits of that period, there breathes a rich experience and a prescient faith which might well move the righteous envy of those who are more highly favoured. And to this, doubtless, the conditions of their life contributed. They lived in perpetual peril, and so learned to see Him that is invisible. Shunned as moral lepers; regarded as excommunicate and outcast; the marks for scorn and slander; and expecting daily to be slain by violent hands; they needed a strong conviction to sustain them. None but the truly sincere would be likely to pass scathless through such an ordeal. Lovers of ease do not willingly forego the comforts of home. The timid shrink from a rough blast and a frowning sky. The selfish are not enamoured of a cause on which there blows no gale of popular favour. The sordid prefer less hazardous methods of amassing treasure. The crafty are prudent, and affect not exposure to danger. Hypocrisy must be stout-hearted indeed if it blench not in the prospect of martyrdom. They must be Christians of a pronounced type, strong, honest heroes, who thus stand in the evil day; and persecution was as the angel with the flaming sword, turning every way, which affrighted the carnal and the cowardly, but which had no terrors for the true-hearted and the brave.

Now that these circumstances are altered, it may be that the age is not altogether the gainer. Now that Christianity has become patronized and fashionable, the temptations are greater to insincere profession, and to superficial piety in those who are not consciously influenced by unworthy motives. I have sometimes wondered what would be the effect if in our times the Churches were suddenly subjected to a baptism of fire, if some Saul were again to make havoc of the Church, or some Caligula or Adrian were to purify it with lustrations of blood. Alas! when interest can seduce men from their allegiance, and pleasure can whisper them to sin, and the finger of derision or the flashing glance of scorn can turn them out of the way; when these harmless persecutions bate the courage of so many, it is to be feared that, if a real persecution were to come, there would be many startling apostasies, and that the avenues of the broad road would be inconveniently crowded by recalcitrant professors of religion.

I am not learned enough in prophetic interpretation to know whether, as some affirm, there will be terrible persecutions again. I know there once were, and I know that the system which perpetrated them exists still, restless to regain its ascendancy, stealthy, vigilant, patient as ever, and that it vaunts that "Semper eadem" is the motto on its banner; but it will not harm us to try ourselves by the spirit of a former age. Doubtless, if dark days come, there would be the abundance of grace given in the hour of need; but it will profit us to remember that, if we are to be valiant for the truth upon the earth, we must make ready by the daily drill for the work of the accomplished soldier; that if our cedar is to spread forth with fair branches and shadowing shroud above, it must wedge its roots firmly into

the cloven rock below; and that only a pronounced and decided godliness will avail us for the doing of our Master's work in a fashion so worthy that He shall be satisfied, because He sees in our toil and success something of the travail of His soul.

The contrast between the periods of the two Queens is further manifested in this. In the former era there was the slumber of mind—now its emancipation. Three hundred years ago men's opinions were pronounced for them by an authority against which they might not rebel. Now the right of private judgment is acknowledged everywhere, realized, enjoyed, and now and then abused. It took the world a long time to understand the true nature of the Church's unity. Indeed, there are some who are indocile scholars yet. The intolerant quiescence in what had been and what carried with it a persuasion that it would always be, ought always to be, must always be. Hence the idea of a mechanical uniformity of belief.

You may deal with a dead man as you like. The mute lips will not remonstrate, however the limbs are twisted; but life rebels against unseemingly handling, and with a touch of the old Puritan humour abides not the untimely imposition of hands. Hence, though often repressed, the right of private judgment was demanded as a birth-right. Through the haze of obscurity its grandeur began to be comprehended, and after years of struggle and of blood this ultimate principle of Protestantism was won.

The error of the Marian age was in the exclusive bigotry which tolerated nothing but what was prescribed by authority—as if, as Gotthold says, "the wit of all mankind were apprenticed to their wisdom;" the error of the Victorian age bids fair to be the utter re-

pu diation of authority, even of that which knowledge and experience give; the rushing into frantic conceits for daring's sake; the proceeding upon the assumption that the belief of any truth or doctrine by any body of men is a "prima facie" reason for not believing it ourselves, for though this conclusion may seem startling, thus plainly expressed in words, it is the very way in which some advanced thinkers, as they love to be called, have, perhaps unconsciously, begun to tread.

In the days of Mary, Oxford was the scene of martyrdom. In the days when John Wesley and his followers met in what was nicknamed the Godly Club, ungodliness was its prevailing sin; in our days it may be feared that sacerdotalism on the one hand, and impatience of restraint, leading to intellectual anarchy, on the other, are its twin dangers, though they work from opposite poles. I rejoice in view of these abounding perils, in the name and work of the Evangelical Alliance. Our organization has a platform of positive truth. There may be many maladies in our body, but we are not, as some, rabid and foaming in a Credophobia. Forms of sound words have yet their use and their sanctity to us. We have no idolatry of them, but they are expressions of the holy and the true, of convictions dear to us as life, and of a faith by whose strong inspiration we can perform life's duties worthily, and in which, God helping us, we can go calmly into the dark valley where shadows gather. And, as it seems to me, the duty, the solemn duty, to which we are called to-day is to reaffirm our principles afresh. We want no gags, nor gibbets, nor penalties of any kind, to hinder the free working of thought and conscience, but we will not let go those vital and transforming truths on which

the national piety has grown to its sturdy manhood—those grand and common gospels whose sound is always music, and whose experience is always joy.

Just one word upon another point of contrast between the periods. The former period was an age of testimony—the latter is an age of evangelism. This follows of necessity. Times for persecution are times for the hiding of a holy purpose in the heart. Times of establishment and rest are times of avowal and of execution. When the armies gather and the faggots blaze, the Church testifies and endures: when the armies are disbanded and the fires quenched, her pieties and her missions begin. Hence, when God called the Churches to aggression, persecution ceased. The air must be still when the angel who has the gospel to preach flies through the midst of heaven. It is to the fearless testimony for Christ that His Church is this day called. It is not a matter for the ministry merely. I am as sensible, I think, of the honour of my office as I ought. I would rather, if I know myself, have the seal of its baptism on my brow than any coronet of earthly nobility: but I am discharging one of its imperative obligations when I summon the whole sacramental host of God's elect, each to his own sphere of personal service, thus to partake of the luxury of doing good.

If the Church and every member of the Church is aroused to this duty, and does it, we shall have the wealthy blessing. *Aceldama* will

soon bloom into Paradise. Commerce will be purified from its selfishness, literature from its pride, science from its scepticism, all days will be Lord's days, daily labour will be daily service, and the praise of our risen Lord will sound cheerily and speedily in the hymns of every land, and upon every shore that is girt by the triumphant sea. And herein is the truest safety, not of Oxford only, but of the England in regard to which Oxford plays so conspicuous a part.

There is, I cannot but believe, a more determined assault upon our historic Gospel than any former times have witnessed, on the side of infidelity; and an organized conspiracy to regain its former ascendancy on the side of the un-sleeping Church of Rome, backed by those who, in other guise, are repeating the experiment of the Trojan horse, and so endangering the city by treason. We can meet these perils, under God, only by the combined union and by the personal activity of all and each who hold the truth as it is in Jesus, maintaining that spiritual freedom and those holy principles which are the best sources of our national strength. If we in this land of privilege betray our trust, our ruin may be speedy and sure; if we be faithful, there need be no bounds to the magnificences of our national preservation. Our great poet was a prophet also when he said—

This England never did, nor ever shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror;  
Save when it first did help to wound itself—  
                        nought shall make us rue  
If England to herself do but prove true.

#### THE DOUBTER.

Thou Christ, my soul is hurt and bruised!  
With words the scholars wear me out;  
My brain o'erwearied and confused,  
Thee, and myself, and all I doubt.

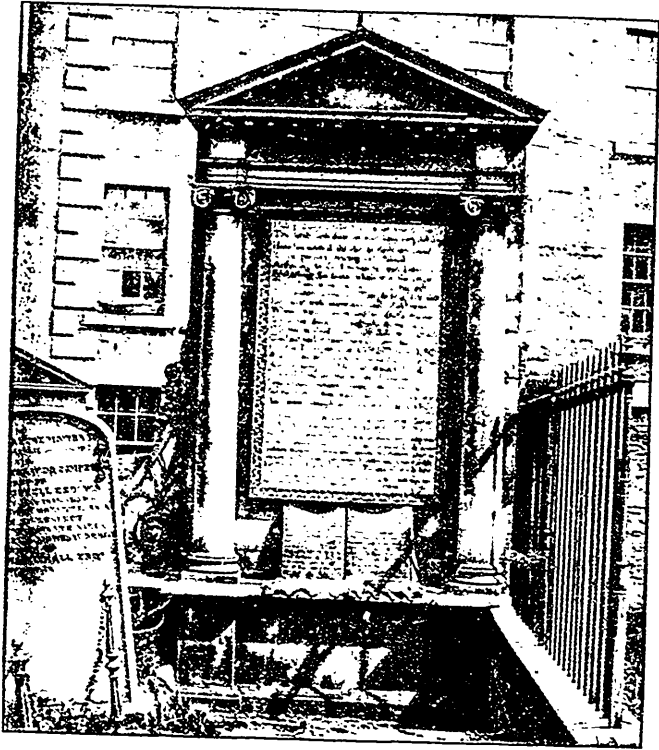
And must I back to darkness go  
Because I cannot say their creed?  
I know not what I think: I know  
Only that Thou art what I need.

—Richard Watson Gilder.



# THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT, EDINBURGH

BY WILLIAM ANDREW.



THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.

In the capital of Scotland are more imposing monuments than the Covenanters' Memorial in Greyfriars' churchyard, but not one more historically interesting. It attracts the attention of visitors from all parts of the world, and to the inhabitants of the city it must be a matter of pride to have this monument to the memory of the men who fought for religious freedom.

The early Scottish reformers were in earnest respecting their faith: a bond was prepared, setting forth that they would stand unflinchingly by the Calvinistic

faith, and if necessary would fight in its defence.

This was signed on December 3rd, 1557, by the Earls of Glencairn, Argyll, and Morton, Lord Lorn, Erskine of Dun, and many more, who assumed the title of "Lords of the Congregation."

A man in Scotland might do many indiscreet things and even be guilty of crime, and be forgiven; but to flinch or fall from the Covenant was to commit a sin that his countrymen could not forgive.

Charles I., aided by Archbishop Laud, attempted to force upon the

Presbyterians of Scotland a liturgy, and in other ways to alter the mode of divine worship in the country. The king's action was regarded with alarm, and steps were taken to maintain the religious freedom of the country. The Solemn League and Covenant of 1557 against Popery was renewed and new articles added. A copy was sent to each town in Scotland. That belonging to Edinburgh was, on March 1st, 1638, solemnly read aloud in Greyfriars' churchyard. It was subscribed to by a large number of the nobility, gentry and others of all ranks and conditions, ages and sexes. It is impossible to count the signatures on the document, but it is believed that over five thousand names occur, and the more zealous added to their subscription such sentences as "till death." The size of the parchment is four feet long and three feet eight inches broad, and it is preserved in the Register Office, Edinburgh. It was spread upon a flat stone in the churchyard for signature, and was signed by all who could get near to it.

Not a few who signed this document were amongst the many who suffered death for their adherence to the faith they held. At the Battle of Bothwell Bridge on June 22nd, 1679, it is recorded that 800 Covenanters were slain on the field of battle, and about 1,300 taken prisoners and brought to Edinburgh, and later 200 were conveyed to Stirling.

At Edinburgh the prisoners were kept in an enclosed piece of land (now forming a part of the graveyard of Greyfriars'), in a great measure without shelter, for five months, and supported with a short supply of bread and water. Guards watched them day and night. The condition of the prisoners was most distressing and moved to pity the inhabitants of

the city, but they were not permitted to render the least assistance.

The troubles of many of these brave men did not end with imprisonment. "On the 15th of November," it is recorded, "256 were taken to Leith and put on board a vessel to be carried to the plantations in America. The vessel sailed on the 27th, but was wrecked on the coast of Orkney on December 10th, when upwards of 200 perished. Some of the remaining prisoners were tried, condemned, and executed; the remainder, upon signing bonds, obtained their liberty."

The monument is erected near the graves of the martyrs who were buried in Greyfriars' churchyard. It was in that part of the burial-ground that criminals were interred, and an allusion is made to this fact in the inscription on the martyrs' monument.

James Currie of Pentland obtained from the Town Council of Edinburgh on August 28th, 1706, permission to erect a stone in Greyfriars' churchyard to the memory of the martyrs, on condition "there being no inscription to be put upon the tomb but the sixth chapter of Revelation, verses 9, 10 and 11."

A carved stone representing an open Bible, with the verses cut in full, was erected, and this forms, we are told, the under part of the present more stately monument, which was substituted in 1771, when the original slab was removed. The old inscription, with some slight alterations, was transferred to the present monument. The inscription is as follows :

"Halt, passenger, take heed what you do  
see.

This tomb doth shew for what some men  
did die.

Here lies interr'd the dust of those who  
stood

'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood :  
Adhering to the covenants and laws :

Establishing the same: which was the  
cause

Their lives were sacrific'd unto the lust  
Of prelatists abjur'd: though here their  
dust

Lies mixt with murderers and other crew,  
Whom justice justly did to death pursue.  
But as for them, no cause was to be found  
Worthy of death; but only they were  
found

Constant and stedfast, zealous, witnessing  
For the prerogatives of Christ their King;  
Which truths were seal'd by famous  
Guthrie's head,

And all along to Mr. Renwick's blood;  
They did endure the wrath of enemies:  
Reproaches, torments, deaths and injuries.  
But yet they're those, who from such  
troubles came,

And now triumph in glory with the Lamb.

From May 27, 1661, that the most noble  
Marquis of Argyle was beheaded, to the  
17th February, 1688, that Mr. James  
Renwick suffered, were one way or other  
murdered and destroyed for the same  
cause about eighteen thousand, of whom  
were executed at Edinburgh about an  
hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, minis-  
ters and others, noble martyrs for JESU'S  
CHRIST. The most of them lie here.

Rev. vi. 9.—And when he had opened the  
fifth seal, I saw under the altar  
the souls of them that were  
slain for the word of God, and  
for the testimony which they  
held:

10.—And they cried with a loud  
voice, saying, How long, O  
Lord, holy and true, dost thou  
not judge and avenge our blood  
on them that dwell on the  
earth!

11.—And white robes were given  
unto every one of them; and  
it was said unto them that they  
should rest yet for a little  
season, until their fellow-ser-  
vants also and their brethren,  
that should be killed as they  
were, should be fulfilled.

Ch. vii. 14.—These are they which came  
out of great tribulation, and  
have washed their robes and  
made them white in the blood  
of the Lamb.

Ch. ii. 10.—Be thou faithful unto death,  
and I will give thee a crown  
of life.

The above monument was first erected  
by JAMES CURRIE, merchant, Pentland,  
and others, in 1706; renewed in 1771."

(Added on the monument at a  
subsequent date):—

"Yes, though the sceptic's tongue deride  
Those martyrs who for conscience died—  
Though modern history blight their fame,  
And sneering courtiers hoot the name  
Of men who dared alone be free,  
Amidst a nation's slavery;—  
Yet long for them the poet's lyre  
Shall wake its notes of heavenly fire:  
Their names shall nerve the patriot's hand  
Upraised to save a sinking land;  
And piety shall learn to burn  
With holier transports o'er their urn.

JAMES GRAHAME.

Peace to their mem'ry! let no impious  
breath

Sell their fair fame, or triumph o'er their  
death.

Let Scotia's grateful sons their tear-drops  
shed,

Where low they lie in honour's gory bed;  
Rich with the spoil their glorious deeds  
had won,

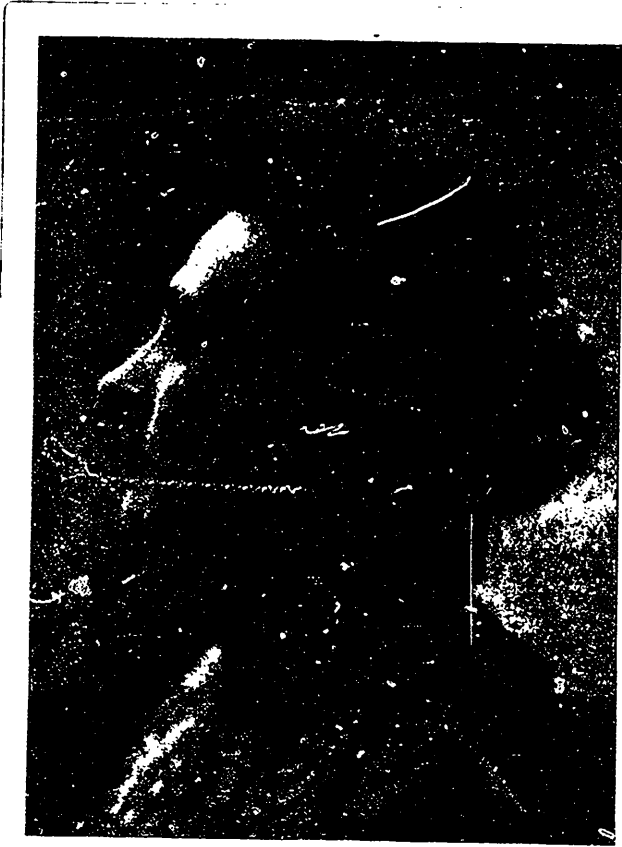
And purchas'd freedom to a land undone—  
A land which owes its glory and its worth  
To those whom tyrants banish'd from the  
earth."

For the accomplishment of this  
resolution, the three kingdoms lie  
under no small debt of gratitude  
to the Covenanters. They suf-  
fered and bled both in fields and  
on scaffolds for the cause of civil  
and religious liberty; and shall we  
reap the fruit of their sufferings,  
their prayers and their blood, and  
yet treat their memory either with  
indifference or scorn? No! what-  
ever minor faults may be laid to  
their charge, whatever trivial ac-  
cusations may be brought against  
them, it cannot but be acknow-  
ledged that they were the men  
who, "singly and alone," stood  
forward in defence of Scotland's  
dearest rights, and to whom we at  
the present day owe everything  
that is valuable to us either as men  
or as Christians.

It only remains for us to add  
that James Currie, who was the  
means of raising the original  
monument, suffered much during  
the persecution, and more than  
once narrowly escaped capture.—  
Primitive Methodist Magazine.

## MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.—A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY DORA M. JONES.



AMELIA E. BARR.

There are few stronger or more interesting personalities in the world of letters to-day than that of the author of "Jan Vedder's Wife." All the world knows her books, and is familiar with the peculiarly bracing atmosphere into which they bring you. To take up one is like starting for a walk on the moors before the dew is off the heather, while high up out of sight rings out the morning carol of the lark. Such work as hers can only be the outcome of a

thoroughly balanced, sane, and strenuous nature, in which the poet's gift of passion and imagination are controlled by strict conscientiousness and business-like habits of life.

It was Mrs. Barr's lot to see life in many phases before she undertook to paint it. She was born at Ulverston, in Lancashire, where her girlhood was spent. In no part of England are local character and local patriotism stronger than in Lancashire and the adjacent

West Riding of Yorkshire, and here Mrs. Barr gleaned material which has stood her in good stead since. She married a Scotsman, and went out with him to Galveston, Texas. Here they were brought much in contact with neighbouring tribes of Indians, over whom Mr. Barr had great influence. The poor "redskin" clung to him as to a trusted guide and friend, and looked on the "white lady," his wife, with a reverential admiration. Often at evening, when she was singing Scotch ballads to her husband, they would creep up to the house to listen, "their impassive faces brightening and softening" as they repeated at every pause, "Good—good. Some more."

All at once, with crushing suddenness, the stroke of misfortune fell upon that peaceful home. The innocent happiness was shattered, the old life passed away. A terrible epidemic of yellow fever broke out in Texas. The Europeans suffered severely, but the Indians, with their feeble constitutions and their wretched sanitation, died by hundreds. Those who survived were helpless with panic. Mr. Barr was urged to leave the pestilence-stricken district, but he refused to leave in this emergency the poor creatures who trusted him, and for whom, in the end, he literally laid down his life. The doctors and nurses died one by one, or left the field of action in despair. Still Mr. Barr stood his ground with his faithful wife by his side, till at last he too was smitten. Before that dread plague was stayed, Mrs. Barr had lost three sons and her husband. What need be uttered to enhance the picture of that desolation?

Under such an accumulation of trouble, women—even strong-hearted women—have found nothing better to do than to lie down and die. Perhaps, had she been

utterly alone in the world, it might have been so with her. But—

"Tis very good for strength,  
To know that some one needs you  
to be strong.

She had her three young daughters left, and for their sakes she braced herself to live.

Her husband's income had died with him, and she had now to write for her children's daily bread and her own. At thirty-five, with her youth behind her, she began life again under the hard aspect that it wears to the literary beginner.

She came to New York, and wrote whatever she could turn her hand to, circulars, advertisements, verses, stories, "pars,"—anything and everything that offered.

She served unmurmuringly the rude apprenticeship of the literary trade, and "considered herself rich if a ten-dollar bill stood between her and the future." Her daughter often tells the story how, one night, their house was broken into by thieves, who forced open Mrs. Barr's desk and robbed it of the trinkets that had been deposited there for safety, but never thought of noticing an old family Bible, with tarnished clasps, that lay near it. In that Bible, which still lies on Mrs. Barr's table in her beautiful home on the banks of the Hudson River, she used to deposit the dollar-bills she earned from day to day, and so the family fortune remained untouched.

Through all this long ordeal Mrs. Barr maintained a cheerful courage and a resolution that never failed. Early in her literary career she chose as her motto the lines from "Beowulf"—

I say to my Maker,  
Thanks for the day's work  
That my Lord gives me.

Her first serial story appeared in the columns of *The Ledger*, and at once attracted notice. She had at last found her proper field, and

"Jan Vedder's Wife" established her reputation.

Mrs. Barr has lived for some time at Cornwall, on the Hudson, in the "Empire" State of New York. Her house, "Cherry Croft," is charmingly situated on one of the loveliest reaches of the Hudson. It is noted for the colonies of birds that people its gardens; for Mrs. Barr has a weakness for the feathered tribe, and like Tennyson at Farringford, she

Keeps smooth plots of fruitful ground  
Where they may warble, eat and dwell.

Her study is a large uncarpeted room, half library, half business-office, with no boudoir prettinesses about it, as befits the severe and strenuous worker whose sanctum it is. The only picture in the room is her husband's portrait; and her favourite motto from "Beowulf" hangs over the bookcase. The standing desk, at which Mrs. Barr writes the rough pencilled draft of her books, is placed in the embrasure of a window, commanding "a magnificent mountainous landscape, through which the source of the Hudson may be traced for forty miles."

Mrs. Barr rises at the primitive hour of five, and like Sir Walter Scott, "breaks the neck" of her day's work before other people are well awake. She dines at noon, indulges in a short siesta, and then goes back to her study to type out her morning's work. The rest of the afternoon is given to society and exercise, and she retires at nine, after a light supper. To these simple, regular habits, and to her vegetarian diet, she attributes that perfect healthiness of body and mind which is perhaps her most pronounced characteristic.

Sanity—wholesomeness—an out-of-door freshness of feeling, these are the qualities we have learned to associate with Mrs. Barr's work. She has not the

subtle touch or the gift of satiric observation, the talent for describing a drawing-room intrigue or working out a comedy of manners, in which many women writers have excelled. She does not belong to the family of the realists which traces its descent from Jane Austen, and of which Mrs. W. K. Clifford and "John Oliver Hobbes" are in their different ways such conspicuous ornaments. In choice and treatment of subject she is quite of the opposite, the romantic school.

It follows, therefore, that we need not expect from her the society miniature-painting, the delicate and often malicious record of contemporary life to which other successful novelists have accustomed us. She cannot set out everyday life—ugly, sordid, and selfish as it too often is—before us as in a mirror. No, but she can do better. She can take us right away from it into a region where, as the poet sings—

The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,  
Buoyant and fresh: the mountain flowers  
More virginal and sweet than ours.

Mrs. Barr has always remembered that to awaken delight and love is the true aim of the artist. It is because they forget this that so many fervent disciples of the "art for art's sake" creed fail even in their one aim of being artistic. Their work may be "real," in the sense that a photograph is real, giving the outline of an object with harsh fidelity, but neither atmosphere nor colour. It is not true, for no human life was ever yet deprived of some ray of beauty; and it is not art, for it stirs neither love nor delight.

In the old days it was recognized that one of the greatest crimes against the commonwealth was to poison the wells. What should be done to those who poison those fountains of imagination and emotion that have been given for our

solace and refreshment? And when shall we learn that St. Paul was uttering not only a moral precept but a maxim of profound artistic truth when he wrote, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise—think on these things"?

Look at the poor seamstress, with her halfpenny bunch of flowers in a broken teacup set beside her to cheer her as she works, watch the ecstasy of the street urchins as they caper round the barrel-organ wheezily grinding out the last pantomime "hit," and you will understand that hunger for beauty, which, ill-trained and mis-directed though it may be, is common to us all; and the evil of vitiating this divine instinct, this groping of the imagination after God, will appear in its true horror.

The author of "Jan Vedder's Wife" has no such falling-off to lament. Not that she paints for us an ideal, impossible world. Her men and women are very human, very faulty creatures. The world into which she takes us is one where great deeds are possible, where the strength of soul that God has given is not withered away in the corroding atmosphere of a faithless and heartless society.

She is at her best in describing somewhat primitive conditions of life, the fisher-folk of Fife or Shetland, Dutch traders, or Lancashire weavers. Her local colouring is exceedingly careful and vivid. She endeavours always to create an environment about her corresponding to the work she has in hand. When she writes of Holland, the cooking, the dishes, the manner of service, are those of the Low Countries, the songs are of the Netherlands, the costumes around her have a touch of Dutch quaintness. When the story is Scotch, the family breakfast on porridge

and oatcakes, are loyal to the Church, and devoted to the ballads of Burns.

"Women," says some writer, "are naturally conservative" and Mrs. Barr is no exception to the rule. She clings with sturdy loyalty to the old standards, the old rules, the old faith. She is strong in her condemnation of the "pernicious industrial system which draws away young girls from home to serve in factories and behind counters. The best place for a lass to be courted is under her father's roof."

Mrs. Barr's strong religious convictions are known to all readers of her works. "I believe in the Holy Bible," she says, "from its first letter to its last, as the word of God to me. At my side lies a Bible three hundred years old, filled with the annotations and confirmations of my ancestors, who not only read it, but thought it worth their while to fight for the right to do so. I would do the same to-day if an occasion demanded it. It has never deceived and never failed me. It has been sufficient for life; I doubt not but it will be sufficient for the hour and article of death."

With these words we take leave of one of the most interesting figures of our time. It is a relief in the midst of the endless and often very silly chatter about "woman's sphere," capabilities, achievements, and the rest of it, to consider the career of one who did the thing of which so many prattle, and alone, unaided save by God and her own brave heart, fought her way to position, influence, and fame—who has known how to use these and other good gifts for the service and delight of her day and generation, and to remain in prosperous as in adverse days, not only a true and strong, but an essentially womanly woman.—The Young Woman.

JOHN WESLEY—AN APPRECIATION.\*

BY AUGUSTUS BIRRELL



REV. JOHN WESLEY.

\* It is a very gratifying recognition of the great work accomplished by the founder of Methodism—"the most amazing record" Mr. Birrell says, "of human exertion ever penned or endured"—that a great secular monthly has published a ten-page article in unstinted eulogy of the man and his work, by a writer not himself a Methodist. We

have pleasure in abridging from the striking article in *Scribner's Magazine* for December the following appreciation of John Wesley.  
—Ed.

John Wesley, born as he was in 1703 and dying as he did in 1791,



covers as nearly as mortal man may the whole of the eighteenth century, of which he was one of the most typical and certainly the most strenuous figure. He began his published journal on October 14, 1735, and its last entry is under date of Sunday, October 24, 1790, when in the morning he explained to a numerous congregation in Spitalfields Church "The Whole Armour of God," and in the afternoon enforced to a still larger audience in St. Paul's, Shadwell, the great truth, "One thing is needful," the last words of the journal being, "I hope many even then resolved to choose the better part."

Between these two Octobers there lies the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured.

John Wesley contested the three kingdoms in the cause of Christ during a campaign which lasted forty years. He did it for the most part on horseback. He paid more turnpikes than any other man who ever bestrode a beast. Eight thousand miles was his annual record for many a long year, during each of which he seldom preached less frequently than five thousand times. And throughout it all he never knew what depression of spirits meant—though he had much to try him, suits in chancery and a jealous wife.

In the course of this unparalleled contest Wesley visited again and again the most out-of-the-way districts—the remotest corners of England—places which to-day lie far removed even from the searcher after the picturesque. In 1899, when the map of England looks like a gridiron of railways, none but the sturdiest of pedestrians, the most determined of cyclists can retrace the steps of Wesley and his horse and stand by the rocks and the natural amphitheatres in Cornwall and Northumberland, in Lancashire and Berkshire, where he preached

his Gospel to the heathen. Exertion so prolonged, enthusiasm so sustained, argues a remarkable man, while the organization he created, the system he founded, the view of life he promulgated, is still a great fact among us.

No other name than Wesley's lies embalmed as his does. Yet he is not a popular figure. Our standard historians have dismissed him curtly. The fact is, Wesley puts your ordinary historian out of conceit with himself. How much easier to weave into your page the gossip of Horace Walpole, to enliven it with a heartless jest of George Selwyn's, to make it blush with sad stories of the extravagance of Fox, to embroider it with the rhetoric of Burke, to humanize it with the talk of Johnston, to discuss the rise and fall of administrations, the growth and decay of the constitution, than to follow John Wesley into the streets of Bristol, or on to the bleak moors near Burslem, when he met, face to face in all their violence, all their ignorance, and all their generosity the living men, women, and children who made up the nation.

It has been said that Wesley's character lacks charm, that mighty antiseptic. It is not easy to define charm, which is not a catalogue of qualities, but a mixture. Let no one deny charm to Wesley who has not read his journal. Southey's life is a dull, almost a stupid, book, which happily there is no need to read. Read the journal, which is a book full of plots and plays and novels, which quivers with life and is crammed full of character.

John Wesley came of a stock which had been much harassed and put about by our unhappy religious difficulties. John Wesley's great-grandfather and grandfather were both ejected from their livings in 1662, and the grandfather was so bullied and oppressed by the Five Mile Act that he early gave up the

ghost. Whereupon his remains were refused what is called Christian burial, though a holier and more primitive man never drew breath. This poor, persecuted spirit left two sons according to the flesh, Matthew and Samuel; and Samuel it was who in his turn became the father of John and Charles Wesley.

In 1685 he entered himself as a poor scholar at Exeter College, Oxford. He brought £2 6s. with him, and as for prospects, he had none. During the eighteenth century our two universities, famous despite their faults, were always open to the poor scholar who was ready to subscribe, not to boat clubs or cricket clubs, but to the Thirty-nine Articles. Three archbishops of Canterbury during the eighteenth century were the sons of small tradesmen. Samuel Wesley was allowed to remain at Oxford, where he supported himself by devices known to his tribe. He soon obtained a curacy in London and married a daughter of the well-known ejected clergyman, Dr. Annesley.

The mother of the Wesleys was a remarkable woman, though cast in a mould not much to our minds nowadays. She had nineteen children, and greatly prided herself on having taught them, one after another, by frequent chastisements, to,—what do you think?—to cry softly. She had theories of education and strength of will, and of arm, too, to carry them out. She knew Latin and Greek, and was successful in winning and retaining not only the respect but the affection of such of her huge family as lived to grow up. But out of the nineteen, thirteen early succumbed. Infant mortality was one of the great facts of the eighteenth century, whose Rachels had to learn to cry softly over their dead babes.

The revolution of 1688 threatened to disturb the early married life of Samuel Wesley and his spouse. The

husband wrote a pamphlet in which he defended revolution principles, but the wife secretly adhered to the old cause; nor was it until a year before Dutch William's death that the rector made the discovery that the wife of his bosom, who had sworn to obey him and regard him as her over-lord, was not in the habit of saying amen to his fervent prayers on behalf of his suffering sovereign. An explanation was demanded and the truth extracted, namely, that in the opinion of the rector's wife her true king lived over the water. The rector at once refused to live with Mrs. Wesley any longer until she recanted. This she refused to do, and for a twelvemonth the couple dwelt apart, when William III., having the good sense to die, a reconciliation became possible. The story of the fire at Epworth Rectory and the miraculous escape of the infant John, was once a tale as well known as Alfred in the neat-herd's hut, and pictures of it still hang up in many a collier's home.

John Wesley received a sound classical education at Charterhouse and Christ Church, and remained all his life very much the scholar and the gentleman. No company was too good for John Wesley, and nobody knew better than he did that had he cared to carry his powerful intelligence, his flawless constitution, and his infinite capacity for taking pains into any of the markets of the world, he must have earned for himself place, fame, and fortune.

Coming, however, as he did of a theological stock, having a saint for a father and a notable devout woman for a mother, Wesley from his early days learned to regard religion as the business of his life. After a good deal of heart-searching and theological talk with his mother, Wesley was ordained a deacon by the excellent Potter, afterward Primate, but then (1725) Bishop of Oxford. In the following year

Wesley was elected a Fellow of Lincoln, to the great delight of his father. "Whatever I am," said the good old man, "my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln."

Wesley's motive never eludes us. In his early manhood, after being greatly affected by Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," and the "Imitatio Christi," and by Law's "Serious Call" and "Christian Perfection," he met "a serious man," who said to him, "Sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember you cannot serve Him alone. You must therefore find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." He was very confident, this serious man, and Wesley never forgot his message. "You must find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." These words forever sounded in Wesley's ears, determining his theology, which rejected the stern individualism of Calvin, and fashioned his whole polity, his famous class-meetings and generally gregarious methods.

"Therefore to him it was given,  
Many to save with himself."

We may continue the quotation and apply to Wesley the words of Mr. Arnold's memorial to his father:

"Languor was not in his heart,  
Weakness not in his word,  
Weariness not on his brow."

If you ask what is the impression left upon the reader of the journals as to the condition of England question, the answer will vary very much with the tenderness of the reader's conscience and with the extent of his acquaintance with the general behaviour of mankind at all times and in all places. Wesley himself is no alarmist, no sentimentalist, he never gushes, seldom exaggerates, and always writes on an easy level.

Wesley's humour is of the species

dominical, and his modes and methods quietly persistent.

"On Thursday, the 20th May (1742), I set out. The next afternoon I stopped a little at Newport-Pagnell and then rode on till I overtook a serious man with whom I immediately fell into conversation. He presently gave me to know what his opinions were, therefore I said nothing to contradict them. But that did not content him. He was quite uneasy to know 'whether I held the doctrines of the deerees as he did;' but I told him over and over 'We had better keep to practical things lest we should be angry at one another.' And so we did for two miles, till he caught me unawares and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer; told me I was rotten at heart and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers. I told him 'No. I am John Wesley myself.' Upon which

*Improvisum aspris relati qui sentibus  
anguem*

*Presset—*

he would gladly have run away outright. But being the better mounted of the two I kept close to his side and endeavoured to shew him his heart till we came into the street of Northampton."

What a picture have we here of a fine May morning in 1742, the unhappy Calvinist trying to shake off the Arminian Wesley! But he cannot do it! *John Wesley is the better mounted of the two*, and so they scamper together into Northampton.

The England described in the journal is an England still full of theology; all kinds of queer folk abound; strange subjects are discussed in odd places. There was drunkenness and cock-fighting, no doubt, but there were also Deists, Mystics, Swedenborgians, Antinomians, Necessitarians, Anabaptists, Quakers, nascent heresies, and slow-dying delusions. Villages were divided into rival groups which fiercely argued the nicest points in the aptest language. Nowadays in one's rambles a man is as likely to encounter a grey badger as a black Calvinist.

The clergy of the Established

Church were jealous of Wesley's interference in their parishes, nor was this unnatural—he was not a Nonconformist but a brother churchman. What right had he to be so peripatetic? But Wesley seldom records any instance of gross clerical misconduct. Of one drunken parson he does indeed tell us, and he speaks disapprovingly of another whom he found one very hot day consuming a pot of beer in a lone ale-house.

When Wesley, with that dauntless courage of his, a courage which never forsook him, which he wore on every occasion with the delightful ease of a soldier, pushed his way into fierce districts, amid rough miners dwelling in their own village communities almost outside the law, what most strikes one with admiration, not less in Wesley's journal than in George Fox's (a kindred though earlier volume), is the essential fitness for freedom of our rudest populations. They were coarse and brutal and savage, but rarely did they fail to recognize the high character and lofty motives of the dignified mortal who had travelled so far to speak to them. Wesley was occasionally hustled, and once or twice pelted with mud and stones, but at no time were his sufferings at the hands of the mob to be compared with the indignities it was long the fashion to heap upon the heads of parliamentary candidates. The mob knew and appreciated the difference between a Bubb Dodington and a John Wesley.

Where the reader of the journal will be shocked is when his attention is called to the public side of the country—to the state of the gaols—to Newgate, to Bethlehem, to the criminal code—to the brutality of so many of the judges, and the harshness of the magistrates, to the supineness of the bishops, to the extinction in high places of the

missionary spirit—in short, to the heavy slumber of humanity.

Wesley was full of compassion, of a compassion wholly free from hysterics and like exaltative. In public affairs his was the composed zeal of a Howard. His efforts to penetrate the dark places were long in vain. He says in his dry way: "They won't let me go to Bedlam because they say I make the inmates mad, or into Newgate because I make them wicked." The reader of the journal will be at no loss to see what these sapient magistrates meant. Wesley was a terribly exciting preacher, quiet though his manner was. He pushed matters home without flinching. He made people cry out and fall down, nor did it surprise him that they should. You will find some strange biographies in the journal. Consider that of John Lancaster for a moment. He was a young fellow who fell into bad company, stole some velvet and was sentenced to death, and lay for awhile in Newgate awaiting his hour. A good Methodist woman, Sarah Peters, obtained permission to visit him, though the fever was raging in the prison at the time. Lancaster had no difficulty in collecting six or seven other prisoners, all like himself awaiting to be strangled, and Sarah Peters prayed with them and sang hymns, the clergy of the diocese being otherwise occupied. When the eve of their execution arrived the poor creatures begged that Sarah Peters might be allowed to remain with them, to continue her exhortations, but this could not be. When the bellman came round at midnight to tell them, "Remember you are to die to-day," they cried out, "Welcome news! welcome news!" How they met their deaths you can read for yourselves in the journal, which concludes the narrative with a true eighteenth century touch. "John Lancaster's

body was carried away by a company hired by the surgeons, but a crew of sailors pursued them, took it from them by force, and delivered it to his mother, by which means it was decently interred in the presence of many who praised God on his behalf."

If you want to get into the last century, to feel its pulses throb beneath your finger, ride up and down the country with the greatest force of the eighteenth century in England.

No man lived nearer the centre than John Wesley. Neither Clive nor Pitt, neither Mansfield nor

Johnson. You cannot cut him out of our national life. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England. As a writer he has not achieved distinction. He was no Athanasius, no Augustine, he was ever a preacher and an organizer, a labourer in the service of humanity; but happily for us his journals remain, and from them we can learn better than from anywhere else what manner of man he was, and the character of the times during which he lived and moved and had his being.

## LIFE IN A CONVENT.\*

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

### I.

It is to the memory of a saint and martyr who died—a victim to her own too ardent philanthropy—under the ban of the Church in which she was born, that this paper is devoted.

The life of Amelie de Lasaulx began in the year of Waterloo; and she lived to wear out the remnants of her strength in tending the wounded and the dying victims of the Franco-Prussian War. Within two years from that fatal period she passed away from earth, at peace with God and man, but expelled as a heretic from the Order to which she had devoted her whole service for many years; and after her death, her corpse was despoiled of the robe of a Sister of Charity, that being deemed a garment too holy to enshroud the remains of one who had dared to deny the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff.

Jean Claude Lasaulx, Amelie's

\* Abridged from Miss Keeling's "Heroines of Faith and Charity." London: C. H. Kelly.

father, was perhaps the most talented and the most eccentric member of a gifted and eccentric family, which had settled itself at Coblenz about the middle of the eighteenth century. Sent to study law at Wurzburg, the young Jean Claude transferred his attention to medicine, and spent five years in the supposed pursuit of that science. At the end of that time he presented himself to his astonished family, bringing with him no diploma, but in its stead a girlish bride whom he had no visible means of supporting. Amelie was the youngest child of this imprudent marriage. Her great black eyes flashed with mischief, her cheeks glowed with health, her laugh rang like a clarion. She had a passion for skating, but as no other young lady in Coblenz indulged in that pastime, Amelie practised it in guilty secrecy on a lonely creek of the Moselle.

The only clouds that darkened her joyous childhood appear to have arisen from the peculiar temper of Madame de Lasaulx. Forceful in character, this lady was

cold and reserved in manner; and when displeased, showed her anger not in words, but in an obstinate silence that sometimes lasted for weeks, to the discomfort of her household. Her children learned to imitate her in this respect; and a strange spell would render them, too, mute for many days together, when anything had annoyed them.

Madame Lasaulx, the rigid and stern, was the representative of piety in her family, being a much more devout child of the Church than her brilliant husband, of whom it was said that "when, as an architect, he had built a church and given up the keys, he never set foot in it again." Amelie did not therefore see religion in a very attractive shape; least of all did she approve of it in its monastic guise.

A gentle enthusiastic elder sister took the veil, and a friend of the family said jestingly to Amelie, "Who knows but you will come to the same end?" "I had rather jump into the river," was her indignant reply. Full as she was of buoyant life and joy, the narrow routine of the convent appeared to her a living death.

The very grace and vivacity which made the young girl attractive, procured her much distress. Many suitors appeared to claim her hand—suitors agreeable to her family, but not to her. She refused one after another; and her parents, deeply displeased, did not speak one word to her for months together.

"You are too proud!" one of her aunts said to her. "That I am not," she replied. "I know some one whose boots I would gladly clean, if he did but ask me." Perhaps this some one never knew the feeling she cherished for him in secret. At last she overcame it. Then she accepted the offer of a young physician, who, unfortunately, did not much please her parents, and did not long please

herself. Her imagination had clothed him with a nobility of soul he did not possess. A chance word dispelled her dream, and revealed him to her as selfish and unworthy.

It was a terrible awakening to her. She seemed almost distracted with grief; she broke off the engagement instantly, and the violent agitation of her spirit threw her into a fever that imperilled her life. Something of her did die in that crisis. When she arose from her sick-bed, she was no longer the joyous, impassioned girl, but a nobler and a sadder being, wise to eternal life.

It was not long before she found her vocation. Visiting her brother, a professor in the University of Wurzburg, she looked from his windows at the great neighbouring hospital, and watched the coming and the going of patients. It seemed to her that in tending such sufferers she could find an outlet for her energy, food for her hungry heart.

"My hands ached to be at that work," she would say in later life. She felt in herself the helpful capacity to care for the suffering; and in her own strong words, "her vocation haunted her like a sin." And still the conventual life repelled her; she shrank from it like a wild wood-bird in danger of being caught and caged.

Divided between longing and repugnance, she "asked a sign." Often she saw passing in the street a poor, degraded, brutal sot; she asked herself as he went by, "Could I nurse that man if he needed it?" and it seemed to her that she could not. But one day, visiting a hospital after her wont, she was asked to pray beside a man who lay there dying. Hardly daring to look at his ghastly face, she repeated her prayers with closed eyelids; but summoning up her courage at last, she looked fixedly at him, and re-

cognized under the pallor of death that wretched drunkard who had inspired her with such loathing. She felt that her sign was granted, and she no longer struggled against the mighty impulse which had only grown more imperious as she resisted it.

She decided to enter the celebrated Order of St. Vincent de Paul, and the Congregation of St. Charles de Borromeo. Her parents did not consider her fitted to bear the cloistral life, and disapproved her intention. Hence it came to pass that she left her home almost clandestinely, taking leave of no relative, not even of her father. He felt her loss cruelly, and was not more favourably affected towards religion by the conduct to which her religious feeling led her, and it was with difficulty that he forgave her.

She persevered in her resolution notwithstanding, feeling that "her vocation came from God Himself." She passed steadily through her three years' novitiate, and was received into the Order of her choice under the monastic name of Sister Augustine, taking a solemn vow to "consecrate her whole life to the poor and friendless sick, according to the statutes and rules of the community."

She was twenty-four years old. The ancient rule of the Order did not permit any nun to take the vows before that age—an excellent regulation, abolished by Pius IX. in 1859. The statutes and rules to which she vowed obedience may be summed up in this formula: "Love is the perfection of the true Christian, and the consummation of all Christianity. On it hang all the law and the prophets, as saith our Lord Jesus Christ."

In a community founded on such lines, she might have expected to lead an ideal Christian life. The event proved otherwise. There was from the beginning much to

endure. The confinement between four walls oppressed her; the necessity of passive obedience was yet more trying.

"God only," she wrote, "knows how I suffer in being deprived of the liberty of my movements. Never have I sustained such long and cruel internal conflicts as during the seven years I passed at Aix-la-Chapelle."

Her whole manner of thought was alien to that of the pious, narrow devotees around her; her ardent feelings, her wide sympathies, shut in by "narrowing nunnery walls," and deprived of expression by rigid rule, became a torment to her. At one time she longed to sink to the intellectual level of her companions, and to abdicate those torturing gifts, "too great for the cloister." She learned better afterwards.

For thirty long years her life was outwardly monotonous and regular as clockwork. Its two or three events may be briefly summed up. Intrusted with the care of the dispensary at Aix-la-Chapelle, she was once permitted to visit her father. Soon after she was summoned to his death-bed; she arrived too late to see him in life. A mysterious presentiment had warned her of this loss at the moment when it befell.

At the age of thirty-three she was raised to the rank of Superior, and to the management of the new Hospital of St. John at Bonn. In exercising that important post she passed the most active years of her life. The great wars of 1864 and 1866, summoning her to the battlefield in her capacity as nurse, gave her a few months of free movement and ceaseless toil. Thenceforth to her death she remained imprisoned in the life she had chosen.

But this outward monotony did not hinder a full and rich inner development: the solitude in which

her soul dwelt helped her to concentrate her affections on the Saviour. References to His work, to His example, abound in her letters and journals, and are such as might befit a member of the simplest and purest Church in Christendom; but she despised and passed by the weak idolatries of saint and angel; to those she opposed a silent resistance which her superiors did not attack, not knowing how to attack it. This manner of thinking and believing, nevertheless, often caused friction between herself and her co-religionists.

She rebelled, not against the sane and simple rules of the Society, which subordinated everything to the service of the sick, but against new fantastic interpretations and additions, all tending to hard asceticism. There was to be no kindly talk with the patients; only needful words must be spoken; no wandering thoughts; must stray to home or friend outside the convent; no love must be given to man, all must be reserved for God.

"My Lord!" wrote Sister Augustine, "if on such a path I must seek thee, I shall never find thee! Such was not the teaching of the Apostle John."

And she saw that her repugnance to enter the cloister had been a true presentiment; "the monastic system was due to an unhealthy conception of Christianity; for that religion should hallow, not crush, our natural feelings."

It was a happy change for her when, removed to Bonn, and made Superior over the new hospital, she found scope for her energies in organizing and administering it. She was better fitted to rule than to obey. "It would have been a grief to me," she said, "had I never been a Superior."

Conforming strictly to conventional rule in all her arrangements,

she managed to give her new abode an air of grace and comfort, a home-like charm, which slightly scandalized the Mother-General when she arrived on her visit of inspection; but on closer scrutiny, no infraction of rule appeared, only a skilful management of details. The spirit of cheerfulness pervaded the whole establishment, of which no department escaped the Superior's care.

Her most enthusiastic devotion was lavished on the sick; and in her various offices for them she knew hardly more intermission than did the Master Himself in His earthly work of mercy. Careful of her assistant nuns, she reserved for herself all the more repulsive or painful tasks; and it was hers to take the night-watch by the dying, hers to shroud the dead.

Next to the sick, the novices had the largest share of her motherly tenderness. It was sometimes a timid, awkward girl, paralyzed by shyness, whom she soothed and cheered and transformed into an apt, intelligent assistant; sometimes it was a poor young creature, broken into a habit of mechanical submission, to whom she restored her lost individuality; sometimes it was a novice inflated by spiritual conceit who learned real humility from the "Mother," in every way so truly her superior. Whatever was the disposition of each, all learned to love this wise, kind friend, to sun themselves in her maternal smile, and to weep when they had to leave her warm and radiant presence for less genial spheres.

But it was not the sick in her hospital, not the nuns in her convent, who engrossed all her care. She knew how to minister to the sickness of the soul, how to weep with those who wept, how to rejoice with those who rejoiced. Poor women and rich, men contending with the world, children



hurt at play, all came to her with their troubles, sure of her sympathy for all; and she managed to render some help to all.

And nun as she was, she could not learn to be intolerant. She would not permit that the dying moments of her patients should be harassed by proselytism; she rejoiced to meet Protestants on the ground of their common Christianity; she found ready words of spiritual comfort for every sufferer who needed them; she watched with jealous care over the religious peace and freedom of her domain.

At this happy period of her life, the career she had chosen satisfied every demand of her nature. But there was already a little cloud like a man's hand on her horizon. She saw in other nuns, she dreaded for herself, the ostentation of a piety that was not really possessed—a piety hysterical, unnatural, hypocritical. The Jesuits, in obtaining the spiritual direction of the convents, had brought in, she said, "the spirit of lies." Against that infection she prayed and strove. The fraudulent or fantastic wonders worked at La Salette and Lourdes were a distress to her; she could have wept over them. If not impostures, they were in her judgment a pitiable delusion. She had little more respect for the fetish-worship bestowed on hallowed medals and "Sacred Hearts."

It was remarked that, while other convents were often boasting of miracles worked in them, Sister Augustine could say calmly, and without regret, that no miracle had ever happened in the Hospital of St. John. The higher dignitaries of the Order took note of this, not to her advantage. But she was so efficient a worker, her hospital was so admirably conducted, her nuns regarded her with a love so enthusiastic, that this deficiency in

miracles was passed over for the time.

She could exclude these wretched superstitions from her own domain, but they met her in full force when she repaired to the headquarters of the Order at Nancy, to make the yearly nine days' "retreat" which was enjoined on her by rule. This season of religious exercises therefore weighed on her like a nightmare, in prospect and in retrospect.

Very ghastly means of spiritual edification were sometimes adopted by the Mother-General; as, for instance, the exhibition to the assembled Sisterhood of the skull of a deceased nun, much beloved—the relic being introduced as "an admirable portrait" of the departed.

Such "spiritual treasures" were all the less pleasing to Sister Augustine, as she had freshly in her mind scenes of horror and anguish which rendered any other "memento mori" quite needless. The great campaigns of 1864 and 1866 had opened to her a wide field of terrible interest, in which to practise the lessons learnt in her hospital.

At the outbreaking of the war with Denmark, a certain number of Sisters of Charity were detached to follow the troops to the scene of war; and among the foremost was Sister Augustine. She went almost joyously, happy to see a wide field of helpful activity opening to her; happy, too, as a child, because of the change of scene, the movement, the journey that had not a "retreat" for its object.

Step by step she followed the army; always at work in the ambulances; suffering with the sufferings she saw; gladdened when she could lighten them; and wishing that "certain gentlemen in Berlin"—promoters of the cam-

paign—could only for a week share her work, and hear the groans of their victims.

“Nothing can give an idea of the horrors here,” she wrote from Duppel. “We passed the night on the high road, separating the living from the dead, and lifting them into the ambulances.” Her own hands aided in that work. “Everything,” she says elsewhere, “is horrible in war.”

Her supremacy in helpfulness was soon recognized; they called for her wherever the work was hardest. The physicians took

pleasure in working with her; and the wounded derived a profound security from the energy of her zeal, which neglected the wants of not a single sufferer. Her four months of hard, heart-breaking, often sickening work brought their special reward; they taught her that God’s grace can be given fully and freely, in the absence of every outward rite.

“I have never felt my deprivation of the Holy Communion,” she wrote, “and I have never been so near to God.”

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## THE INTELLECTUAL DRIFT OF THE CENTURY.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

### II.

“It must not be supposed,” said Sir William Dawson at a public meeting in Montreal, that the striving after intellectual force destroyed the spiritual life. How many of those who have won the noblest triumphs in the contests of the mind had bequeathed to them examples of true spirituality of life! True devotion to scientific truth, a reverent searching after the secrets of nature, a patient unravelling of creation’s lessons, inspired an ever-renewing faith, awed the boldest investigator into deepest humility, implanted a love of truth; for science hated shams, and gave singleness of mind, for through nature there ran but a single thread of a great purpose and an unswerving cause.”

The most convincing proof of the Christian attitude of a large majority of representative scientists is seen when the great scientific societies are examined, and the leading authorities in the various departments of advanced investiga-

tion are kept before us. Dr. J. H. Gladstone, on *Christianity and Science*, in December, 1887, said that out of thirty-five leading scientists who a few years ago arranged for a dinner to Prof. Tyn-dall, only three or four of them were on the side of scepticism; and looking over another list of those most eminent in science in England nine of the first ten names were men of unquestionable religious character. The late Presidents of the British Association of Science, the Royal Society, and the French Academy were Christian men. Among the believers in Christian theism who have ranked high as authorities in the world of science are Newton, Herschel, Descartes, Forbes, Pascal, Liebnitz, Linnaeus, Cuvier, Davy, Pasteur, Herman Lotze, Liebig, Ampere, Faraday, Owen, Agassiz, Brewster, Clerk-Maxwell, Thompson, Tait, Dawson, Stokes, Lefroy, Lionel Beale, Flourens, Olney, Cayley, Lord Raleigh, Graham, Dumas, Wurtz, Sir James Simpson, Lord Kelvin.

Dallinger, Talbot, Hamilton, and many others.

"It is difficult for me," says Dr. Gladstone, himself an eminent scientist, "to remember a single man of the first rank in science who is opposed to Christianity, unless that charge can be truthfully brought against my friend, Prof. Huxley."

It is also stated on good authority that seven-eighths of the members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science are members of churches or church attendants.

The evidences are multiplying that the science of the future, in its most advanced and perfect form, will be a science in harmony with the Christian faith, and many of the most competent minds of the age are even now willing to concede "that it is more and more evident, as the training of the world advances, that everything fundamentally biblical is scientific, and everything fundamentally scientific is biblical." The case, so far as the scientific world is concerned, may be concluded by the very timely remarks of the late Sir William Dawson. He said: "It is a favourite 'ruse de guerre' with writers and speakers against Christianity to represent that these oppositions are due to modern science, and that all, or nearly all, scientific men disbelieve Christianity. These, however, are groundless assertions. The experience of fifty years, and acquaintance with very many scientific men of different types in different countries, enables me to say that very many of the most distinguished scientific men are Christians, and I know many others who, if not Christians, may be said to be 'not far from the kingdom of God.'"

The utterance of a few popular or prominent men should not be taken as expressing the views of

their whole class. The best and ablest of scientific men have all along been Christians, and Christianity has helped to make them what they were and are; while science itself, though it may have been used to give new forms to old objections, has been on the whole the handmaid of religion.

We now approach another influential factor which is doing much to impart shape and colour to the mental forces which are yet to assume the leadership of many of the national movements and affairs in the near future, and that is the chief educational agencies of the century and their attitude to the claims of Christianity as a supernatural and divine revelation.

To get at the main tendencies and currents in the principal institutions of learning as they exist to-day, both in Europe and on the American continent, is to touch the grand pulse-beat of the thought which is largely to determine the intellectual and moral character of the dawning century. Who will dare to affirm that the principal drift in the great centres of advanced learning is opposed to a distinctively Christian theology?

Who has the audacity to assert that, compared with any period in the past, the schools, colleges, and universities are less Christian to-day in their general aspect and atmosphere and declarations than in former times? As the matter, coming so legitimately under this section of our article, touches the very core of the subject under consideration, it is worth while to look carefully at some facts which indicate with commanding clearness and force the direction which these great agencies are now taking. Before appealing to the ample evidence of increasing interest among the colleges in religious matters, we note one or two facts as they bear upon the historic rela-

tions between the Scriptures and the awakened intellectual culture and institutions of the past.

"It was chiefly to a great reformation of religion," says Ma-caulay in his *Essay on Lord Bacon*, "that we owe the great reformation of philosophy." Guizot, in his *History of Civilization*, says that the "Reformation was a great insurrection of human intelligence." Schwegler, in his *History of Philosophy*, has stated that "in their origin both kinds of Protestantism, that of religion and that of thought, are one and the same, and in their progress they have also gone hand in hand together." Carlyle and Draper have emphasized the same thought. John Ruskin has gone so far as to say "that the biblical revelation has been the accepted guide of the moral intelligence of Europe for some fifteen hundred years."

It is also a very striking and indisputable fact that on these Christian teachings rest the very foundations of the old universities of Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and the large majority of similar institutions both in Europe and America. Of the more than four hundred chartered universities and colleges authorized to confer degrees in the Republic of the United States alone, the churches have built most. Infidelity has not erected a single one. The same may be said of the more than one hundred universities of Europe.

Unchristian scholars, it is true, may seek the advantages which those noble institutions present, but they ought to bear in mind that their thanks are due to God-fearing men for what they enjoy. We may confidently affirm that in the past the relation of Christianity to the establishment and maintenance of the higher education, has, with comparatively few exceptions, been that of parent or guardian, so that if this assumed divorce between the

Christian religion and this advanced mental training is a fact, it is something which has occurred in more recent times, and the proofs of such separation ought to be within the reach of all who desire to satisfy themselves that this widely advertised breach between faith and culture is indeed a fact or not.

A careful examination of the overwhelming evidence available on this very point we need scarcely say goes to show with peculiar and increasing force that at no previous time were the educational agencies so fully in accord with orthodox Christianity as at the present.

We invite attention to some of the very significant statements on this point furnished by official sources within the past few years. The reports of Gen. Eaton, Commissioner of Education in the United States, are full of information on the matter now under review.

In a report of quite recent date it is stated that the number of colleges in the United States was 376, of which 312 were owned by the Churches.

The number of students in the 376 colleges was 30,359, and of this number 24,476 were in the colleges owned and controlled by the different denominations.

Of the sixty-four colleges classified as non-denominational, twenty-three are State institutions, some of them founded before the disruption of the union between the Churches and the State; four city institutions, three military, two agricultural, and the remaining thirty-two are not clearly designated as to their character. Nearly half of the latter, however, are under the presidency of evangelical divines. Eight of the State and city institutions have clergymen for presidents, and many of the professors and students are active evangelical communicants.

The statistics gathered by the "Societies of Religious Inquiry" show that the proportion of college students professedly religious and connected with Evangelical Churches has greatly increased since 1830.

In that year, out of 2,633 students in 28 colleges, 693, or 26 per cent., were "professedly pious." Returns were obtained in 1850 from 30 colleges, with 4,533 students, of which 1,927, or 38 per cent., were religious; in 1865, from 38 colleges, with 7,351 students, of which 3,380, or 46 per cent., were religious; in 1872, in a smaller list of 12 colleges, with 1,891 students, 50 per cent. were professors of religion. In 1880, out of 12,063 students in 65 colleges, 6,087, or 50 per cent., were professors of religion.

Twelve hundred students have been graduated from Princeton College since President McCosh became the head of the institution, and only some six or eight of them have gone into the world believing nothing.

In his farewell address, President McCosh said: "After twenty years as President, not half a dozen out of our two thousand or more students have left us declaring they had no religious belief."

The Christian tendencies of the intellectual forces in Germany also present striking confirmations of the position which this article is designed to make clear. We readily admit all that may be said respecting the past rationalistic drift of much of the university life and teaching of the German fatherland, but the changed attitude of many of those great educational centres is one of the most remarkable facts in the past twenty-five or thirty years.

Many strong minds were borne away by the various currents of a deepening doubt, and on these dark, swift waters were carried to

conclusions so repulsive and abhorrent to all common instincts and intelligent convictions that the rebound came, and men started back as from some yawning gulf of despair, and once more began to anchor on the old moorings of Christian theism and evangelical belief.

Joseph Cook, who has had special facilities for securing exact information as to the trend of religious thought in Germany, gives in his lectures on the "Occident," pages 249-257, much valuable matter on this subject. Some time ago (1880) the students attending some of the principal seats of learning in that land were as follows: At rationalist Hiedelberg, 34 students; at evangelical Halle, 282 students; at evangelical Berlin, 280 students; at hyper-evangelical Leipzig, 412 students. Fifty years ago the students were largely rationalistic, but to-day the young men are free to choose for themselves, and are now patronizing evangelical in preference to rationalistic professors in the proportion of ten to one.

Lord Bacon has said that the best materials for prophecy are the unforced tendencies of educated young men. Take up any German year book, look at the statistics of the universities, and it is not difficult to ascertain which way the drift of distinguished professors and educated youth is now setting in the most learned circles of the world.

The fact is incontrovertible that the rationalistic lecture-rooms of Germany are now all but empty and the evangelical are crowded; while fifty or eighty years ago the rationalistic were crowded and the evangelical were empty.

"Competent observers are agreed," says a widely recognized authority, "that the infidel propaganda has reached its height, and is beginning to decline. The late

Prof. Clifford was probably the high-water mark of aggressive and militant unbelief in academic circles. He has had no successor. The principal universities in England and Scotland are working towards Christianity, and not away from it."

It would not be difficult, if space would permit, to vastly strengthen our evidence on this part of our review, but we are quite safe in saying that the great bulk of educated thought in America, in England, and in Europe is in practical sympathy with orthodox Christianity, and it is an indisputable fact that, with very few exceptions, all the great universities and colleges in Europe and America, and the influential progressive institutions of learning throughout the globe, are the creations of Christendom, and splendid monuments of the power of human faith in the teachings and revelations of the "Deathless Book."

For the present we now rest our case. Three of the most powerful intellectual forces of the century

are before us, and their relations toward the Christian system no longer remain in doubt. We have not reached our conclusion by a fragmentary outlook, or by grouping together a number of imposing and brilliant generalities, but by a careful investigation of the facts as they now stand. From the statements submitted in this article we think but one conclusion can be reached, and that is, that the most profound thought of the age, expressed in the leading philosophical institutions and representatives of the world, the principal authorities in the realm of science, and the very large proportion of the educated thought of the time are all in hearty and increasing accord with the positions of New Testament Christianity. The opposite claims of a gushing, audacious unbelief, as to the divorce between the strongest thought of the century and biblical theism are almost entirely unsupported by evidence.

Bathurst, N.B.

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### IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

BY OLA MOORE.

"But the narrow way lay right up the hill, and the name of the way is called Difficulty."

"Looking very narrowly before him as he went, he spied two lions in the way."—*The Pilgrim's Progress*.

Hills in the highway of the King,  
And lions near the palace gate!  
Why must His child go sorrowing  
Along a way so desolate?  
Is pain the heritage of love?  
Or does our Father count it good  
By such a craggy way to prove  
The lonely pilgrim's hardihood?

Beyond the summit Christian found  
A house of blessing built for him  
The savage beasts he feared, were bound,  
And cowered impotent and grim.  
With him the ample loaf was shared,  
The clustered raisins on the board;  
And delicately then he fared  
Who ate the banquet of the Lord.

We may not brave the lion's wrath,  
Or scale the mountain's rugged crest;  
But thorns beset the smoothest path,  
And fell forebodings pierce the breast.  
The way is plain, the way is strait,  
Whatever life and duty bring;  
And they who seek the City gate,  
Must do the bidding of the King.

What though it cost some sorrowing  
To go as He would have us go!  
They only know, who love their King,  
How near the thorns the lilies grow.  
To each in loving providence  
He grants His comfort by the way;  
For service has its recompense,  
And they are blessed who obey.

## THE PASTORATE OF THE REVEREND SAMUEL WILKES.

BY ELINOR WILTON.

### II.

Though thus far little had actually been said, I knew that many of the older members of his congregation regarded Sam with disapproval. Those who had a lively sense of humour smiled indulgently at the freaks of the Wilkeses. Those who were always ready to complain that the minister "never came to see them," could not say this of Sam, who was careful to call frequently on every one. The sick and afflicted received a full share of his attention, though his pastoral visitations were perhaps not always conducted along the most orthodox lines. Mrs. Horton, the lively young matron, who was always longing for a minister who would "interest the young people," must have been satisfied. The young people were undeniably interested. They stood by Sam and Amy loyally in all their vagaries. It was very hard for any one to make open criticism. There was something intangible about the offences of the Wilkeses. It was in the atmosphere they carried with them, in the way they were accustomed to look at life that the trouble lay. The people of Lyndon were not analytic. They could not formulate an involved impression. I began to hope that they would quietly accept the situation.

But I was disappointed.

Mr. Hiram Davis had eyed the Wilkeses suspiciously from the first. He was displeased with Sam for talking with the play-actors, he disliked the bicycle costume, he objected to chess, he disapproved of the violin. Mr. Davis' plan of the universe was remarkable for the straight lines it contained, for the multitude of its inflexible distinctions.

I have always respected Mr. Davis. He had the courage of his convictions. He was the first to utter decided disapproval of Sam.

Mrs. Davis, who was a meek little woman, and never questioned her husband's opinions, had grown fond of Amy, who often appealed to her for advice about household matters. Amy was always appealing to some-

body. She had come to Lyndon knowing little about country house-keeping, and the ladies must "help her," and "explain to her," and "tell her how," and as she picked up ideas very quickly the good women found this teaching not an unpleasant business. The little mistress of the parsonage was likable, although her unconcealed ignorance, her confiding appeals for help, her fastidiousness in dress, her small elegances in house furnishings, her enthusiastic superlatives, and her extreme timidity (as regards rats, mice, dogs, cows, tramps, burglars, and thunderstorms) were not in the least what the Lyndon matrons were accustomed to in a minister's wife.

The Davises lived only a few doors from the parsonage, and their only child, the little six-year-old Minnie, soon learned the way over, and ran away to Amy's many times in the day. She expressed a preference for Mrs. Wilkes' cookies above all others. Amy would tell her stories and take her for rambles after wild flowers in the edge of the woods behind the house. She often found the child amusing company when Sam was away.

One morning Minnie, who had found her way over as usual, spied the minister's violin on the piano. "What's that?" she demanded.

"A fiddle," said Sam. "Ever see one before?"

"Play on it," commanded Minnie.

Sam took it down and rattled off "The Irish Washerwoman," to the delight of his listener. But Mr. Davis, who happened unfortunately to be passing at the moment, paused as though doubting his ears, and then walked on shaking his head ominously. So from various causes a storm began to brew.

Meantime, Amy had promptly returned my call, and had indeed been several times to see me, and I had again formed the habit of going often to the parsonage. My chats with Amy were not in the least like my talks with Mrs. Rodney. I had made a confidant of Mrs. Rodney. Amy made a confidant of me. I had

read aloud to Mrs. Rodney very often as she sat at her sewing, and we had discussed far-reaching questions and abstract problems suggested by what we read and by our observations of the life around us. Amy was not literary, and her philosophy was of the most practical. She preferred always to talk about people, and the people whom she personally knew. I observed, however, that any bit of gossip that came from Amy's lips had lost its venom, and gained in sympathetic interest. The unpleasant things were either softened or dropped out altogether. Amy was both kind-hearted and diplomatic.

One warm afternoon we were thus chatting pleasantly behind the shutters of the parsonage parlour window. Sam lay stretched at full length in the hammock under the trees without, a paper-covered volume held up before him. A click of the gate made us look up suddenly to see Mr. Davis coming in. Sam laid down his book as the visitor crossed the lawn, swung his feet out of the hammock and stood up.

"Oh, good afternoon! how are you, Mr. Davis?" he began, cordially shaking hands. "Mrs. Wilkes has some one inside, I believe. We may as well sit out here. It's nice and cool. Just hold on a minute and I'll get a chair." And he went up the steps and into the hall.

Mr. Davis sat down on the edge of the hammock and took up the book which Sam had left on the cushion. He looked at the title-page, turned the leaves, inspected the illustrations and the heads of the chapters. Amy looked at me with alarmed eyes. "He won't like it," she said. "It's 'Sherlock Holmes.'"

Sam came posting back with his chairs. He placed one for his guest and took the other himself. "We have been having very hot weather," he began, affably.

"Um!" said Mr. Davis, "is this the kind of books you read?"

Sam looked at his visitor in some surprise. "Yes," he answered, "that is, sometimes. Er—ah—you haven't read it, I suppose?" Sam evidently began to be aware that he was on dangerous ground.

"I have not," replied Mr. Davis, with emphasis; "that's something I never done yet."

"What?" said Sam.

"Read a novel."

"Do you mean," began Sam, in a

tone of astonishment, "that you disapprove of reading novels of any kind? I can understand that you might think some parts of 'Sherlock Holmes' objectionable. I should not like to put it into the hands of a small boy, myself. But you must acknowledge that there are many novels that are highly instructive."

"It is just as well to keep to the truth," said Mr. Davis. "Them stories are all made up. I never read anything but what I know is true."

It was evidently the principle of fiction that was objected to. Sam, who always expected his opinion to be listened to impartially, and with the respect due an honest conviction, began eagerly to argue his side of the question. His visitor's disapproval increased rapidly. He expressed himself emphatically as to novels and their pernicious influence, and growing bolder, now that he had at last broken the strange spell that the Wilkeses had cast over the community, he began to denounce heartily the other phases of Sam's conduct which he thought objectionable. Sam was growing angry. He defended himself with indignation; whereat Mr. Davis' words of blame and condemnation became the more severe.

Almost every sentence reached us through the window. "This will never do," cried Amy, desperately. "They are all but quarrelling. I'm going out there." And doubtless she would have gone, but even as she spoke, Mr. Davis rose decidedly to his feet, with the words, "Now I've told you what I think, and I've often had a good mind to before. When I was young it used to be the glory of Methodism that the rules was strict, and that they was kept. Now there ain't one of 'em that isn't broken. And you ministers wink at it, and encourage it, and set the example yourselves."

"Prove that I've countenanced the breaking of a single rule of the Methodist Church," cried Sam, jumping up wrathfully.

Mr. Davis ignored this challenge.

"You don't dress like a minister, you don't act like a minister; you don't talk like one, and you read books that a minister shouldn't read. You're no minister at all, and you shouldn't call yourself one. And, understand that I say so. It's time for somebody to say something. It's no use arguing about it," he added, ap-



parently remembering that he must not talk like an angry man. "I'm sorry to have to blame you so severely. But I can only regret that I did not speak out about it sooner. I hope you'll remember what I've said." And Mr. Davis laid down "Sherlock Holmes," which he had been holding absently the while, put on his hat and, with a curt "Good day," took his departure.

Sam came slowly in. He paused in the parlour door, his hair much tossed, his face very red.

"It's done now," he said, grimly.

"Sam!" cried his wife, distressfully.

"I can't help it. I've had an awful row with Davis. It's all up." He sat down on the sofa, the picture of dejection.

"O Sam," began Amy entreatingly, "isn't there any help for it? Can't we seem to think more as they do? Can't we leave off doing the things they disapprove of?"

Sam roused at this. "No!" he exclaimed, thunderously. "No, I can't. I'm not going to pretend I think a thing is wrong when I don't, to please anybody. I'm not going to teach a doctrine I don't believe in. That would be a pretty thing to call honesty. They won't let a fellow be honest. Why can't they let every man have his own conscience? Now it's all very well for some men to go about with long faces and ministerial garments. But I can't do it. It isn't my nature. Why, I tell you, it would be nothing short of playing-acting. Goodness knows I feel enough like a carnival when I get into a frock coat anyway. A man has just got to be his own character, and make the best of it. He has no business putting on another man's disposition and likes and dislikes and opinions, and masquerading in them just before he has a Reverend before his name."

"Sam," said Amy, reprovingly, "I haven't heard you use so much slang for ever so long."

"I beg your pardon," said Sam, "I'm excited, I guess, and rather angry."

He got up and walked about the room. Then he broke out again.

"It's enough to make any man angry. They criticise me for playing the violin, and for having a game of chess occasionally, and they're horrified because I had a friendly chat with those actors the other day.

Why, they are human beings like ourselves! Whoever heard of such a thing? And they are everlastingly talking about my clothes. I know they are. This isn't the first I've heard of it. Why in the name of common-sense can't I conduct a prayer-meeting as well in knickerbockers as in anything else? Do they expect me to carry a suit of clothes along and change when I get there, or do they want me to ride with my trousers flapping round my ankles? I wish they'd try it themselves, and they'd let me be comfortable."

Sam tramped back and forth, sometimes gesticulating earnestly, sometimes thrusting both hands into his pockets and contracting his forehead in a frown.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said, pausing in his walk, "I'll tell you just what it is. A person's clothes should grow out of them, like the snail's shell, you know. And by clothes I mean, too, our manners and our style of speech, and everything that is, so to speak, external to our personality. We ought to learn to wear our humanity comfortably. It was never meant to be a restriction, any more than the rules of table etiquette are a restriction to those brought up to observe them. Our physical conditions hamper and hinder us just because we haven't learned to move in them freely. Our clothes are a nuisance, because we will wear misfits. Don't you see, we are intended to so adapt ourselves to our surroundings and our surroundings to ourselves, that we should learn in time to move with almost the freedom of disembodied spirits.

"I tell you what," said Sam, thumping the table, "that's what I mean. That's my religion. We ought to be natural and comfortable and healthy and sane; and there ought to be daylight everywhere. Why, don't you see, there is something wrong about their whole system. There's something wrong in what they expect of a minister. He's got to have an atmosphere about him that's for ever suggesting that 'every beating pulse we tell, leaves but the numbers less,' or something of that kind. That way of seeing things in nothing but black and white gets into their hymns and prayers, and all their religion. There's dread and shrinking on the one hand, and a melancholy satisfaction in the lurid on the other. That isn't Christianity. That's heathenism. And

I'll protest against it as long as I live.

"I tell you, Christianity ought to take the dread out of things. It ought to make everything wholesome. There should be no horror anywhere, no gruesomeness, nothing uncanny, even disease and death should be without repulsiveness. We ought to behave like healthy, happy, ordinary people. There's nothing in this world so simple and sane as the Christianity of the New Testament, but for two thousand years they've been covering it up with layer upon layer of dogmas and customs and ceremonies, and saying that these must never, never be interfered with, until one would never know what was there in the first place. There! I don't care if I am a heretic."

"Oh! Sam, be good. You will get yourself into awful trouble."

"If being good means pretending what they want me to pretend, I won't be good. I'll be myself and nobody else. And what if I do get into awful trouble?" he added, with the air of a martyr, "I'll stand by my principles."

Mr. Davis, in the meantime, had gone home nearly as excited as Sam. He had rehearsed their altercation to his wife, expressing himself on the whole subject more vehemently than ever, and saying that in his opinion the less they had to do with the Wilkeses the better. He is even reported to have said that it would be as well for Minnie to stay at home with her mother after this, and not to be always under the influence of the demoralizing Mrs. Wilkes. But such accounts are likely to get exaggerated. However all this may be, it is quite certain that Minnie would not and could not be kept at home, but came running over to Amy's as often as ever.

Carlyle declares that with the independent thinker, "What he says all men were not far from saying, were longing to say. The thoughts of all start up as from painful enchanted sleep around his thought, answering to it 'Yes, even so.'" When Mr. Davis at last voiced his long, pent-up indignation, there was a subdued chorus of "That's so; that's what I've thought all along," from the older portion of the congregation.

Sam went on his way, a little less unconscious, it is true, but natural and friendly as ever. Amy, whose quick eyes and ears lost nothing of what

passed around her, cried a good many times, and strove pathetically to be primmer and more correct in her behaviour. But it was quite impossible for her to banish that air of breezy elegance from her parlour furnishings, or from her wardrobe. Sam was obstinate. He gave up neither his chess, his violin, nor his bicycle costume. He was standing by his principles manfully. The younger people admired and sympathized. Their elders frowned and spoke out every day more decidedly.

At last, when matters were thus coming to an unpleasant pass, a trifling incident occurred to turn the tide of public opinion.

One evening, late in the month of August, I again found myself seated with Amy in the parsonage parlour. Sam was away making pastoral calls, and we had the quiet house to ourselves. It had been oppressively hot, and the clouds coming up above the trees from the west were suggestive of storm. Amy was in better spirits than usual. She had been fulfilling her promise of "telling me about grandmamma," and her own life in "grandmamma's" home. I was a most interested listener to the account of many incidents of the childhood and young-ladyhood of my hostess, and was even regaled with the opening chapter of a very charming love story, in which I heard how an amusing incident had led to her acquaintance with Mr. Wilkes.

"You see, Dr. Philips was the Methodist minister there," said Amy, "and he lived next door to us. And all the houses in the block look just alike. Well, it seems that Sam and the Rev. Mr. Black had to stay in town overnight on their way from the convention, for their train home did not go until the next day. Dr. Philips' family were all away. The Doctor had been at the convention himself, but he wasn't coming home, for some reason, until the morning train; so he gave Mr. Black the key of the house, and told him and Sam to go in and make themselves at home for the night. 'It turns rather hard in the lock,' he said, 'but persevere, and you'll get in all right.'

"So they came from the station at about twelve o'clock, and went to what they supposed was the Doctor's house. But it was ours, of course. Mr. Black tried the key in the lock, and when it wouldn't turn, he remembered what the Doctor had said, and

kept working at it. When he still had no success, Sam tried the drawing-room window, and it went up easily. 'I'll get in here,' he said, 'and open the door for you from the inside.' Mr. Black told him to be careful, or he'd knock something over. 'No, it's all right. Clear space here,' said Sam, and climbed in. When Mr. Black saw Sam safely inside, he followed through the window, and they went on into the hall.

"Oh! but we had an awful fright. Aunt Sue and grandmamma and I were alone in the house, you know. We heard them at the door, and we heard them climbing in the window. They didn't take any pains to be quiet, of course. The window ought to have been fastened. Grandmamma was always careful to have very secure fastenings on all the windows, and I was supposed to see to them at night before I went to bed. But I must have been careless that time. Aunt Sue said it was all my fault.

"We all three got up and put on our dressing-gowns. Aunt Sue took a lamp and gave me the revolver—we always kept one loaded—and we went to the top of the stairs. Sam and Mr. Black were down in the hall looking for matches. They heard voices and began to wonder if some of the Doctor's family were at home after all. And just then Aunt Sue appeared at the head of the stairs with her lamp, and called out, 'Who's there?' I stood back out of sight, holding the revolver, frightened half out of my wits. Of course, they realized then that they were in the wrong house, and Mr. Black, who always saw the funny side of everything, said they were only harmless Methodist ministers, and that they had made a mistake in the house, and were awfully sorry, and that they would call tomorrow and explain. They called next day and explained, and explained. But grandmamma was awfully vexed about it. She seemed to find it hard to realize that it was really a mistake. But afterwards—"

What happened afterwards I never heard, for at this critical point the narrative was interrupted. We were startled by a clap of thunder, and a sudden downpour of rain, and Amy ran upstairs to close the windows. "There's going to be an awful storm," she said, as she returned to the parlour. "It's dreadfully black in the west. I'm so glad you are here, Miss

Wilton. I should be terribly frightened if I were alone."

She seemed frightened as it was, and grew quite pale as the reports came sharper, and the flashes more vivid. It was eight o'clock, and fast growing dark. A few minutes after the storm began Sam came up on the verandah with dripping mackintosh and umbrella, and startled us by calling to Amy from the door:

"Is Minnie here? Put her into your waterproof, and I'll take her home before this gets any worse."

"Minnie?" said Amy, "she has not been here since morning."

"Not here!" cried Sam. "Why, her mother told me just now that she had been over here since six, and asked me to send her back before the rain came on. She can't be out in this storm. We must look her up at once." And he put up his umbrella and started off on a run for the Davis' cottage.

At first Amy and I were not alarmed, knowing the child's habit of running away, but Sam returned in a few minutes to say that Minnie was not to be found at home or at any of the houses along the street, and that he and Mr. Davis, with several others, were about to set out in different directions to look for her. It was now quite dark, and the storm continued.

I always felt that I was to blame for what happened after Sam left us. Knowing Amy's fright and excitement, I fully intended to stay with her until his return, but she persuaded me that Mrs. Davis would be waiting alone in still greater anxiety, and would not be satisfied until I made ready to go down to her.

"You will keep her from imagining anything too dreadful," she said, and added, rather piteously, "I wish I could go myself, only after what has happened, I'm afraid I should not be welcome."

It must have been shortly after I left her that the thought came to Amy of the woods, Minnie's favourite playground. Strange enough that none of us had thought of it before! How it was that Amy formed that resolution, I never quite understood. It was so unlike what any of us would have expected of her.

She turned low the parlour light, leaving this message on the table: "Am going to the woods to look for Minnie. Don't be frightened. I

know my way." Then she put on waterproof and hat; took a lantern and an umbrella, and started out alone.

Although she felt an almost morbid terror of the loneliness and darkness and the still rumbling, but now more distant thunder, she could not have realized the real dangers of the undertaking. The woods by daylight, with always a guiding gleam from the open, is one matter; the woods at night, when one cannot be sure of following even a well-beaten pathway, is quite another. After Amy had crossed the drenched field, and entered the wood, she did not wander far before she began to realize that not only was there small hope of finding Minnie, but there was the greatest danger of losing herself. But when she tried to retrace her steps, she only went deeper into the forest.

At last, in despair, she sat down on a wet tree-trunk, feeling that she could only wait until some one should come to find her.

After she had sat there under her umbrella, as it seemed, a great while, a sound came which brought her to her feet with an excited cry:

"Minnie, Minnie, are you there, Minnie?" and a frightened voice answered, "Amy, I'm lost. Come and get me." Amy raised the lantern over her head, and called to the child to follow the light. Minnie came through the bushes, stumbling and crying, but entirely comforted by the sight of Amy and the lantern; and Amy, having once got her in her arms, sat down on the wet log and cried for very relief and thankfulness, quite regardless of the fact that they were still far enough from home and shelter.

After this they must have wandered a good deal further, for Minnie, whose terror was now quite gone, declared confidently, that she "knew the way to go home," and Amy allowed her to take the lead, possessed by an unreasonable hope that the little country-bred child, who had wandered in wild places from babyhood, might, by some instinct, lead them to safety. At last, however, Minnie declared that she was tired, and would go no further. So they began to look about for the best place to rest, and, fortunately, found a comparatively sheltered spot among thick bushes close to the side of a great boulder.

Amy put the lantern on the top of the rock, that it might be seen as far

as possible, and the two crouched down under the umbrella, Minnie closely wrapped in Amy's waterproof. The exhausted child fell asleep in a few minutes, and Amy, feeling the little warm, damp weight against her, told herself, rejoicing, "It has not hurt her. She is well, and I can keep her warm till some one comes."

The search-party, consisting of Sam and Mr. Davis, and a number of others, did not return until after midnight, and, therefore, it was some hours before Amy's message was found and read, and half the village had turned out into the woods to seek the lost ones.

At early morning, as daylight began to creep into the forest, they found them, Minnie wrapped in a child's healthy slumber, warm and snug in her waterproof covering; Amy, rousing from an uneasy sleep, pale, exhausted, thoroughly chilled, her light muslin dress, with its dainty trimmings, all drenched and storm-stained. They brought them to the nearest house, the parsonage, where Mrs. Davis and a neighbour's daughter, Lizzie Deale, and I, were most anxiously waiting. Minnie was put into dry clothes, and given her breakfast. We put Amy to bed, and sent for the doctor.

None of the Lyndoners will ever forget the days that followed. Day and night we three women stayed in the parsonage. Mrs. Davis was an experienced nurse, and I relieved her when it was necessary. Lizzie did the work in the kitchen.

The doctor came at all hours. Sam went to and fro in the house, white-faced and silent, and Minnie understood with a child's instinct that she must not talk to him.

One night the train brought "grand-mamma" Trevor, the little gentle-faced lady with the grey curls, but when she came Amy did not know her. Lyndon for once forebore to pass criticism upon a stranger. The events of these days had, for the time being, at least, made of little enough importance any differences of custom and training. All Lyndon, though it had criticised the Wilkeses freely enough but a few days before, now looked with awe upon everything connected with them. Sam, invested with the strange dignity of a man in trouble, commanded of us a new respect. We all drew back from the impending tragedy with a sort of reverence. For the first time, we

were taking the Wilkeses quite seriously.

As I went about the parsonage helping in what ways I could, the familiar furnishings, Amy's pictures and bric-a-brac, Sam's chessmen and violin, the silent piano, all the trifles which our eyes had rested on from time to time with amusement or disapproval, as the case might be, now seemed touched with a peculiar pathos. I even recalled the quaint little love-story which Amy had told me on that fateful evening, and could no longer feel that there was any element of comedy in it.

Sunday came and went by, and there were no services.

Monday night there was a scarcely perceptible change for the better, and I was sent home for a night's rest. As I opened the hall door early Tuesday morning, I had a glimpse of Sam walking the parlour and dining-room with Minnie perched on his arm. As he had paid no attention to the child since the night of the storm, I knew quite well that something had happened. In the kitchen I found Lizzie Deale getting breakfast with a satisfied face.

"She's better," she said; "she's going to get well."

All day one met with indications that the strain was over. Sam, who had scarce spoken to any one for days, whistled as he brought wood and water for the kitchen. He played with Minnie; he teased Mrs. Trevor, which seemed to us the extreme of audacity; when he was sent on an errand to the store he stopped joyfully to shake hands with every one he met, in his old-time hearty manner. We looked on and rejoiced. Had it not been that the house must be kept very quiet he might have celebrated by playing jigs on his violin, and no one would have objected. We should have felt that even that had in it a touch of solemnity.

"She's taking us in," Mrs. Davis said to me, grimly, as we were washing dishes together in the kitchen that afternoon, the exhausted Lizzie having been sent to bed.

"Mrs. Trevor?" I asked.

Mrs. Davis nodded with a slight compression of her lips. "I was sorry for her when she came. Of course, we were all sorry, and we treated her the best we knew how. But her mind's pretty well made up. I guess. She don't think much of our ways."

"She treated us very nicely through it all, don't you think?" I ventured to suggest.

"Oh, yes, she tried to be nice," this a little contemptuously, "but she knows very well we ain't lived in the city all our days."

The difference between Mrs. Trevor's habits of thought and those of the Lyndoners was not altogether a matter of "living in the city," but it was not best to say so.

"Mrs. Trevor seems to me too real a lady to be hard on us," I said, cautiously, "but we must expect that she will misunderstand us a good deal. As you say, our ways are so different."

"And, perhaps, we don't understand her much better," said Mrs. Davis magnanimously. "Of course, it don't make any particular difference what she thinks, any way, only I'm always one to side with my own folks."

Oh, yes, indeed. "blood is thicker than water." There never was a truer saying. And not only for those akin to us by the ties of blood, but for those among whom we live and labour, and with whom we, in a sense, share our life, there is that instinctive, underlying sense of sympathy and affection.

It was not so many years since Lyndon had resented my intrusion upon its quiet life. I looked at Mrs. Davis, as she stood at the table, washing dishes with her toil-hardened hands, and thought how, during those days when we were face to face with the realities of life, she had constantly shown herself capable and to be depended on, where I was ignorant and helpless. Perhaps it was not strange that it gave me a keen sense of pleasure to know that this woman, who "always sided with her own folks," had spoken to me as though she felt I would quite understand, as though she recognized in me a woman who, in very truth, worked beside her.

"There is one thing we may be quite sure of," I said, in answer to her words, "if Mrs. Trevor should be disposed to criticise us openly, as, after all, I think she will not, Amy would never allow it."

"No, I guess she wouldn't," said Mrs. Davis, with emphasis, and I knew that Lyndon had at last adopted the Wilkeses.

What Mrs. Trevor's impressions of us actually were, I never found out.

She spent fourteen nights in the little spare room, the defects of which

even Amy's tasteful furnishings had failed to disguise. It had sheltered in the course of its history very many sorts and conditions of men. Here had come "local preachers," travelling evangelists, temperance lecturers, reformers of all kinds, the ardent supporters of manifold "causes," from those who afterwards became notorious as fanatics or adventurers, to those who were to make for themselves great names in our land as benefactors of their fellow-men.

From time to time also it had afforded a night's resting-place to Methodist ministers of every variety of type. They belonged, many of them, to those earlier days of mammoth "tea-meetings," stirring revivals, large gatherings for the annual missionary meetings—the days when Methodist preachers had not yet lost all their Bohemianism, and settled down to the more professional life of our modern towns and cities. In spite of the greatest diversity of nationality, disposition, training, and individual opinion, they were, in general, men of force, of originality, of resource and enthusiasm, and they possessed, all of them, that love of conflict, toil and change, the heroic instinct of the Methodist itinerant.

Oh! these old parsonages, scattered through the land, what curious medleys of comedy and tragedy we should find if their histories were written—sorrow, petty intrigue, romance, adventure, fierce conflicts with the powers of evil—and with these strange tales, simpler but not less thrilling stories of quiet and untiring labor, of patient and triumphant struggle for individual character, and for the higher life of a community.

It was not strange if little Mrs. Trevor, with her ignorance of Canadian country ways and manners, felt herself somewhat out of her element in the Lyndon parsonage. Perhaps the little guest-chamber, with its slanting roof and its square-paned window looking toward the hills, was haunted with disturbing influences. At all events, as soon as Amy became convalescent, "Grandmamma" Trevor went back to the city, and the Lyndoners were left in undisputed possession of the Wilkeses.

All Lyndon had shown such personal anxiety and practical thoughtfulness, and had so well proved that it felt the minister's trouble its own, that on Sunday morning Sam thanked

his congregation publicly with an unsteady voice before he pronounced the benediction.

While Amy was getting well, all the village ladies had to have a hand in taking care of her. And so they came by degrees to feel a strong sense of proprietorship in the Wilkeses, to rejoice in their good points, and to feel very reluctant to recognize their failings. And Amy made the most of the situation, not deliberately, I think, but because it was her nature to be dependent and appealing.

The good women became more and more motherly. Amy certainly had the faculty of "getting round people," as the saying is. When she grew strong enough to be dressed, and come down-stairs again, she held quite a levee in the parlour every afternoon; gossiped in her kindly way, sympathized with every one's troubles, and confided all her own; rejoiced with those that rejoiced, and wept with those that wept, as only Amy could do. It became the fashion among us to go to the parsonage on all days and at all hours in the day.

The young people were more enthusiastically loyal than ever; and the women and young people are undeniably a force in any community. The storm of criticism that had seemed rising, died away utterly. Mr. Davis, though he was not disposed to make open acknowledgment that he had been mistaken, daily showed himself among the warmest friends of the Wilkeses. Those others who had been loud in their denunciation, now contented themselves with an occasional mildly disapproving remark; and even this seemed a mere matter of saving the dignity, for woe betide any outsider who might venture to express a criticism of either Sam or Amy in the presence of a Lyndoners.

And now that the spirit of conciliation was abroad, even Sam became a little less rigid in his methods of "standing by his principles," and on some occasions so far as promised as to wheel to his prayer-meeting in the Brook school-house in the orthodox frock coat and black trousers.

So all went well through the fall and winter. Sam, whatever may have been his faults as a minister, at least worked hard and conscientiously. The congregations grew until they could grow no longer. The active membership of the Epworth League expanded beyond belief. Methodism flourished

in Lyndon, and peace and good-will prevailed. And when, in the following June, Sam's name appeared opposite Lyndon in the report of the Stationing Committee, there was, I think, no one who was not unfeignedly glad.

During that second summer an event occurred in the arrival at the parsonage of a tiny, fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden, who was promptly named for her "great-grandmamma," and admired and given presents by the entire circuit. Everybody was ready with counsel and advice to the inexperienced little mamma, and eager to have a share in bringing up the wonderful baby. Miss Constance Dorothea Trevor Wilkes was called upon to adopt unnumbered aunts, uncles, and grandparents, and when she was taken to town at the age of six months to "have her picture taken," some three or four dozen cabinet photographs had to be distributed, which, as Amy confided to me, "was rather an expensive business." "Not that I mind that at all," she added, "I am so thankful that everybody is so fond of her; and," with a glance of motherly pride at the

bundle of white embroidery on her knee, "it is nothing to be surprised at, is it, Aunt Elinor?"

So Sam's three years went rapidly by, and the time came for the inevitable change. Whatever may have been the personal opinions of any of us regarding the peculiar views and unusual behaviour of Mr. Wilkes, it is certain that we did not lament more loudly at the going of the model and venerated Mr. Rodney than over the departure of our happy, original, heretical Sam.

One sunny June morning a crowd assembled on the platform of the Lyndon railway station. Amy, her eyes swollen with weeping, kissed the old ladies and young ladies and babies, and even some of the small boys "Good-bye": and passed little Miss Constance around to be embraced by every one. Sam, very red in the face, and swallowing manfully, made jokes and bad puns, and shook hands till his arm ached.

Then they sorrowfully entered the car, and the train moved out of the station, while Amy waved from the window a perfumed, embroidered, tear-bedrenched pocket-handkerchief.

The End.

## A DAUGHTER OF THE MINES.

A NOVA SCOTIA STORY.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

"Whose girl's that out there on the cliff?"

"Oh, that's Hiram Martin's Jessie. He works down in the mines, you know, but he's just next to a preacher. The boys call him Preachin' Martin. She's a fine girl, they say. Fine figure, hasn't she?"

Jessie Martin was sauntering along the brink of the old cliff at South Joggins. She had the look of one whose face has been open to sky and sea from earliest years—great, restless, open eyes, where you almost saw the toss and roll of the billows, a brow that was fair and high, and a mass of jet-black hair.

Just then she was looking down the shore, that noted bit of Nova Scotian shore, with its fossilized trees, its flowers of ancient days, its hardened fishes and reptiles, of many centuries long dead. But geology had

never opened its world to her. She was Miner Martin's Jessie, though she had, to be sure, considerably more culture than most of the miners' children.

A group of Harvard students were gathering fossils on the beach below (for Joggins draws science students from most of the eastern colleges) and making the air ring with their calls and laughter. Once or twice they glanced upward at the lonely figure on the distant rocks. But she heeded them no more than a flock of sparrows. Her mind was too busy with other thoughts, and her eyes were alive with restlessness as she gazed out into the world of cloud and wave.

"The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow."

She had never heard the words, but they expressed something of her mood. Perhaps she dreamed of mighty cities and streets thronged with brilliant crowds, gay shop windows, and music-laden air. For she knew nothing of the world outside Joggins, and she had all a child's enchanting dreams.

"I'm so tired of everything!" she said to herself. "I wish I were a wave or—or a sea-gull, yonder."

She gazed upward as she spoke, and the cloudy sky seemed to lay a rebuking finger upon her lips—but it was a finger of lead.

The still active figure of an aged woman, clad in quaker-like grey, was mounting the slope behind her. The hands were toil-worn, but the face, with its snowy wreath of curls, had all the refinement that years bring to some natures. It was a face you felt better for meeting. For what is more cheerful than sunny, hopeful age?

"Thou art having a hard struggle, my girl," she said, laying a hand on the girl's shoulder. "I have watched thee; it goes hard with thee."

Aunt Margaret, in serious moments, often lapsed into the sweet Quaker language of her early childhood. "Thee loves him more than thee believes."

"Oh, Aunt Margaret, I do—I do love him, I know, but I can't stay here always, and be a miner's wife. It's so dreary, an' the black clothes an' faces an' all the grime! Oh, if he were not a miner. It's enough to be a miner's daughter, an' be raised here at the Joggins without to marry an' stay for ever."

"Thou 'rt looking at the wrong end of life, my child. Thou thinkest it a cheerier thing to be dressed up behind a city counter than to have a bit of a home of your own to look after. But what o' thy father an' brother, thy mother left to thee?"

The girl was silent as she thought of the time, five years ago, when her mother had died, and left her, a girl of sixteen, to keep house for her father and only brother.

"Don't leave Fred," she had said. "He'll never go wrong, so long as his sister is with him."

It had not seemed hard then, but now—to settle there for ever, to simply marry and go through the same routine of dish-washing, meal-getting, and gossip of old Joggins.

"And, after all, Jessie, it isn't a humble place if you fill it royally. You might make all the world better if you would, and still be unknown, Jessie."

The girl looked up in surprise at the enthusiasm in those wonderfully bright eyes.

"Aunt Margaret, I don't see how you can always be so happy in your place."

"Ah, I used to have my discontented times when I was young, as well as you, Jessie."

"But what made you grow so different, auntie?"

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want," she said, with her wonderful smile. "You've heard me speak of Jennie Carton—the one, you know, that fell on the ice and hurt her hip so she had to go on crutches the rest of her days. Well, I used to run in an' sit with her, an' talk a bit o' an afternoon. It went hard with her at first, poor soul. But, after awhile, we all noticed how satisfied she'd grown over her knittin' and sewin'. Then we began to see that everybody that went in an' talked with Jennie turned Christian before long. I saw, too, how happy she was, an' I counted up the people I knew she'd saved, while I'd done nothin' but sit an' dream o' things I'd do if I were somebody else; an' then I thought if I only had Jennie's power, I'd be content to be just myself where I was."

"Oh, aunt, but we can't all do the good you've done since then!"

"How much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" an' if every child in South Joggins were brought to Jesus this winter! There is an aim worth living for, an' the children all love you, Jessie, an' who to carry it out for the dear Lord better than one of themselves—a miner's daughter, an' a miner's wife? My girl, thou'lt find few better men than Jack Payson. Dost thee remember what thy father said—that the men never swear in the gallery, where Jack works, an—"

"Oh, aunt, don't! Don't, please! It's all too late now. I told him so last night. It's all ended. I told him I could never marry him."

"Oh, Jessie, after being two years engaged!" The elder woman looked sad for a moment. "Well, there, lass, don't say another word about it. I'll just leave thee here while I run



down the cliff to see Mrs. Hubbard. Thou'lt feel better for having been alone a bit."

The yearning in the girl's eyes had softened to tears as she sat down on the rocky shore. The white-caps were chasing each other across old Fundy, as the great, full-bosomed tide prepared for its mighty swell, and the shouts of the students echoed far down the beach.

Yes, she saw Aunt Margaret's ideal for her. She knew nothing or little of Barbara Heck, or Elizabeth Fry, and countless other women, who were great simply because of their spiritual life, but she knew the old Gospel book well. She knew there were lives that were great, not merely because they strove to enter heaven themselves, but because they brought heaven down into the hearts of others. She even knew just a few such lives. Aunt Margaret, for instance, scattering God's sunshine everywhere. And as for John Payson, to whom she had been engaged for two years until last night, she did not believe a stronger saint ever lived. As to loving him, well, that was all over now, and she was to leave on the early train to-morrow to visit Aunt Margaret's home for a few weeks. If she regretted, none but the dear old aunt suspected, certainly not Jack, after all the discontented things she had said last night.

"Come, Jessie, my girl, it's time to get your father's supper," called Aunt Margaret's voice on her return.

It is an interesting walk, that from the wharf of South Joggins up to the row of miners' homes; the reddish mounds of clay rise on your left, where they have been heaped in the rear of the mines; the long piles of wood, the rough roadway, the unpainted houses in the midst of fallen timbers, decaying branches, and tree-trunks, here and there children playing in the unfenced yards, all combine to make an original, if not a pleasant, picture.

They met the miners coming up, for it was past three o'clock, the hour when day and night hands change; sturdy groups of them came along, with coal-begrimed faces, dinner-pails in hand, and little lamps in their cap-fronts. But they were intelligent-faced fellows, most of them.

Tourists who visit our eastern mines in search of archaic language and antediluvian ideas and customs, often greatly change their views. In the

first place they are greeted by fairly good English, in the second, they see the miners are, as a rule, owners of their own homes. Let the traveller stay over Sunday, and he will find a large proportion of them in the house of God.

But it is possible that their work has a dulling effect on the aesthetic side of their natures, for certain it is that in many localities they have a most unhappy disregard of paint, flowers, and vines. Their homes thus afford a suggestion of poverty, though their owners often earn a goodly wage. It was, perhaps, this side of life that repelled Jessie Martin.

"What ails John Payson to-day, I wonder?" remarked her father, as she prepared their evening meal.

"Why?" she asked, for she had not yet told her father.

"Why, he's as white as a ghost. The manager wanted him to quit this afternoon, but he wouldn't."

Jessie saw it as she knelt at her bedside that night—a white face, drawn with suffering, the suffering her discontent and faithlessness had caused, but still giving the laugh and smile to his fellows as he worked. She knelt—knelt so long she had forgotten self, and caught a revelation we all might catch if we would but look more steadily into the face of the living God. Her eyes had a something of the Transfiguration in them as she closed them in sleep that night.

It was not till three in the morning that her brother came up out of the mine.

"Fred, has Jack gone past yet?" she asked, gliding out into the kitchen.

"What! You up at this hour, Jessie? No, he didn't come up at all. There looked like a little danger of the props givin' way, down one of the galleries, an' he offered to stay with Sam Jacques, an' help fix it."

"Is there really danger, Fred?"

"Yes, there is. I don't see what makes Jack so rash. You'll have to talk to him, Jessie. There wasn't another two men in the mine 'ud do that job."

She did not speak—she could not, as she drew back into her room.

The moon hung low and pale in the west, outlining with her level rays the piles of turf and wood, and the group of old buildings about the entrance of the mine.

There would be no change of hands again till three o'clock in the after-

noon now, and she had to leave on the morning train with Aunt Margaret. She would not see him then, and she had wronged him so! If she could only tell him before she went away! Then—she shuddered at the thought—he was in danger. What if she should never see him again!

An hour later, the door of the Martin cottage opened noiselessly, a woman's figure stole out through the hush of the coming day. Once only her heart failed her; it was while standing there at the opening of the mine. The air was full of the humid freshness of morn; the little lake across the railway gently rocked the last stars that lay cradled yet a moment in its bosom, then glimmered faintly, and were gone. The white disc of the moon was drifting away yonder among the ragged tree-tops, and all along the pearly east outspread the crimson dawn. She turned and looked down the yawning abyss beside her, two thousand five hundred feet of slanting blackness to descend. The hour for changing hands was past; there was no way to descend but by walking (for Joggins has an incline road instead of the usual shaft). But her own father had walked down, and she was strong and brave.

She hesitated but a moment, then lighted the tiny miner's lamp she had brought, and turned down the incline. The greyish light thickened around her at every step, until it was all black ahead, thick, measureless black, impenetrable. Sometimes she fancied she saw tiny stars twinkle thousands of feet below, but she closed her eyes a moment, and they were gone.

S-z-z!

It was the empty coal-boxes dashing past her on the incline railway. She must keep close to the damp walls, for to get on the track meant death. The lowness of the beams overhead made it impossible, too, for her to straighten up to her full height, and the way was steep and uneven, so steep some places that she almost lost her balance, and had to clutch at the beams above. Now a little veined stream in the rocks over the roadway came dribbling playfully on her head and face, then there was the heavy roar of the great boxes of coal being pulled up; again the gush of waters, spouting from the rocks at her feet. She paused once for breath, then down again, down,

down, down, into the darkness and the silence. The light of day shone like a bright copper coin far up the slope behind, or rather, like a tiny circle cut from a waning moon. Then she looked back again, and it was gone, and she knew she was near the bottom of the descent.

Level ground at last! There were the big curtains that shut off the first passages, and little "Nickey," as they called him, asleep in his place. His father had been killed there, and ever since he had been earning a few pennies by lifting the curtain for visitors, with his cheery, "Pay yer footin'!"

"Nickey, wake up, my dear child, please."

And she slipped a shining quarter into his hand that made him open his blinking eyes more widely than any amount of coaxing could have done.

"See, here, Nickey, you go down to the place where they're fixin' those shaky props, and tell John Payson there's some one wants to see him here. Mind, don't let the others know who it is."

She passed under the heavy curtains into the air that almost stifles at first with its weight and heat, then sauntered down to where she could see the miners, working down a distant passage, some breaking the coal with their picks, some loading it into the cars, by the light of the little lamps that burned in their cap-peaks. All was still, save for the distant thud of the engine in the pump-room, and the rush of subterranean waters being pumped away to an outlet on the Fundy coast. Then a single light approached her.

"Jessie!" exclaimed a surprised voice.

But she drooped her face with a blush of embarrassment.

"What is it, Jessie? Anything happened to Fred?" He was pale with excitement.

"Nothing. No, I—I just wanted to tell you I was sorry, Jack. I couldn't go away without, and I was afraid something would happen you. I am sorry, Jack. Don't you believe me?"

"Do you really mean it, Jessie?"

"Yes, Jack, dear. I'm not worthy of you, but I'll try to be, and if—"

"Hush, dear! Oh, Jessie, you've made me the happiest man—but how did you get here at this hour?"

"Walked."

"Walked! Not down the incline!"

"Oh, hark! What's that terrible noise, Jack?"

"Nothing. It's only the machinery in the pump-room. But, Jessie, my dear, brave—"

"Oh, listen! What is it? It can't be the machinery!"

There were several shouts and a sound of hurrying feet.

"John Payson's killed!" some one shouted.

"An' Sam Jacques, too!" said another.

"What's the matter?" asked John, hurrying down the passage.

A moment's silence answered him, then some one grasped him by the shoulder.

"Thank God, old fellow! We thought you an' Sam were under it. The whole thing came down an' blocked the gallery up complete."

"But where's Sam? I left him there."

"Here I am. I couldn't do anything alone, mate, after you left, so I started for the pump-room. It must've dropped as soon as I was out o' sight."

Meanwhile Jessie stood alone in the dark at the entrance. Was it all a dream? Was she really there or home in bed, and Jack lying beneath the fallen mass? But the next moment the living voice was in her ear.

"Good-bye, Jessie," he said at parting. "You've saved two lives this morning by coming to tell me you were sorry. It's a good day's work, an' you know what it means to me, Jessie."

Years after there was one home in Joggins that was an example of beauty to the others. A stalwart miner used to join in his children's play upon the lawn, and sometimes they were joined by a sweet and graceful woman. Jessie has fulfilled her Aunt Margaret's ideal. She is not widely known even around her native place, but though few people suspect it, the Recording Angel is writing in the flames of yonder sunset, the names of a miner and his wife among those that "shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," because they "turn many to righteousness." Simcoe, Ont.

## THE NEW AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

She came to the old Queen's presence, in the hall of our thousand years,  
In the hall of the five free nations that are peers among their peers:  
Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the head,  
Crying:—"Crown me, my mother!" and the old Queen stood and said:—

"How can I crown thee further? I know whose standard flies  
Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the notched Kaikouras rise.  
Blood of our foes on thy bridle and speech of our friends in thy mouth—  
How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the Sovereign South?

"Let the five free nations witness!" But the young Queen answered swift:—  
"It shall be crown of our crowning to hold our crown for a gift.  
In the days when our folk were feeble thy sword made sure our lands—  
Wherefore we come in power to beg our crown at thy hands."

And the old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous circlet prest,  
Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with the gold of the West—  
Lit with her land's own opals, lion-hearted, alive,  
And the five-starred cross above them, for sign of the nations five.

So it was done in the presence—in the hall of our thousand years—  
In the face of the five free nations that have no peer but their peers;  
And the young Queen out of the Southland knelt down at the old Queen's knee  
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent years to be.

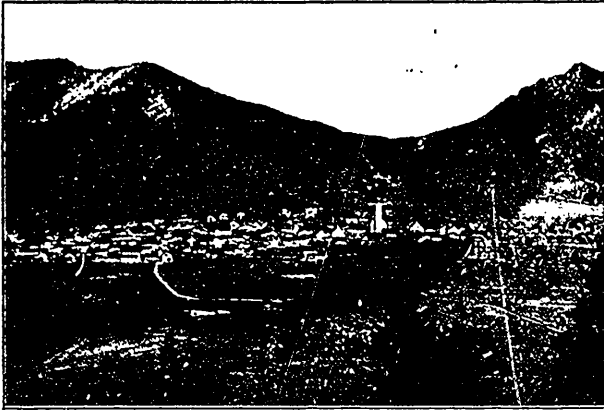
And the old Queen stooped in the stillness where the jewelled head drooped low:  
"Daughter no more, but sister, and doubly daughter so—  
Mother of many princes—and child of the child I bore,  
What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not wished before?

"Shall I give thee delight in dominion—rash pride of thy setting forth?  
Nay, we be women together—we know what that lust is worth.  
Peace on thy utmost borders and strength on a road untrod?  
These are dealt or diminished at the secret will of God.

"Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom or the gift all wisdom above?  
Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people's love;  
God requite thee, my daughter, through the strenuous years to be,  
And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved me!"

—London Times.

## THE PASSION PLAY.



OBERAMMERGAU.

Many thousands of persons have gone to Oberammergau during the last summer to witness the Passion Play. They expected to find a survival of the devout and reverent performance with which the Bavarian peasants long celebrated their deliverance from a deadly pestilence. The play has been advertised as a special attraction in every city in Europe, and has been converted into a vulgar money-making show. Yet it has been exploited by the press, and even by some sections of the religious press, as a pious performance.

Nevertheless there has been a good deal of adverse criticism. The *Christliche Welt*, of Leipsic, says: "The play has degenerated into a theatrical exhibition, which tends to make the most sacred things in history the means for nervous excitement and for the gratification of a low type of desire for pleasure. The participants, notably he who plays the rôle of Christ, are made the object of hysterical adulation after the manner in which the heroes of the stage are adored by their worshippers. The time has come when this kind of an exhibition of sacred things should cease."

It has been condemned as mercenary and the villagers as very extortionate. The season brings in for the peasant community over \$1,600,000. While the villagers are described as pious, simple-minded people, yet we are told that their chief vice is drunkenness. Even into this idyllic region the jealousies of the outside world have found their way. Rosa Lang, the person who enacted the mother of

our Lord in the play ten years ago, was superseded by a younger and fairer performer of only nineteen years of age. It broke the discarded player's heart, and she took refuge in a convent near Vienna. Her father, Burgomaster Lang, who had thrice delineated the character of Caiaphas, was crushed by disappointment and sorrow, and three weeks after the opening of the play, was carried to his grave with great lamentation, not unmingled with deep

feelings of remorse and self-upbraiding on the part of the villagers.

The stage management was almost absolutely perfect, even to stage thunder at the Crucifixion, under the direction of professionals from Vienna. "Every anguished detail of the tragedy, from the falling of Jesus under the weight of the cross to the taking down of his body, is shown in the greatest perfection of stage realism. To the observer in the audience nothing but the nails support the body on the cross."

A writer in *Zion's Herald* says: "When you hear constant discussions as to the merits of Christus as an actor, or some one remarks, as I heard a woman, 'Judas is a rank actor;' when you see the crown of thorns pressed on the head of Christus by men whose every motion indicates their fear lest he be hurt; when the legs of the malefactors are broken with a stuffed club, and the gash in the side of Christus is made by some mechanical device on the point of the spear, you will perhaps shrink as I did from it all, and hope that this year may witness the final presentation.

"I asked many people what they thought of the representation, and almost without exception the reply was the voice of my own feelings. They had been impressed, but not moved; astonished at the marvellous presentation of such a finished drama by village folks—I heard a well-known actress say that there wasn't a company of actors in existence who could do it as well—but not touched:

astounded, but not influenced; surprised, but disappointed. It was a mock trial, a counterfeit Passion; the Christ was not Christ, and we were still searching for our Ideal."

It is rumoured that a Jewish syndicate proposes reproducing the Passion Play on the stage at New York, Chicago, and other American cities—if public opinion will tolerate the exhibition. It will not be contended that this syndicate has much religious sentiment in the enterprise.

sacred and solemn event in the history of the world, the sufferings and death of our Lord, would prove revolting to every reverent mind. What might be pardoned in the pious medieval peasant as an act of devotion, is inexcusable as a theatrical pageant, repeated day after day to a mob of foreign tourists. Even as a spectacular performance, it has received very severe treatment. Mr. Irenaeus Prime-Stevenson, the distinguished musical critic, writes thus of the Passion Play in an article which we abridge from *Harper's Weekly*:



PASSION PLAY—MARY MADONNA (MISS ANNA FLUNGER).

Early Christian art carefully avoided, as though prevented by a sacred interdiction, any attempt to depict the awful scenes of Christ's passion, the realistic treatment of which in Roman Catholic art so often shocks the sensibilities and harrows the soul. This solemn tragedy they felt to be the theme of devout and prayerful meditation, rather than of portraiture in art. Hence we find no pictures of the agony and bloody sweat, the mocking and the shame, the death and burial of the world's Redeemer.

One would think that the representation on the stage for money of the most

"It is an easy matter to get to Oberammergau nowadays, compared with the long high-road and by-road business of former Play recurrences. From the first moment you realize that you are in a vast caravansary of English and American tourists, mingled with a large but far less important and noisy German or Austrian contingent. A wide street, bordered with smart townlike houses, mostly new or transmogrified. Up and down surges a throng of tourists. Every house, too, is a shop, a bazaar, of pictures, glass, carving, and *Min-kram* of every sort, inartistic as well as artistic, brought from Munich

or Vienna factories. It is a Midway Pleasance, this Oberammergau—a Champs Elysées, minus the marionettes and the bands. Next 'Play year' there will be likely *cafés-chantants* everywhere and a couple of carrousels in full swing. The 'simple village folk' are doubtless dead; wisely. A generation of hawkers and shopkeepers has succeeded. The mere fact that every now and then you recognize in some tradesman, busy in his booth, one of the Play's dramatic corps, long-haired, and with a tendency to pose, to assume a devout expression that means an eye to business as well as his coming responsibilities, alters nothing much. The new hotels are all a-squeeze, in their noisy restaurants and tumultuous dickering.

time-tables and notes, laughing loudly over jokes and experiences—all in English and mostly in English English—well, perhaps this Passion Play House at Oberammergau was, truly, a Play House of Prayer, but nowadays the tourist agencies certainly have made it a den of tourists.

"At eight o'clock the overture to the Play is given by a badly-drilled orchestra. And let me say here that the music running through the Passion Play is an almost fundamental blemish, first and last. The noble and yet simple chorals, after Bach, the truly folk-music quality, the religious simplicity, are alike too far away from it. Instead, one has sentimental rubbish—a kind of score made up of borrowing Mozart, or of imitations of Mozart's



PASSION PLAY—THE CRUCIFIXION.

Money, money, money! make all of it that you can, while Cook and Gaze and Schenker pour in their regiments of English and American tourists on us! That is the soul of Oberammergau to-day. Nor inexcusably finds one such a soul there.

"The next morning you walk over to the big new 'Passion' Theatre, and you take your place. You are in a kind of big, yellow-gray, iron railway station; overarched in a huge curve, big as a *salles des machines* in an exposition, and seating about four thousand people. Around and about you a large majority of the Play visitors are doing anything but settle down into the 'preparatory mood,' of which we read so much. Chattering up and down in their seats, eating 'post-scripts' to their breakfasts, comparing

imitators; and of putting orange water and barley sugar to the product. The result is languid and morbid sickliness, number by number. And, as such music even, full of a solo and recitative quality, lies outside the training of the average Bavarian peasant voice—not outside the voice itself, but the schooling—first and last also, is the music of the Play execrably sung—with a throaty, nasal quality that only ignorant ears can enjoy. However, the stately Procession of the Chorus comes on (dressed in a hybrid, Greekish costume, as if a play of Sophocles were toward).

"I do not propose here—nor is there space—to rehearse the familiar course of the drama, on which an English literature, historical, descriptive, and critical, has

been in existence since the half-century began. The structure and movement of the piece, with its simple scenes and its Biblical diction and spirit—more or less modernized and filled out within a generation or so, but still becomingly naïve and devout—have received voluminous attention. It is to-day, in spite of all changes and original infelicities, a strong and complex and interesting survival of the mediæval Passion Play of Germany and Austria, a strong vehicle in its textual in-

“To-day it is neither edifying nor attractive. To-day it is neither religion nor aesthetics. To-day it is false and common-place or harsh throughout; except where, now and then, the older actors of the best grade can show themselves in their best lights, or where the new generation of Oberammergau Passion-Players are young men of the better artificial instincts and have been able to profit by teaching of their seniors or by being trained for stage-work by regular actors



PASSION PLAY—MARY MAGDALENE (MISS BERTHA WOLF).

dividuality for the peasant-actor's temperament, and even for the peasant-auditor's emotion. Scene succeeds well to scene, tableau knits logically to tableau, between the Prologue and the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and the Crucifixion and Resurrection. And the general effect as read or fancied, while often tedious, is sincerely religious. Doubtless, as the Play was formerly given, the Passion Drama must have been deeply appealing; both spiritually and as that paradox in aesthetics, *natural art* from unlearned men.

from cities. Only these two things make the Play endurable now. And at least one-half of the excuse, you observe, is purely artificial, and has no more to do with the Ammerthal than if the garish Passion Theatre were on Madison Square Garden or Earl's Court! Piety, devotion, simplicity, a custom kept for gratitude to God's good pleasure and man's reminder—nothing of the sort. That is met only in vestiges. But a play must be kept up. For the village likes money; and all the world knows of its ten-yearly

event. So sophistication, bad sophistication, or commonplace effect, takes the place of a real and sincere *raison de coeur*. It is a Passion torn to tatters—almost to Tattersalls!

“But you say: ‘Dismiss the under-  
element of pious, devout feeling. Is not  
the Play interesting merely as a rural per-  
formance?’ Frankly, no. I am not for-  
getful of the good dramatic work of several  
of the performers of the new-come set.  
Peter Rendl as *John the Beloved*, Sebas-  
tian Lang as *Caiaphas*, Sebastian Bauer  
—a fine *Pilate*—Gregor Breitsamer as the  
wicked *Nathanael*—and so on. But they  
are good artificial actors in style, and

“As for the world-famed tableaux and  
processional effects, why, the scenery now  
used calls for artificial lights and really  
theatrical effects. A series of either ob-  
scure or glaring results naturally comes  
to us, under open-air conditions. You  
see too much artifice to-day, else you need  
more! Illusion! There is none—absol-  
utely none! The crucifixion, with its  
figures in rose-pink ‘fleshings,’ is a thing  
to shudder at—with wrath at such at-  
tempts at ‘realism.’ The actual out-door  
scenes are better, especially those before  
the House of Pilate.

“Such is Oberammergau to-day. You  
think these lines severe! Well, go you



PASSION PLAY—THE RESURRECTION.

could be effective on any stage, in various rôles. There is nothing *naïf* in their art. So why go to Oberammergau to see them? And Zwink as *Judas*, after all, is a rather ‘Stadttheater’ *Judas* nowadays; if strong in his diction and physique for the part. I cannot praise Anton Lang as *Christ*. A fair-faced peasant, Lang has not intelligence or temperament; and he is monotonous and *poseur* to a degree, whatever he may have learned of Mayer to the contrary. He has two tones, three facial changes, and four poses. That is his art. The women have not much to do, and they do it with mediocrity, Anna Flunger a shade more expressively.

and see the Play, if you will. You will not dissent then. It is the foreign exploiting and the ‘money sense’ that have undone Oberammergau’s Passion Drama! It cannot be saved, and it merits not to be saved. It is spoiled. No wonder you meet no emotional effect on actors or auditors. The only tears I saw were the tiers of benches. An artificial, cheap, gaudy bouquet has been substituted for a bunch of bluebells. A passion-flower in cotton and velvet is given you instead of a blossom from the Vine of Sorrow. In the carbonic-acid air of our sophisticated life, poured into the Ammer Valley, all natural bloom naturally must die.”

Dear Master, in Thy footsteps let us go,  
Till with Thy presence all our lives shall glow,  
And souls through us Thy resurrection know.

—Lucy Larcom.



## THE MISSIONARY CRISIS IN CHINA.\*

BY HON. CHARLES DENBY,

*Ex-Minister of the United States to China.*

The history of the Christian missionaries has on the whole been that of Chinese progress toward modern civilization. Commencing with the arrival of the Jesuit father, Ricci, in 1582, through the time when the first Protestant missionary, Robert Morrison, arrived at Canton in 1807, and down to our own day, missionary work has never failed to instruct and benefit the Chinese. The missionary has been the educator of the Chinese. He has written original books for them; he has translated foreign books into their language; he has established schools, colleges, universities, and hospitals; he has introduced foreign arts and sciences; he has been the forerunner of commerce. To the ordinary foreigner, whether a tourist or a resident, the Chinaman is a stranger, but the missionary is his constant companion and friend, and always the dispenser of charity. It is stated that the converts informed the foreign ministers of the impending riots, but that their warning was not heeded.

Several riots have been caused by the ridiculous charge that the missionaries use the eyes of infants to make medicine. This was the origin of the celebrated riot at Tien Tsin in 1870. Here it must be said that if the foreigners would give up the establishing of orphan asylums, they would avoid a prolific source of disorder. In one of the towns on the Yangtse a missionary laid her hand on a boy's head in the streets. The boy claimed that he was bewitched, and a fearful riot ensued.

It must be admitted that sudden disturbances growing out of such incidents or delusions as above mentioned, do not indicate a general antagonism among the people to missionary work. Missions are established all over that great empire, many in the most isolated and unprotected places, and disaster has come to comparatively few of them. It is not to be denied that hatred of missionaries exists among the *litterati* and the higher classes. While the government has not failed on suitable occasions to acknowledge that the missionaries do good, and to order that they should be protected, still official classes view them with envy, hatred, and malice.

\* Abridged from the *Missionary Review of the World*.

When, in 1897, two Catholic missionaries were murdered in Shantung, the event was made an excuse for the seizing of Kiao-chau and the adjoining territory by Germany. From this unjustifiable event dates the beginning of the troubles that have lately afflicted China and startled the world. It is well known, also, that in other quarters, as in Palestine and Syria, the same policy of protection is being pushed by the Kaiser. It will scarcely be doubted that one of the reasons for this action is to secure the influence of the Catholic Church for the Emperor, but another unquestionably is the expansion of German commerce. That commerce follows the missionary has been indubitably proven in China. Inspired by holy zeal, he goes into the interior, into localities where the merchant has never penetrated, but it is not long before the drummer follows on behind. Several times in China little towns have been laid out and built up by missionaries, with hotels, churches, and stores. Municipal governments have sprung up which are administered under foreign laws, and they have been object-lessons to the Chinese.

I freely admit that other causes besides missionary work have operated since 1843 to produce progress in China. No one will deny that the diplomatists, the consuls, the merchants, and the Imperial Maritime Customs have done a great deal, no doubt the greater part, of the work of opening up China. The world scarcely realizes how vast the work has been. The electric telegraph is now in every province, steamboats ply on the coasts and up the rivers; handsome cities have been built. Foreign trade has vastly increased, mines have been opened, and railroads are soon to cover the land as with a network. The best intellects in China do not hesitate to admit that much of this progress is due to the missionaries, who constitute nearly one-third of the foreign population. How could it be otherwise when we consider the hundreds of industrial and other schools, colleges, hospitals, that have been established all over China? If these agencies of improvement are powerless of effect, then let us discontinue the use of them in our own country. It is contended that the Chinese are violently oppo-

posed to the adoption of the Christian religion, and that on this account mission-work should be abandoned.

In the consideration of this question, it must be remembered that the Chinese have barely any religion. Their fundamental cult is the worship of ancestors. They are the most tolerant, or the most indifferent, to religious views of any people in the world. They care nothing about sects. They rarely go to a temple. They have tolerated the Mohammedans for centuries. They tolerated the Nestorians and the Jews. The only religious exercise of any note in which the emperor takes part is when at the winter solstice he sacrifices a bullock to Shangti, the unknown and ideal divinity.

Of course when the riot against the foreigner is afoot the missionary suffers, but it is because he is a foreigner, not because he is a Christian. He bears the burdens of his race. We have not far to go to find the causes of popular discontent. Western inventions, it was thought, were depriving the poor of bread, and the foreigner was, by degrees, absorbing China. To take away the missionary now is to surrender the fruition of the labours of many devoted men and women during half a century. It is to leave China to relapse into barbarism. It will result in checking commercial expansion and impeding internal improvements.

Much has been said about sending ladies to China as missionaries. The

China Inland Mission has been greatly attacked on this account. Possibly if I had never seen the ladies at work I might have agreed with these critics. But the truth is that they do the hardest part and the most of the work in China. The teaching of the children, and the nursing and treating of the sick women and children, surgical and medical, fall to their lot. I have not space to praise them here, and I could not say sufficient good of them if I had.

I realize how difficult it is to discuss a subject of such far-reaching effect as the missionary question in the Far East without allusion to its spiritual side. To the missionary, of course, the saving of souls is the supreme purpose of his labours. The charity, the instruction, the medical treatment, are all subsidiary to this main object. But words from me can add nothing to the sublime obligation that comes to Christians from the Divine command. To him who believes that he is ordered by the Supreme Being to go forth as a religious teacher, argument is superfluous. History shows that he will engage in this work though the greatest dangers may confront him. It is not within the range of probability that any administration in this country will consent to the exclusion of its missionaries from China. It cannot be dreamed of that a step fraught with such vast and injurious results will ever be taken by the Treaty Powers.

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## SOUTH AFRICA.—IN MEMORIAM.

BY CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Blown round war-splintered rocks, on lonely hills,  
The dust of freemen stirs—and rests again—  
Not yet the mighty blast from Heaven that thrills  
Clay into life and builds from ashes men!

On guard for ever, while we rest in peace—  
Unchanging, silent 'neath the sun and shade—  
On guard for ever, till the planets cease  
And there be none to make our hearts afraid.

Children and children's children of the race  
That asked fair Freedom at the hands of God,  
And won her by strong love and patient grace,  
And built her home upon their sea-girt sod.

Bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh are there,  
Canadian dust beneath an Afric sun;  
Servants of Freedom—free beyond compare—  
Whose souls are resting 'neath God's word "Well done!"

St. John, N.B.

## ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON.

The following estimate of the cause of the popular interest in the published sermons of Frederick W. Robertson, is taken from the Rev. Dr. Dewart's essay on 'Robertson of Brighton,' in his "Essays for the Times," recently published. (Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, 75c.)

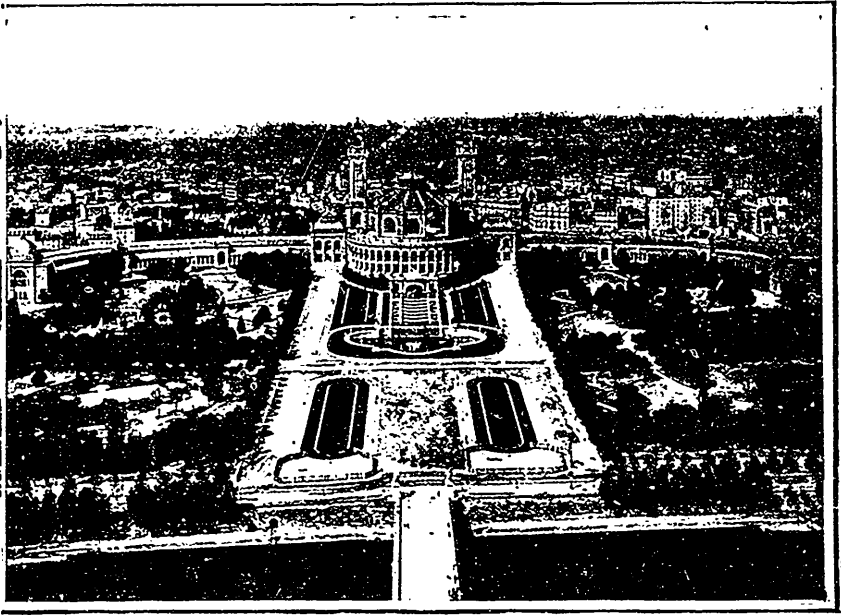
"In following the course of Robertson's outward history we discover no exceptional distinction that separates him from his contemporaries. Many, whom oblivion enshrouds in her impenetrable shades, have passed through their struggles, successes and sorrows. It is the light cast back upon his life by the blaze of fame and popularity kindled by the publication of his sermons, a few years after his death, that invests the incidents of his life and mental growth with such uncommon interest. He vindicates his right to be enrolled with the gifted sons of genius, by the fact that at the point where common names grow dim and pass away from sight for ever, his only begins to gather around it a deeper interest and to shine with clearer and more enduring light. In the history of the British pulpit no similar productions (left by their author without a thought of publication) have secured equal attention. What is the secret of this influence? To all thoughtful minds his deep, though subdued earnestness, his singular felicity of illustration, his glowing imagination, flashing light on the obscure and giving life and form to the abstract, his clear musical voice, "which seldom rose, but when it did, yielded a rich volume of sound toned like a great bell," and the force and beauty of his thoughts must have made him, in the best sense of the terms, popular and attractive as a preacher. But all this would not fully account for the interest of his sermons as read. The printed sermons of many distinguished preachers unveil no power to account for their popularity. Those who ascribe the charm of these fragmentary remains simply to beauty of style and the congeniality of their doctrinal teaching to the unrenewed heart, evince an incapacity to comprehend Robertson or grasp the secret of his intellectual power. No one cause will account for this popularity, which is the result of several distinct elements of interest combined.

He grappled manfully with some of the perplexing problems of theology which

disturb the minds of men; hence to those who had felt these difficulties his attempted solutions, whether entirely satisfactory or not, would possess a special attraction. Much also was due to the fact that his inquiries led him in the direction in which a good deal of the theological thought of Britain and America was already drifting. He had a rare capacity of sympathy with the most diverse feelings. It is a great point gained when we feel that a preacher or writer understands our doubts and can fully enter into our perplexities. His natural courage brought out in bold relief his independence as a thinker. He dared to utter whatever he believed to be true. He hurled stern words of rebuke against every form of oppression, and spoke tender words of sympathy with humanity in every condition of sorrow. His denunciations of all wrong-doing were fierce and blistering, something in which men of different creeds could unite and sympathize. But above all these is the glowing earnestness of his soul. His thoughts are on fire. His mind is a volcano, throwing out in liquid streams the mental ore that has been dissolved by its intense heat. Not the beauty of his style, though his language is often eminently felicitous and expressive; not the grandeur of his thoughts, though frequently truly sublime; not the keenness of his intellectual glance, which often, like sheet-lightning in the darkness, unveils a hidden world of thought; not the logical force of his arguments, in this they are often deficient; but above every other source of attractive interest we are disposed to place the fact that they are the utterances of one who has himself felt deeply, and struggled anxiously to solve the perplexing problems of being and truth. Every thought has been molten in the furnace of his own heart before it was coined into those burning words that quicken the pulses of the blood, and convey to the heart of the reader something of the emotional warmth in which they originated. He possessed that indefinable thing which we call genius; whose potency we feel but cannot describe. In the suggestive fragments he has left behind him it may be truly said,

"Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe and words that  
burn."

## END OF THE GREAT FAIR.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The closing days of the Paris Exhibition have lost much of their glory by the departure of the Oriental exhibits. The French colonists were very much in evidence on the slopes of the Trocadéro. Algiers, Tonkin, Madagascar, and other Eastern countries displayed their bizarre architecture, their narrow streets, crowded shops, and many-coloured traffickers basking in a summer sun almost as ardent as that of their native land. But as the autumn drew on, they went around shivering beneath their coarse horse-hair abbas, and covered over a tiny brazier of charcoal. Finally they got homesick and insisted on leaving, packed up their tents, like the Arabs, "and silently stole away."

The attendance at the Exposition has been rather a disappointment. Neither the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia, nor the Prince of Wales visited Paris; and the Shah of Persia barely escaped with his life - not a very encouraging welcome for notabilities.

There was one final scene, however, which passed off with a perfect blaze of glory. This was a reception to twenty-two thousand mayors of France and a

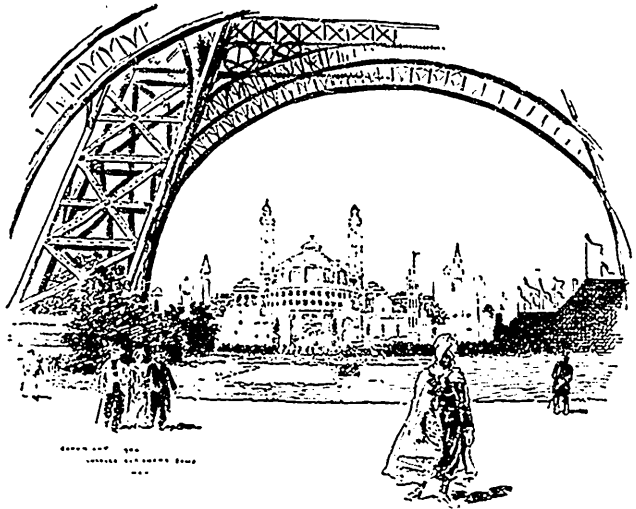
grand out-of-door breakfast in the garden of the Tuilleries. The tables extended for miles, mountains of choicest French cookery were washed down with rivers of best French wines. The function was carried out with military precision. The *chef* had his lieutenants who conveyed his orders by telephone and bicycle despatch. The President's speech was for the most part a dumb show, but printed copies had been distributed, and the sturdy peasant mayors, for most of them were from the villages, knew just where to punctuate the speech with their vigorous applause.

Our initial picture gives a view from Eiffel Tower of the Trocadéro, so named from a French victory in Spain. This palace is a reminiscence of the great Exposition of 1878. The vast sweep of its curved wings will be noticed. These contain a permanent exhibition of architecture and sculpture. In the centre is a fine cascade of waters which were brilliantly illuminated, but these pale into insignificance with the splendid electrical fountain just across the Seine, shown in our last cut. This was like a vision of fairyland as it was lit up on the soft sun-

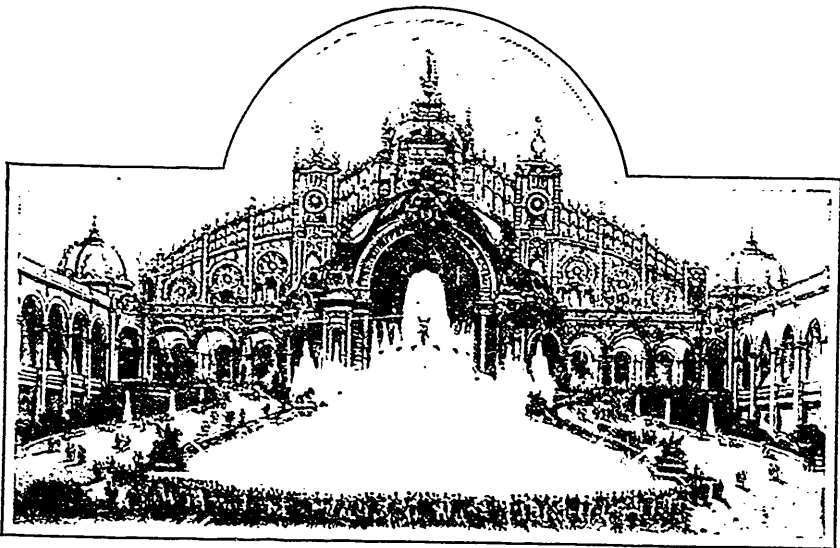
mer evenings, the fountain pulsating with light and throbbing with motion like a living thing, while the sweet music of a military band filled the air, and the broad beams of the search-light from the summit of the Eiffel Tower swept like a fiery comet across the sky.

Fine as is the view from the summit of the Eiffel Tower, the bird's-eye view from the car of the great balloon "Geant," which I enjoyed on a former visit, was finer still. The French manage this sort of thing admirably. A large space was enclosed by a high fence, above which the monster form of the balloon could be seen, tugging like a new Prometheus at his chains. Indeed, the huge swaying mass, over a hundred feet high, was a conspicuous object far and near. The balloon was tethered to the earth by a strong cable, as thick as a man's arm, which was coiled on a huge drum, turned by two engines of three hundred horse-power. Its diameter was thirty-six yards, and its contents of gas

25,000 cubic yards. It ascended about 2,000 feet, and took up fifty persons at a time. The cable was carried from the drum underground, to the centre of a large sunk space, or pit in the ground, into which the car descended. The strangest sensation about the ascent was, to use a Hibernian privilege, the utter absence of all sensation. The car seemed to be perfectly motionless. In being hauled down the balloon tugged like a huge giant at his chains, and swayed about in the wind.



UNDER THE EIFFEL TOWER.



ELECTRICAL PALACE AND FOUNTAIN.

## The World's Progress.

TE DEUM.

*In celebration of the great deliverance of the prisoners of Peking.*

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

They're safe! Their way was bounded  
By Death, in dreadful mien,  
While still their camp surrounded  
A spirit-band unseen.

A shield of blazoned glory,  
God's love did interpose,  
Where waved the banner gory  
Uplifted by their foes.

Unfurl the standard, Christian!  
Yes! raise it with a shout  
Before the hordes Philistian—  
The slaves of dream and doubt.

Repeat the song of Moses  
Who, from the shadow-land  
Where the dark Sphinx reposes,  
Led forth his chosen band.

Glad Miriam's cymbals clashing,  
Shall cadence David's psalm;  
Deborah's song, outflashing,  
Shall wake the slumbrous palm.

We, in our modern lyre,  
Will find some hidden chord  
To sound, with heaven's own choir,  
The glory of the Lord.

To Him whose way is shrouded,  
But who, through day and night,  
His purpose keeps unclouded,  
The victory of Right—

To Him in Holy rapture,  
Our paean shall ascend,  
Unloosed, the heathen capture,  
God, our Eternal Friend!

—*Christian Herald.*



"HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL."  
—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

### THE CHINESE CRISIS.

Our cartoon very well illustrates the situation in China. "Humpty Dumpty has had a great fall." We cannot patch up a broken eggshell. Nothing can replace China in the position it occupied before its recent crime against humanity and civilization. Not the lack of will,

but merely the lack of power, prevented the slaughter of missionaries and foreigners from becoming as widespread and atrocious as the wholesale massacres of Tamerlane or Ghengis Khan. Atrocious enough they were, "staggering humanity" as it was not shocked even in the Indian Mutiny. Much of the diabolism will never be recorded; much of it is too foul to describe. The powers may seek to prop up for a time the Manchu dynasty, but it is doomed to fall; it is crumbling to pieces by its own corruption.

The German Emperor's truculent note, happily, does not represent the attitude of civilization. It is scarcely less barbarous than that of the Boxers themselves. Professor Goldwin Smith, who has a vigorous vocabulary of his own, does not scruple to denounce him as "an imperial madman, drunk with hallucinations about his own divinity."

The Kaiser Wilhelm has been severely exacting in sending Prince Henry to smite with his mailed fist and annex a large province in revenge for the murder of two German missionaries. This is no way to commend missions to the Chinese. The punishment does not fit the crime, but then, as a humorist remarks, if the province annexed is very large, so also were the missionaries. With the forts of Taku and Tien Tsin destroyed, with

strong guards at Peking and strategic positions on the way to the sea, the power of the treacherous and truculent Empress and mandarins must be gone for ever.

The International Peace Congress of Paris, which seems to be a congress of academic doctrinaires, attributes the uprising to aggressions of the missionaries, deprecates their work and would deprive them of protection. It may be true that the assumption of authority as mandarins by Roman Catholic prelates has aroused the jealousy of the Chinese, as did the machinations of the Jesuits long ago, but their civilizing missions, their hospitals, their charities, and the heroic martyrdoms of priests and converts command our admiration. That Protestant missionaries, even weak women and native converts, are as heroic and devoted as any in the world has been abundantly shown during the recent dark days in China. The slaughter of the missionaries two hundred years ago did not extirpate Christianity in China, nor will that of the missionaries of to-day.

The International Congress would not withdraw the protection of the powers from merchants, traders, rumsellers, engineers and exploiters of every possible speculation. But the only men who go to China from unselfish motives, without trade interests, spending their lives and filling foreign graves for the succour of its perishing millions, are the only ones beyond the pale of protection.

There are those who profess that the missionaries should not lean upon the secular arm nor seek its protection, nor even seek safety by flight, but should court martyrdom by remaining at their posts. Not so thought the apostle Paul, who appealed unto Caesar and who claimed the privilege of his Roman citizenship, who invoked the aid of the Roman officer to deliver him from the power of the mob. Though "thrice was he beaten with rods," though stoned and persecuted, though in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils among false brethren, and though he finally died the glorious death of a martyr, yet he ceased not to demand the protection of the law whenever it was possible to do so. In sending forth his apostles our Lord bade them, "When they persecute you in this city, flee to the next."

The forces of civilization should be sent to China, not to avenge the wrongs wreaked upon the legations and the missionaries, but as an international police, to inflict punishment only as a deterrent

from crime, to guarantee the rights and protect the lives of the representatives of the foreign governments and the missionaries. In all the ages the person of the ambassadors has been sacred; those who violate that sanctity place themselves outside the pale of civilization, they are amenable, not to reason, but to force.

The exaction of an indemnity of \$200,000,000 may be beyond the impoverished resources of China. It may be possible that large cessions of territory must be made which cannot but hasten the dismemberment of the Empire. Although dissolution may be postponed for the time, yet we think it inconceivable that the arrested development of this colossal incubus can prevent the progress of civilization in the East.

We do not apprehend the danger that some do from a Yellow Peril that, like another invasion of the Huns, shall roll like a tidal wave over Europe. No civilization has ever yet been overthrown by an inferior unless it were honeycombed with vice and corruption. Even the Goths and Vandals possessed the promise and the potency of a nobler civilization than that of the debauched Roman Empire which they conquered. The moral anti-septic of Christianity, though it has to some degree lost its savour, is yet potent enough to prevent the destruction of the Christian nations by the mongrel hordes of the East. The divine leaven of the Gospel has been deposited in China and it shall yet leaven the whole lump.

#### THE ELECTIONS.

It is a singular coincidence that the general elections in the three largest divisions of the English-speaking race should take place almost at the same time. The vote is the supreme duty of the elector, and, like taking the marriage vow, should be registered "reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and in the fear of God." "The crowning fact, the kingliest act of freedom is the freeman's vote."

Too lightly held has this privilege often been, and too carelessly has this duty often been performed. With a great price have we obtained this freedom.

"Our hearts grow cold,  
We lightly hold  
A right which brave men died to gain;  
The stake, the cord,  
The axe, the sword,  
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

"Shame from our hearts,  
Unworthy arts,

The fraud designed, the purpose dark ;  
 And smite away  
 The hands we lay  
 Profanely on the sacred ark."

The election trials in Canada and elsewhere have shown a shameful abuse of this freeman's privilege. Those who are guilty of the crime against the state of selling their votes should be disenfranchised till they know how to discharge its sacred trust. Too often the influences employed to gain the popular vote appeal not to the calm judgment and highest reason, but to prejudice, bigotry and party feeling. There should be no need of brass bands, torchlight processions, stormy meetings, often accompanied by scenes of violence, to bring out the vote of the electors. Men should discharge this duty as promptly as they meet a note at the bank, and as seriously as they go to church.

Nevertheless, with every abatement the world has found no better mode of expressing the popular will, no better system of constitutional government. The ballot, not the bullet, is the true arbiter of the destinies of mankind. Better the storm and stress of the contested election, better the perfervid eloquence of the press and the hustings, than the helpless stagnation, than the unvoiced serfdom under a despotic government. In the most excitable and revolutionary communities like France, elections are a

safety-valve, and often dissipate the energies which under repression would lead to destructive explosion. The revolutions of 1789, of 1830, of 1848 in France might have been avoided had she enjoyed freedom of the ballot.

The expansion of the ballot by the successive Reform Bills of Great Britain has doubtless saved the nation from more than one political catalysm. The Russian Government has been described as a despotism tempered by assassination. The intrigues and murders of the Scraglio have often been the only means of securing reform in Turkey. The frightful revolutions and wholesale slaughters in the despotic East seem the only way to get rid of obnoxious tyrannies.

It is no function of this journal to take part in the politics of the day. But it is unquestionably our duty and privilege to recognize amid the stirring events of the times the Hand of the Supreme Arbiter of the universe, to see that God by His providence is reconciling the world unto Himself. In great national and moral crises it is no less our duty to cast our ballot for righteousness and truth. In the presence of the great prohibition question in Canada—a question that dwarfs almost every other—we should demand of the candidates who seek our suffrages a pledge to suppress and destroy that greatest sin against God, and crime against man—the liquor traffic.

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## TO ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, L.H.D.

(On the prospective unification of Australia and South Africa.)

Hail, mighty Mother of a strenuous race !  
 Thy giant children belt the globe with power,  
 And bear thy light and freedom as their dower,  
 Like eaglets soaring from their nesting place.  
 Thy empire marches with unbroken pace,  
 And whether suns shine fair, or tempests lower,  
 Thy sway still spreads, thy strength and greatness tower,  
 And grace and glory lighten from thy face.  
 For human rights and heavenly righteousness  
 Beneath thy banners thrive in peaceful trust,  
 And downtrod races, raised from shame and dust,  
 Copt, Bantu, Boer, Hindu, thy rule shall bless ;  
 And free Columbia joins her hand with thine  
 To lead, with thee, earth's upward march divine.

*Christian Advocate.*



## Religious and Missionary Intelligenee.

### THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.

The great topic of the month is the Forward Movement. A feeling of hallowed expectation pervades the air. Methodism the wide world over is girding itself as never before for its God-appointed task to spread scriptural holiness throughout the land. It is bringing in the tithes into the storehouse and is looking for the fulfilment of the Divine promise, "Prove me now herewith, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

There are those who think that undue emphasis has been laid to the mere financial aspect of this end-of-the-century movement. If that means that the spiritual results of the Forward Movement have been overlooked, it would indeed be a dire disaster, and the contributing of a million or of ten millions, without seeking the Divine anointing and consecration, would be a bane and not a blessing. But in such an act of devotion—the giving of our substance and the giving of ourselves—each is the complement of the other. In Browning's poem *Date and Dabitur* are twin brothers, and when we most richly give we shall most richly receive.

It is not a mechanical theory of revival that is held. It is not dictating to the Almighty to appoint a time of special consecration and prayer, and to look for special results therefrom; it is but complying with the very conditions of success, it is looking for the set time to favour Zion.

A widespread revival can result only from the prayer of earnest faith, a prayer that believes the promises of God, and the use of every means that can possibly promote such a work. The earnest preaching of the Word and dependence upon the aid of the Divine Spirit, the use of sacred song, and especially the enlisting of the hearty co-operation of all God's people, in the class-meeting, the prayer-circle, the Sunday-school, the Epworth League.

The main agency will be, as ever, the God-honoured method—the preaching of the Gospel; but this must be accompanied by faithful visitation and individual effort. The old method of the Apostle Paul: "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you,

and have taught you publicly, and from house to house," . . . "and ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears."

In addition to this we know no more important agency than the use of the religious press. The revival issues of the *Guardian* and *Wesleyan*, of the *Epworth Era*, of the Sunday-school papers—these are all a potent means for following up and deepening the impressions made from the pulpit, and, in some cases, reaching the heart and quickening the conscience where the voice of the preacher cannot be heard.

There must be a revived spirituality in the class-meetings, in the prayer-circles, in the households of Israel, as a preparation for a great awakening in our public services. Few more wise counsels have ever been given than those of the venerable Theodore Cuyler to the Methodist ministers of the United States in a recent number of the *Christian Advocate*. His words of weight and wisdom are so timely and so practical that we enrich our pages with a liberal quotation:

#### DR. CUYLER ON REVIVAL METHODS.

Solemnly determine that with the Holy Spirit's help you will "compel people to come in," by going after them all through the week, and by kindling your pulpits red-hot with love of Christ and souls on the Sabbath. A zealous preacher who carefully prepares practical evangelical sermons, and keeps up thorough pastoral visitation, and interests himself in everybody, down to the little children, rarely fails to draw and to hold a good Sunday congregation. Keep Jesus Christ in your pulpit; let Him "lifted up" be the drawing power.

In the earlier days of American Methodism preachers did their own preaching. Sow your own Gospel seed this year, well steeped in prayer, and reap your own harvest. Put the responsibility down hard on your official boards and church members to back you up in your efforts; never cheapen or dishonour your own pulpit; and "let no man take thy crown." There is no such ecstasy this side of heaven as winning souls to Jesus Christ.

I exhort you not to be caught by the current delusion that this "advanced age" requires entirely new methods and a

new style of preaching, and what is absurdly called an "up-to-date Gospel." This age of ours, with all its mighty mechanical inventions and its increasing Mammon worship, has not advanced one single inch beyond its indispensable need of the atoning blood of Jesus and the converting power of the Holy Spirit. All the telegraphs and the telephones and all the universities with their boasted achievements in scholarship have not yet outlawed Calvary and Pentecost. Human nature has not changed; human sinfulness and sorrows have not changed; the word of God has not changed; the Holy Spirit has not changed; the precious promises have not changed; and what fallen man needed to lift him Godward nineteen centuries ago he needs to-day. Stick to the old Gospel. When God gives you another, preach it, but not before. Don't waste your breath in defending your Bible; it is self-evidencing. Your commission is, "Preach the Word," and God will take care of it.

One very probable reason why conversions have so lamentably decreased of late in your own and in other evangelical denominations is that there is less direct, pungent, loving, and faithful preaching to the unconverted. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and unless a man is convicted of a sin and feels his guilt he is not likely to come to Christ for salvation. Toward the close of his noble Christian career Gladstone remarked that one of the worst symptoms in this age was "the general decay of the sense of sinfulness." The preacher who belittles or conceals the guilt and retributions of sin is an enemy of souls; he will make but few converts, and those of a shallow experience. The first text of Jesus Christ was "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" and when Peter boldly preached repentance and remission of sins through Christ Jesus three thousand souls were converted in that one day! All the mighty soul-winners, the "weight of whose spear was like a weaver's beam"—the Wesleys, the Whitefields, the Finneys, the Lyman Beechers, the Spurgeons, and the Moodys—have never tried to extinguish Sinai's thunders any more than to silence Calvary's loving invitations. To preach effectively to the unconverted requires courage, tenderness, wisdom, faith, and a deep inflowing of the Holy Spirit; prayer will give you all these, my brother, and this year will bring you a harvest.

Through all its first century in America

it was the peculiar glory of Methodism that the "common people" heard its ministers "gladly." It never was the pet religion of the aristocracy and never will be. It costs more labour for you Methodists and us Presbyterians to capture one kid-gloved and lavender millionaire than to convert fifty of the working classes. While reaching up after the cultured classes I entreat you don't neglect what Abraham Lincoln called "the plain people." John Wesley's bones will rattle their protest if you do.

Suffer me, my dear brethren, to offer one more suggestion, and in no captious spirit. One of the masterpieces of Wesley's marvellous polity is the class-meeting. That is about a fair spiritual thermometer in any of your churches. When the class-rooms get below zero it marks an awful frigidity everywhere! Class-meetings up to blood-heat will send a spiritual power through your whole working machinery; and with God's help every preacher can contribute mightily to the engendering of that vital warmth.

Don't mistake or misapprehend these frank words of exhortation, I beg of you; they are the truth spoken in love. To your great Church and to mine God has committed a tremendous responsibility for the salvation of our beloved country.

Past mistakes as well as past successes teach their lessons. Begin your year's work with a fresh and sincere self-consecration. Take the only Bible God has given you, or ever will give, and preach it as if you heard the surges of eternity break against our church walls. Throw yourself into every line of practical love-labour, kindle your church by your contagious enthusiasm, and make this the best year of your whole lives.

#### THE REVIVAL BEGUN.

The revival has already begun. A year ago there were great searchings of heart among our Methodist friends of the United States on account of the small rate of increase reported in that Church. The Bishops rang out a bugle-call to consecration and prayer and holy effort. This was ably seconded by the religious press and pulpit. The Church girded itself for a great evangelistic campaign, and already the results are seen. One of the *Advocates* reports an increase of seventy-five thousand during the year, with most of the Conferences yet to hear from; and this is but an earnest of what may be expected in the year to come.

## MISSIONARY BOARD.

The meeting of the Missionary Board was attended this year with more than usual interest. It was feared that in consequence of the special pressure of the Twentieth Century Fund, the missionary givings of the Church might be reduced in volume. It is very gratifying to know that this is not the case, that, on the contrary, there is a substantial increase in the income from every source. The gross income has reached the very large amount of \$275,489.05, an increase of \$9,509.65 over that of the previous year. This is as it should be. The cause of missions is one whose only endowment is the faith and hope and love of the Methodist people. It is richer in these than if it had an endowment of a million dollars.

The Missionary Board sets before the Church the sum of three hundred thousand dollars as that at which it should aim. Large as has been the income, the needs are larger still. The sum of \$281,363 has been appropriated, and much more could be used to great advantage. The crisis in China will create extraordinary pressure upon the missionary resources of our Church. The least that we who stay at home can do is to support with our prayers and givings the heroism of those who go forth as our conscripts to the high places of the field.

## PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

"On the last day of this month (October), says an English exchange, the Act of Union between the Free Church of Scotland and the United ('Untied,' as some one by an accidental misspelling truly called them), Presbyterians will be a *fait accompli*. The two streams of church life will thenceforth flow in one channel, a mighty river making glad the city of God. The name agreed upon by both parties is short and expressive, 'The United Free Church of Scotland.' It will consist of 1,710 churches, grouped into sixty-four Presbyteries, and again into eleven Synods. The largest Presbytery will be Glasgow, with 186 churches, the smallest, Islay, with four churches.

Following the confederation of the Australasian colonies will shortly come the union of the Methodist Churches.

At a meeting of the Methodist Federal Council of New South Wales, the result of the voting in the Primitive Methodist Church on the question of union submitted to it was reported. The result was 3,474 votes in favor of union, and 385 against it—eight to one for the union.

Only one circuit gave a majority against union. The Wesleyan Conference had already agreed to union in case the Primitive Methodist vote should show a substantial majority in favour of it. The Federal Council therefore directed the preparation of a basis of union, including the necessary details for giving it effect in accordance with the action of the General Conference.

It is said that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference of Great Britain, has been to see the Oberammergau Passion Play, and records in three graphic articles in the *Methodist Times* his impressions of the spectacle. He has only words of highest commendation for what other spectators so strongly condemn. We suspect that a man sees in it what he brings. The devout and spiritual man will be religiously impressed. The critic will find food for criticism. We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Epworth Era* (Nashville), for the admirable cuts which illustrate our article on the Passion Play.

The week's evangelistic campaign, conducted under the auspices of the Toronto Epworth Leagues, in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, October 15th to 19th, struck the key-note of consecration. The thoughtful devotion to the religious, no less than the financial aspect of the Forward Movement, of such leading laymen as Mr. J. W. Flavelle, the brothers Massey, and many others, is one of the most hopeful auguries of the times.

## THE REV. THOMAS BELL.

Too late for notice in our last issue occurred the death of the Rev. Thomas Bell, who passed away from labour to reward at his residence, Bedford, Quebec, August 24th, at the age of sixty-nine. For forty years our departed brother laboured in the vineyard of the Lord. The early part of his ministerial life was spent in central and western Ontario, at Cooksville, Barrie, Newmarket, Bolton, and elsewhere. After his transfer to the Montreal Conference his field of labour lay in Durham, Metis, West Farnham, and other circuits till his superannuation a few years ago. His health had recently been very much impaired, but he bore his sufferings with Christian patience and resignation. The memory of his life and labours is as ointment poured forth on his various circuits. He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.

## Book Notices.

*History of the Christian Church.* By JOHN FLETCHER HURST. New York: Eaton & Mains. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Octavo. Pp. xxvi-957. With 12 maps. Price, \$5.00.

This book completes Bishop Hurst's monumental work and adds the eighth volume to the splendid Library of Biblical and Theological Literature now approaching completion, issued by the Methodist Book Concern. We have already reviewed the previous volume, treating the Ancient and Mediaeval Church, describing its apostolic and patristic periods, its development under the Roman Empire, its spread throughout Europe, and the romantic story of its early missionaries and apostles, the military and monastic orders, and Christian art and literature.

The second volume completes this great epic of the ages. It is presented with all the breadth of learning, historic insight and grace of style of which the author is an acknowledged master. The book opens with an instructive chapter on the heralds of the better church: Wyclif, the Morning Star of the Reformation, Hes, Jerome, Savonarola, and other heralds of the dawn. The Protestant Reformation, the most important event in the history of the Church since the days of the Apostles, is treated in a broad and comprehensive manner, and also with much fulness of detail. The central figure of this great drama is, of course, the German "monk who shook the world." Due honour, however, is given to Reformation leaders in Switzerland, France, and Great Britain—Zwingli, Farel, Calvin, Crammer, Ridley and Latimer, Knox and the Covenanters. The Catholic reaction under the Jesuits, the development of Gallicanism, the fanaticism of the Spanish Inquisition, the growth of Pietism, of the Moravians and Friends, and the great revival under the Wesleys are luminously described.

Coming down to more recent times, the record of growth of Rationalism on the Continent and in Great Britain, the Evangelical reaction, the Oxford Movement and Anglo-Catholic revival, the century of reform and missions, the colonial and foreign development of the historic Churches, round out this noble work. There are special advantages which a comprehensive treatment of this important subject presents. The canvas

is broad enough for the painting of the great historic picture, not only in its great features, but also in many of its details.

The author illustrates his text with historic references and citations from poetical writers from the mediaeval hymnists down to Swinburne. He does us the honour to refer to our own modest studies on the Catacombs of Rome and the early English drama. Twelve coloured maps, a synoptical outline, a copious index, and ample bibliography of authorities, enhance the value of these volumes. They present the best apparatus with which we are acquainted for the study of this important subject. They should be in every preacher's library.

*The History of the Devil from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By Dr. PAUL CARUS. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Large 8vo. Pp. 500. 311 illustrations. Cloth, \$6.00.

The origin of evil is one of the most profound problems in the universe. From very early times in the history of our world there has been a dualistic conception of nature. Forces of good and evil were recognized, the genial sunshine, the destructive storm;—and in man, beneficent moral qualities and fearful evil ones. In the early theogonies these dual principles were formulated, the good and evil deities of all pagan systems, the Ormuzd and Ahriman of the Persians, the Kingdoms of Light and Darkness of the Manichæans. There was even invented a Lilith, first wife of Adam, the real cause of his fall.

In most pagan religions the power of the Evil Principle was magnified above that of the good; to it a service of terror was rendered, of human sacrifices and costly propitiations. In many pagan tribes this became a horrid devil worship; the most hideous idols personified this principle and most cruel rites were observed to avert its power.

The Christian religion has not been uninfluenced by the tendency of the human mind. The gods of the heathen were regarded as demons, and during the dark ages, most gross, crude and grotesque conceptions of an infernal hierarchy became dominant. The language of Scripture was distorted and exaggerated, till the whole world was haunted with evil spirits and millions were all their lifetime sub-

ject to bondage, the abject victims of their superstition. The folk-lore, legends and traditions of all nations were evidence of this dread incubus.

The rude art of the middle ages, in which is shown the hideous devils who assailed the saints of God, the grotesque carvings of the Last Judgment over the cathedral doorways, and the frescoes of the Campisanti of Italy illustrate the same theme. In the sublime poem of Dante its influence is shown, and in the majestic conceptions of Milton, as well as in the conscienceless Mephistopheles of Goethe. The terrible persecutions for witchcraft are one of the darkest chapters in the history of the race.

Sir Walter Scott made the subject of Demonology the theme of one of his most interesting and instructive books, but it has nowhere received such exhaustive treatment and such copious illustration from the art of all nations as in the book under review, by Dr. Paul Carus. With great learning and research he has profoundly studied the religious cosmogonies, the art and literature of the chief races of mankind—the ancient Egyptians, the early Semites, the Persians, the races of India and China, the classic lore of Greece and Rome, the mythology of Northern Europe—these have all been laid under tribute in the preparation of this remarkable volume.

We are not always in harmony with Dr. Carus' interpretation of the art symbolism and literature which he adduces. No progress of science and civilization can ever explain the great mystery of the universe, the presence of evil and the existence of a personal devil. The solemn words of Scripture, the universal convictions of mankind, the symbolism of art, however crude, the distorted testimony of tradition and superstition, these all bear witness to the truth enunciated by St. Paul, "When I would do good, evil is present with me."

The pictorial illustrations of this subject from earliest Egyptian frescoes, from pagan idols, from old black-letter tomes, from quaint early Christian sculpture, down to the model pictures of Doré and Schneider, add greatly to the value of the book.

*Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada. Second Series—Volume V. Meeting of May, 1899. Pp. cxxxviii-953.*

This goodly volume is itself a justification, if such were needed, of the existence of the Royal Society of Canada. The

constitution of that Society has been so broadened as to include beside its ninety-six full members, corresponding members and affiliations of over a score of associated societies. In addition to this the Transactions are sent to almost all the great libraries in the world, and many important volumes are received in exchange. Thus the achievements of Canada in original mathematical and scientific research, as well as specimens of its work in French and English literature, are placed on permanent record in the libraries of all lands.

The two most important contributions to the present volume are those by its distinguished President, Sir John Bourinot, K.C.M.G., LL.D., and by W. F. Ganong, M.A., Ph.D. Sir John Bourinot's monograph, "The Builders of Nova Scotia," is an historical survey of that province, which is of special value from the copies of rare documents relating to its early days. It is accompanied by 52 portraits, views, plans, etc. It occupies 206 pages and is a lucid and luminous account of the romantic early story of Sir John's native province and of its political and religious leaders.

A similar service is rendered to the sister province of New Brunswick in Dr. Ganong's important monograph. Archbishop O'Brien discusses fully the question of Cabot's landfall in his first voyage to the new world. Sir James LeMoine has a paper on the attack of Quebec by Montgomery and Arnold, and A. G. Doughty one on the details of Wolfe's conquest of Quebec. The Abbé Gosselin has an interesting paper in French on Quebec in 1730, and Judge Girouard one on the expedition of the Marquis de Denonville. The Presidential Address of Dr. T. C. Keefer is a comprehensive survey of the mining resources of the Dominion, with its hydraulic and transportation possibilities. Appropriate tributes are paid to deceased Fellows, Dr. Kingsford and the poet Lampman.

*Buddha and Buddhism.* By ARTHUR LILLIE. Author of "Buddhism in Christendom," "The Popular Life of Buddha," etc. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Publishers' Syndicate. Pp. vii-223.

This is one of Messrs. T. & T. Clark's "Library of the World's Epoch Makers," a series of biographical studies dealing with prominent epochs in theology, philosophy, and the history of intellectual development. It is an interesting contribution to the science of comparative

theology. The most widely diffused religion in the world, that of one-fourth of the human race, is well worth careful study. Léon de Rosny announced a short time ago that there were twenty thousand Buddhists in Paris alone, a statement which seems incredible to us. Even if true, it no more demonstrates the truth of Buddhism than the prevalence of the worship of Osiris and Mithras among the jaded voluptuaries of Rome proved the divinity of these oriental deities.

Our author has a strong admiration of Buddha and Buddhism—and truly there are many noble things in the life of the Light of Asia, and many beautiful sentiments in the words which he uttered. Mr. Lillie records the mythological life of Buddha, recounts some of his parables, points out the striking coincidences between the Buddhist and Christian scriptures, and Buddhist and Christian rites. Some of these are more fanciful than real, some of the resemblances are extremely remote, others are but the natural parallelisms of two ancient oriental religions, or may be reflections from the benign religious teachings of Judaism—broken lights from the source of all wisdom—like the wise sayings of Confucius and of Plato.

A system must be judged by its fruits. For thousands of years Buddhism has prevailed in the Orient, and has especially dominated China. One result is the arrested development of that great empire. We have been long told of the mild virtues of the Buddhists, of the lofty ethics of Confucius, of the aversion to cause suffering of the Buddhist faith. These find a strange comment and contradiction in the unspeakable atrocities performed, not merely by the Boxers, but, as captured documents demonstrate, by the very highest in authority, and at the active instigation of the Buddhist priests. On the other hand, Christianity came to the painted savages of Britain and to the forests of Germany a few centuries ago, and to-day the Anglo-Teuton races lead the world in the highest civilization of the race.

*History of the Ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church. With a Commentary on Its Offices.* By R. J. COOK, M. A., D. D., Cincinnati: Jennings & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 113. Price, \$1.20.

Methodism, more than any Church we know, exhibits the characteristics of being rooted in the past and reaching out to the

future. Some Churches, in their revolt against corruptions and persecutions have cut themselves off from the historic past, and unduly emphasize their protest and revolt against its influence. Methodism in its ritual and liturgy is widely connected with the historic Churches of Christendom. The ritual of the Methodist Church did not originate wholly in the Anglican or Roman ordinal, but was compiled from the services of the Primitive Church, parts of it being handed down from the earliest times. In a very instructive historical research and lucid commentary the author of this book points out the origin of the Methodist Ritual of Baptism, the Holy Sacrament, Matrimony, Burial of the Dead, Office of Consecration and Ordination, and Reception of Members. The use of this common language in the most sacred and solemn events of our life gives a unity and solidarity to the English-speaking race throughout the world—ay, of the Church throughout Christendom—that has not been adequately appreciated.

*The Reign of Law. A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields.* By James Lane Allen. Author of "The Choir Invisible," "Summer in Arcady," "A Kentucky Cardinal," etc. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Pp. 385. Price, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

The theological novel is very much in evidence. It is a mark of the more strenuous thought of the times. It has an earnest moral purpose—to confute error and establish truth. A book from the author of "The Choir Invisible" is sure to possess much artistic merit and literary grace. In this volume he creates an epic of almost tragic dignity and pathos from the plain homespun life of a raw Kentucky youth and his contact with the New Thought of the times. A rawboned lad, by stern self-denial, inspired by an immortal hunger for knowledge, finds his way to a narrow, creed-bound Bible college.

The bigotry, not to say fanaticism, of the college reacts upon the generous sympathies of the lad. The denunciations of the new science and new thought impel him to partake of the forbidden fruit. His addiction to the literature of doubt and despair is marked by his alienation from orthodoxy, he ceases to attend the students' prayer-meeting, to sing in the choir, or receive the Lord's Supper. He is arraigned for lack of orthodoxy and expelled from college, and from the "hard shell" Baptist Church, because his most

positive creed is "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief."

The eclipse of faith well-nigh crushes the sturdy, heroic nature. Through a serious illness and the spell of the simple, trusting, unalterable faith of a good woman, whose love he wins he is saved from despair.

However truly the book may describe the fanatical bigotry of the Kentucky wilderness of fifty years ago, it is a perfect travesty on any religious convictions anywhere held at the present time. It is an elaborate conflict with a man of straw at whom the writer threshes to his heart's content.

*Unclearned Bread.* By ROBERT GRANT. Author of "The Bachelor's Christmas," etc. The Copp, Clark Company, Toronto. Pp. 431. Price, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

Most story tellers are satisfied with guiding their heroine to one marriage. Mr. Grant is more generous, he conducts Selma White, a lady who bears "a worried archangel look" in her face, to three. The book is a clever caricature of modern social life. Selma White is a sort of American Becky Sharpe, possessed, like Thackeray's famous character, with an invincible purpose to "get on" in the world, while not specially particular as to the means. In her first mercenary marriage she becomes mistress of a gaudy house, but finds that discontent seethes in her soul because she cannot mingle socially with the Brahmin caste. Her next venture is a New York architect who sacrifices his ideals to make money that his wife may spend it in ostentatious display. His death leaves Selma free to marry an ambitious politician who reaches the goal of his wife's ambition by becoming Senator.

*Without Dogma.* By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ. Author of "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," etc. Translated from the Polish by Iza Young. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. xi-423.

This book might be called "Without Conscience." The unheroic hero is a selfish egotist who not merely is not restrained by any religious "dogma" or convictions, but throws all scruples to the wind and says "There is only one logic in the world—the logic of passions." His character and conduct are in harmony with his theory. If he be designed as a type of a neurotic degenerate, the pro-

duct of over-civilization—all nerves and aesthetics with no ethics—it is a success; not otherwise. Our immoral aesthete finds life intolerable, is continually meditating suicide, and at last dies of despair. The morbid pessimism of the book is a translation into modern phrase of the words of the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." It shows what a derelict upon the sea of life is a man without the faith in the eternal lodestar of Right and Duty.

*Educational Review.* Canadian History No. 11. G. U. HAY, Esq., Publisher, St. John, N.B. Price, 10 cents, quarterly.

Dr. Harvey, of St. John's, Newfoundland, contributes to this number an admirable paper on Newfoundland of today; Dr. Bailey one on the geology of the Bay of Fundy; Rev. W. A. Raymond a touching story of the first martyr of the Canadian mission.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

We have received the first number of the *Labour Gazette*, issued by the Department of Labour for the nominal sum of twenty cents a year for an octavo pamphlet of forty pages. It is based upon the Conciliation Act of 1900, an act whose purpose it is to aid the prevention and settlement of trade disputes, and for publishing industrial information. We are glad to know that in all Government contracts an anti-sweating regulation is introduced, fair wages schedules are enforced, and voluntary conciliation arbitration strongly urged. We regard this whole movement as the prophecy of sounder industrial conditions in the future.

The best ally of the physician is the trained nurse. Nursing has become a highly trained profession. Many a patient is pulled through a serious crisis more by the help of his nurse than of his doctor. *The American Journal of Nursing*, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, price \$2.00 a year, is an evidence of the great progress made in this profession. It is a handsome, well illustrated monthly of 96 pages, devoted to original contributions and selections on this important subject. It describes specialties in nursing settlements, hospital economics, with an interesting article on work for nurses in play-schools, where children are taught the elements of the care of children, sick and well.

## Methodist Magazine and Review for 1901.

This *MAGAZINE AND REVIEW* will begin the new century with the best programme of contents it has ever presented. No magazine ever published in Canada has reached like this, its fifty-second volume. We are not prepared to announce in full the contents for 1901, but the leading writers of Methodism, both at home and abroad, and many others, will contribute to its pages. Among others we have already secured promises from the following: Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, will contribute a paper on the Twentieth Century and Missions. Rev. J. T. L. Maggs, B.A., B.D., Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, will write on either "The Modern British Pulpit" or "A Methodist Mecca—Bristol," or possibly both. Professor W. I. Shaw, LL.D., will write an important paper on the "Ritual of the Methodist Church." Rev. Professor Wallace will contribute one of his valuable studies on that remarkable character, St. Francis de Sales. Rev. Dr. Rose will write a paper on "A Plea for a Neglected Duty." Rev. W. H. Adams will write on "The English Nile," "What I saw of Methodism in Ille et Vilaine," and "The Haliburton Islands." Rev. T. W. Hunter, a bright new writer, will contribute the "The Log of a Missionary Deputation in Dominica," "Life and Work in the Barbadoes," and a study of that eccentric genius, Peter Mackenzie. Rev. Dr. Lambly will write "More Hours with Our Hymn Book." The accomplished educationist, Mrs. J. L. Hughes, will write on an important educational topic. Rev. J. A. Irwin, B.A., B.D., will write on the Covenanted Heroes, and the Romance of the Killing Time. One or more illustrated papers will treat the life and character of Alfred the Great, the thousandth anniversary of whose death will be celebrated throughout all English-speaking lands during the year. One or more illustrated articles on the Romance of Architecture will be presented; also illustrated articles on Famous English Women; the Romance of London's Streets; In the Black Belt; In the Land of the Kaiser; the Storied Rhine; a Famous English Prison—the Old Bailey; also papers on the Romance of the Post Office, Marvels of Electricity, Triumphs of Engineering, Romance of the

Savings Bank, Sailor and Saint—Captain Allen Gardiner, A Native Missionary, The Sailors' Sister—Miss Agnes Weston, Pioneer Life in the Far West, New Ontario, its Resources and its Future. Papers on the Romance of Missions, by the Editor and others, will also be printed.

Character studies of Henry Fawcett, the Blind Postmaster-General of Great Britain, of John Bright, and of other men of light and leading, will be presented. A strongly-written serial, and short stories by Miss Maude Pettitt. Rev. E. R. Young, Jr., and others, will be furnished; also, "The Church and the Theatre," by Rev. Wm. H. Hincks, LL.B.; "Education for the Twentieth Century," by John Millar, B.A., Deputy Minister of Education, and "The Apostle of the Red River." "Beyond the Rockies," by Rev. Arthur Browning.

The department of the World's Progress, treating the stirring events of the times, religious and missionary, and the trend of religious thought and work, will be fully treated, and the progress of science.

This Magazine will specially endeavour to help the great Forward Movement of Methodism, the religious and missionary revival for which our Church is so earnestly hoping and praying. A very full and comprehensive programme is being prepared, which will be announced in detail in the December number. It is the purpose of both Publisher and Editor to make this *MAGAZINE AND REVIEW* a welcome visitor—a bright, cheery, inspiring and instructive guest in the Methodist homes of this Dominion.

A lady correspondent of literary culture and refinement in the United States writes that it is the best monthly received at their house, although they have the reading of ten of the foremost.

We ask the co-operation of our friends to aid us by counsel and suggestion in the still further improvement of this periodical. Our great dependence is, of course, upon the ministers, who are its authorized and official agents. By their aid its past success has been secured, and it is confidently hoped that it will share the prosperity of the growing time of our country. To aid them in the vigorous canvass the November and December numbers will be given free to new subscribers. A liberal scale of premiums at nominal cost will be offered.