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LADDER PATH TO VILLAGE OF ALBIGNON, NEAR LEUKERBAD,
SWITZERLAND.

THE
Methodist Magazine.

December, 1891.

AN ANCIENT WATERING-PLACE.

THE BATHS OF LEUK.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D., AND W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

To reach these famous baths, which have been memorable for their cures from the time of the Romans, one crosses the Gemmi Pass—one of the most romantic in Europe. Proceeding from Spiez, on Lake Thun, the route leads through a rich pastoral valley, studded with picturesque villages, and thriving farmsteads, and quaint chalets. But for the dress of the peasantry, and the peculiar style of architecture everywhere adopted, many parts of the valley of Frutigen might lead the traveller to forget that he was in Switzerland and to fancy himself in one of the most fertile and best farmed counties of England.

As Kandersteg is approached the ascent becomes more rapid, and the scenery assumes an Alpine character. The little hamlet lies amid a magnificent mountain panorama. We took a lonely evening walk up a gorge of wildest desolation. The overhanging crags, swept by the trailing fringes of the clouds, seemed as if they would inevitably topple down and crush the rash mortal who had dared to invade their solitary domain. A more intense sense of isolation and of brooding solitude we never felt. It seemed like some lone valley of the primeval world, before the creation of man.

In the hotel parlour on Sunday we had a thoroughly High Church service. Two clergymen in full canonicals—gown, surplice, and hood—officiated. A table draped in white, at the east end of the room, served as an altar. On it were two candles—not lighted, however. The service was intoned throughout—Creed, Lord's Prayer, and all. The congregation consisted of four ladies and one gentleman beside the writer. Nevertheless the simple beauty of the prayers, which have voiced the aspirations of suc-

cessive generations, could not be marred by the puerilities with which they were accompanied.



BATHS OF LEUK, LOOKING TOWARDS GENMI.

Leaving Kandersteg, the path which is now only a bridle path, after a steep ascent, traverses a bleak, bare plateau, and winds

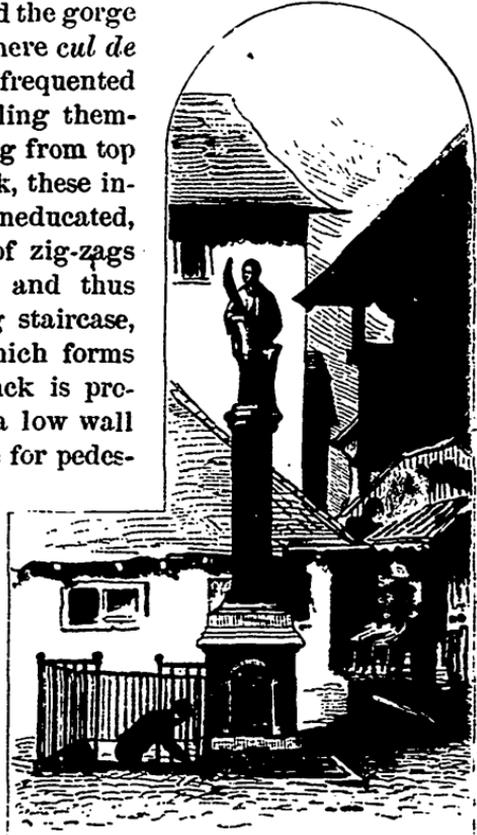
round a desolate gloomy tarn, the Dauben Sea, whose ice-cold waters are fed by the melting of the Lammeren glaciers. The zig-zag path was dreadfully steep and tiring, but the grand views of Blümlis Alp gave an excuse for often stopping to rest. We joined a pleasant Quaker party from Philadelphia, to



VIEW ON THE GEMMI PASS
(LEUK SIDE).

whom our recognition of a quotation from Lowell, by one of the ladies, sufficed for an introduction—so unconventional is the etiquette of mountain travel. After a four hours' walk we reached the summit of the pass (7,553 feet high), when there burst upon the sight a magnificent view of the Rhone Valley and the Alps of the Valais, including the huge Weisshorn, and the rugged pyramid of the Matterhorn, the scene of so many fatal accidents. Under the glowing light it was a panorama of entrancing beauty, and at a dizzy depth beneath, lay the Baths of Leuk.

But how to reach the village of Leukerbad is the question. It lies 2,000 feet below us; the huge hotels looking like toy-houses in the distance. The bastions of rock are perpendicular; in some places they even overhang the valley. Yet down the face of this scarp'd rock must we descend. From below a few men and mules may be seen making their way upward or downward, and looking like flies clinging to the bare surface of the rock. They are passing over a perfectly good road, made in the course of the last century by a party of Tyrolese work-people, who have turned the gorge of the Dala from being a mere *cul de sac* into one of the most frequented passes in the Alps. Availing themselves of a deep cleft, running from top to bottom of the wall of rock, these ingenious and daring, though uneducated, engineers formed a series of zig-zags up the sides of the chasm, and thus have constructed a winding staircase, about five feet in width, which forms an excellent road. The track is protected on the outer side by a low wall of railings, and is quite safe for pedestrians. There is little or no danger in riding up the pass; but to ride down is sheer madness. The Countess of Arlincourt, travelling with her husband on her bridal tour, fell over the precipice and was dashed to pieces. The cantonal authorities now require all persons to dismount at the top and walk down. Invalids borne



ST. LAWRENCE WELL, BATHS OF LEUK.

down to the baths sometimes have their eyes blindfolded to avoid seeing the perils of the way. The old lady of the Quaker party above mentioned was carried down in a chair by relays of strong-armed guides, who sang a wild refrain, which was weirdly echoed from the opposite wall of rock. The young ladies walked down, which it requires pretty good nerve to do. To the right of the picture on page 524 may be traced the zig-zag line of the winding path. This is shown more in detail in the cut on page 525. The

path climbs the cliff, from which a dizzying view is gained of the tremendous gorge to the right.

Leukerbad, at the foot of the Gemmi, is a village crowded to overflowing during a few weeks of summer, and deserted all the rest of the year. It consists almost exclusively of huge hotels and bath-houses. The peasants' cottages are very primitive without and within. They are grouped about on the meadow or



VIEW IN THE OLD VIL-
LAGE (BATHS OF
LEUK).

on the mountain slope. Within they are very sombre on account of their small windows, low smoke-stained wooden ceiling, solid furniture and carved dressers, adorned with brightly polished metal ware. In the cut the oaken chest, the bed, the chamois guns and side-arms, and the ice picks and alpine stocks will be observed.

During the summer season large numbers of visitors assemble

here, of whom a minority come for the enjoyment of the magnificent scenery of the neighbourhood, and the majority for the famous hot baths. There are ten or twelve springs which burst forth in and around the valley. The supply of hot mineral water is so profuse that nine-tenths of the whole flows away into the Dala unused. The principal spring, that of St Lawrence, comes up in an impetuous torrent, at a temperature of 120° Fahrenheit. On a column is seen a statue of the Saint, bearing the palm of martyrdom, and the gridiron on which he was roasted to death, as shown in the cut on page 526.

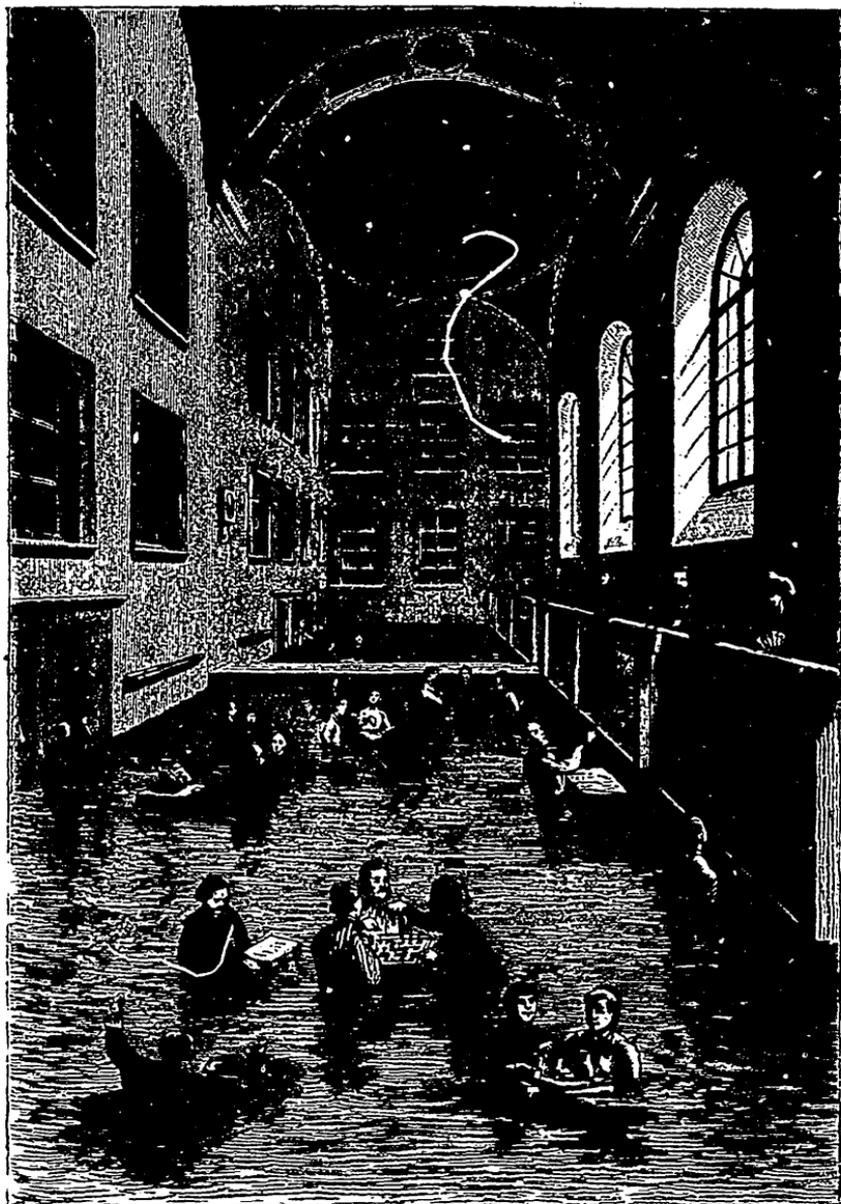
The patients, most of whom are suffering from some cutaneous or scrofulous disorder, commence by staying in the bath



ROOM IN A PEASANT'S COTTAGE, IN THE VALLEY OF LEUK.

for an hour at a time. This is gradually increased till the bathers remain immersed in saline tepid water for five or six hours daily. The tedium of spending so many hours alone would be intolerable. Hence the custom has originated of bathing together, and in public. Of course, the strictest decorum is observed, and rules are laid down to regulate the dress and conduct of the bathers. The dresses are made of dark brown cloth. Conversation goes on freely. The baths are navigated by little tables of wood, at which the patients take their meals; ladies have their flowers or needlework, gentlemen their snuff-boxes or dominoes. The day is passed in breakfasting, chatting, reading, knitting, and playing at games of skill or chance; sometimes

more boisterous sports are permitted; and we remember looking on at a very vigorous game of blind-man's-buff, played by bathers



THE INTERIOR OF A BATH (BATHS OF LEUK)..

immersed to the chin in water. We saw a young girl reading a letter, and children playing ball and swimming about; and one stout old gentleman in spectacles reading his paper, had a very

comical look. The bathers looked like a lot of mermen and mermaids—one almost expected to see the fins. It was scarce possible to bear one's hand in the water, it was so hot.

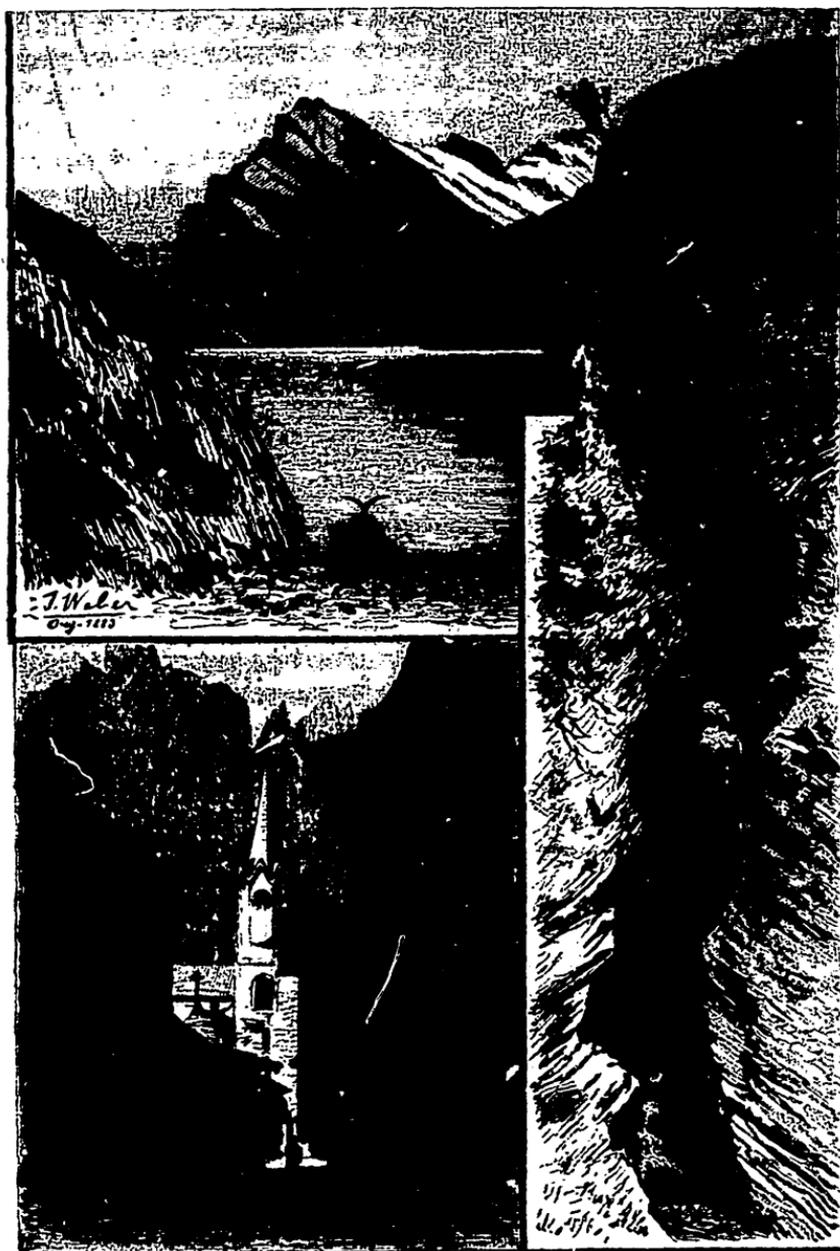
The valley is almost shut in by the nearly perpendicular cliffs which rear their lofty walls on either side. These are so steep that dangerous avalanches have often occurred, sweeping away most of the houses and destroying sometimes half a hundred lives. In the year 1830, a protective wall 245 yards in length, sixteen feet in height, and of an average thickness of about six feet, was erected a short distance above the village. But in spite of this wall, the object of which was to divert the course of the avalanches from the village, it several times happened that an avalanche passed over the wall, down to the village, though without occasioning much damage.

The scenery of the Leukerbad Valley is most impressive and beautiful under all conditions of light and atmospheric effect. But to be seen to perfection, like Melrose Abbey, "you should visit it by moonlight." All scenery needs some specific condition of light and shade to bring out its highest beauty. The Lake of Thun should be seen in bright sunlight; the Lake of Lucerne, with masses of mist and cloud floating to and fro, casting deep, black shadows, and robing the mountain in mysterious gloom. The valley of Chamounix is never so grand as at sunrise or sunset. The Gemmi should be seen from the gorge of the Dala in the light of the broad, full moon, as Cheever describes it:

"The moon rose from behind the mountains, so that we had the hour and the scene of all others the most beautiful. No language can describe the extraordinary effect of the light falling on the mighty perpendicular crags and ridges of the Gemmi on the other side, while the village itself remained in darkness. It appeared as if the face of this mountain was gradually lighted up from an inward pale fire suffused in rich radiance over it, for it was hours before we could see the moon, though we could see her veil of soft light resting upon those gigantic, rock-ribbed rebel barriers of nature.

"This beautiful night, after the moon was fully risen, I could not resist the temptation to walk down alone to that deep, wild fir-clad gorge, through which the torrent of the Dala was thundering, that I might experience the full and uninterrupted impression of moonlight and solitude in so grand a scene. As I passed down from the village, through the meadow slopes towards the black depths of the ravine, one or two persons were busied, though it was near midnight, silently mowing the grass. A beautifully gray mist, like the moonlight itself, lay upon the fields, and the sweep

of the scythes through the wet grass was the only sound that rose upon the perfect stillness of the atmosphere, save the distant sub-

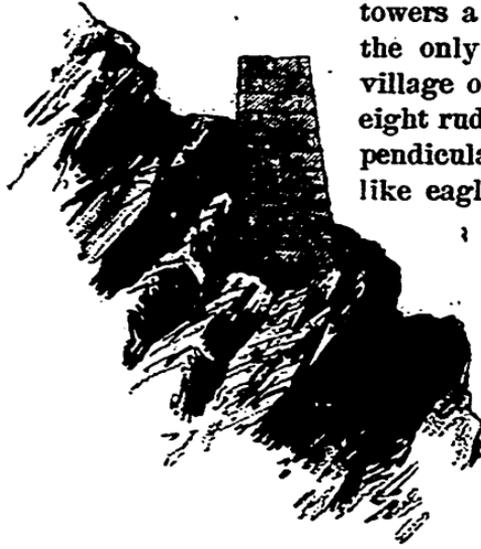


DAUSEN SEA—CHURCH AT LEUKERBAD—THE DALA-FALL.

terranean thunder of the falls of the Dala, buried in the depths of the chasm. Looking down into these depths amidst the din

and fury of the waters, the sublimity of the impression is greatly heightened by the obscurity; and then looking upward along the forest of dark verdure that clothes the overhanging mountain, how still, how beautiful in the moonlight are those rising terraces of trees! They seem as if they, too, had an intelligent spirit, and were watching the night and enjoying its beauty."

The eight miles' walk down the wild valley of the Dala to the Rhone, which we took in broad daylight, was one of the grandest of our life. At the bottom of a gorge, 900 feet deep, raves the brawling torrent. Above the pathway towers a cliff one thousand feet high, the only way to climb which to the village of Albignon is by a series of eight rude ladders attached to the perpendicular rock. The villages looked like eagles' nests hanging on the steep



AVALANCHE WALL ON THE
TORRENTHORN.

slopes. The mountaineers never hesitate to make use of these ladders, even in the dark and when carrying heavy burdens — bringing provisions to the Baths; but novices will do well to exercise considerable caution. The ever-varying views were so entrancing that we scarce could tear ourselves away. As a consequence we

had to hurry down a rough short cut, like the dry bed of a torrent, to catch the railway train at Leuk. Never, we think, was the transition from foot-sore, weary pedestrianism, to the rapid travel of an express train, more grateful than to the demoralized individual who, that lovely summer evening, was whirled down the Rhone Valley to Martigny. In the valley are several picturesque old castles of the robber knights and fighting bishops of the middle ages; and some, indeed, date from Roman times.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ :

'The moon is hid ; the night is still ;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Answer each other in the mist.

—Tennyson.

CHINA AND ITS NEEDS.*

Behold, these shall come from far :
 And lo ! these from the north and from the west ;
 And these from the land of Sinim.

Isaiah xlix. 12.

CHINA is a vast country. For more than three thousand miles its shores are washed by the ceaseless surges of the sea. It encloses a desert, vast as any over which sterility ever reigned ; it embraces plains as exuberant as were ever pressed by foot of man. The area of its largest plain is greater by one-half than all the German Empire.

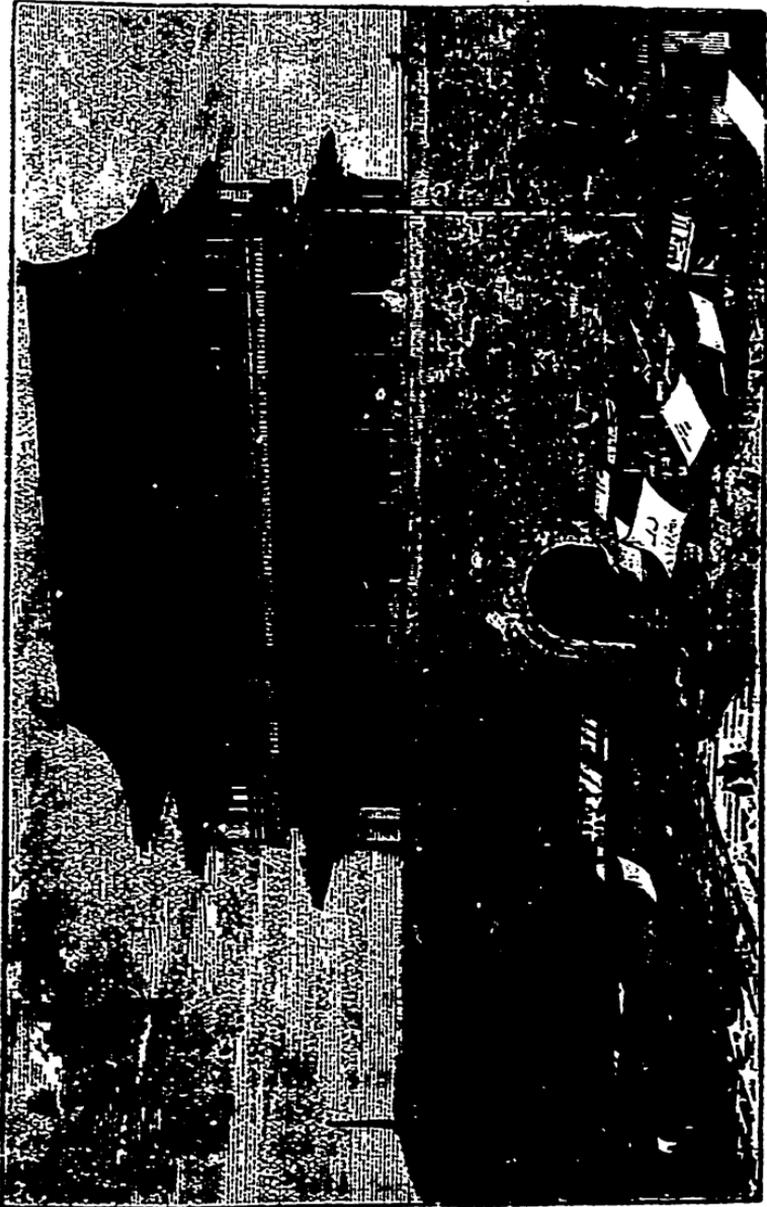
Great rivers drain and irrigate the land. The Hoang-Ho is almost three times the length of the Ohio, while the Yang-tse is longer than the Mississippi, and drains a basin more extensive than the whole territory of the Republic of Mexico. One-tenth of the population derive their food from the waters of the country. The extent of its coal-fields was more than twenty times greater than those of all Europe, being 419,000 square miles, and side by side with the coal is iron ore. It has all degrees of altitude, from the sea level to the perpetual snow line. It has all varieties of climate. One may be ice-bound at Peking, while the thermometer seldom falls below 50° at Canton. It is not easy to make real to ourselves an Empire which comprises one-third of the continent of Asia, and one-tenth of the habitable globe ; which sweeps through seventy degrees of latitude and forty of longitude, whose circuit is half the circumference of the globe.

Professor Douglas thus describes it : "From one end of the country to the other the land blossoms as the rose, and yields to the diligent and careful tillage of the natives enough and to spare of all that is necessary for the comfort and well-being of man. Nor have these advantages become the recent possessions of the people. For many centuries they have been in full enjoyment of them, and on every side the evidences of long-established wealth and commercial enterprise are observable."

Extent compared with other countries.—Various are the expedients to which men have resorted to "take the great idea in." Comparisons in geography are now popular. Try France on the chart of China and you may sketch the one seven times on the other, and have space to spare. Try the Chinese em-

* Abridged from an admirable pamphlet on this subject by the Rev. J. T. Gracey, D.D., and from other sources.—Ed.

pire by this comparative chartology, and it will exceed Great Britain and Ireland forty-four times. It can be dissected into 104 Englands, or 176 Scotlands. Lay all Europe on China and



CHIEN GATE AT PEKIN, WITH GATE TOWER ABOVE.

the latter is one-third larger. Lay China on the United States, and it will overrun into the Gulf of Mexico, and four degrees into the Pacific Ocean. Reverse the experiment and lay the United States, including Alaska, on China, and you may gem the

edges with a half-a-dozen of Great Britain and Ireland; that is, you will have a million and a half square miles to add for good measure. Change it from its present shape to that of a belt of land a mile wide, and there would be room for a walking match from end to end, of thirty miles a day, continued through more than four and a half centuries.

Dr. Legge, forty years a missionary in China, and now Professor of Chinese in the University at Oxford, does not think that anybody can say anything more definite than the Chinese Ambassador in Paris, who recently stated the population at four hundred millions.

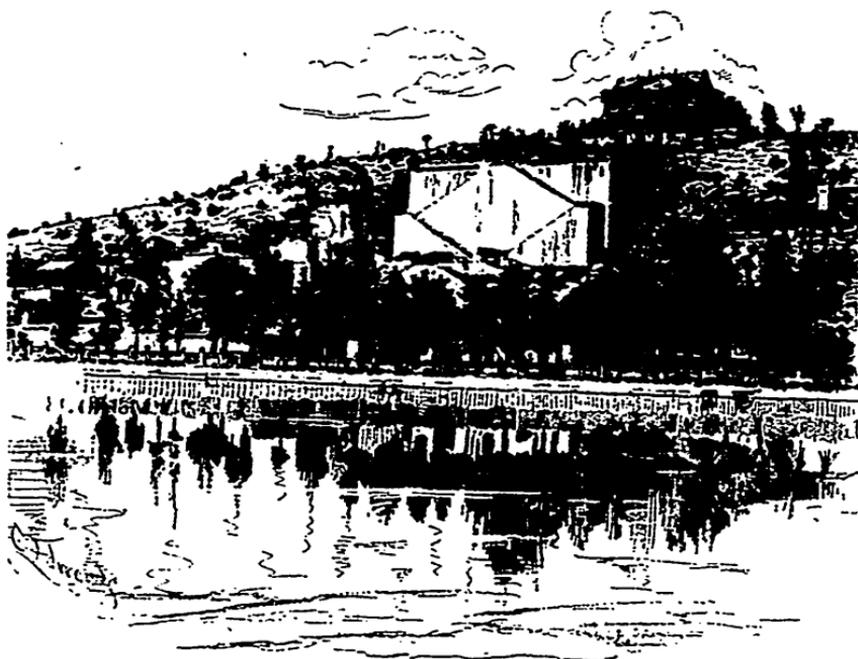
Populousness compared with other countries.—There are one-third more people in China than in all the countries of Europe combined; twice as many as on the four continents, Africa, North and South America, and Oceanica. One-third of the human race is in China. Every third person who lives and breathes upon this earth, who toils under the sun, sleeps under God's stars, or sighs and suffers beneath the heaven, is a Chinese. Every third child born into the world looks into the face of a Chinese mother; every third pair given in marriage plight their troth in a Chinese cup of wine; every third orphan weeping through the day, every third widow wailing through the watches of the night, is in China. Every third person who comes to die, or who sits in contemplation on his own dissolution, is a Chinese. One can but ask, What catechism will this third child learn? What prosperity will follow this bridal? What solace will be afforded these widows? What watch-care will be given these orphans? With what hopes will these multitudes depart?

Depart they must, and the ghastly arithmetic startles us, as we estimate how rapidly they go. Thirty-three thousand Chinese die every day! We pale and shudder at the dim outline of the thought. And yet they stay not! Bury all the people in London in three months, and the rest of mankind would start aghast at the grim event. Yet we record and read with carelessness the statement that four times every year that number die in China. It is equal to burying all the people of England in a year and a half; all of Great Britain and Ireland in thirty months; all of New York City in less than a month; all the people of the United States in less than six years! Terrific ordeal of the imagination! We stagger at the arithmetic, and hide our face from the pallid ranks.

We turn to the living. Put them in rank joining hands, and they will girdle the globe ten times at the equator with living, beating human hearts. Make them an army, and let them move

at the rate of thirty miles a day, week after week, and month after month, and they will not pass you in twenty-three years and a half. Constitute them pilgrims, and let them journey every day and night, under the sunlight and under the solemn stars, and you must hear the ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp, of the weary, pressing, throbbing throng for twelve long years and eight months.

China has a surprising history.—The history of Rome is compassed by about a thousand years. That of Greece varies but little from that of Rome. The history of the Jews from Abraham



SUMMER PALACE, "HILL OF TEN THOUSAND AGES," PEKIN.

to the destruction of Jerusalem is double that of Rome. But China has had a settled form of constitutional government for forty centuries. Ancient Turanian and Aztec nations, Greece, Rome, Persia, Assyria and Babylon have risen, culminated and declined, while the Chinese government has survived through thirty changes of dynasty. Its laws, codified 2,000 years ago, are revised every five years. China was consolidated as a government B.C. 1088, and substituted her present form of government for the feudal two hundred and twenty years before Christ, thus emancipating her people from the feudal system before the Christian era. In theory her government is despotic, but practically it is democratic, the equality of all men before the law

being its fixed principle. The half-dozen nomadic tribes from the region of the Caspian Sea, who settled in the basins drained by the Yellow and Yang-tse rivers, are to-day the greatest multitude of people gathered under one government to be found on the face of the globe, and Peking is the oldest existing capital of any country.

A thousand years before Romulus dreamed of building the Seven-Hilled City the Chinese were a peaceful and prosperous people. While Solomon in all his glory was receiving the Queen of Sheba in Jerusalem, when the arches of Babylon first spanned the Euphrates, when the towers of Nineveh first cast their shadows into the Tigris, when Jonah threatened Nineveh with destruction, when Isaiah foretold the downfall of Babylon, when Daniel prayed and prophesied—through all these years the Chinese were engaged in agriculture, commerce and literature. China was seven hundred years old when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. She had existed fifteen centuries when Isaiah prophesied of her future conversion.

China has an ingenious, intelligent and industrious people. Her records reach backward through four thousand years. She had, 1,700 years ago, a lexicon of the language which is still reckoned among her standards. The earliest missionaries found the Chinese with a knowledge of the magnet.

Antiquity of Chinese Civilization.—Let us once more attempt historic parallels. It is said that two centuries before Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees, Chinese astronomers had recorded observations which have been verified by modern scientists. When Moses led the Israelites through the wilderness, Chinese laws and literature rivalled, and Chinese religious knowledge excelled that of Egypt. The Chinese invented firearms as early as the reign of England's first Edward, and the art of printing five hundred years before Caxton was born. They made paper A.D. 150, and gunpowder about the commencement of the Christian era.

A thousand years ago the forefathers of the present Chinese sold silks to the Romans, and dressed in these fabrics when the inhabitants of the British Isles wore coats of blue paint and fished in willow canoes. Before America was discovered, China had a canal twelve hundred miles long. Her great wall was built two hundred and twenty years before Christ was born in Bethlehem. It varies from fifteen to thirty feet in height and breadth, and passes over mountains and through valleys in an unbroken line for 1,500 miles. Six horsemen could ride abreast upon it. It contains material enough to build a wall five or six feet high

around the globe. It is said to be the only artificial structure that would attract attention in a hasty survey of the globe.

China has at présent 1,700 walled cities, the walls of which, in a straight line, would extend 6,000 miles. The longest of her canals is twice the length of the Erie. Her two thousand canals irrigate all parts of the empire. She collects no tolls to keep these canals in repair. Her public works are perhaps unequalled in any land, and by any people, for the amount of human labour bestowed upon them.

Education and Literature.—Of the millions that compose the empire, a vast proportion are able to read and write. There is a universal system of self-supporting day-schools. Every parent who has a few pence to spare in the month will try to educate his child. Only



EAST FLOWERY GATE, PEKIN.

literary graduates are admitted to public office, and ten thousand triannually enter the competitive examinations at Peking. Some who fail to pass these, continue to try until they are old men. They have a list of all graduates during the past five centuries. Education is spurred on by inculcation of precepts of sages and by emoluments of office, open to every child in the empire who wins literary distinction. The literature of China is overwhelming in extent, and the literati have such a superstitious reverence for all papers containing letters, as to place receptacles on the streets for their preservation, and to employ men to collect them that they may not be trodden upon and defiled.

Modern Progress and Enterprise.—The Chinese have an an-

tipathy to foreigners, and often give credence to absurd stories about them, such as that they have "no joints to their knees," and that their sailors have "webbed feet"; that foreigners see a hundred yards into the earth, and missionaries extract the eyeballs of murdered Chinese children for the purpose of making charms.

In the face of all this, they are learning of the foreigner and accepting many of his improvements. Dock-yards and arsenals have been established, gunboats and corvettes built and equipped at the Foo-Chow dockyard, and superintended by French inspectors; a post-captain of the British navy taught the future officers of a Chinese fleet, and a frigate has been built and launched at the arsenal at Shanghai. Retiring officers of the British army command the Camp of Instruction at Shanghai, and Americans, the drilled force of Ningpo. The Taku forts are armed with Krupp guns. They have re-organized their army, furnishing them with the Enfield, Colt and Remington rifles. The cumbersome junks are giving way on the coast and great rivers to fine steamships. Chinese banks, insurance companies and boards of trade are to be found in all the leading ports. The Imperial College of Pekin, presided over by Dr. Martin, the missionary, is the West Point of China, with a hundred students mastering western sciences and languages. Scientific and popular magazines circulate among the literati and the ruling portion of society.

They exhibit great tact and skill in the use of modern appliances, and do not hesitate to migrate for business purposes. They are seamen on Pacific steamers, brakemen on Cuba railroads, miners in Peru; are in the shoe shops, laundries, kitchen and woollen mills of the United States; are on the sugar plantations of the West Indies, and are to be found from San Diego to Puget Sound. Dr. R. H. Graves says: "There are 50,000 of them in the Philippine Islands; 50,000 in the English colony at Singapore, where they own four-fifths of all the real estate; 50,000 more in the Malay Peninsula; 1,300,000 in Siam; thousands in Cochin China, and thousands more in Borneo, Java and Sumatra. The colonies founded by the Spaniards, Dutch, French and English are being rapidly filled up by Chinese. In the Sandwich Islands there are more Chinese men than men of the native race."

They are equal to every climate, whether that of the iceberg of the north, or the malarious tracts of the tropics. Their power of endurance of all climates is unequalled by those of any other race. A British writer has said, "If the hard work of this world were to be farmed out to the lowest bidder, with political protection and honest pay, it seems likely that the Chinese race would take the contract."

China has complicated religious systems. The primitive religion of China was a species of nature-worship. Hills, rivers and ancestors received offerings. "Heaven," "the Supreme Ruler," and a fabled "Six honoured Ones," were worshipped. Divination was practised, but no rewards or punishments of conduct were inculcated.

Blending of the three great religions.—There are three prominent religions in China at present, Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism, but no person is exclusively of either. A Chinaman is a religious triangle, and when he becomes a Christian, Christianity wins a triumph over three opposing faiths at once, one of which has laid hold of the intellect, another of the conscience, and the



SEDAN CHAIR.

third the affections of the people. The blending of these is seen in the fact, that while Confucianism is theoretically the only religion of the state, Taoism furnishes the gods of literature and of war, as well as the patron gods of each city and town, while Buddhist priests must be invited to assist in religious ceremonies, and the whole resolve themselves into the worship of gods and ancestors. Buddhist and Taoist priests attend the same weddings and funerals and pray side by side, as if their systems of religion were identical in origin and purpose, with merely an accidental difference of name.

Two popular forms of the religious thought and habit of the Chinese demand special notice.

Ancestor Worship.—The worship of ancestors antedates, but

was adopted by Confucius, and is the most powerful religious custom affecting China. It is the most universal and ancient form of idolatry found in the country. It hangs a curtain of gloomy superstition over the land. Ancestral halls are endowed and repaired, and the ceremonies perpetuated thereby.

Numerous tablets, twelve to fifteen inches high, are erected for departed relatives, before which incense is burned morning and evening. For a deceased father the ceremonial must be kept up for forty-nine days. A bridegroom's ancestors must be worshipped by his bride as well as himself. When a scholar obtains his degree, when an officer is advanced in rank, and on anniversaries of births and deaths, this worship must be performed. At the Festival of the Tombs in the spring time, the people universally have a family gathering to worship the dead. In ancestral halls, in private rooms, in the house, before a few tablets or hundreds, the worship goes on. A family is mentioned in Canton having eleven hundred tablets in each of two rooms, and the third containing an image of the ancestor, a disciple of Confucius who lived B. C. 300. The tablets are arranged from above downwards, the oldest being on the top. The venerable amongst the living may have tablets also, but covered with red paper.

The object of this worship is two-fold, viz.: to secure the repose of the dead; to provide them with comfort, clothing, furniture, made of paper and transported to them by burning; and also to secure the worshipper from damage in person, business or property, from the restless ghosts of these departed relations. One half of the female population of China devote their time, not occupied in domestic duties, to making articles connected with ancestral worship.

Large benevolence and kindness to both men and animals have been claimed for the Chinese as the result of their religions. It is probable that the Buddhist doctrine of metempsychosis does superinduce some carefulness in the matter of destroying life, but the cruel and inhuman character of Chinese punishment at law, show the absolute failure of all these religions combined to master the barbarous element of heathenism.

Early Missions.—It is probable that Christianity was introduced at a very early date into China. In the sixth century the Nestorian Christians had missions there. These became flourishing a century later. The Roman Catholics have had missions in China for nearly six hundred years, though with a fluctuating fortune. After seventy-six years they were almost wholly broken up. Recently they have increased their force of workers; in 1870 they claimed 404,530 adherents.

The Greek Church was established in Pekin in 1685, and four years later a treaty, formed between the Russian and Chinese governments, resulted in the permanent establishment of a college of Greek priests at the Chinese capital. It was not until recent years that they attempted to make proselytes.

Modern Missions.—Protestant missions in China were begun by the London Missionary Society sending Rev. Robert Morrison to Canton in 1807. Morrison's temper was manifest when he prepared for the Divinity school at night, after making boot-trees all day. He was indomitable. Unable to do direct missionary work, he laboured as a servant of the East India Company in compiling a Chinese dictionary and translating the Bible into that tongue. For six years he laboured alone, then he was joined by William Milne, of like spirit, who at sixteen was wont to spend whole evenings in prayer in the sheep-cotes of his native Scotland. In 1814 Morrison baptized his first convert, and issued the New Testament in Chinese. In 1818 he and Milne jointly published the whole Bible in that language.

Chinese Converts.—Christianity is the power of God to the salvation of Chinese. Let us glance at a few instances: A Confucian temple keeper named Ch'e at the city of Poklo, on the Canton East River, received the Scriptures from a colporteur of the London Mission, became convinced of the folly of idolatry, and was baptized by Dr. Legge. He gave up his calling, and set to work among his acquaintances and friends as a self-appointed Scripture reader. He would go through the streets of the city and the country round with a board on his back containing some texts of Scripture. So successful was he that in about three years' time, about one hundred of the people were baptized.

"I am addicted to every sin you can imagine," said Liu Kin Shan to Rev. Griffiths John. "Can Jesus Christ save me?" He had strolled into the chapel at Hankow. The preacher said "Yes." They prayed, and instantaneous conversion followed, and Liu, now more than fifty years old, is the centre of a gospel work in his own locality, where he was widely known as a riotous libertine.

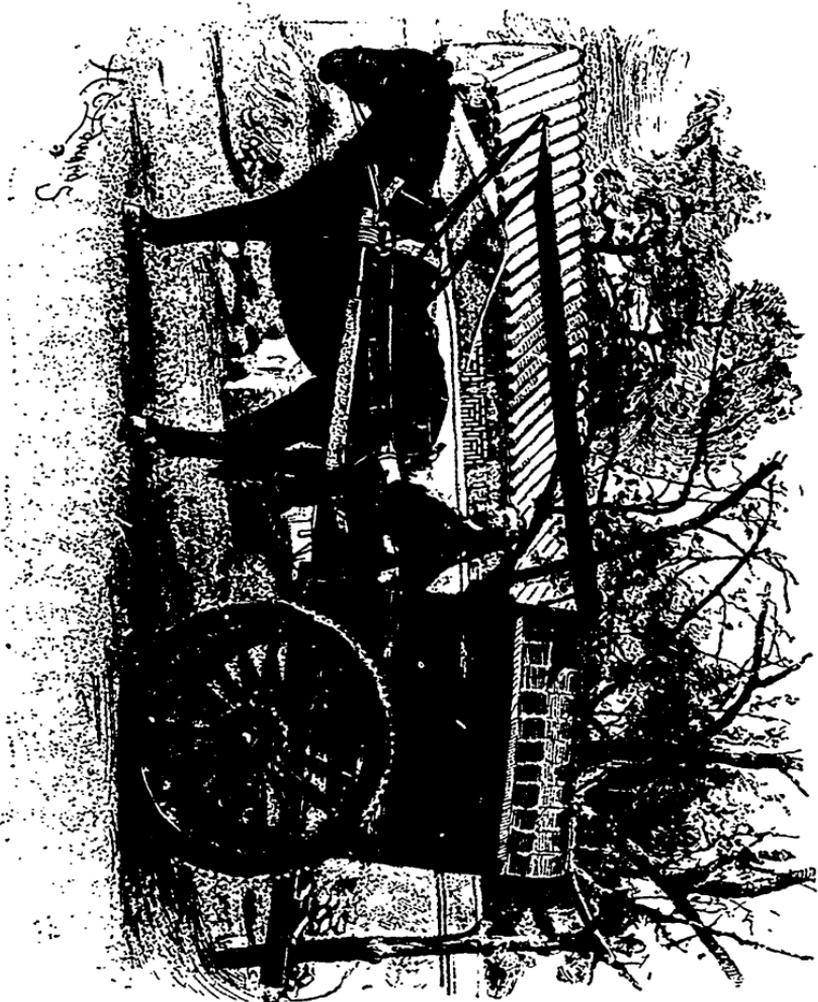
When the Methodist chapel at Ing Ching was damaged by a mob in 1878, the government awarded one native Christian 30,000 "cash" on account of physical injuries, but he declined to take it as he did not wish to appear to receive money-compensation for his persecution for Christ's sake. "They can cut off our heads," said some grave Christians to Rev. Mr. Stevenson, "but they cannot behead Christ."

Genuineness of the Work.—The Chinese converts are mostly poor, but the genuineness of the work is shown by their contri-

butions to it. At the Shanghai Conference, Dr. Yates said in 1876 the contributions averaged \$3.50 per head, though probably one-half gave nothing.

Dr. Legge, after forty years of missionary service in China, said: "I have been by the bedside of men and women who have died in Christian peace and hope. I have heard men who had at

PEKIN CARRIAGE.



one time been great criminals and afterwards lived good lives, comforting with their latest breath, and stimulating their friends who stood weeping around. I have known not a few who took submissively the spoiling of their goods because of their faith. I knew well one who sealed his Christian profession with his blood, and died a faithful martyr. Yes, the converts are real."

Rev. C. F. Turner, at the London Conference, said: "I have

worked with Chinese Christians who have borne on their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus; men with great burnt scars on their bodies where they had endured the tortures of fire, in the service of the Gospel. I have trod : in the footsteps of a Chinese martyr who laid down his life for the Lord Jesus, and I have looked upon the spot where they cast his corpse into the river."

Advantages and Helps.—Rev. Dr. Williamson pointed out some while ago, in *Evangelical Christendom*, that there is a providential preparation in China for the reception and spread of the Gospel.

There is an educational preparation. They say: "The mind is the man." The competitive examinations have quickened the intellect of China. This gave rise to schools. Hence the large percentage of readers. Then there is one written language for the whole empire. There is a social preparation. Through the observance of filial obligation it has trained the nation to subordination to law and order. There is no communism nor nihilism here. *Divine authority* can be easily taught.

There is a moral preparation. The heart is recognized as the seat of morals. Benevolence is urged in every form and righteousness too. The doctrine of mediation is recognized. They have some knowledge of a true and living God, a power on whom country, family and individual prosperity depends. They possess an applied knowledge of immortality. Their emperors never die, they ascend.

Mr. Wesley is reported to have said that "the devil invented the Chinese language to keep the Gospel out of China. But nothing facilitates its spread more than this. It has been generally supposed that the Chinese language has 80,000 separate characters of which the dictionary of Kawghi explains about 40,000, but the number met with in books is only about 5,000. The spoken languages vary with every province. Though a Canton and a Foo-Chow man cannot understand each other's speech, they will each know what the other writes, as a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman would know the written Arabic numerals, though not each other's words for them.

The water communications afford a highway to every province of China. Protection is afforded, which is so effectual that missionaries have repeatedly traversed every province of China unmolested and without being asked for their passports.

Amongst the specially favourable things, there is the fact that the people's confidence in their religious systems was disturbed by the Taiping rebellion. "The idol-destroying rebels ever worsted the idol-worshipping imperialists, ever subdued the idol-

trusting masses," and the rebels who broke down temples, drove out priests and made widows and orphans were only subdued by the aid of "Foreign Devils." This was a terrible stroke to the prestige of the idolatrous systems of China.

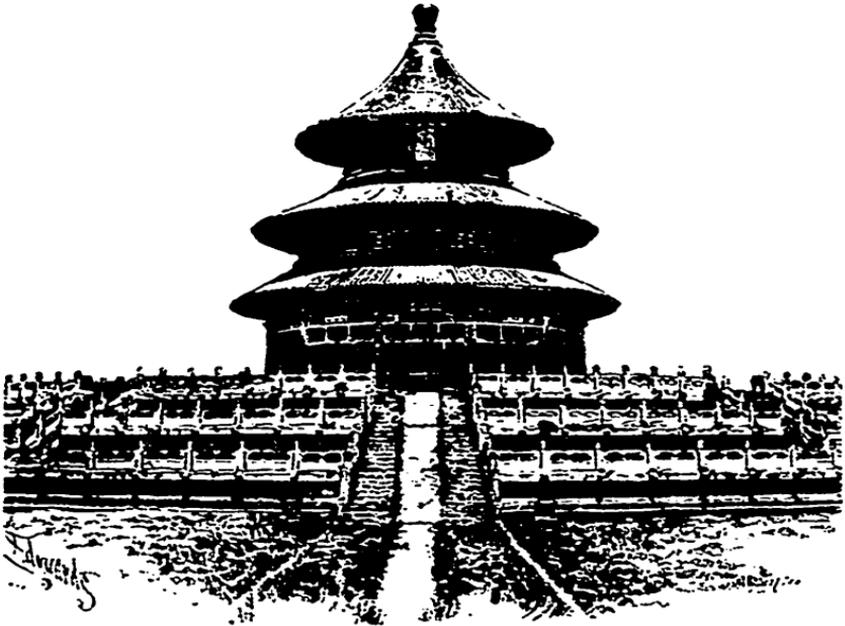
The Chinese have a natural distrust of foreigners, and this has been greatly increased by the course of Great Britain in the matter of the opium traffic. The disinterested benevolence of foreigners in the late famine which swept off five millions of people had a good effect. Since the famine, a Buddhist temple was given to the missionaries of the American Board for Christian uses. This did not occur till the pressure of famine was over, and the people were in the midst of a plentiful harvest. The deed of gift was drawn up at a feast, at which the temple-keeper, the eighteen managers of the temple, and the missionary were present. "Here," says the missionary, "was an absolutely heathen gathering, in a heathen town, voting away their temple and its lands to a foreign religion, of which most of them had never heard six months ago, and none of them until within a few years." Following on this deed of gift came the destruction of idols, sixty in number. The platforms of the idols are put to better use in seating the worshippers of God. The largest bell of the temple is hung up to do duty in calling to worship. "A dozen wars," says an eminent authority, "would not have done so much to open China as the ministrations to their relief have done."

Dr. Legge, at the London Conference said: "The converts have multiplied during thirty-five years at least two thousand fold, the rate of increase being greater year after year. Suppose it should continue the same for another thirty-five years, then in A. D. 1913 there will be in China twenty-six millions of communicants, and a professedly Christian community of one hundred millions."

Obstacles and Difficulties to the Heathen becoming Christians.—No one can state the case of the Chinese better than the Chinese, and so we let a native Chinese Christian minister state the point of the difficulties of the native Chinaman in learning about Christianity.

Rev. Y. K. Yen, speaking at the Shanghai Conference, said: "We must understand the peculiar character of the Chinese. (1) They have hazy ideas about gods. A Chinese who went to the United States was written to by his father that his sixth mother was well. What can a man who has six mothers know of a mother's love? (2) The Chinese have hazy ideas about sin, which they confound with crime, treading on one's toes, being late to dinner—the same character for all. (3) They have hazy ideas about a future life."

A native preacher says: "A single province of China converted would be equal to the conversion of whole nations elsewhere. Convert any one of her eighteen provinces and you would have more than all Brazil and Mexico. Any one of a dozen of her provinces would be more than the conversion of all Italy. As goes China, so goes Asia. She is to-day the citadel of paganism. Secure her to Christ, and you secure all her dependencies, as Thibet, Turkestan, Mongolia, Manchuria and Korea. Break down her idols and you dethrone the greater part of heathenism at a stroke!"



COVERED ALTAR. TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKIN.

The missionaries appeal to the Churches because China is the largest and most important heathen country; because, though old, the nation is full of vigour and promise; because they are the great colonizers of the East; because morally and religiously there is no hope for China itself; because, since the Che-foo Convention of 1876, the Empire is more open than ever; because multitudes are reading Christian books, and inquiring after Christian truth.

There are hosts of gods who are worshipped by the Chinese. Gods of almost every calling—of the mechanic and tradesman and scholar; gods of the workshop and store and school-room; gods of land and sea; gods of the tempest and the calm; gods of wind and thunder and lightning; gods of the honest tradesmen,

and gods of the dishonest gambler and thief: good gods and bad gods, all alike, find worshippers. The commonest worship of the Chinese is that of dead ancestors; the rarest is the worship of Shang-ti—the Supreme Being; and even in this last case, the worship of Shang-ti is mixed up with the worship of ancestors.

The Chinese believe that one of the three souls of each of their dead ancestors returns and dwells in the tablet, or little monument, upon which the new name of the person is written. They pray, and make their offerings before these tablets, very much as one of us might go to a loving father or mother with a present, or to ask a favour. Even in the great temple of Peking, the Emperor has placed the ancestral tablets of his family; so at the same time that he worships in the Altar to Heaven, or the Temple of Agriculture, he is praying to his departed ancestors.

Peking greatly disappoints the expectations of almost every foreign visitor. It is not as large as we had supposed. Its walls, houses, temples, and public buildings are all in a state of decay; its streets are filthy and narrow and dark; and the whole city has a poverty-stricken appearance. Yet the city has this interest: that it is over three thousand years old; that it is the seat of the Chinese government; and that the highest forms of Chinese worship are to be found here. In the noisy, crowded streets, the bustling, jostling, shouting multitude pursue their occupations. Here, one sees a blacksmith; there, a butcher; across the way, a "patent medicine" seller; each engaged in his business. It is only when one retires to the solitude of the Imperial Temple that he can escape the racket and din, the stenches and dust of the Imperial City.

The temples, once beautiful structures, are situated in the southern section of Peking, quite near the Wall. The chiefest is the Altar to Heaven, situated in a park about a square mile in extent. Several high brick walls surround the temple enclosure. Mr. Bainbridge, in his "Around the World Tour," describes his successful efforts to force an entrance into this sacred enclosure. The magnificent structures, with all their delicate workmanship, are utterly neglected; as are also those of the Temple of Agriculture. Dust and dirt cover everything. Bishop Wiley tells how, when he visited these temples, with his foot he scraped away more than an inch of dirt on the floor, and discovered thus a "most beautiful mosaic work of porcelain tiles."

Every spring, the Emperor, with his attendants, proceeds to the park of the Temple of Agriculture. Here, in a specially reserved plot of ground, and in the presence of the Mandarins, and other high officers, the Emperor pushes a plough through furrow after

furrow, then rakes the ground and sows it with seed. This being accomplished, he, and his officials, proceed to the Temple of Agriculture near by, which is dedicated to Shang-ti (the Supreme Being, as most scholars understand the term to mean), who is here worshipped under the form of Shin-nung, the "Divine Husbandman." Bullocks, swine and sheep are slaughtered; their flesh is cooked, and first offered in the Temple, and afterwards eaten. At the same time prayers are said to Shin-nung, and to the gods of land, of grain, of ocean, wind, thunder and rain.

On the same day that the Emperor is thus worshipping in the Temple of Agriculture, in all the great cities of China the Mandarins gather the people near the south gates, address them from pulpits upon carefully cultivating the soil, and, in the name of the Emperor, give gifts to those farmers who have distinguished themselves; much after the fashion that prevails among us of giving premiums and medals at agricultural fairs and exhibitions.

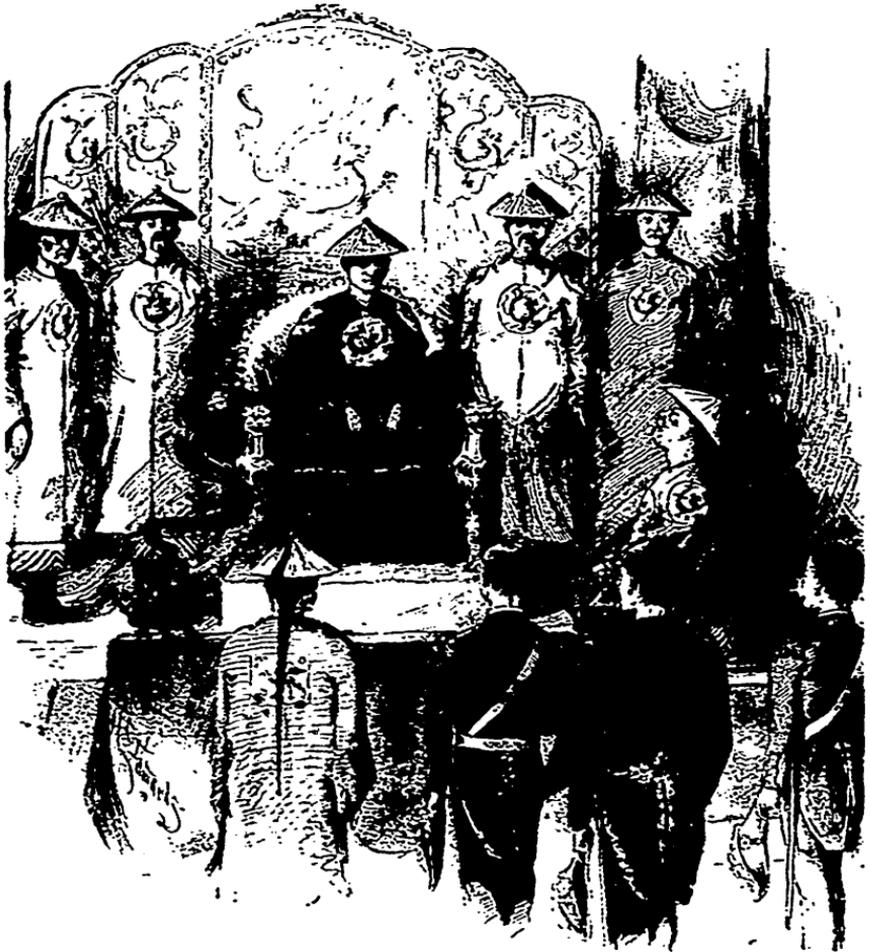
Thus among the Chinese "God has not left Himself without a witness among them, in that He does good, and sends them rain and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness." Yet, alas! they worship Him not; and even the worship of the gods of their own devising is half-hearted and careless.

That august body, the Tsung-li Yamen (Foreign Office) pays visits to the Envoys on state occasions, at which times the peaceful compound is overflowing with chairs, carts and ragamuffin retainers, who flatten their noses against every window-pane, or if the door is incautiously left unlocked, they walk in. Meanwhile the masters are treated to an unappreciated foreign tiffin. When it is their turn to entertain the foreigners, they never receive them at their private houses. Instead, there is a spread at Yamen, where a few Chinese delicacies come in play, such as bird's nest soup, shark's fins, preserved eggs—which are kept in straw till they turn perfectly black—parched watermelon seeds and apricot kernels.

It seems little short of a miracle in these days that in the twelfth century that uncommon adventurer, Marco Polo, could have gained such influence over them as to have been made governor of a province, and that the Jesuits in the latter part of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries should have been permitted to build the observatory and the most beautiful palace in China, which, such is the sarcasm of destiny, was destroyed later by their own people.

At present there is a halo of mystery that hangs about the court and all appertaining thereto. All state affairs at the palace

are transacted at midnight, at which time the city gates are opened for officials to pass back and forth. When on rare occasions the Emperor leaves the palace, the public is notified of the streets he will take, and that they are closed to them, so that it is impossible even to catch a glimpse of him. The road he follows is covered with yellow earth (the imperial colour), and the inns at



AUDIENCE OF FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES AT COURT.

which he stops are hung with yellow satin brocade. During his minority he leaves the capital only to worship at the tomb of his ancestors. The present Emperor has arrived at an age when he chooses his wives. All the Manchu girls of his royal clan are sent to him to choose from. There are three empresses, the empress *par excellence*, the empress of the eastern and the empress of the western palaces, six ladies of the palace and seventy-two

concubines. The first empress is never allowed to see or speak to any member of her family after marriage. There is a story told about the present regent, that when she was sent on approval with the other Manchu maidens, her parents were so anxious she should not be chosen, that they padded her out to make her look hunchbacked, notwithstanding which she was the choice.

Only twice has an audience been granted to foreign representatives. The first was during the last reign. The memorable event, which the diplomatists of the two worlds valiantly fought to bring about for months, meeting with a stubborn resistance on the part of the Chinese government, took place on the 29th of June, 1873. The fight had been to get the Chinese to accede to the foreign ministers' dispensing with the Ko-tou, or prostration on being presented to the Emperor, which had been from time immemorial required at the court at China. Genuflexions were equally impossible for the diplomatic corps, so, our less imposing, but more easily performed bow, was at last agreed upon. The audience took place in an out-building, called the Tgu Kuang Ko, or Purple Pavilion, outside the palace walls, and near the Catholic church, Pei Tang. After hours of waiting the foreign representatives were introduced into the hall, where the Emperor sat cross-legged on his throne. They stood behind a table, some distance from him, and deposited their letters of credence on it. The Emperor murmured some words to Prince Kung in Manchu, and he came and repeated them to the ministers, and in five minutes this imposing scene, which the *London Times* called, "Breaking the Magic Circle," was at an end.

On the 5th of last March the same privilege was again accorded to foreign representatives.

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

OLDE customs, that be good, let no man dispise.

At Christmas be mery, and thanke God of all ;
 And feast thy poore neighbcurs, the great with the small ;
 Yea, all the yere long have an eye to the poore,
 And God shall sende luck to keep open thy door.

—*Thomas Tusser.*

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

BY THE REV. W. G. DAWSON.*



REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES—OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

It is probably much easier to sketch the character of your enemy than your friend. You have studied your enemy's weak points, and know them thoroughly. It is needless to exercise an urbane moderation of language; no one expects it of you. If

* Abridged from *The Young Man*.

you have any skill in vituperative epigram, this is your opportunity, and the smarter and more stinging the better. These, at least, are the apparent ethics of those studies in denunciation which have been bequeathed to us by great writers and parliamentary orators. But when you begin to describe your friend, a hundred difficulties beset you. If you praise him even in moderation, you are accused of log-rolling. If you blame him ever so mildly, you are accused of bad taste. If you make a joke at his expense, there is a danger that he may never speak to you again. If you abstain from any of these things, it is probable that the public will say you have written a dull article, and the subject of it will think so too; and to be dull is journalistic suicide. "Do what you like, but don't be dull," is the first article of the editorial creed.

Let me begin, then, in the fashion of the memoir-writer by saying that Mr. Hughes was born at Carmarthen, something over forty years ago. He began his career in the ordinary way, and with no very visible signs of extraordinary promise. It was not an auspicious moment in Methodism, and there was a great deal to justify the strong statement of the *Times* that Methodism had become merely a favourite sect of the middle classes. It had grown rapidly in material prosperity, but its spiritual fervour was not then at its highest, and it seemed to be losing touch with the lower classes. The thing that at once differentiated Mr. Hughes from his fellows was a singular union of culture and revivalism. He worked steadily for his London M.A. degree, and took it; but his bent towards culture did not interfere with his growing spiritual zeal. It was rather the fashion at that time to look upon revivalism as hardly a respectable thing, and the art was left to men who had zeal, but who made no pretence to culture. Mr. Hughes was undoubtedly a man of culture, and in this respect far ahead of many of his brethren; but he also distanced them in the strength of his passion for souls. He had experienced a conversion as deep and miraculous as the conversion of Wesley, and that was the paramount factor of his life. He had a magnificently developed practical faculty, and that sort of dominant individuality which does not obey conditions, but creates them. The union of these qualities made him from the first an unconventional preacher. He knew how to go to his mark with singular directness of aim. He spoke with profound conviction. He was impatient of pulpit restraints, and of popular pulpit manners. He had a gift of leadership, and men submitted to its spell. This gift distinguished him from the first, and is the main element of his success.

It is not necessary to recall, in any exhaustive way, the tradition of the pulpit of twenty years ago. The chief factor about it was that it lacked vital touch with the times. So the style of sermon was an elaborate and picturesque invention, but its guns were often fired in the air. It precisely fulfilled Whately's ironical definition: "It aimed at nothing—and hit it." It was entirely *infra dig.* to refer to the events of the hour, except in the way of the most distant and half-apologetic allusion. You preached as though the daily papers had no existence. The idea of the *Citizen-Christ*, of a Christianity whose business it was to look after the doings of governments and municipal bodies, and to bring the pressure of the ethics of Jesus to bear on the common life of the hour was an idea hardly born.

This condition of things has been put an end to, and Mr. Hughes has done more for its demolition than any living man. He rightly claims that, in this matter, he has not invented a new Methodism, but has simply revived an old Methodism—the Methodism of Wesley. People stared, and the fogeys rubbed their eyes. If Mr. Hughes had not been an intensely spiritual man, he might have done incalculable harm both to himself and others. He might have become a mere topical Sunday lecturer, and have lowered the pulpit to the level of a debating platform. But from this he was saved by his enthusiasm for souls. Whatever people might think of the new style of preaching, there was no doubt that it led multitudes to newness of life. It was not great preaching, certainly, but it was attractive preaching. A great preacher in the sense that Liddon or Robert Hall were, or MacLaren of Manchester is, Mr. Hughes is not, and cannot be. He has no idealism. He never enters into the higher world of imaginative passion. But the last thing he would wish to be called is a great preacher in this sense of the phrase. He is something better, and perhaps something rarer—a living voice as a speaker to the multitude. He is racy, clear-headed, intense, forceful, direct. He has something to say, and he says it with the utmost expedition and earnestness. He has an unlimited fund of irony, banter and genial humour. He excels in the art of making "points." He is the complete master of his audience and of himself. Above all, he is intensely modern; he is in the most complete contact with the public life of the hour, and is absolutely certain that he has a mission to direct it.

The worst charges I have ever heard against Mr. Hughes never got beyond a narration of small personal defects. Thus, for example, it is said that he has the mind of a partisan, that he is egotistic, that he is "cock-sure of everything." A London paper

once remarked that it would be a terrible thing if any great trouble befell London when Mr. Hughes was out of it. Of course, there is some ground for this touch of irony. Mr. Hughes does sometimes speak as though the fate of empires waited on his word. He has never lacked self-assurance. Men of more judicial and slower minds often wish that they were as sure of anything as Mr. Hughes is of everything. And undoubtedly he has the most ingenious—and, we may say, ingenuous—way, too, of seeing all things in the light of his own beliefs, and of interpreting them to his own advantage. But when all this is said, how little is said! It simply amounts to this, that Mr. Hughes is a man of action, a leader of men, a man with a mission and a policy, who cannot afford to see more than one thing at once, because he is an intense man, and intensity of conviction is, above all things, needed in those who attempt to guide others. He has no time for the lounge, the gossip, and the bore. He is one of the busiest of men, and always in a hurry. Let any one consider what it means to superintend a great mission, to edit a paper, to attend innumerable committees, to rush hither and thither over the whole country delivering fiery speeches, to make occasional incursions into magazines and reviews, and besides all this to attend to the claims of a great correspondence, and he will not be surprised if Mr. Hughes is somewhat curt with the leisurely individual who calls early in the morning, and proposes an hour's conversation on some wholly unimportant topic. Nehemiah was singularly abrupt with the folk who wanted him to come down and discuss matters when he was building the walls of Jerusalem, and Mr. Hughes is the modern Methodist Nehemiah.

No one has yet done justice to the really great qualities of Mr. Hughes, and perhaps the time has not yet come for their appreciation. One thing, however, is clear to all who know him: he is a devoted man. He has enemies, and this must be expected. He has critics—acute and unscrupulous critics; but one who is given to talk with great plainness about others must not be surprised if the same measure is meted to him again. But he has also other critics, who mean him well, and can discern clearly the essential nobleness of his conduct. And, above all, he has hosts of friends, as he deserves to have. He has worked with a consuming energy for his Church, and, beyond the great public influence which he has acquired, for no personal reward. Papers like the London *Figaro* cannot understand how it is that such a man is contented with the wage of a confidential clerk, and express at once their amazement and their sense of his unselfishness. But it is Mr. Hughes' glory that in no adequate respect is his work financially

rewarded. The reward is in the work itself. He has not merely brought his own Church, but all Churches, more or less, into renewed vital contact with the working-classes. He has brought the Gospel of Christ out of the stuffy little temples of religious respectability, and has set it in the market-place of England. He has fearlessly applied the ethics of Jesus to the public life of the nation, and the result is already seen in a new public sentiment toward the social immoralities of public men. Wherever he goes crowds follow, for in him they find a man filled with the spirit of the new time. Buoyant, racy, audacious, impassioned, sincere, he is the very model of a speaker to young men. Of course, there is a great deal of humorous exaggeration in his style of speech, but that is part of its charm; it tickles the ribs of fogeneity itself, and makes even ecclesiastical Bumbledom consent to so genial a method of destruction. He stands conspicuous as one of the chief religious forces of the day, and at the very core of his power lie two things: an intense religious fervour and the enthusiasm of humanity. He has never been accused of heterodoxy, but he has certainly contrived to preach an altogether new orthodoxy. It has been attained by a process of simplification; the unessential elements of religious truth are left out, and only the great cardinal truths remain. Every one who attends Mr. Hughes' services is struck by the element of joyousness which pervades them. Sober people, accustomed to a funereal sort of piety, have come away from St. James' Hall complaining that every one there seems actually "jolly." Probably that is the reason why so many people go there. Brotherhood and Hope are the two great notes which Mr. Hughes is always striking, and the human soul knows no nobler.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY ELLEN M. COMSTOCK.

THE world cannot grow old.
 Each year the ringing of the Christmas bells
 Renews her youth, and the sweet story tells
 Of magi with their gold,
 And the strange star whose newly kindled ray
 Guided them where the royal Infant lay
 To worship at his side ;
 Of wondering shepherds on Judea's plains,
 And the glad echoes of angelic strains ;
 Of heaven's gate opened wide,
 And God's love pledged to every wandering one
 In this great gift,—his own "beloved Son."

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN LONDON.*

BY THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

THE rapid growth of great cities is one of the peculiar features of the civilization of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is modifying all problems, social, political and religious. Urban life may be more intellectual than rural life, and it is potentially much more spiritual. All that is best and most progressive in the social advancement of the last twenty centuries is expressed in the word "civilization," by which we are at once reminded that the tendency of man is to be a "civis," or citizen; and, therefore, although no man is more alive than myself to the easily-besetting sins and the terrible iniquities of the great centres of population, I must confess that the tendency of human society to be aggregated together in great masses of people is not an evil, but a blessing, provided always that the Christian Church does her duty. At any rate, it is certain that the ideal which the New Testament sets before us is not another Eden, but the City of God.

Now, I am to speak to you of the greatest aggregation of human beings the world has ever seen. London, without including suburban towns, London itself, at this moment, has six millions of inhabitants. How shall I give you a conception of that? In the one city of London more human beings live than in the whole vast Dominion of Canada. We have in London more Scotchmen than there are in Edinburgh; we have more Irishmen than are in Dublin; we have more Jews than there are in Palestine; and more Roman Catholics than there are in Rome. Every nation under heaven we find represented in London. I often think of Milton's classic reference to the open way guarded by the representatives of all the nations, and all creeds, when I walk through the midst of London. Every European nation is so largely represented in London that we have to have one, two or three newspapers printed in every European tongue for the benefit of

*The accompanying stirring paper is abridged from the stenographic report in *Zion's Herald* of the address given by Hugh Price Hughes, at the Peoples' Church, Boston. Mr. Hughes was one of the most conspicuous figures at the Ecumenical Conference, and the greatest interest was everywhere manifested in the remarkable success of his mission. His methods have also been adopted with similar results in Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other centres of population in England. Doubtless the United States and Canada have much to learn from the zeal and wisdom of the great Methodist missionary.—Ed.

the large continental population. We have crowds of Africans. There are multitudes of Hindoos, of Japanese, and of Chinese. The world has never seen so cosmopolitan a city as the city of London.

I need scarcely remind you, further, that London is the centre of commerce. With reference to literature and journalism, it is impossible to exaggerate the influence that goes forth from London every day and every hour, through the modern press, all over the world under heaven where the English language is spoken.

And then if you could accompany me to the House of Commons, which really rules the British Empire to-day, you would see in a building not altogether worthy of their imperial dignity, a small place, five hundred plainly-dressed gentlemen, who are ruling such an empire as the world has never hitherto seen. They are the supreme governors of at least three hundred millions of human beings. The empire they control is so vast that, as you know, the morning drum of the British Army never ceases to rattle and roll all over the world; and we may say of that great empire what was never boasted before, and what cannot be said now of any other, "the sun never sets upon it."

The population has grown by leaps and bounds during this century, outstripping the provision of all churches, so that we have there in the heart of the British Empire at least three millions of human beings who are as far from God and Christ as if they lived in the centre of Africa. Our consciences were asleep. We are told that in the days of Isaiah they had "ears and could not hear," and we were very much like them. We were aroused mainly by the newspapers. At their own expense they organized a sort of religious census, and counted everybody who went into a place of worship, and they proved with mathematical demonstration the dismal fact, that although the Gospel had been preached on that island for a thousand years, the overwhelming majority of the people in every town in the land never went to any place of worship. Then they rendered an equal, and possibly greater, service in dragging out into the light the misery and agony of the suffering millions which had been hidden in the very shadow of our churches. One pamphlet has an historic place in this social and religious revelation. A Congregational minister, my friend, Mr. Andrew Marnes, the Secretary of the London Chapel Building Society, wrote a pamphlet which he called "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London." It produced an immense sensation. All the Christians were utterly ashamed of this. We began to realize that we and our fathers and forefathers were responsible for the miserable condition socially of multitudes of our fellow-

countrymen. We were aroused. Among the rest the Methodists were aroused; and it seemed to some that I should be taken from the ordinary pastoral work of the church and be appointed as a missionary, to attack the gigantic spiritual and social destitution of London, and especially of the West End of London, where the Methodist Church in particular was absolutely non-existent. We positively found four hundred thousand persons in the most influential section of the metropolis of the British Empire, among whom there was not a solitary Methodist church.

Twenty years ago, Paris was the great centre of gilded vice; but, I am sorry to say, Paris has been superseded during the last ten years by London. As I sometimes say, I stand from day to day in the very vestibule of hell. I tell you deliberately that neither in any of our semi-civilized countries, nor in any savage land, is so much desolating deviltry wrought as is wrought every day and every night within one mile of the spot on which I preach the Gospel.

And yet, when it was first of all suggested that I go to the West End of London, I laughed the idea to scorn. But it began to dawn on me that this might be the call of God, and it was borne in upon me that if it was the will of God, Mark Guy Pearse, in many respects the most popular preacher in London, and in England, would be disposed to accompany me as my colleague, and I immediately made that the test of my response. I wrote to Pearse, and asked him to put all other plans and arrangements aside and accompany me as missionary to the West of London; and he sent me a letter that was not very encouraging. He replied, saying to the effect, "My dear Hughes: Wherever you are, there is neither need nor room for anybody else. But I will come to see you this afternoon. Yours affectionately, Mark Guy Pearse." He came to see me. He rolled himself up in the corner made in the arm chair of my study. Forty minutes I propounded my theories and ideals and intentions, and he, as an audience of one, made no response until he answered an awkward and penetrating question. He suddenly jumped up, and said: "Hughes, I will go!" So far as I was concerned, the matter was settled. I opened the door and said to my wife, "Kittie, we are going to the West End of London."

It was only after a very great fight in our own Conference that I finally resolved to take this step in advance. It is astonishing how extremely conservative prosperous churches become in a very short time. The movement has the practical support of the Methodist people in Great Britain, for this reason that, although some excellent and timid and cautious individuals with whom I

sympathize were very anxious, not knowing how old-fashioned a Methodist I was, yet the blessing of God has so abundantly rested upon the whole enterprise that every mouth of criticism is now closed, and all wish us Godspeed.

I went four years ago to inaugurate this particular work. I went without a penny in my pocket, without a building in which to carry on my work, and without a solitary church member. I found myself in the midst of four hundred thousand human beings, in some respects the most influential four hundred thousand in the world, and not one of them a Methodist. I did not wish to make them Methodists. I have tried to persuade everybody to become Christian, and when everybody has become Christian, I throw upon them the responsibility of deciding what section of the Church they shall join. And there is no feature of this movement that is more delightful, or in some respects more remarkable, than that it commands the sympathy of all sections of the Church in Great Britain. One of the first persons who expressed a strong desire that the blessing of God might rest on my work was the Bishop of London, the chief representative of the Episcopal Anglican Church. The inaugural sermon was preached by that distinguished and noble Baptist, Charles Hadden Spurgeon. And the first building placed at my disposal for detailed work during the week was a Congregational church which had had a glorious history, but the middle class, who at one time lived over their shops in Oxford Street, had gone away to the suburbs. This particular church was stranded, and they had the singular and unprecedented magnanimity to place that Congregational church absolutely at my disposal without charging me a penny!

I went to the West End with the deep conviction that God had called me there, and with the sympathy of all sections of the Church of God. I went, as I have said, without a building, without a penny, and without a church member; but I was accompanied by most able colleagues. And here we strike at once the first plank of our platform. What you want at a crisis is, not a committee, but a man. I do not hesitate to say here, as I have said in my own Conference, that I went to the West End with the distinct understanding that I should do as I liked. I was not going there to be tied up with red tape, and to have cautious gentlemen deprecate every conceivable thing. I said, "Free me! Let me deal with this problem as God may direct me. If I do not succeed, dismiss me." And I have had the generous confidence of the committee at my back. For a committee at your back is very gratifying, but a committee on your back is——!

But the first necessity for the enterprise was neither money nor

buildings, but, as I have said—men. And the first man to whom God directed me was Mark Guy Pearse. I can scarcely describe to you my brilliant and versatile colleague. And the very fact that I selected him as one of my helpers—being one of the most popular and powerful preachers in England—expresses the highest estimate I have formed of preaching as the condition of success. There was the vulgar idea that anybody could be an evangelist, a revivalist, and that the man of brain and culture and profundity and all the rest of it must be pastor in charge of regular churches, but must not work among the unchurched masses. Anybody could do that who could repeat platitudes and truisms of the Gospel. There never was a greater delusion. We must not forget that some of the most gifted of our men of science, of literary characteristics, and eloquent speakers, are against Christ. Nothing has done more to bring religion into contempt in my own country than the fact that some of those who have pleaded for Christianity in streets and parks have been very amiable nincompoops. You need your most eloquent and educated men for open-air preaching and aggressive work. And I laid my hand on the most gifted preacher in the Methodist Conference, and they had the sense to give him to me.

The most famous lay-agent in the British Empire is Josiah Nix, a provision merchant in the University City of Oxford. When I was appointed the pastor of our Church in that city, he was a stout, amiable, ordinary, common-place, smug and useless Methodist. For fifteen years that man had been a member of the Methodist Church. He went occasionally to class and to week-night services, and often went to the house of God twice on Sunday, spending the interval in criticising the pulpit, which was not intellectual enough for him. He was also a converted man—but like a converted man whom I once asked if he was a Christian, and he said, "Yes, but I am not working hard at it now." And this fat, lazy, self-indulgent man was a Christian, but not working very hard at it. But one Sunday morning when I was preaching about young Hezekiah, Josiah Nix, sitting there in his pew, was convinced of sin. He realized what a horrible and degrading thing it was that he had been so lazy and selfish, and that his whole soul had been aroused by the desire to make money. He was a tremendous politician, and glowed with fury on the approach of an election; but Christianity he took in a very lukewarm way. And he went upon his knees that night, though no one knew it except God. He banished all laziness and half-heartedness, and gave himself up wholly to God. From that day he was another man. Since then thousands of sinners have been converted under

his ministry. As a preacher of the Gospel, he is almost as popular as Pearse himself, and has great gifts.

A third man was a distinguished musician, Mr. Heath Mills, who had the versatility of gifts needed for the work. I laid hold with great prominence of music—congregationa' music. I would never allow a band or choir to usurp the monopoly of singing in the house of God. One of the most important features of our work is that we have succeeded in getting everybody to singing, and that heartily; and I have gone so far as to say to the congregation that if they could not sing any of the tune, let them imitate the Psalmist and "make a joyful noise unto God." I know nothing that tends to so get rid of starch as glorious, united-sing-



MR. NIX, STREET PEEACHING.

ing of some of our old hymns and tunes that everybody knows. At the same time, I was determined that no one in West London should have better music. I hate the cheap and nasty system of carrying on religious work. I say that we ought to take as much trouble, and take as much money, in order to make the house of God a success in our way, as the scores of music halls and theatres take to make theirs a success. So, I am thankful to say that we have one of the very best brains in the world, even in the most musical quarters of the city of London.

There is one other principal agent of my Mission—and that is my own wife. I said at the outset that in a great crisis you need a man. I beg to correct that statement—you also need a woman. Even then you need a woman more than a man. And I am

bound to say that the part which woman has played in this enterprise is as important as, and more successful, even, than the part man has played. I owe more to my wife, and to the gifted, devoted Christian ladies now associated with her, than to any others. Your Ward Beecher said that the first thing a sensible man does is to select suitable parents. I entirely agree with him. The next thing is to select a suitable wife; and I am lost in admiration of myself when I think how wise my own choice was! I have no doubt that was all overruled of God, like other events in my life, for His own glory and the salvation of souls.

I could have done practically nothing without the men and women whom I have named, and many more associated with me. If you propose to attack the gigantic social and religious evils of your great cities, you must not send a solitary man to attack them, but a group of Christian men whose influence is infinitely multiplied; and by this concentration of many gifts, and the Gift behind, results may be greatly achieved in a great city.

Then, secondly, we realized that we must have a Mission Centre; that is to say, the work must be carried on in a great centre. The reason many Christians do not succeed is because their actions are so periodical, so small, so microscopic, they do not dare to attack big enterprises. We did not go there alone, or unaided, trusting in our own ability or influence, but we went as ambassadors for Christ. We went representing the greatest Potentate in this universe, and we asked God to give us the grace to do the greatest work, the work to which we are called. I myself always agreed with Mr. Spurgeon, in one of his most characteristic and witty remarks, when he said that he "had not sufficient ability to be the pastor of a small congregation in London." There is not the least doubt that one of the principal reasons of the success of that great Baptist preacher is that he undertook the work at the outset on a very large scale. And, therefore, as a necessary and deliberate part of our enterprise, I engaged the largest building in the West End, which holds twenty-five hundred people seated; and if it had been twice the size I should have been twice as well pleased.

The morning service has been taken, from the first, by my colleague, Mark Guy Pearse, who preaches a genial gospel. It is no use to scold, or threaten, or bully a Londoner. What he wants is a little kindness to be instilled into him. That is what Pearse can do. He is full of the golden sunlight of the living Gospel of Jesus Christ. He commends the true religion, the love of God, in the most beautiful and sympathetic way to the great audience. And the result is that in a part of London where

nobody else had dared to take a morning congregation, Pearce has had a steady gathering of two thousand persons.

One of the striking features of the enterprise is the Sunday afternoon, when I have what I call a "Conference"—in the French rather than in the English sense of the word, because I do all the "conferring." The fact is, that I have long had the conviction which the Pilgrim Fathers had, and which Oliver Cromwell had, that the principles of Christianity must be applied to society as well as to the individual, and that Jesus Christ came into this world not merely to "save men," and get them into heaven, but to "re-construct human society" on a Christian basis; in fact, that all human life is of a piece, and that it is as much the duty of the Christian to obey Christian principles in business, in pleasure, in politics, as in prayer-meeting and at the sacrament. And, in fact, that the Church, the Christian Church, had failed in Europe (for a majority of the manhood of Europe is outside of the Church to-day) because she had been individualistic—engaged in saving the individual. And so I have discussed every burning question, not from the partisan or sectarian standpoint, but from the standpoint of the New Testament and Jesus Christ. I have argued on Sunday afternoon, in particular, that there are seven gigantic social evils, which it is the duty of the Christian Church to attack and destroy; necessarily as much her duty as to save the individual.

And the first of these is *Drunkenness*. The liquor trade as it now exists is the deadliest enemy of the Christian Church. We never discharge our duty until we have destroyed the liquor trade. We are all total abstainers in our Mission. No one could be an agent in my work unless he or she was a total abstainer. That may sound very common-place in America, but hitherto we have not been so advanced as you on this temperance question; but you would better take care, or we shall get ahead of you.

We deal also with the question of *Disease and Sanitary Reform*. I emphatically approve the sentiment that dirty water is the result of dirty politics; that Christian men have no higher duty than to turn out corrupt corporations everywhere; and that a man in vain offers his prayers to God unless he does his utmost by speech and by vote to cleanse the municipal life of the town in which he himself is.

With respect to the question of *Pauperism*, we are not afraid to discuss that also. Every human being is entitled to have a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, and a fair night's rest for a fair day's work. This evil is much more gigantic in my own country than it is here; but it is one of the subjects which the pulpit must not overlook.

And, lastly, I plead for *Peace*, as I am a disciple of the Prince of Peace, and advocate the substitution in all the dealings in civil affairs between nations of arbitration for the brutal arbitrament of war. I never lose the opportunity of saying in my own country that I believe the most noble political deed in the modern history of nations was the acceptance of the verdict in the arbitration in the Alabama case. The verdict went against us—as I have no doubt it ought to have gone. It is not pleasant for nations to admit that they are in the wrong; but what a glorious example your country and mine showed to the rest of the human race when we submitted our difficulties to a judicial decision! There is nothing so absolutely necessary to the well-being and progress of the human race as that the British Empire and the United States of America should clasp hands in eternal and unbroken friendliness. Let us be united, and we may defy all the forces of tyranny and superstition.

Well, we get crowds to the Mission. Until this movement began, I am sorry to say men were often conspicuous by their absence; but in every audience I have, two-thirds of them are men. We are always glad to reach the women, to help them in every way; but at the same time it is of the most absolute importance that some of us should reach the men; and, thank God, we have reached the men, and I believe we have reached them mainly because we have given up using technical terms, formulæ of speculative theology, and have come to the grappling with the gigantic social influences, so that the social environment of every man in our midst may be made as favourable to life, purity and happiness as it is now to disease and misery. Let nobody go away with the impression that we forget that great truth uttered by Horace Bushnell, which I am constantly repeating, that "the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul."

No man living has a higher sense of the absolute necessity of real, personal conversion than I have. I thank God that for the last twenty-five years I have never lived for one month without seeing tangible fruits of my ministry. I have never preached without conversions then and there on the spot, in addition to the results not tabulated on earth. No man can aim more intensely than I do at the necessity of personal penitence, full abandonment to Christ, personal trusting in Christ as our Saviour. Therefore, anyone who only came to the afternoon service would do a great injustice both to me and my Mission. We regard the three services as forming a trinity; and nobody can grasp the real scope and purpose of our teaching who had not visited all three. God so blessed the evangelistic services in West London that we

were obliged to open the doors an hour and a quarter before the time of the service, because the police told us that the crowd obstructed traffic. And now we have a meeting before the meeting begins, if I may use the Irish expression. You have already heard of the after meeting. During the past two years we have invented the "Before-Meeting." The "Sisters of the People," this organization established by my wife, and forty stewards appointed to welcome those who come, and show them seats, wander about and talk quietly to the men and women in the first and second galleries. There are thousands of lonely ones in London. You might live there twenty years and not know your next-door neighbour; and scores of them are brought into fellowship with the Christian Church as the result of the "Before-Meetings."

At 7 o'clock we have a great meeting of prayer, and sermon, and singing, which is short. They say we use newspaper English. I regard it as a great compliment. I do all I can to encourage the reporters. I tell my ushers if they see a duke come in to treat him with respect, but if they see a reporter, with awful reverence. For in these times the reporter is much more important than all the dukes in the world. My Mission is greatly indebted to the reportorial profession. No doubt they often misrepresent me; but I must take the good with the bad. Perhaps I speak too fast. There is no part of our work more striking, and in the conservatism of the Church which I represent, more novel, than the prominence which we gladly give to the press.

Then, after the service, we have an "after-meeting." To this all are invited to remain. We get twelve or fourteen hundred to the after-meeting. I give out a hymn, and in that way they are led to sing, and the most remain. And my wife invites them, and Mr. J. Bamford Slack is ready to speak to the men and boys. We have never had a service without multitudes seeking Christ.

At nine o'clock we have now what I call a "social hour." After St. James' Hall is crowded, we have sometimes turned away as many as four thousand persons. We felt distressed on this account, and we secured a large hall that would hold a thousand persons, and all through last winter, after St. James' Hall had been crammed to the ceiling, one of my colleagues took charge of another meeting on the other side of Piccadilly. It is beautifully fitted up, pleasant and charming as if it were a music hall. At the end there is a buffet, and men and women are provided refreshment. The stewards give the young men and the young women tickets and invite them to meet me in this social way, as would be done in our own parlour in our own services. We get three or four hundred people—medical students, law students,

young men and young women in the great West End houses of business, in danger of wandering about, and they come in there. They shake our hands. We give them Christian work to do, and by this simple method hundreds of persons have been benefited. We have a beautiful hall; seats are all free; everybody is welcome; and we lay ourselves out to attract them, and bless them, and save them.

Now all that I can do is to sum up in one word. It is extremely difficult to give you any explanation of the blessed success. Canon Freemantle, the lecturer, a member of the church of Oxford, said that the big feature of my Mission is this—not that we do anything that is not done by some parochial clergyman here and another there; but that we do all things, and that the peculiarity is, we use every conceivable method for the benefit of the soul, and the body, and the mind. It may all be summed up in a word—adaptation. We have done nothing but adapt the arrangements to the social environment of the particular building in which the people have gathered. We have introduced sanctified common-sense into religion. Oh, if young men would show as much sense in religion as in politics, it would become extremely difficult for the devil to live in this country! You do not bring out the political platform of fifty years ago. You try to adapt yourself to the new generation. And in the same way we must adapt ourselves to the necessities of the age in which we live.

One of our fixed principles is this: As soon as a man is converted, we set him to work. There is no place for lazy Christians in the London Mission. The greatest delusion that ever took possession of the Church was the idea that the work was to be done by the pastor, and that the people were to be separated from the pulpit. Fearful delusion! Every Christian in the New Testament is a working Christian. It is as much the duty of the most obscure member of the church to work for Christ and speak for Christ as the minister. We provide them a plan of work to do. I should like to add that it is a strange fact that we have had the greatest physical destitution in West London as well as in East London. Almost under the shadow of Buckingham Palace, in which the Queen lives, we have the most awful destitution, as in East London. Now Mrs. Price Hughes, and the Sisters of the People, go out among these folks in the slums and alleys and dark streets of Soho, not from house to house, but from room to room, for the houses are so very high that we have a separate family for every room. They are searching out those who would never come to us.

Allow me to speak for just a moment of the Sisterhood. I had

long felt that it was a very shameful thing that Protestants were not as self-sacrificing in this particular as the Roman Catholic women—our Roman Catholic ladies of the very highest rank who leave everything to go into nunneries. Now, without adopting their views of discipline—to which we object, and that most decidedly—I saw that Protestant and evangelical ladies of wealth and culture ought also in their way to give themselves up to the service of Christ and the poor. I am sure that if the opportunity were given to the gifted and the wealthy and cultivated girls, they would take advantage of it. We call these ladies “Sisters of the People.” I am glad that that name did not occur to the Pope, and that it was given to me to invent it. We have thirty ladies now who have left homes of luxury in order that they may spend their time in ministering to the physical and social needs of both sexes, and all that is necessary in the darkness of Soho. It is impossible to exaggerate the service which these ladies have rendered. Some of them are medical nurses. Some are engaged in social service. A ceaseless stream passes before them in Lincoln House—men and women and children out of work, and domestic servants in the greatest possible peril, wanting help; persons who want tools; persons who are recovering from illness, and who want to be sent to the seaside and the

country; and in this way we minister to the spiritual nature and need—Protestants, Roman Catholics, members of the Greek Church, all nations and all languages. The Sisters are literally Sisters of the People. They come to be the sisters of those young sisters—to scrub floors, to make the beds, to cook and set the table, to nurse the baby, to do anything, that they may reveal to them the great love of God.

God has blessed us singularly in the work to which we have been called. We realize the extraordinary fact that human beings have bodies as well as souls. Now I don't know whether that has dawned on you as with us. I solemnly assure you that



SISTERS OF THE PEOPLE.

human beings have bodies as well as souls. It may not be found in your theological text-books; but it is a fact, and there is a great deal of truth in the statement that many of us are so engaged in saving souls that we have no time to save men and women. I thank God that we are saving men and women, and God is blessing our work abundantly.

Before I came to America everybody said to me, "Of course you will go to see Niagara." Yes, I shall go to see Niagara. But it is not Niagara that I want to see. I want to see Plymouth Rock. I have seen it! I stood upon it to-day. It is worth all the Niagaras in the world—the most sacred spot on American soil. On that Rock civil and religious liberty, imperilled in Europe, were saved for all ages. Everything that is worth preserving in America is associated with that Rock. If what is associated with that Rock perishes, the American commonwealth perishes. And I read to-day in that compact which was signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, a plain statement of the real motive that brought your ancestors to this land. They made that ever-memorable compact in which they declared that that passage of the Atlantic, which I have often said was by far the most important event in modern history, was undertaken (mark the words) "for the advancement of the Christian faith and for the glory of God."

Let it never be forgotten that the real founders of the American Republic were Christian men. In the generosity and benevolence and fearlessness of your principles, you have welcomed all races and all creeds to this land. But, woe to you, if you attempt to establish a purely secular commonwealth! Nothing in this world has a root in it which is not founded in Jesus Christ to-day. Your dollars will not save you. The ships from your Navy Yard will not save you. Your enterprising newspapers will not save you. Your magnificent industries will not save you. You are as absolutely dependent as the Pilgrim Fathers upon the blessing of God and the blessing of Jesus Christ. And I say that, unless you evangelize and Christianize the great cities of America, they will destroy you. And I come from the most heathen city in the world, where the powers of secular and political and luxurious demoralization are more extensive than anywhere else, and bring you a message of success and hope. I say that what has been done in London can be done anywhere. I pray God to grant that the deep conviction of this commonwealth, which is the hope of the sanguine in every land, may be ever sure and firm; and that every city on this continent may become a city of God!

THE CYCLES OF MATTER.

BY PROF. ALEX. WINCHELL, LL.D.

Of what, now, is the stupendous result described in these papers the consequence? This is the goal toward which, for millions of ages, the forces of matter have been struggling. During every moment of this long history, gravitation has striven to draw these myriads of worlds together. They have embraced each other at last, and gravitation has retired to slumber. While yet these worlds were in active life, every sun was a heated globe, dispensing warmth through infinite space; and every planet may have been the seat of life, enjoying the boundless munificence of heat. As long as heat remained to be dispensed to planetary orbs, they were the seat of all those myriad activities of which solar heat is the origin and source—currents in the atmosphere and in the waters—ascending vapors and descending rains—the nurture of vegetable and animal life and motions—the disintegration of continents, and the strewing of ocean bottoms with layers of sediments for the upbuilding of new continents. Through numberless interactions of heat, and electricity, and light, and magnetism, and mechanical forces, and chemical affinity, the web of material and organic history was woven. The equilibrium of the heat of our universe has now been attained. No farther interactions and transformations can ensue. Every particle of matter is equally cold. Every corner of space is equally dark. The electricities that have been worried with disturbances and divorces innumerable are now firmly locked in each other's embraces. Every chemical element has united with its first choice. There can be no farther decompositions or recompositions. The forces of matter have spent themselves. After a fierce conflict, they lie mutually slain, upon a long-contested battle-field. The struggle is ended—nothing stirs—night comes down and casts her pall over the corse of matter.

From this exit of material existence we shrink back to the times in which we live, and inquire, What are all the myriad activities of the passing world—what are rolling tides, and surging waves, and ocean streams—what are mountain births, and volcanic eruptions, and continental throes—what are wasted lands, and Niagara gorges, and ocean sediments—what are worn-out continents, and extinguished populations, and terrestrial revolutions—what are all these vicissitudes through which the earth has passed, and all these phenomena which to-day are

transpiring—what are they all but the *incidents* attending the progress of the active forces of Nature toward their destined equilibrium? In their restless and active lifetime they show themselves under myriads of guises, and work out their myriads of incidents; but the great law which is over them hurries them ever onward in but one direction, and the end of that is equilibrium, stagnation, death.

Is this, then, the end of matter? Is it for this that space has been populated with worlds innumerable? Was it for this brief ferment that a past eternity should brood over nothingness, and an eternity to come should ache with the recollection of creation foiled? The forces of matter can do no more. The machinery of the universe has run down. Beyond and above is only the Eternal Omnipotence. There is now no power in the universe but Deity. When He wills the resurrection of matter shall dawn. New life will thrill through every vein of the ancient corse. When He wills the forces of matter shall hie again from their hiding-places. Heat will again be gathered into central masses. Matter will dissolve into liquids—liquids burst into vapor, and fill again the vault of space—cohesive affinities will be sundered—chemical unions will be unlocked—electrical and gravitating forces will resume their play, and once more will begin the long series of activities which make up the lifetime of firmaments, and systems, and worlds. The matter of our solar system—or of a system like ours—will again be isolated; the endless whirl of fiery vapor will detach rings, in succession, which will consolidate into planets and satellites—another earth will spring up—another period of the reign of fire will ensue—and then another reign of water—and then another long line of organic creations will begin, and, in due time, in some distant future age, another intelligent race will populate another earth, and dream, as we now dream, of the beginning *whence*, and the goal *whither* the grand rush of events is carrying them. This is one of the Cycles of Matter.

In what light, then, are we to regard all the vicissitudes and activities of the lifetime of a universe? What are they but a brief agitation on the surface of the infinite ocean of matter—a momentary ripple raised by the presence of the Omnipotent hand—destined speedily to subside, and again to be raised by the breath of Omnic Power?

In the presence of such conceptions as these, what is man, and what are the works of his hands? What are fleets, and forts, and cities with their insect hum? What are temples, and pyramids, and Chinese walls? The agitation of particles of dust in a distant

corner of the universe. The track of an insect on the ocean's shore. The breath of an infant in the tornado's blast.

But what is the spirit of man, whose thoughts thus wander through eternity? What is the intelligence of man which climbs the battlements of the palace of Omnipotence—which seizes hold on infinity—which, though chained in flesh, spurns its fetters, and feels evermore that it is the offspring of God—the brother of angels—the heir of perpetuity—and will soon shake its shambles down amongst the rubbish of decaying worlds, and dwell superior to the mutations of matter and the revolutions of the ages? What, in comparison with the crumbling of mountains and the decay of worlds, is the being possessed of such a consciousness and such a destiny? Who shall tremble at the wreck of matter, when, in perpetual youth, he shall outlive suns, and systems, and firmaments, and through the ceaseless cycles of material history shall see creation rise upon creation—the ever-recurring mornings of eternal life?

CHRISTMAS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

How many times, since o'er Judea's plains
The angels' anthem sounded full and clear,
The voice of song and music's sweetest strains
Have told the story to our hearts so dear.

Yet may not one more voice, though weak and small,
Join in the chorus grand, sent up to heaven?
Telling again the glad good news for all,
How God unto the world His Son hath given.

Cycles have rolled since the first Christmas day,
When, from His Father's house, the Son came down
To share our sorrows, take our sins away,
And make Himself, for us, of no renown.

But time can never age this story sweet;
Clearer and yet more clear its tones shall ring,
Till the whole earth doth worship at His feet,
Jesus, Immanuel, our Lord and King.

Then, as we celebrate His birth once more,
Sing, ye who love His name, the angels' song:
"Peace and good-will to men, the wide-world o'er—
To God, in heaven, the glory shall belong."

THE LIEUTENANT—A SALVATION ARMY SKETCH.

BY MAY KENDALL.

"Yes," said the Captain reflectively, "I took a lot of saving. It's given me faith for these fellows."

He waved his hand toward the row of sleeping men; and the Lieutenant followed his glance. They were standing in the "dossing room" of one of the Salvation Army shelters, where supper, bed and breakfast could be obtained at the reasonable charge of four pence, and it was not so much the faces before him, haggard and unkempt often, but clean, and softened by sleep, that impressed on the Captain the need of salvation for "these fellows," as his recollection of them two hours before, hungry, clamorous, and unwashed. Slumbering in the long, narrow, cushioned boxes, with the uniform brown hides thrown over them, they looked picturesque, and even oddly peaceful, now.

"I daresay there's not one of them," said the Captain, always in an undertone, "that the Lord would have as much difficulty with as he had with me. Why, when I was a tiny lad, and my brother and I had apples given us, I used always to take the little apple purely for the sake of making them think I was unselfish. They pointed me out as an example, and there I was, swelling with pride. Always pondering on how to cut a good moral figure I was. Just give me a character for self-sacrifice, and wild horses wouldn't drag it from me. That's the worst kind of fellow to save, and He was twelve years about it, and sometimes I doubt if it's finished yet. I've hung on to the acts of self-denial till I've compelled others to act selfishly.

"Maybe some of these chaps are capable of a fine act without so much as thinking about it, that I would go and do with any of them; but then all the way there and back I have a voice one side of me saying, 'Now, Brooke, give God all the glory,' and another voice the other, 'Yes, yes, Brooke, but save yourself a little bit for yourself.' The complexity of my motives is a great stumbling block to me at times. I've had to give up and say: 'Lord, here's the act, and why I've done it I don't know; but Thou knowest, and whatever becomes of my motives I'd like Thee to use it for Thy service.' That's the only source of peace, brother."

"Aye," said the Lieutenant, nodding soberly. He was a man of fewer and slower words than the Captain, but with a peculiarly gentle and kindly face.

"I don't believe you were ever tempted in that way, brother," said the Captain, looking at him admiringly. "You live—"

"Too near the Lord," he was going to say, but something in the other's unconscious face arrested him.

"Why, yes," said the Lieutenant slowly. "I've been tempted

to take the glory frequent; but I'd sooner the Lord had it, arter all, for all the world knoweth Him not."

"There's some of these," he continued after a pause, "as I believe litterly knows their Bibles by art, and yet they'll come in reeling drunk and have to be put out again. The inward witness—that's what's lacking. You saw the man who came in last?"

The Captain nodded.

"He's a barrister," said the Lieutenant, very low. "Said he was making his fortune at the bar, when the temptation to drink overcame him. Said it was too late to begin afresh in the strength of God; but I think maybe he's a bit of the pride of intellect. The plan of salvation, that's too simple."

"So 'twas for me," said the Captain crisply. "It took me twelve years. I sympathize with that fellow."

A sudden laugh in the room, that was stifled quickly, startled them both. Could it have come from the barrister? They glanced at him sharply; but to all appearance the barrister, with his uncut, rumped hair falling about his forehead, was as fast asleep as the rest. Nevertheless, they had their suspicions.

"It's time to run in," said the Captain gravely. "Good night, Lieutenant."

The next morning, while the barrister was eating his bread and drinking his coffee with a leisurely air, the Lieutenant observed him, and came to the conclusion that most likely they were right in their conjecture. The barrister would have been handsome, with his curly fair hair and good-natured gray eyes, if he had not looked so dissipated. Certainly he had the manners of a gentleman, and, ragged and unkempt, he left the shelter that morning with a nod and careless greeting to the Lieutenant that seemed appropriate to some fashionable hotel. The Lieutenant looked after him, laying mental snares for the saving of his soul.

"Looks a regular West End swell, don't he!" he said, turning to the Captain with his gentle laugh. The Captain was not in charge of the shelter, but his room was close by, and as of late his brother officers had been somewhat anxious about the Lieutenant's physical, as distinct from his spiritual, welfare, the Captain found time to run in and look after him morning, noon and night, in the midst of his own crowded days.

"There's many," said the Captain, in silks and satins who are in far worse case. This poor chap's sin has taken the onrly form they understand—that of losing his money; and they all turn their backs upon him. That's the way of the world, but not the way of the Army, praise the Lord! Have you spoken to him about his soul again, brother?"

"Well, no," said the Lieutenant apologetically. "It struck me he was one of those we must catch with guile. Maybe you'll have a word with him to-night if he comes again."

"I will," said the Captain.

But it was many nights before Aylmer—it was the barrister's true name—came again, and when he came he was distinctly

more ragged and disreputable. But he came early, and Captain and Lieutenant had the opportunity they wished for.

"Brother," said the Captain mildly but firmly, "you don't look as if your present plan of life suited you. Hadn't you better try the Lord's plan?"

"Really," said Aylmer courteously, sitting down on one of the boxes not yet turned into a bed, "I haven't the remotest idea."

"Will you hear it?" said the Captain, taking out his little Bible.

"If you'll excuse me," said Aylmer hastily, "I would much rather not."

"Brother," said the Captain, "you've sought happiness in worldly pleasures and not found it, and you think the search is hopeless. I'm not going to preach to you against your will, but you may find true happiness yet, for I've found it, and it took me twelve years."

"Thanks," said Aylmer. "But I daresay it isn't of much consequence," he added lightly, "whether I find it or not."

"There's a great hereafter, brother," returned the Captain, decidedly and promptly, and the Lieutenant's slow, gentle voice echoed:

"Brother, there's a great hereafter."

Aylmer looked at them both, and suddenly broke into a laugh.

"I hope there is," he said, "the present doesn't amount to much."

"Are you prepared to meet it, brother?" persisted the Captain.

"Yes," returned Aylmer with a sudden sharpness. "I'm prepared to meet anything—but life. Now, are you satisfied?"

"No," said the Captain. "Far from it. But I've said my say, brother, and I'll leave you in peace, if peace you call it."

He turned to a new-comer, but the Lieutenant lingered.

"Maybe," he said deprecatingly, "you'd like a smoke. We've smoking in a downstairs room I'll show you. And I'm no smoker myself, but I've got a bit of bacca handy, if you'll make free with it."

"You keep tobacco for the benefit of the dossers?" said Aylmer curiously. "That is very good-natured of you."

The Lieutenant looked half embarrassed, and Aylmer felt that he had used a wrong adjective.

"It isn't in the fourpence?" he said, smiling.

"Why, no," said the Lieutenant, with an answering smile, "maybe not."

"Then I'll have a smoke gladly," said Aylmer, "and many thanks. You look as if you knew what it is to be hard up."

"Bless you!" said the Lieutenant, "I've been 'ard up all my life. Comes more natural to me than it does to you, sir."

"You don't deserve it, however," said Aylmer, involuntarily, "as I do."

"I think, maybe," replied the Lieutenant mildly, "there's not not much difference between men's deservings if it isn't for the grace of God. But that's the forbidden subject, isn't it? And now, if you'll allow me, I'll show you the smoking room."

What was it in Aylmer that won on the Lieutenant, till he said, in a puzzled way, and disregarding all circumstantial evidence, that Aylmer was not far from the kingdom? He did not know, any more than Aylmer knew, why the Lieutenant won on him; yet in their sentences the same thought passed through the mind of each:

“He’s such a gentleman.”

“Does it matter,” said Aylmer the next morning, “if I come again to-night?”

“You’ll be very welcome,” said the Lieutenant with quiet sincerity. “Good morning, brother. God bless you!”

With which unusual benediction ringing in his ears, Aylmer went into the city, a very briefless barrister. But at night, having somehow amassed fourpence, and no more, he returned, and was received by the Lieutenant with a cordial grasp of the hand and look of welcome, and wondered how long it was since anyone had shaken hands with him like that. For several nights more he came; always reading his own especial greeting in the Lieutenant’s face. Then again there was a break, and the Lieutenant looked for him vainly, and somehow missed him. He was different from the rest.

At last, one night, later than usual, the well-known figure entered. Aylmer had ascended the stairs quietly and steadily; nevertheless, the Lieutenant, who was accustomed to this manoeuvre on the part of drunken men, gave him a doubtful glance before his cordial “Good night, brother.”

“I’m not your brother!” said Aylmer, thickly, and with a savage oath.

A tumult arose among the dossers, who many of them had known the Lieutenant long, and, in their wild way, loved him.

“He’s half-seas over. Turn him out, Lieutenant, we’ll give you a hand!”

Half a dozen strong fellows rose at once, but the Lieutenant waved them back.

“You’re not yourself to-night,” said he to Aylmer, soothingly. “Sit down a bit.”

What Aylmer’s disordered brain made of the kindly invitation there is no knowing, but what he did was this: Without a second’s warning he knocked the Lieutenant down. Then, partially sobered already, he turned on his heel.

He had the advantage of the other dossers in being close to the door, and he passed through swiftly. But a savage howl rose, and a dozen of them were after him. There was only one voice that could possibly stop them, and that voice they heard. The Lieutenant was staggering to his feet and stood between them and the door.

“Wait a bit, boys,” he said, in his gentle, deprecating voice. “You’ve some of you been the worse for drink as he was. ’Tis my quarrel.”

“Take my place, brother,” he added anxiously to the sub-officer, who entered just then, and in a moment he was gone.

Quite oblivious of the fact that his face was cut and bleeding, he ran down the dusky stairs and into the street. There, just turning the corner, was Aylmer's retreating figure. What direction was he going in with such quick and steady steps? The Lieutenant breathed a prayer and hurried after him.

Partly sobered by seeing the Lieutenant, one of the best fellows he had ever known, lying at his feet, the cool night air did the rest for Aylmer, who, in one of the moments of vivid awakening men have, suddenly knew, or thought he knew, what he really wanted. A sense of freedom, almost joy, woke in him at the thought that he could throw away a life so utterly worthless, as he would have flung away some baneful thing. It seemed no wrong that he was about to do; the thought that it was cowardly to die was obliterated for him by the thought that it was cowardly to live—like this. Words were surging in his mind over and over:

“And in the great flood wash away my sin.”

He was aware that he meant to do something that would change all, and only feared the failure of his courage.

“Oh, God! let me go through with it,” he prayed. And so he came to the bridge, moderating his pace for fear of attracting suspicion, and, entering one of the lonely recesses, paused an instant, looking over, and heard the water plashing underneath. But he dared not stop to listen. He sprang upon the stone bench, was springing on—it was over—no, some one caught him back. Two arms grasped him and presently he was standing on the ground again, confronting his deliverer; and hearing the tide, to which all this mattered nothing, plashing quietly on.

A spectral-looking figure it was that stood before him, with streaks of blood on its face, which otherwise was a queer ashy-white to the very lips. Then Aylmer realized that it was the Lieutenant come to look after him. And he also realized, as perhaps no one hitherto had done sufficiently, that it was time for some one to look after the Lieutenant. He sprang up.

One apprehensive hand the Lieutenant held out, but Aylmer stopped him.

“I'm not going to do it again,” he said decidedly. “You're ill—take my arm. I'll get you—oh, hang it, you won't take brandy!”

“I've been like this before,” gasped the Lieutenant feebly; but Aylmer led him, by very slow steps, into the nearest shop, whose owner, fortunately, was a good, buxom woman, who, like every one else, knew the Lieutenant.

“Bless us,” she said, “he do look ill!”

“Tell me where the nearest doctor is,” said Aylmer impatiently.

“Just a street off—why, Polly, Polly! show him, child—Dr. Morris; never mind your hat.”

They were back in ten minutes—Polly, Aylmer and the doctor, a man with a shrewd pleasant face, who stepped up quietly to the Lieutenant's sofa, as if, without seeing him, he knew all about it. The Lieutenant looked up and, seeing Aylmer, smiled faintly.

"Well, my man," said the doctor, scribbling something on a piece of paper as he spoke, "you Army fellows overdo it, you know. Here, my girl—"

He handed the paper to Polly.

"Take it to the nearest chemist," he said, "and come right back with what he gives you."

"You overdo it," he repeated, turning to the Lieutenant again. "How do you feel now?"

"I'm at peace," said the Lieutenant. "Bless His name!"

"At peace? Oh!" said the doctor. "Well, I daresay you are—but physically, you know—that's my matter. You haven't felt quite strong, have you, for some time?"

"I've thought," said the Lieutenant, with the queer gasp that Aylmer had noted before.

"Don't go on when you feel like that," said the doctor hastily.

"Take your time, man; I've plenty. We'll wait a bit."

The Lieutenant smiled gratefully and paused. When he next spoke his voice was very faint, nor did he trouble to reiterate his former words, but went on:

"As there might be suthin wrong about my 'art."

"Ah!" said the doctor quietly. "How long have you felt like that? No hurry, man, no hurry—here's the medicine."

He undid a small tin that Polly had brought, with deft hands, and gave a spoonful of the contents to the Lieutenant.

"Nothing intoxicating," he said cheerily; "I saw your Blue Ribbon. How long did you say?"

"I can't tell exactly," replied the Lieutenant. "May be three years—may be four."

"Ah!" said the doctor. "Let's feel your pulse."

"He sat down by the couch and took the patient's hand in his. The Lieutenant's pulse was throbbing very quickly, very faintly, and had a way of missing beats without giving notice, and flickering, like a lamp that is going out.

"I think," said the doctor presently, "that I'd stay here to-night."

"That he shall," said the buxom shop-keeper. "He's welcome as daylight to all I have, and I wish it was as much again."

"They'll be wondering what's come of me," said the Lieutenant gratefully.

"Your friends here will take them word," replied the doctor. "I really think you'd better not try."

"You mean I'm dying, sir, don't you?" said the Lieutenant simply. There was such a complete absence of fear in his face that the doctor only said gravely, "Yes."

There was a pause, and then Aylmer, looking down, saw the Lieutenant's eyes fixed on him with a look of passionate entreaty. He stooped down and whispered something in his ear. No one heard what it was, but the dying man's face grew peaceful. He lay silent for a time, and then the doctor, bending down, saw that the Lieutenant was promoted to the skies.

A SPEAKIN' GHOST.*

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

YES, I do bleeve in 'em—in one of 'em, tennerate. An' I know why you ask me if I do. Somebody's put you up to it, so's you can make me tell my ghost story. Well, you're welcome to that if you want it. It's no great of a story, but it's true; an' arter all, that's the main p'int in a story—ghost or no ghost.

Well, I s'pose I'll s'prise you when I say it all happened in New York city. I was born in New Hampshire an' come of good old Scataqua River stock.

There was father 'n' mother, three boys—Amos, Ezry, an' Peleg—an' me, Mary Ann, the oldest o' the family an' the only girl.

We was pretty well to do, we had a good home, an' we was all together. Father was a good man, mother the best o' women, an' I was dreffle fond on 'em. An' the boys, they was just rugged, noisy, good-natur'd chaps, that kep' the house lively enough, I can tell you. But when I was nigh unto twenty-five, an' the boys was twenty an' seventeen an' fifteen, it all ended, that life in the old red house. Father an' my three laughin', high-sperrited, pleasant-spoken boys, was all drownded at once, one day in September. They went out in a sail-boat, a storm came up an' their boat capsized; an' them that went out rugged an' big an' healthy, laughin' back at ma an' me as we stood at the door to see 'em off, was fetched back stiff an' wet an' cold, an' so dreffle still. I never'd seen the boys still afore in all their lives.

Mother never held up her head arter that day, an' afore the new year come in she'd follered pa an' the boys. It left me dreffle lonesome. You couldn't 'a' broke up a fam'ly in all that section that'd 'a' took it harder. For we'd allers set so much by each other, an' done ary thing we could to keep together an' not be seprated, an' there we was, all broke up at once, an' the old house nothin' now but a dry holler shell. I didn't want, o' course, to rattle round in it longer'n I could help. I got red on it's fast as I could, an' went over to Rye. I knowed how to work an' wa'n't afraid of it, an', o' course, the more I had to do jest then the better for me. For I was stupid an' scared an' sore with the dreffle trouble that come on me so quick an' suddin, an' I was so ter'ble lonesome.

Well, I s'pose 'twas because I'd allers liked boys, an' was used to havin' 'em round, an' because, too, o' my missin' my own boys so bad, that I got a place at fust in Mr. Sheaf's school. 'Twas a

* Abridged from Miss Slosson's charming book "The Seven Dreamers." Harper Bros., New York. We do not envy the person who can read dry-eyed this sketch of a poor crazed creature whose sorrows had led to the bodying forth of the haunting memories of her earlier life. Happy will we be, if like her in seeking to save a soul, "we go on lovin' it harder an' harder till we love it right straight up into heaven."—Ed.

boys' school, an' they took me for a kind of house-keeper—to see to things generally. 'Twas a sort of comfort—as much as any-thing in this world could be a comfort—to see the boys an' do for 'em. I had a little place to myself right off the school-room, an' there I used to do my mendin' an' everything I could contrive to do for an excuse to stay right there, where I could see an' hear them boys. 'Twas a kind of eddication jest to hear 'em go over their lessons—their jography an' rethmetic an' grammar—an' partikly their readin' an' sayin' pieces. Ev'ry speakin' day—Friday 'twas—I was allers on hand, never losin' a word, an' sometimes I'd practice the boys 'forehand till they knowed their pieces perfect. I stayed there about six months, an' I hoped I could stay there the rest o' my days. But even that poor comfort had to be taken away; for Mr. Sheaf's health broke down; he gave up the school an' moved away. So I lost even them borrered boys, who'd been in a sort o' way helpin' to fill up the places o' my own. An' so agin I was left terr'ble lonesome. I didn't know what to do, nor care much. So, when I had an opp'tunity to go to New York I took it.

'Twas a lady who'd had a boy at the school, an' had been there herself an' seen me. Mis' Davis she was, an' she writ to know if I'd come on to stay in her house through the summer, an' do for her pa, while she an' her children were off to the country. As I said afore, I didn't much care what I done, I was so lonesome an' mis'rable; so I said I'd go.

But if I'd been lonesome afore, I was a hundred times lon-somer there. I never'd been in a big city afore, an' I'd kind o' thought 'twould be folksy an' 'livenin' an' cheerful. But 'twa'n't a mite like that. The house was mostly shet up an' dark. Mr. Rice—Mis' Davis's pa—was off all day long, took his dinner an' supper to a tavern somewheres, an' was only home to sleep an' eat his breakfast. I didn't have much of anything to do. I had a big down-stairs room they called the front basement to set in. It had two windows on the street, but 'twas so low down that you couldn't see much out of 'em without screwin' your neck an' peekin' up. There was lots o' folks passin' by all the time, but you couldn't scasily see anything but their feet an' legs. An' oh, the noise o' the wagons an' cars! It made me 'most crazy at fust, but bimeby I got a little used to it. But I thought I should jest die o' homesickness.

An' 'twas right there in the front basement o' that city house that I see the ghost. 'Twa'n't like ary other ghost I ever heerd on. Them I've read about mostly wore white sheets, an' looked dreffle skully an' bony, an' kind o' awful. One o' that sort would 'a' scaret me, I know; but this one—why, I never felt a mite scaret from the very fust. Fact is, I never knowed 'twas a ghost for a spell, for it looked like a boy, jest a common, ord'nary boy; an' 'twas a speakin' one. I don't mean one that talked, but a speakin' one that spoke pieces.

I don't think I smelt pepp'mint the fust time it come. I don't rec'lect it anyway, but ailers arter that I did. I was settin' in

the front basement when it come. 'Twas between five an' six in the arternoon, light enough still outdoors, but kind o' dusky in my down-stairs room. I wasn't doin' anythin' jest then but settin' in my chair an' thinkin'. I don't know what 'twas exackly that made me look up an' across the room, but I done it; an' there, standin' right near the table an' lookin' at me, was the ghost; though, 's I said afore, I didn't know it for a ghost then; it looked like a boy. But he wasn't a city boy, nor like anyone I'd seen for a long spell. He was about fourteen or fifteen, I should think, an' he wa'n't no way pretty to look at, but I liked him from the fust minute. He was real freckled, but that never was a great drawback to me; an' he had a kind o' light, reddish-yellow hair, not very slick, but mussy an' rough like. His eyes was whitey-blue, an' he hadn't much in the way o' eye-winkers or eyebrows. An' his nose was kind o' wide, an' jest a mask o' freckles, like a turkey egg. So, you see, he wa'n't much to look at for a beauty, but I took to him right off. I knowed he was from the country 's soon as I see him. Anyone could tell that. His hands was red an' rough an' scratched, an' he had warts. Then his clothes showed it too. You could see in a jiffy they was home-made, an' cut over an' down from his pa's. There was a sort o' New Hampshire look about him too, an' I felt a real drawin' to him right off. I was jest a mite s'prised to see him standin' there, for I hadn't heerd a knock or anything, but afore I could speak an' ask him what he wanted, he stepped up in front o' me, an' says, sort o' quick an' excited like,

"Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

An' afore I had time to say that yes, bless his little heart, I jest would, he begun:

"My name is Norvie; on the Crampin' hills
My father feeds his flock,"

an' a lot more about his folks, an' all so pretty spoken an' nice. When he'd done he drewed one foot up to t'other an' made a bow, real polite, an' then he stood stock-still agin. O' course I praised him up, said he'd spoke his piece beautiful, an' asked him if he wouldn't like a cooky. I got up an' went to the pantry to get some, but when I turned round to ask him if he liked sugar or m'llasses best, he'd gone. I thought 'twas pretty suddin, but then I s'posed he was bashful, an' had took that way o' leaviu' to save talk an' fuss. I looked out o' the winder to see if he was round, but there wa'n't a sign on him, an' I give him up. An' 'twas jest then I begun to smell pepp'mint. But I didn't put the two things—the boy an' the pepp'mint—together then; not till sometime arterwards.

Well, you don't know how it chirked me up, that little visit. To be sure, it had been real short an' unsat'sfactry. He hadn't never told me one word about hisself—where he come from, who he was, nor anything. But that didn't seem to make no difference to me. I felt 's if I knowed him real well, an' his folks afore him; an' somehow, too, I had a feelin' that he'd come agin, an' I'd find

out all I wanted to about him an' his belongin's. But thinkin' about him an' his call an' all made the time pass real quick, an' 'twas bedtime afore I knowed it—the fust evenin' sence I come there that I hadn't jest longed for nine, an' looked at the clock twenty times an hour.

The next day slipped by in the same slippety way, for I was goin' over in my mind what he'd done an' said, an' s'posin' an' s'posin' who his folks was, an' all that.

About the same time o' day, towards six o'clock or so, I set down in the same place by the winder an' begun to watch for him. He hadn't said he'd come, but I had a strong feelin' inside that he was goin' to. An' there stood the ghost. Though even then I never dreamed 'twas a ghost. I thought 'twas jest a boy. He was standin' across the room, jest where I fust see him, by the table, an' lookin' straight at me. An' afore I could say a word he started right for me, an' says, lookin' real bright an' int'rested, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" An' off he went as glib as could be. I can't, for the life o' me, rec'lect what 'twas he spoke that time. I get the pieces mixed somehow them days, afore the time come when they meant somethin', an' I begun to take in their meanin's. Mebbe 'twas

"At midnight when the sun was low,"

or it might be

"On Linden in his gardin tent,"

for I know he spoke them some time. Tennerate he said off so. ething. An' when he'd done he drawed up his foot an' bowed real nice. I clapped my hands an' praised him up, an' then I begun to ask questions. I wanted to know what his name was, where he come from, who his folks was, how he knowed about me, why he come, an' lots o' things. He stayed quite a long spell, an' I did jest enjoy that talk. Bimeby I went into the closet to get something to show him, an when I come back, he was gone agin. 'Twa'n't till some time arter he'd left that I rec'lected that though it seemed 's if I'd had a good talk with him, I'd done it all my own self, an' he never 'd said one single word—nothin', I mean, but one thing he allers said, "Dont you want to hear me speak my piece?"

An' yet somehow I knowed lots more about him than afore. In the fust place, I'd come to feel cert'n sure his name was Norvie, an' that he wa'n't only speakin' a piece about that, but meant it for gospel truth. An' arter that I never thought o' him by any other name. An' I did think o' him lots. For even in them two little visits, when I'd done most o' the talk myself, I'd got dreffle fond on him. You know I allers liked boys, partikerly boys raised in the country deestricks. An' up to this time an' quite a spell arterwards I never guessed he was anything but a boy, jest a common, ord'nary boy. Well, he kept comin'. Every single arternoon, jest about six o'clock; or a speck earlier or later, I

begun to smell a sort o' pepp'minty smell, an' in come that boy, walked up to me, with his eyes all shinin', lookin' pleased an' sort o' excited, an' says, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

Then he'd speak. They was diff'rent kinds o' pieces; some was verses an' some wasn't. But they was all nice, pretty pieces. There was one I remember about a boy standin' on the deck of a ship afire, an' how he stood an' stood an' stood, an' wouldn't set down a minute. Another r'lated to the breakin' waves, an' how they dashed up real high. An' there was a long one that didn't rhyme, about Romans an' countrymen an' lovers; he did speak that jest beautiful.

Then he'd hold out one arm straight an' tell how nobody never heard a drum nor a fun'ral note the time they buried somebody in a awful hurry. Agin he'd start off speechifyin' about its bein' a real question arter all whether you hadn't better be, or hadn't better not be. That one seemed to be a kind o' riddle; not much sense to it.

An' I growed so proud o' that boy. By this time I knowed a good deal about him, for I'd have long talk's with him; but allers, arter he'd gone, I'd rec'lect he hadn't really said anything. But tennerate, strange as it seems, I did know lots more about him every time. As I said afore, his name was Norvle. His folks was plain farmin' people. You know he spoke of his pa's keepin' sheep the fust time he come. An' 'twas up in the mountins they lived; prob'ly somewheres in the White Mountins, this State. I know once he spoke o' Conway's if he lived round there. That was in a piece about there bein' jest seven children in their fam'ly. He was real partikler about the quantity, an' kep' callin' attention to the fact that there was exackly seven; no more, no less. He says,

"Two of us at Conway dwells,
An' two has gone to sea";

an' he went on to say,

"Two of us in the church-yard lays,"

(that was him an' another, I s'pose now), but still says he,

"Seven boys an' girls is we."

An' now he was off from home an' real lonesome, so 'twas a comfort to him to come over an' see me, a plain, self-respectin' countrywoman, like his ma an' his aunts. So I about made up my mind to take charge on him, do for him, an'—if his folks would let me—sort o' adopt him, in the place o' my own boys layin' in Portsmouth graveyard.

I never 's long 's I live shall forgit the day I found out he wa'n't a boy, a common, ord'nary boy, but a ghost. He'd jest come in, an' was sayin' his piece, when the grocer come to the door with some things.

"Wait a minute, Norvle," I says, for I didn't like to lose a word

of his speeches, I liked 'em all so, an' I went to the door. But as I opened it an' let the man in, I heerd the boy goin' right on speakin'. So I says to the grocer man, in a kind o' whisper, beck'nin' as I spoke, "Jest come in an' hear this boy!" For I was real proud of him, an' glad of a chance to show him off.

The man looked rather s'prised, but he follered me in, an' we both stood there by the door, list'nin' to the little feller. That is, I was list'nin' with all my ears, for 'twas one o' his very best, about England may 's well 'tempt a dam up the waters o' the Nile with bulrushes. But when I looked round at the man, smilin' at him an' noddin' my head, 's if to say, "Ain't he smart?" I see he wa'n't 'pearin' to hear anything 'tall. He was lookin' at me, an' then round, an' seemin' so dumfounded.

"What's the matter o' you?" he says. "What's up?"

Norvle was jest closin' then, an' I waited till he'd made his bow, an' then I says agin, "Wait a minute, Norvle, an' then we'll have our talk." Then I turned round to the grocer, an' I says, "Don't he speak fust-rate?"

"What you talkin' about?" says he. "Got a sunstroke?"

Somehow I knowed all at once that he wa'n't foolin', an' that he didn't see nor hear what I see an' hear so plain, so plain. An' I knowed more'n that, for that one little thing opened my eyes that I jest wouldn't open till then, an' I couldn't shet 'em agin. I felt queer an' dizzy, r' head swum, an' I put out my hands to keep from fallin'. The man stiddied me, helped me into my chair, fetched me some water, an' I was well enough arter a little to speak. I told him I felt better, an' he could go; so he went away. I looked for Norvle, but he wasn't there. There was jest a little smell o' pepp'mint in the air, but the boy'd gone. I was glad he had, for I wanted to be all alone for a spell.

Well, you can't understand anything about what I went through then; nobody can. To folks I'm jest a queer old woman who tells a com'cal ghost story out of her stupid old head. It wa'n't very com'cal to me that day. For I'd got so fond o' that boy. I allers liked 'em; an' I'd lost all I ever had. An' now this one had come to me when I was so lonesome an' low in my mind, an' I'd gone an' took him right into my heart. An' he wa'n't a boy at all, but a ghost! That meant so much. Queer 's it seems, the fust thought that struck me was this: he wa'n't *he* or *him*, but jest *it*. Then I remembered how I'd planned some new clothes for him. But ghosts don't wear out their clothes. An' I'd meant—if his folks would let me—to adopt him; bring him up like my own. How ever could I adopt a ghost? Wa'n't it impossible? Over an' over in my mind I went at that, an' little sleep I got that night, I tell you. As I said afore, we was brought up in a pious fam'ly, an' my religion, small 's it was to what it oughter been, had brought me through all my troubles so fur, as nothin' else could 'a' done. So I prayed a good deal that night, an' read my Bible lots. An' bimeby—most mornin' 'twas—I begun to get red o' that whirlin', scaret kind o' thinkin', an' to look at things stiddier an' easier. Mebbe 'twas the prayin'; any-

way I got all o' a suddin' so 's to see the matter reasonable an' cipher it out plain for myself. 'Twas about this way I went at it. Fust place I says to myself: "What's a ghost, anyway? Why, it's a sperrit. An' what's a sperrit? Why, it's a soul. Well, there ain't no harm in a soul; we've all got 'em. But then," thinks I to myself, "What's this soul doin' here? Where's it been sence the boy died?" Well, you see, I knowed too much about heaven, from Scripter an' sermons an' all, to think that a soul that once got there would leave it to traipse round here agin an' speak pieces. So I had to feel cert'in it hadn't ever got to heaven 'tall. An' as for the other place—why, you never, never in the world, could 'a' made me bleeve that Norvle had been there. He wa'n't that kind, I knowed. 'Twasn't jest because I'd got so fond o' him, but I felt sure, sure, sure that he'd never been there, in that awful suff'rin' an' sin. He'd a showed it if he had.

But seein' that he hadn't been to ary o' them two places, then where had he been, an' why did he come to me? When I got to that p'int I had to stop short agin, an' havin' nothin' better to do, I went to prayin'. An' jest 's, the mornin' light shone into my window, there come a light shinin' right into my heart, an' I see it all. 'Twas this way. Norvle hadn't been fetched up by religious folks. For, strange 's it may seem, there's people like that, even in a Christian land. He'd been a well-meanin' boy, an' if he'd ever been learnt he'd 'a' took right hold o' religion, an' glad enough too. But he lived 'way off in the mountins, there wa'n't no meetin'-house within miles, an' his folks was like heathen. Even the deestrick school was too fur off for him to go, or else his pa wouldn't spare him to 'tend. So he'd growed up ign'runt of all he'd oughter know, never seein' a Bible, hearin' a sermon, or touchin' a cat'chism in all his life. He'd learn't how to read somehow, an' up in the garret he'd came across a book o' pieces sech as boys speak to school. An' he'd took to 'em, studied 'em, an' got so he could say 'em all. But he had to do it all by hissself. But bimeby Norvle died; I don't know how. I never was able to find that out; whether 'twas o' sickness or an accident. But he died without ever havin' been grounded in the right things. An'—oh, don't you see it now? Don't you know what come to me that early mornin', as I laid cryin' an' prayin' in my bed there? He—I mean *it*, Norvle's poor little ign'runt soul—had been let to come to me; me that loved boys an' had lost 'em all. An' I was to be the one to learn it what he hadn't never had a chance to pick up afore he died. So I see I needn't stop bein' fond o' it, but go on lovin' it harder an' harder, till I'd loved it right straight up into heaven, where it would 'a' been now but for lack o' information.

I tell you that was a solemn day to me. I was happy one way, sorry another, an' I felt a awful responsibility. I tell you 'tain't many that has sech a heft put on 'em as that. Jest think of it! the hull religious trainin' of a ghost! I was busy all day preparin' for it. I looked up all my books, the ones I used when I learnt the boys, an' the Sabbath-school ones. An' I made a kind

o' plan how I was to begin, an' how long 'twould take to go through all the doctrines an' beliefs. Our folks was Congregationals, an' though I wa'n't as set in my ways about my own Church as some be, still, as Norvle didn't seem to have any partikler leanin' to ary other belief, I meant to bring him up as I'd been brought. So o' course I had to begin with the fall, an' I studied on that 'most all day. As the time drawed nigh for the visit I was dreffle worked up. Seemed 's if I couldn't scasily bear it, to see the boy I'd got so attached to an' built so much on, an' know that he wa'n't a boy at all, but a ghost. I was settin' there, in my old seat by the window, an' for quite a spell I wouldn't turn my head. Fact is, I was cryin' so 't I could hardly see out of my eyes. But bimeby I looked round, an', jest 's I thought, there it stood. My eyes was pretty wet, but I winked out the water 's well 's I could. An' 's soon 's I could see its face plain, I knowed that it knowed I knowed. It didn't have that pleased, shinin' look in its eyes, but was sort o' doubtful an' scary. It stepped low an' softly, as if it was goin' to stop every step, an' when 'twas in front o' me, it said, almost in a whisper, an' so mournful, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

I brushed the water out o' my eyes an' says, real hearty an' cordial, "Yes, deary, course I do."

He begun in sech a low, shaky voice:

"Here rests his head upon the lap of airth,
A youth to fortin an' to fame unknown."

Poor little feller! I jest ached for him, an' my throat felt all swelled up 's if I had the quinsy. I made up my mind that minute to give up the rest o' my days, if it took that long, to savin' that little soul o' Norvle's. An' he shouldn't never feel, if I could help it, that I didn't exackly approve o' ghosts, or thought a mite less o' him for bein' one. Then I begun my religious teachin'. As I said afore, my startin'-p'int was the fall. But o' course I had to allude to the creation fust, Adam an' Eve, an' all that. Then I larnt him the verse out o' the New England Primer about "In Adam's fall," an' that led right up, you see, to 'riginal sin, nat'ral depravity, an' all that relates to them doctrines. I had to begin jest 's you would with a baby, you see, right at the el'mentary things. Then I took the Westminster Shorter, an' learnt him from "man's chief end" to the decrees. 'Twas a short lesson, but I didn't want to tire him the fust time. He seemed real int'rested, an' I forgot for a minute he was a ghost, an' I says, "Norvle, s'pose you take this cat'chism home, an'—" I stopped right off short, for I rec'lected he hadn't got any home, but was jest a wand'rin', ramblin', uneasy ghost. An' oh, where did he sleep nights? Thinkin' o' that made the tears come agin, an' I turned away to sop 'em up. When I looked round it was gone.

You see I say "it" sometimes, an' then agin I say "him." I know I'd oughter say "it" all the time; but—well, 'way down in my old heart it's "him" an' "he" allers, an' he's no diff'nt from my other three boys.

I was a mite nervous next time. I wasn't quite certin I'd gone to work right with my lessons. I'd had some exper'ence teachin', what with my own boys an' a Sabbath-school class. But how did I know but a ghost's mind was all diff'ent, an' couldn't take in the same things in the same way? Then he didn't have no books, an' couldn't look over the lesson at home. So mebbe—I kep' sayin' to myself—he don't remember a single word about Adam, or his sin, an' the terr'ble consequences. But I needn't 'a' worried; for I hadn't hardly time to answer that same old question, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" afore he started off:

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then me an' you an' all on us fell down."

Could a pefesser in the 'logical sem'nary 'a' put it better? The real cat'chism doctrine, you see, "all mankind by the fall," an' so on. So I begun to feel encouraged. This time I took foreord'nation an' election, an' easy things like that. Eternal punishment goes along o' that lesson by rights, but 'twas sech a pers'nal subjeck for that poor soul that I skipped it that once. So it went on day arter day. I didn't allers keep to the doctrines. I made 'lowances for Norvle's bringin' up, an' had more int'restin' things now an' agin, like who was the fust man, the strongest man, the meekest man, an' them.

But the days was slippin' by, an' I begun to worry. 'Twas September now, an' my time was up early in October, for the fam'ly was comin' home then. An' go 's fast 's I could I hadn't been able to git beyond "the mis'ry o' that estate whereinto man fell" in the cat'chism, an' the buildin' o' the temple in the Bible. All about sin an' punishment an' the old dispensation, you see, an' never a speck o' light an' hope for that poor sperrit. For o' course I had to go reg'lar an' take subjecks as they come, an' didn't dast skip over into the New Testament comfort till its turn come. I was in a heap o' trouble about it, when all of a suddin another chance was give me. Old Mr. Rice come to me with a letter in his hand, an' asked me if I couldn't be induced to stay on an' take care o' the house through the winter. Seems that one o' the children—Mis' Davis's, I mean—had took cold, an' its throat or lungs or something was weak. So the doctor had ordered them to take her 'crost the water, an' they was goin' right off, without comin' home at all. Wasn't it wonderful? A int'position o' Providence, cert'in sure, an' I thanked the Lord on my bended knees. I kep' on now in the reg'lar way, not havin' to hurry, givin' all the time I wanted to the doctrines. For there's nothin' like bein' well grounded in them. Norvle never said much, but he showed plain enough that he took 'em all in, by the appropit pieces he spoke arter each lesson. I wish I could rec'lect 'em all; they was wonderful. I know one time we had free-will, an' 'twas the most excitin' occasion. I got so worked up over it, showin' how 'twas consistent with election an' foreord'nation, an' argifyin' that we was jest as free to pick an' choose as—as—anybody.

Oh, I never see a boy—let alone a ghost—take in truths like

him. An' it done me good too. I'd got a little rusty on them doctrinal b'liefs myself, an' it rubbed up my knowledge wonderful. I studied up days, an' could hardly wait for class-time to come; an' jest 's soon 's I had the fust sniff o' pepp'mint arternoons, I'd be ready to start off. But I'd allers give him his chance fust, an' I growed to love that one thing he said every time, the only thing I ever heerd him reely say, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" It seemed to mean more an' more each day, an' bimeby was 'most like a whole conversation. Jest from that one remark I begun to know all about his past life an' doin's, his folks, his home, an' all. A poor, empty, neglected, lonesome life 'twas, an' my heart ached over it as it come out day by day in our talks. To think o' his never havin' had what my boys had so much on, all their days: meetin's, Sabbath-schools, cat'chisms, preparat'ry lectur's, monthly concerts, prayer-meetin's; he never'd had one o' them blessed priv'leges in his hull narrer little life. Well, as I said, I enjoyed the doctrinal teachin', the Old Test'ment an' all; but I was awful glad when with a clear conscience I could turn over the leaf an' show him 't'other side. He'd been gettin' rather low in his mind lately, an' no wonder. For I hadn't felt to tell him anything yet but about our dresse state o' sin, the punishment we deserved, an' the justice o' Him who could give it to us. To be sure, I got him to the p'int where he knowed 'twould be all perfectly right, consid'r'in' the circumstances, if he should be sent right down to the place, as the hymn says,

"Where crooked ways o' sinners lead."

He was resigned to it, but he wa'n't exackly glad, an' he looked rather solemn. So I was pleased enough when I begun to let in a mite o' sunshinin' an' told him the gospel story. An' I declare it never'd meant so much to me myself, church member as I'd been for more'n a dozen years, as when I begun to tell it to that poor little ghost. I begun way at the very beginnin', an' it was quite a spell afore he see what was comin'. He thought I was jest givin' an account of a common, ord'nary boy. I see that was the way to int'rest him, so I told about Him as a little feller, with his mother, an' in the carpenter's shop, an' round the water an' the shore with the fishermen an' sailors. I was thinkin' o' my own boys on the salt-water at Portsmouth an' Kitt'ry when I dwelt so on that part.

But pretty soon I rec'lected how Norvle was fetched up on risin' ground, so I told him about His bein' so fond o' the hills, goin' up "into a mountin apart," as the Bible says, to pray an' to preach, or to set there alone. An' how Norvle's face did light up then, an' his whitey-blue eyes shine! I don't doubt he was thinkin' o' the New Hampshire hills. For folks that lives among 'em do learn to love 'em lots. So it went on, till it come nigh the last part o' the narr'tive. No need for me to remind you o' that. I'd knowed it allers, learnt it to my Sabbath school scholars, heerd it talked an' preached an' sung all my born days, but 'twas like a

bran'-new thing 's I told it to Norvle, an' the tears jest ran down my face like rain. He didn't cry. I guess ghosts never does. But oh, how mournful an' sorry he looked, with his eyes opened wide an' lookin' straight into my face, an' his lips kind o' tremblin'! For quite a spell now he'd been speakin' diffent sort o' pieces—hymns an' sech. An' now he begun to say sech beautiful ones, hymns an' psalms I hadn't even thought on for years. Some o' 'em I learnt afore I could read, from hearin' mother say 'em over 'n' over to me as I set on the little cricket at her feet. How I felt as he'd say, soft an' gentle like, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" an' then foller it right up with one o' them sweet old hymns I always rec'lected in mother's voice! Oh, I loved him harder 'n' harder every day! He was jest 's homely 's ever, jest 's freckled, his hair jest 's reddish-yeller an' muscy, but he looked diffent, somehow. There was a kind o' rested, quiet, satisfied look come on his face by spells that made him prettier to look at. An' bimeby that look come to stay.

I couldn't make you understand 'f I tried—an' I ain't goin' to try—how I see what was happenin' in that soul. But I did see. I knowed the very hour—the minute 'most—when he see the hull truth an' give up to it. There didn't seem to be any powerful conviction o' sin. Mebbe ghosts don't need to go through that. Pr'aps it's their bodies that makes that work so strong in folks, an' ghosts 'ain't got any bodies. So 'twas a easy, smooth specie o' conversion, an' Norvle hisself didn't seem to know when it happened. He kep' comin' jest the same, allers askin' his little question, an' speakin' his piece. I went on all the time with my teachin'. I knowed Norvle was all right now, an' safe for ever 'n' ever. But there's plenty o' things even perfessors need to know, an' I did so like to learn him.

'Twas gettin' past the middle o' December now. One day I walked a little ways down street for exercise an' fresh air, an' all to once there come over me sech a strong rec'lection o' Portsmouth woods. I didn't know why 'twas for a minute, but then I begun to smell a piny, woody smell, an' I see right on the side-walk a lot o' evergreens—pine an' hemlock an' spruce. Then I remembered that Christmas was comin'. Why up to the very last Christmas o' their lives my three boys hung their blue yarn stockin's up by the fireplace, though Amos was past nineteen then, an' Ezry goin' on seventeen. So 'twas a time full o' rec'lectin' for me. The year afore I'd jest put it all out o' my head an' tried to forget what day 'twas. But I couldn't forget it here. 'Twas in the air; 'twas ev'rywhere you went. It made me choky an' wat'ry-eyed all the time, an' I couldn't see nothin' ary blessed minute but the old wood fire at home, with the big yarn stockin's hangin' there. But one day arter Norvle had left, I begun to think why I couldn't make a Christmas for him. Now don't laugh at me. I wa'n't a fool. I knowed 's well 's you do that ghosts don't want presents or keep days. But I was so lonesome, an' jest hungry for a stockin' to fill—a boy's stockin'. "So why," I says to myself, "shouldn't I make bleeve—"play' 's the children

says—that Norvle wants a real old-fashioned Christmas, an' I can give him one?" The next time he come I led up to the subject an' found out, 's I suspicioned, that he'd never heerd o' Christmas or Santy Claus in all his born days. So I told him about it, an' he was so int'rested.

Fust I told him whose birthday 'twas, o' course, an' why folks kep' it. Then I told him all about fam'lies all gettin' together at that time, an' comin' home from everywhere, to be with their own folks. An' I went on about hangin' up stockin's an' fillin' 'em with presents. "An' now, Norvle," I says, "I'm goin' to make a real old-fashioned Christmas for you this year, sech as we used to have in the old house; sech as we made for Amos an' Ezry an' Peleg. For," I says, "you've been a real good boy this winter, an' I set as much by you 'most—p'r'aps jest as much—as I done by my own boys." He looked dreffle tickled, an' so 'twas settled. How I did enjoy gettin' ready! 'Twa'n't so easy as it seems. For I'd set my heart on havin' the same kind o' presents as we used to give the boys, an' they wa'n't plenty in New York city. The stockin' was easy enough, for I had one o' Peleg's. You see, I kind o' liked to have some o' the boys' things about, an' I had some o' the old blue feetin' layin' on my stockin' basket 's if they was waitin' to be darned. They looked nat'ral an' good, you see. Peleg was nigh about Norvle's size. The hick'ry-nuts I got easy enough, an' the maple sugar. Then o' course there must be a jack-knife. I found jest the right kind, big, with a black horn handle an' two blades. I set up late nights an' riz early to knit a pair o' red yarn mittens, like Peleg's; they're so good for snow-ballin', you know. An' I wound a yarn ball, an' covered it with leather. I had a difficult time findin' the fish-hooks an' sinkers, for I hadn't been round no great in New York, an' there ain't no general store there. But I found 'em at last. Right on top I was goin' to put Pely's little chunky, leather cover Bible. Mother give it to him the day he jined the Church, an' writ his name in her straight up an' down, prim handwritin'. I knowed she an' him both would be willin' it should go to this poor little soul the Scripters meant so much to, an' had done so much for.

Oh, you don't know what it was to me, an' my poor empty heart that had ached till 'twas 'most numb, to get that stockin' ready. Ev'ry day I talked Christmas to Norvle, never lettin' him know, o' course, what I was goin' to give him, but tellin' all about diffent Christmases I'd knowed. Then I told him how Christmas Eve we all used to stand together, the boys an' me, an' sing pa's fav'rit piece, "Home, Sweet Home." I carried the toon, Peleg sung a real sweet second, Ezry had the high part, an' Amos the low. How it fetched it all back to tell it over to him!

The last night but one come—the twenty-third 'twas. Norvle had looked real mournful-like lately. Ev'ry time I spoke o' father's house, or fam'lies gettin' together or goin' home for Christmas, I see he looked kind o' sorry an' 's if he wanted some-thin'. But I wouldn't see what it meant. That arternoon, though, when he'd ast, in a shaky, still voice, "Don't you want to hear me

“speak my piece?” he follered it up with the dear old hymn mother whispered part of, the very last day of her life—

“Airth has engrossed my love too long,
’Tis time to lift my eyes.”

He went on with all the verses, an’ when he come to

“O let me mount to join their song,”

he said it ’s if he was prayin’ to me, an’ sech a longin’ sound come into his voice, an’ sech a longin’ look into his eyes, that I was all goose-flesh, an’ so choky. When he’d finished, I turned away to get my handk’chief, an’ when I looked back agin he was gone.

Well, I s’pose you see now what I’d got to do, an’ what my plain duty was. I really had knowed it all along, but I’d shet my eyes to it a purpose till now; but I couldn’t no longer. That poor soul o’ Norvle’s was regen’rated, saved cert’in sure, an’ what business had I to keep it down here any longer? You see it plain enough, but no one but me—an’ One other—knows how much it meant to me that night. “Couldn’t I,” says I to myself—“couldn’t I keep him only one day longer, jest over that seas’n o’ Christmas, so hard, so ter’ble hard to bear without him? Anyway, couldn’t I have him till mornin’, an’ let him have his stockin’? When he was goin’ to have sech a long, long time up there, would jest one day more down here make any great diffrence?” The answer come quick enough. Yes, ’twould! He b’longed somewher’s else, an’ I must send him there, an’ right straight off, too, even if it broke my heart all to pieces doin’ it.

All the next day I went about my work very softly. It seemed like the day o’ the boys’ fun’ral. I’d filled the stockin’ two days afore—I couldn’t wait—an’ there it laid in my room, never, never to be hung up, all bulgy an’ onreg’lar on’ knobby. I knowed what ary bulge meant. That one by the ankle was the jack-knife, an’ right in the top was Pely’s chunky little Bible jest showin’ above the ribbed part. I didn’t empty it. Folks will keep sech things, you know, an’ it’s up in my bedroom somewher’s now, I bleeve.

Well, Christmas Eve come, an’ come quick—too quick for me that time. I’d made up my mind ’twouldn’t never do to let Norvle see how I felt. So, when he come in, I was jest as usual, an’ smiled at him: real pleasant; but I felt ’twouldn’t do to wait a single minute, for fear I’d break down, so afore he could make his one little remark, for the fust time sence I knowed him, I begun fust, an’ he stood still an’ listened.

“Norvle,” I says, speakin’ ’s I used to to the boys’ playfellers that used to come an’ see ’em an’ want to stay on an’ on—“Norvle, I’ve had a real nice visit with you. I’ve enjoyed your comp’ny lots, an’ I wish I could ask you to stay longer. But it’s Christmas Eve, you know, an’ ’s I’ve often told you, people ’d oughter be with their own folks to-night. You know now where your folks is, leastways your Father an’ your Elder Brother. So, I’m dresse

sorry to seem imperlite an' send you off, but—why, this bein' Christmas Eve, I really think—the best thing for you to do—is—to go—Home!" I got it out somehow; I don't see how I done it.

Norvle looked right at me, kind o' mournfle. He stood stock-still, an' I thought he was goin' to make his one little remark, but he didn't. Jest 's true 's I live, that boy opened his mouth an' begun to sing. An' oh! what do you suppose he sung? "Home, Sweet Home!" He'd never sung afore; I didn't know 's he could; but his voice was like a wood-robin now. An' in a minute, though there wa'n't anybody but him an' me in the room, seemed 's if I heerd some other voices. Norvle carried the toon, but I heerd a real sweet second, an' then a high part an' a low. 'Twas jest like four boys singin' together. An' while I looked at him the music sounded further 'n' further off, till when he got to the last "sweet—sweet—home," I had to lean 'way forward to ketch a sound. An' when it stopped—why, he stopped. He didn't go; he jest wasn't there.

Well, I've got along somehow. You do get along through most things, hard 's they be. It's more'n forty year now sence my ghost story happened, an' I'm an old woman. I'm failin' lately pretty fast, an' it makes me think a good deal about goin' home myself to jine pa 'n' ma 'n' the boys. I might 's well tell you that when I say the boys, I mean *four* on 'em. For, b'sides my three, I'm cert'in there's goin' to be another one, a little chap with rough, reddish-yeller hair, an' lots o' freckles. Course I know it's all diff'ent up there, an' things ain't a speck like what they be here; but somehow it won't seem exackly nat'ral if that little feller don't somewher's in the course o' conv'sation bring in that fav'rit remark o' his'n,

"Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O THOU! who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place were Jesus lay.

Although by stars Thou didst not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

And yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessed are the clean of heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

O Saviour! give us, then Thy grace,
To make us pure in heart;
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter, as Thou art.

COLLOQUY ON PREACHING.

HODGE AND HIS WIFE.

SCENE : *Through the Meadows, on the way from Church.**H.* THAT wor a main good sarmin.*W.* It wor. He did stand up to it straight.*H.* I'll tell yer what, old 'ooman: if that there mon allays preached, I'd never go to meetin'.*W.* Then I wish he did allays preach. You know you never didn't ought to go to meetin'. Parsons is parsons: but what them is as preaches at meetin', who can say?*H.* My opinion is that parsons is as parsons does. I don't understand nowt of what they calls nordination and that, but I knows a good sarmin when I hears un.*W.* But our rector says we don't go to church so much to hear sarmins as to worship God.*H.* That's all roight, no doubt, but he do preach sarmins, rector do, and they baint frustrate. Not but what they may suit the squire and the doctor, and maybe the farmers, but bless yer, they don't suit me.*W.* A noice judge o' sarmins you be. There's niver a better mon in the parish to shear a sheep, or to keep a plough straight, but what do yer know of sarmins?*H.* I knows when they does me good. That there mon this arternoon has put thoughts into my yed as'll stick there all the week, when I be's in the lanes or on the lond.*W.* But do yer mane to say that them preachers at meetin' is up to that gemmon we've been a hearing on this arternoon?*H.* Noa, wife, I don't say that: he's a cut above 'em, he is; and as I tell'd yer, if I could allays hear him at church, it's uncommon little they'd see of me at meetin'. But, heart alive! he do come from a distance, he do. Next Sunday as ever is, rector'll be at it agin. Them as preaches at meetin' baint allays very smart at it, and they says the same thing over and over. But I can foller 'em, lass, I can foller 'em.*W.* But rector be a good mon. Only Friday he dropt into our place, and you can't think how koind and comfortable he wor. Stroked the cat, and all.*H.* But he baint no preacher.*W.* The children are right down fond on him. You know he taches on 'em at school, and gives 'em little story-books. Willie and Annie have both got quite a nice few ou 'em.*H.* But he be of no account in the pulpit.*W.* Don't yer remember how he came ever so many times when you was ill, and brought yer grapes?*H.* The grapes was good, but the sarmins, they be bad.*W.* And I should like to know who got Tom his place on the railway?*H.* That wor rector, that wor. I up'd and thanked him for it

with all my heart. But he be no better nor an old owl when he gets up them stairs.

W. I calls it ongrateful, considerin' all them things, and a many besides, that you vexes rector by going so often to meetin'. I know it do vex him. He have mentioned it several times.

H. I be sorry to vex rector. I allays touches my hat to him when I meets him, and he says "Good day," cheerful loike. But, old wench, I mun look to myself. I baint a clever man. As thee knowest, I can't read, to say read. When I was a youngster, readin' and writin' was for the gentry. I want to be larnt someat. I want to have what good feelin's I has, and I wishes their was more on 'em, kept brisk. Somehow I allays finds myself a noddin' and a gapin' afore rector's well into his sarmin. He don't take no hold. People is a noddin' and a gapin' all round me. Woife, we don't often take different soides, you and me, but we does in this. I loike church sarvice a deal better nor meetin' sarvice, but church sarmins in this here village is nowt.

W. Well, I shall stick to the church, I shall. I can't argify, but I feels its a deal roighter. Aint God's blessing better nor sarmins?

THE LAUREL.

BY SIR DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

"God be with thee," I did say,
But he gently answered, "rather
I would be with God, my Father;
Bleakly dawns earth's brightest day,
Oh, I long to win my manumission, and to be away.

"From this earth to be away,
How my weary spirit panteth!
Fleahly tenure spirit daunteth;
Soul to dust doth answer, nay!
Oh, to be unclothed from this clammy robe of clay!"

"But thy battle-field's before thee,
Thou art only yet in training;
Armèd now go forth for gaining
In some fair field victory;
Laurels thou shalt win and wear triumphantly!"

On the wreath he turned to gaze;
Passed a finger o'er each leaf,
Then said, "Its losing costs small grief;
The amaranth, methinks, its worth outweighs;
It feeleth me but cold, this earthly mead of praise!

"Besides, it seemeth me scarce meet,
Each soldier wrangling for some crown;
Sufficeth it, one Captain of Renown,
Treading our foeman beneath conquering feet,
Hath won for us the wreath, and for ourselves doth wait."

ALLEGED PROGRESS IN THEOLOGY.*

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

II.

Inspiration of the Bible.

BELIEVING, as I do, that the original Scriptures were "given by inspiration of God," and that they have been preserved without corruption or essential change, then, if as to any point there be a real conflict as to what the Bible says and what science is assumed to say, so that both cannot be admitted as truthful, I will not interpret out of a Bible passage its true and proper meaning, and I will not abandon its theory of inspiration and substitute one of my own, but I will raise the question whether the proof of the Bible is stronger than that of the science that conflicts with it, and, so far as my own faith is concerned, abide by the issue of that inquiry. I must be sure, in the first place, that the conflict is real; and then I will accept the result which the proof forces upon me. I cannot think as a rational being and do otherwise.

And now in regard to this question of comparative proof, I know of no science which contradicts the Bible on any question of fact, and is at the same time as well proved as the Bible itself. Take geology, for example. It says, as an *inference* from certain facts, that this globe, as to the matter composing it, is much older than six thousand years. This is an *inference* the truth of which I do not understand the Bible to deny. If the Bible did deny this inference, then I would reject the inference; and I would do so because I hold the truth of the Bible to be more certain than this conclusion of the geologist. There is an enormous space between the mere facts gathered by the geologist and the conclusion which he draws therefrom. He has to jump over this space in order to get to his conclusion. I confess to you frankly that I think that his conclusion is probably correct; but when I compare the evidence of that correctness with the vast and varied evidence that sustains the divine authority of the Bible, the probability in favor of the latter, to my mind, rises to a much higher grade of certainty. Drive me to the wall on this subject, and I shall take the Bible and let the geological inference go to the dogs. I think I could show you, did the time permit, that this inference rests on several assumptions, which may be true, but are far from being proved.

Take the modern doctrine of *evolution*, which traces man back to a monkey, and from a monkey back to a vitalized protoplasm, and which undoubtedly contradicts the Scripture record of man's creation and all the references in the Bible to that record. The two systems cannot stand together. If man was originally created as the Bible says he was, then he was not created as evolution says he was. What are you going to do with this conflict? If you take my advice, you will dismiss this sort of evolution as a sheer *speculation*, sustained by no evidence that even begins to equal that which supports the divine authority of the Bible. You will not reconstruct your theory of inspiration so as to get protoplasm into your creed.

My next remark is that there is no occasion for the ministry or the Church to get into a panic about the perpetuity of Bible religion, so far as it may be endangered by scientific infidelity, or to modify its doctrine of its own inspiration in order to escape the objections of this infidelity. This religion has an immense *staying* power, as shown by its whole history. It has fought a great many battles, and in the end has always won. It was never numerically stronger than it is to-day; and next year it will be stronger than it is to-day. It is objectively embodied in a Book that has more readers by a thousand-fold than any infidel book that has ever been published. It has organized a vast force in the Christian Church, appropriated to itself a day for its special use, called into existence a learned and powerful ministry, and meets the religious necessities of our condition and nature as no other system ever did or can. It admits of being inspected to the very core, and the more it is examined, whether in its evidence, its contents or its effects, the better it appears, and the more clearly the hand of God is seen in its origin and its history.

Let me say that I have not one particle of concern as to any destruction or serious damage to this religion by infidelity, whether it be scientific or vulgar. This, by the very constitution of things, is a religious world in the instincts and necessities that belong to human nature; and infidelity, which consists in negatives, cannot unmake it as such. Christianity has come into such a world; and it everywhere meets a race of beings that wants it, whom it fits, and whom it lifts in the scale of being. It has power with them, and has made its home among them. Downright infidelity, in any of its forms, is the exceptional condition of humanity, and a weak one at that, in this country and in every other country where Christianity prevails.

Let me say finally on this point, especially to those of you who are in comparatively early life, speaking as one who has seen more than three score years and ten, that if I were an occupant of the Christian pulpit, I would in the main preach the Bible to the people, just as if I supposed they fully believed it and needed no argument from me to prove its truth. I would seek to impress them with the idea that I fully believed it myself. I would deal with its facts, its doctrines, its duties, its threatenings and its promises, as being of complete, absolute, divine, and, therefore, infallible authority, as a guide to faith and practice on all the subjects and questions of which it treats. I would not be afraid to say *hell* where the Bible says *hell*. I would not modify the teaching of the Book to the breadth of a hair to suit any man, or adapt the Bible to the proclivities of any age. Having been both preacher and hearer, I have come to the conclusion that just this sort of preaching is the best practical cure for infidelity, so far as the pulpit ordinarily has to do with it; and I am sure that it is best to impress the truth upon those who, though not infidels, are not Christians in the spirit and temper of their minds, and who greatly need to flee for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel.

Eschatology.

I come now to two questions in eschatology, one of them relating to the doctrine of future punishment, and the other to the idea or supposition of probation after death. Both of these questions have recently attracted

some attention. What I have to say must be condensed into the briefest space possible.

As to the doctrine of future punishment, I shall content myself with a statement of the following general points of thought, which you may expand and verify at your leisure : 1. That the Bible, especially the New Testament, very clearly teaches the doctrine that mankind are appointed to a conscious existence after death, without limit as to its duration ; and hence that death, notwithstanding its fearful ravages upon the body, and notwithstanding its termination of all sensible connection and intercourse between the living and the dead, is not the annihilation of the spiritual or mental part of man, and that in this respect the Bible confirms the argument of reason, and makes that certain which reason makes highly probable. 2. That the Bible generally teaches this doctrine of a future life, not as a separate and distinct proposition, but as it teaches, and in teaching, the doctrine of *retribution* in that life, thus giving the former fact as incidental to and involved in the latter fact. 3. That the Bible, by general implication, and sometimes in express terms, declares that the retributive system administered in the future life will be based on the *deeds done in the body* ; and hence that there is a relation of antecedent and consequent between our moral conduct here and our condition in that life. (2 Cor. v. 10 ; Romans ii. 2-10, and Galatians vi. 7, 8.) 4. That the Bible descriptions of the future life, whether in the form of metaphor or otherwise, concentrate their expressive force upon the conveyance of two ideas—one the idea of a good estate upon a specified condition as to moral character, and the other the idea of a bad estate upon an opposite condition of character—thus making moral character the criterion and rule of condition in each case. 5. That the Bible theory of future rewards on the one hand, and its theory of future punishment on the other, each having reference to a specific state of moral character, are taught with equal authority, distinctness and clearness, and that, as to the endless duration of these rewards and punishments, the Bible argument is equally good in respect to both, or good in respect to neither.

These five propositions give you the Bible doctrine, as I understand it, with regard to future punishment. The only modification thereof is that which is furnished by the Gospel of Christ. The Gospel provides that sinners in this world, if they have repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, shall in the next life escape the penal consequences of sin, and be treated as if they had never sinned. This introduces into the moral government of God the element of *grace* to the guilty, and furnishes a relief and ground of hope to those who would otherwise have no hope. Sin, though, under law, ruin to the soul hereafter, is not necessarily fatal under the Gospel. The sinner, by compliance with the conditions prescribed, may be pardoned, and accepted and treated by God as if he had never sinned. For this possibility we are indebted to the work of Christ.

Such, then, is the theology that I gather from the Bible as to the doctrine of future punishment. If there is any progress in theology beyond this or away from this, I, for one, propose to stick to the Bible and not to follow such progress. If you ask me how this applies to the heathen, who have never had any knowledge of the Bible, then I answer that, according to

this same Bible, it will be required of every man according to that which he hath, and not according to that which he hath not; and that those who have sinned without the law will be judged without the law, and that I am quite content to leave the application of this principle to the Great Governor of the universe, without attempting to draw a purely speculative programme of His conduct in the premises.

As to the other question—namely, probation after death—I submit for your consideration these points of thought: 1. That, except as we are taught by the Bible, we know nothing on the subject; and hence that our speculations in regard to it are nothing but speculations, without authority by reason of our ignorance. 2. That the Bible theory of rewards and punishments, which bases future destiny upon the deeds done in the body, would seem to exclude the idea of any probation after death that gives the opportunity of changing one's destiny in the after-life. 3. That Christ and His apostles, in preaching the Gospel, practically treated this life as if it were the only period in which men could prepare for a good estate in the next life, urging them to act now as if all were staked upon present action, and never intimating that they might hereafter correct and set right the mistakes committed here. 4. That the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, in its structure, in its purpose, and in its relation to Jewish faith at the time of utterance, is so composed as to give a negative to the idea of probation after death. 5. That the wise and only wise course for men to take is so to live here as not to need a *post mortem* probation. That man, in my judgment, is stupid beyond expression who wantonly sins away his day and time of grace here on the speculative theory that possibly he may have another day of grace after he gets into the next world.

The Atonement of Christ.

I come now finally to the theory in regard to the Atonement of Christ, adopted by some theologians, which, by way of distinction, is known as the Moral Influence Theory. The necessity for the sufferings and death of Christ, according to this theory, did not and does not exist in God at all. So far as He is concerned as the Moral Governor of the universe, man might have been saved without these sufferings and this death. They are necessary, so far as necessary at all, as a part of a great system of moral influence by which sinners are to be moved and reconciled to God. Their whole function and utility consist in powerfully persuading man. They simply express the love of God and address human nature with this argument. There was no necessity that Christ should suffer and die, in order that men might be pardoned, except as the means of disposing men to repent of sin, and believe on Christ, and accept the pardon.

Such I understand to be the essence of the Moral Influence Theory of the Atonement; and in regard to it I submit briefly the following remarks:

1. My first remark is that we know nothing about the Atonement of Christ except as we gather our information from the Bible. The whole subject is purely Biblical and hence all that we know in regard to it must be derived from the Bible.

2. My second remark is that the Bible, alike in its Old Testament predictions and types in regard to Christ, and in its New Testament history of Christ, places a very special emphasis upon His sufferings and death.

These facts stand out with great prominence. It was to commemorate His death, and this only, that He Himself appointed a memorial to be continued and observed by His followers in all time.

3. My third remark is that the Moral Influence Theory of Christ's death does not seem to me an expression of the plain and obvious ideas contained in the following passages :

“But He was wounded for our transgressions ; He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and with His stripes we are healed.” “And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.” “Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.” “For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.” “In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sin.” “This is My blood of the New Testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins.” “Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.”

I need not cite more passages. The Bible, as you are aware, abounds with such statements in respect to the death of Christ. Does the Moral Influence Theory of the Atonement adequately represent these statements ? I think not. According to this theory there was no laying of our iniquities upon Christ. He was not made a curse for us. There was no shedding of His blood for the remission of sins. He was not made to be sin for us. I cannot reconcile the theory with the plain meaning of the Scripture statement in respect to the death of Christ. That death, according to these statements, was a sacrificial death, a vicarious death, the death of One who died for our sins, in order that they might be pardoned. It was the death of One who in dying bore our sins in His own body on the tree, in order that we might not eternally bear their penal curse. Call this a mystery if you please ; yet fact it is by the authority of the Bible, and this fact the Moral Influence Theory of the Atonement utterly fails to express.

4. My fourth remark will consist in setting before you two passages of Scripture, both from the pen of Paul—the one in Hebrews and the other in Romans. The first reads thus : “For it became Him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.” The thought here is that the sufferings and death of Christ, as involved in the divinely appointed plan of human salvation, as realized in His own person, and as the way of making Him a complete, perfect and all-sufficient Saviour of sinners, *became* God, which means that they were appropriate and suitable to God. Paul does not here say how they became God. He simply states the fact and there leaves the matter.

Now take this fact along with you, while I recite to you the passage in Romans, as follows : “Whom God did set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God ; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness, that He might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.” This passage sheds light upon the fact stated in the other passage. You have here these propositions : 1. That God set forth Jesus Christ as a propitiation through faith in His blood. 2. That the direct and immediate object of this setting forth in the

character assigned to Him, and in the death which He endured, was an object that related to God Himself, and that was to make a declaration of His righteousness. 3. That the final end to be gained thereby was, that God might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. This is Pauline theology; and according to this theology the death of Christ had an immediate object which relates to God Himself; and that object was to declare His righteousness as the antecedent and condition of His being the justifier of the believer in Jesus. There was, then, a necessity in God for the Atonement by suffering and death, in order that sin might be pardoned and the sinner might be saved. Paul makes no mention of any necessity relating to man; but he does mention one relating to God and flowing from God.

How, then, does the Moral Influence Theory of the Atonement harmonize with these two passages? Not at all. It entirely overlooks their meaning, and assigns for the sufferings and death of Christ a reason different from the one which they assign. It became God that Christ should be a sufferer, and it became God that by these sufferings He should make a declaration of God's righteousness, as a condition precedent to man's salvation. This is the Bible explanation of the Atonement, and the Moral Influence Theory is not; and hence the former should be accepted and the latter rejected.

5. My fifth remark is that this Moral Influence Theory of the Atonement, if thoroughly believed, defeats the very purpose which it assigns to the Atonement. According to this theory the whole thing is intended simply as an appeal to man. What, then, is there in it to emphasize and enforce the appeal if this theory be true? Let it once be discovered that all the sacrificial, the sin-offering and substitutionary appearance of the Atonement is but an appearance, that the Lord did not really lay upon Him the iniquity of us all, and that Christ did not really bear our sins in His own body on the tree, and the appearance will at once lose its power of influence. The Atonement of Christ is amazingly impressive when seen and believed as the Bible states it. Thus seen and believed it has brought tears from millions of eyes, and kindled gratitude in millions of hearts. Christ on the cross bearing our sins, pouring out His soul unto death and suffering, the just for the unjust, and all this that God might consistently remit penalty and save us, is one thing; and Christ on the same cross simply making an appeal to humanity, is quite another thing. It is when we see Christ under the former aspect that the appeal is most impressive. If we think of Him under the latter aspect, the very vision takes away the power of the appeal. To see and believe this theory is to close up the avenue to the sensibilities of the heart. It does not at all fit the hymnology of all the Christian ages, which has glowed and blazed with the fervors awakened by the Bible statement of the Atonement of Christ. No such hymnology would have existed if this Moral Influence Theory had been the general faith of the Church.

6. My final remark is that the best way to preach the doctrine of the Atonement is to do so without much speculation and largely in the language of the Bible. There is, after all, no more effective way of stating the doctrine than to say that Christ died for our sins, or that He tasted death for every man. The statements of inspiration so blend the fact of the death

with the reason therefor and the relation thereof, as to make the most impressive appeal alike to the head and the heart. That pulpit will most effectually preach the cross of Christ that preaches it under the forms of thought, and largely in the expressions of thought, which the Bible supplies. These are the objects which faith needs to grasp and affirm, and upon which every soul needs to pillow its head when smitten with a sense of guilt, or called to meet its God in judgment.

I have thus submitted to you my thoughts on the four points named. And in conclusion. I will simply say that the longer I have lived, and the nearer I come to the final exit from time, the better I am satisfied with the Bible as the rule of faith and practice, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, as the solution of all religious questions that flash across the firmament of my mind, and as the sheet-anchor of all my hopes for another world. I am disposed to adopt the words of the Psalmist, and say of the Bible and of the God of the Bible: "In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul." If there is any better position than this I know not what it is or where to find it. I want no advance and no retreat in theology that takes me away from this position.

THE DAY IS DONE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the
mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest

Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with
music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

RELIGIOUS DOUBT AND MODERN POETRY.*

BY THE REV W. J. DAWSON.

II.

It may be said that Tennyson and Browning, incomparably the two greatest poets of our time, have in no wise stood aside from the great controversy of disputed faiths, and that their poetry, nevertheless, is marked by majestic strength and the noblest artistic completeness. Indeed, in both poets we have distinct and splendid poems wholly devoted to the discussion of moral and religious doubt. In such poems as "Easter-day" and "Christmas-eve" Browning may be said to have hunted certain forms of scepticism home to their

"Inmost room
With lens and scalpel"

of the most acute and brilliant analysis. And in poems like "The Two Voices," "The Palace of Art," and above all the "In Memoriam," which stands in unassailable fame above all comparison, Tennyson has wrestled with the toughest ideas that have strained the thews and sinews of the mind since the day when Socrates

"Fired with burning faith in God and Right,
Doubted men's doubts away."

But it must at once appear that the discussion of doubt is a very different thing from the profession of denial. Life will never cease to be mysterious, and while life is full of mystery doubt will never cease. A gray under-roof of mystery shuts us down; a deep sea of mystery moans and thunders at our feet. There are awful moments of eclipse through which the strongest spirit may be called to pass. Sorrows come upon us not alone, but in companies, and sweep all before them. We move for awhile amid such starless desolation, and such waves and billows have passed over us, that it may well happen that our feet have almost slipped.

The great drama of the trial of Job opens with the scene of Job worshipping in the very moment when the last messenger has reached him with the bitterest of all his evil tidings; and it closes with the victory of faith, with the patriarch once more worshipping, so that the latter end of Job is more blessed than his beginning. Throughout the history doubt is only stated as the foil to faith; it falls with the blackness of eclipse for a little space, but obeys the law of the eclipse and vanishes at last, leaving the sun shining in his strength. It is precisely in this spirit that both Tennyson and Browning deal with the problems of religious doubt. There are "Two Voices," but the triumph of the great argument does not remain with the mocking voice. There is a "Vision of Sin;" but its black and bitter cynicism dies at last in a faint, mysterious dawning splendour; and though the divine voice speaks in a voice no one can understand, yet its final

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utterance is on the side of hope. In the "In Memoriam" we have the dense thunder-cloud, and even the rolling of the thunder; but there comes at last a season of clear shining, when a serene and holy light fills earth and heaven. The great chords of wailing die away, one by one, into the murmurous joy of infinite hallelujahs; the purposes of loss are seen, the chastening of bereavement is achieved, the wine of sorrow has been drunk, the heavens of song are purged and clear, and in their unfathomable depths there gleam the dimly-outlined walls of the city where He dwells who has made all things new, and where those lost from earth have larger life and holier knowledge. It is true some "bitter notes" his harp has given, but

"Hope has never lost its youth."

"If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep
I heard a voice 'Believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep;

"A warmth within the heart would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And, like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, 'I have felt.'"

The reason of the heart has proved itself victor over the reason of the intellect, for it was diviner. Wailings in the night there may have been, and cryings after light, amid blind clamour and doubt and fear:

"Then was I at a child that cries,
But crying, knows his father near;"

and in the light of this great spiritual victory the whole problem of the tangled world grows clear; the world is safe in God's hands, and already there are prophetic signs and heraldings of its full redemption:

"That one, far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

Not less unmistakably has Robert Browning declared himself a singer upon the side of faith. He is a far stronger and deeper man than Tennyson; an incompleter artist, but a greater poet; and his method of approaching doubt wholly differs from Tennyson's. He loves to assault it with sardonic humour; to undermine it with subtle suggestion, even to break out into grim laughter as it slowly disintegrates and falls into a cloud of dust before his victorious analysis. But not the less does he sympathize with whatever there may be of spiritual yearning, of earnest but baffled purpose in it; and no poet has ever been quicker than he to place in the fullest light of tender recognition the one redeeming quality there may be latent in the thing he hates. For faith, in Robert Browning, is a spiritual fire that never burns low. Through whatever labyrinth of guilt or passion he may lead his readers, God is ever the attending Presence, in whose hands all the ravelled skeins of life lie distinct and clear:

"He glows above,
With scarce an intervention, presses close and palpitatingly."

Human life is lived out in every instance beneath the eye of God, and it is the failure to recognize this which is the beginning of all evils in human character. The lightning which startles the guilty lovers hidden in the deep forest is in truth God's sword, plunged again and again through the thick cloud to find them, for they cannot flee from Him; and the prison-roof of life that shuts the mourner in will assuredly break some day, and "heaven beam overhead." Whenever Browning walks amid the shadows of human mystery—and darker glooms has no poet moved through—he sees the star of faith shining overhead, he hears the voice of God bidding him be of good cheer. David, as he sings in the black tent before Saul, bids him think of his mother held up on her death-bed, and bids him again

"Hear her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness,
Let one more attest

I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for best."

Little Pippa, as she passes out for her brief holiday, her light feet moving innocent amid all the crime and tragedy of life, sings:

"The years at the spring,
Morning's at seven,
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

It is the poet's own soul that sings in little Pippa; this faith of his that all is right never deserts him. He will discuss doubt, but as a strong man who has overcome it; he will admit it to his temple of song, but he sternly relegates it to its own place, and will allow it no supremacy. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the greatness of Robert Browning as a poet is in no small measure due to his greatness as a believer.

The first direct result of the presence of doubt in modern poetry is found in that note of weariness and sadness by which it is distinguished. Its household gods are too clearly shattered; it is beside the waters of Babylon the poet sits and sings. We do not by any means seek to prove that the element of sadness which we find in all exquisite poetry, invariably owes its origin to loss of faith, for no conclusion could be more falsely partial. Perhaps the noblest pages in the literature of all nations are the saddest. The spirit of Dante moves between infinite light and gloom wearing ever a crown of sorrow; the majestic woe of the blind and aged Milton has not yet ceased to thrill upon the world's ear; even the serene genius of Wordsworth finds thoughts that "lie too deep for tears. Earthly life is so full of incompleteness, is so often baffled in its highest purposes, is so often mocked in the moment of its sublimest yearnings, and has so many chapters in its book of years steeped in deepest pathos, that it may well be

"Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought."

But then life is not wholly sorrowful, and the poetry misjudges life which interprets it alone by tears. Dante has his beatific vision, his "Paradiso,"

following close upon his "Purgatory;" and out of the great blackness and desertion of that blind old age of Milton rise the sublime "cathedral music" of his "Paradise Lost," and the hopeful closing vision of his "Paradise Regained." The exquisite sadness of regret, of memory, of vanished hopes and broken fellowships, will ever be one of the noblest elements in any noble poetry.

But all this is very different from that *personal* note of weariness and sad dissatisfaction which is heard so loudly in our later poetry. The greater poets write little of themselves; the lesser modern poets write of little but themselves. Their chief inspiration is too frequently a sort of cynical melancholy. They have been disillusionised; there is nothing new and nothing true—and no matter! The most morbid introspection is interwoven with the saddest worldly wisdom. Few of them, indeed, are there who

"Do but sing because they must,
And pipe but as the linnet sings."

What Matthew Arnold has called the "lyrical cry" is genuinely heard ever and again; but too often, while the weariness is sincere enough, the verse falls into spasmodic affectations. We feel while we read that there is no "natural piety" linking day to day in the lives of such poets. The fresh and clear delights of nature are obscured; the cheerful gospels of the singing birds and sunny day are dumb; life is bred upon a hot-bed of morbid thought, is passed in feverish turbulence, or "creeps on wounded wing," and the poetry which expresses it is a melodious spasm, or a fitful and exceeding bitter cry. How can it be otherwise when the divine aspects of life are blotted out? What bird can sing in full-throated ease beneath a threatening thunder-cloud? Faith has ever been the inspiration of the grandest human heroisms, the noblest human thoughts; what wonder that the clue of life is lost when faith is lost? Simplicity has always been the crown of highest genius; what marvel is it that when the simple heart is lost the whole world of thought falls into mournful bewilderment and weariness? There are many pages in Tennyson which teach us how dangerous it is even for the strongest nature to drink long and deeply of the bitter draught of doubt; how even the final faith of later days cannot wholly heal the old wounds that still "ache and cry."

A second result from loss of faith in our modern poetry is the undisguised and contaminating sensuality which has latterly infected it. In both Tennyson and Browning we meet everywhere a profound moral sense. In the poem of "The Palace of Art" we have a distinct and memorable sermon preached upon the world-old text that the noblest culture and the purest art become destroying forces when divorced from moral fervour; that even when unstained by any breath of baser passion they end inevitably in isolation and despair, and the broken-hearted cry of "All is vanity." The need of some diviner salvation than art can offer haunts with persistent bitterness the human spirit sheltered in its selfish splendour; at last it falls like Herod, "struck through with pangs of hell;" it is on fire within, and howls aloud,

"What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?"

The "Palace of Art" is a sermon for which the age owes Mr. Tennyson profound gratitude. How much it is needed we can judge when we remember how often of late years we have heard high critical authorities insisting that art must be loved for art's sake, and that our common notions of morality are wholly opposed to art. We could forgive Mr. Swinburne the frantic sound and fury of his revolutionary odes, but we cannot forgive him when he prostitutes his noble gifts to uphold the monstrous thesis that the priciest poetry is that which deals in the prurient details of "fleshly fever" and "amorous malady." The Laureate calls upon *his* soul to

"Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

But it is precisely in the filthy carnival of "ape and tiger" that Mr. Swinburne has chosen to dwell. The whole subject is one which will not bear handling; and for our part we have no desire to publish any investigations in putrescence. Such poetry can only be labelled as "unfit for human consumption." Certain of its admirers have ventured to call it "Greek;" but it is not Greek, it is simply bestial. It is the lowest and most revolting phase of the evil wrought in literature through lack of faith. That lack of faith inevitably leads to such a depth of moral fall we do not say; but we do say that such poetry is in itself an awful illustration of how swiftly godless art may become immoral art.

Yet one other result of doubt in modern poetry we have seen in the appearance of a genuine poetry of Despair. In James Thomson, author of "The City of Dreadful Night," pessimism has recognized its poet. He does not stagger in the gloom of conjecture, he falls upon no altar-stairs "that slope through darkness up to God," he does not merely doubt, he has attained a dreadful certitude, the fever of his blood is past, and he is calm; but it is with the calm of hopelessness. From the fierce conflict with the powers of darkness voices have gone up since the beginning of the world crying, "Yea, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Darkness may have closed in again upon the lonely sufferer, and anguish may have quenched the song within his lips; but at least the cloud has rifted for a moment, and the voice of trust been heard. But there is no such transient gleam of light even in "The City of Dreadful Night." Its air is loaded with

"Infections of unutterable sadness,
Infections of incalculable madness,
Infections of incurable despair."

The modern Dante who gazes on its rings of horror, and sees it built up amid infernal fires and blackness, has found

"No hint throughout the Universe
Of good or ill, of blessings or of curse."

He finds "alone necessity supreme."

In the heart of this city of despair rises the spectral fane where no organ-strain or chant or voice of murmuring prayer is ever heard; where the

altar-space is unillumed, and men and shadows lean against the walls and pillars, and a congregation waits downstricken for a preacher who shall presently announce with "great, sad voice" his awful message—that there is no God, no personal life beyond the grave, and that the one comfort of this life is that we can end it when we will. There is no Byronic scowl, no theatrical defiance, no tearing of passion into tatters here; the woe is too genuinely deep, too profoundly earnest. The poet strikes "an iron harpstring;" its one reverberation is "Woe, woe, unutterable woe!" In him we find the last result of the influence of religious doubt on modern poetry. His is too stern a nature to utter itself in the lamentation of mere weariness, however real; and too high a nature to absorb itself in the Lesbian celebration of "amorous malady;" it finds its outlet not even in defiance, but rather in incurable despair, happily unparalleled in the history of English poetry.

Here, then, we may fitly close this fragmentary study of one phase in modern English poetry. It must be full of sad suggestion alike to the philosophic thinker and the Christian. The fatal *narrowing* tendency which attends the intellectual processes of scepticism is nowhere seen in a more startling light than in its action upon poetry. The freshness and spontaneity of song is lost, the lyrical cry becomes the lyrical wail, simplicity and fulness of emotion become unknown, and the imagination, having lost courage for anything like colossal effort, is frittered away, and wastes itself in spasmodic and often morbid creation. There is no clearer lesson taught by the history of human thought and action than that the greatest deed and utterance are impossible without the serenity and courage which spring from living faith in God. The great poet must, like Milton, ever live in his great Taskmaster's eye, and then he will not fail to make his own life a true poem. There is no compensation for the loss of faith in poetry. Doubt may sometimes lift its cup full of the wine of misery to the poet's lips, and he shall drink, and find a certain bitter exhilaration in the draught which fires the mind with brief poetic *ferour*, but that throb of short and daring effort is all too dearly purchased. The world asks that its poets shall be prophets; that its singers shall be believers; that their inspiration shall be drawn from above, else it were better that their gift died in them, and their song were never sung.

The keystone in the arch of life is God; if once the poet pluck *that* down what wonder is it that all his life falls straightway into illimitable despair and ruin? What wonder that the stars fade one by one above him, until at last he sits in cities of dreadful night, and bows his head, and only asks to die? In poetry as in philosophy it is needful to insist upon the abiding power and presence of the religious instinct. All outrage done to that is outrage upon that which is noblest in humanity. It brings its revenges with it, and the Nemesis which follows scepticism in poetry is confusion and paralysis of power and effort. Nor is it possible, as Tennyson has shown us, for any man to be even indifferent to the religious instinct, and yet be a great poet. It is not given to the mightiest genius to

"Sit as god holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all."

In attempting to shun the most solemn problems of the universe, and

work out for himself a perfect intellectual culture, such a poet simply builds a palace of art, whose splendid corridors ring at last with his despair, and all whose glory he is glad to barter for a cottage in the vale where he may mourn and pray. The religious instincts of the race have always been the secret springs which have fed the great poetry of the world; and the iconoclast who would propose to himself the daring programme of eliminating faith in God from the poetic literature of England, would speedily discover that his proposition meant the destruction of everything which the common consent of four centuries has voted best worth preserving.

From Robert Browning we may take one line which should be the first article in any poet's creed :

“Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.”

From the verse of him “who uttered nothing base,” we may quote what seems to us as beautiful a conception of the poet as poet ever uttered, and one which our generation were wise in laying to heart; the true poet is

“One in whom persuasion and belief
Have ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition.”

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

GOLD, frankincense and myrrh, they brought the new-born Christ—
The wise men from the East—and in the ox's stall,
The far-brought precious gifts they heaped, with love unpriced;
And Christ the Babe looked on and wondered not at all.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh, I, too, would offer Thee
O, King of faithful hearts, upon Thy Christmas Day;
And, poor and little worth although the offering be,
Because Thou art so kind, I dare to think I may.

I bring the Gold of Faith, which, through the centuries long,
Still seek the Holy Child and worships at His feet,
And owns Him for its Lord, with gladness deep and strong,
And joins the angel choir, singing in chorus sweet.

The frankincense I bear is worship which can rise,
Like perfume floating up higher and higher still,
Till on the wings of prayer it finds the far blue skies
And falls, as falls the dew, to freshen heart and will.

And last I bring the myrrh, half-bitter and half-sweet,
Of my own selfish heart, through sacrifice made clean,
And break the vase and spill the oil upon Thy feet,
O, Lord of Christmas Day, as did the Magdalene.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh—'tis all I have to bring
To Thee, O Holy Child, now throned in Heaven's mid!
Because Thou art so kind, take the poor offering,
And let me go forth blessed, as once the Wise Men did.

Current Topics and Events.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We have been greatly delighted with the opportunity we had of being present at the meetings of the Central Board of the Woman's Missionary Society of our Church. The wonderful success which has attended this Society during the ten years of its history is the seal of the divine approval upon its purpose and methods. From the beginning the missionary cause has been greatly dependent upon the self-denying and zealous labours of the women of Methodism. They have been the most efficient collectors for its funds. They have been profoundly interested in its success. Many of them, as the faithful wives of missionaries, have endured privation and hardship with a moral heroism beyond all praise. And now that wide doors of opportunity are opening in every land for woman's work for their sister-women in heathenism, they are entering with consecrated energy upon that work. Their quick sympathies have been touched with the sorrows of those heathen women who, amid the crushing burdens of life, of bereavement of sorrow, have had no Christ to whom to go as the solace and the succour of their grief.

A few years ago woman's time was so engrossed with household duties—with spinning, weaving, sewing and other domestic duties, that they had neither time nor opportunity for much else. But now the nimble fingers and sinews of machinery accomplish much of this drudgery and give women the leisure and the opportunity to engage in Christian work. The "elect ladies" of our Church have entered with loving sympathy and indefatigable zeal these open doors of usefulness. They have sent several of their sister-women as missionaries in the foreign field, and are nobly sustaining them by their prayers, their sympathy and material support. Most of all, and best of all, they have

cultivated enthusiasm for missions in multitudes of hearts and homes, have scattered a vast amount of missionary information, and have sown the seed from which have already sprung most remarkable results.

Some of the facts stated about China were of a most momentous character, as the statement that 200,000 girl babies in China are exposed to untimely death every year. With the assurance of faith they boldly assert that theirs was a victorious army.

*"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run.*

What we particularly admire in this Woman's Missionary Society is its admirable organization and its practical methods. In addition to its Central Board, every Conference has its Local Board, its President, its Secretary, and able and willing workers. The larger towns and cities have, we believe, local unions, and the principal churches their local auxiliaries. They have their Publishing Committee, with their bureau of information, for printing tracts, leaflets, etc., and reports in the Church papers. But best of all is their arrangement for missionary concerts and devotional meetings, where their work is consecrated with faith and prayer. They are organizing the whole sisterhood of the Church—the matrons, the young ladies, the girls at school, the little tots scarce out of their cradles. If so much has been accomplished in ten years, what vast results may we not anticipate for the close of the century.

The parlour meetings, held in many places, give a social character to the gatherings and interest many who might otherwise be indifferent.

In organizing the womanhood of the Church they will most effectively draw with them the moral manhood of the age. They can teach the men

some valuable lessons in the way of creating missionary zeal, and make their meetings interesting and instructive. The wit and wisdom of the addresses, their loving sympathy and their consecrated fervour, unwearied assiduity—these are the secret of their success in the past, and of their still greater success in the future.

Charles Dickens, in one of his cheap and shallow satires, made merry over the women who furnished flannel jackets and blankets for the blacks of Borrioboolgah and neglected to clothe their own children. The faithful workers of the Woman's Missionary Society are not of that sort, but are the women who discharge their duties to their households not less faithfully than those who do nothing for missions. Indeed, they have truer conceptions of life, its duties, its responsibilities, from their efforts on behalf of the neglected heathen, and discharge their duties much better than the spoiled daughters of fashion, who too often neglect their children and their homes for fashionable folly and frivolity. One of these faithful mission workers writes as follows:

"As you probably know, what we mothers do with regard to this cause is mostly done by stealth after the children are in bed and the stockings darned for the week."

As Mary broke the alabaster box of ointment, very precious, on the feet of her Lord, so these Christian women, by their devotion, their self-sacrifice, their adoring love and gratitude, break in His service a far more precious box of ointment, whose odor is fragrant throughout the world.

Some timid souls, of the male persuasion, have feared that the establishment of the Woman's Missionary Society would lessen the income of the General Missionary Society. Just as if any man, because his wife gave a dollar to the Woman's Society, would give less to the General Fund. The fact is, the ladies have been but gleaners in a well-reaped field, and a splendid aftermath they have gathered in. The following tables will show how, year by year, as the

income of the Woman's Society has grown, so also has that of the General Society:—

Amount raised by the General Missionary Society during the past ten years:

1881-82.....	159,248 51
1882-83.....	159,228 26
1883-84.....	159,146 70
1884-85.....	180,129 71
1885-86.....	189,811 37
1886-87.....	201,874 34
1887-88.....	219,480 00
1888-89.....	215,775 41
1889-90.....	220,026 43
1890-91.....	243,015 43

Total... ..\$1,947,731 18

The income of 1881-82 was an increase of \$24,400.30 upon that of 1880-81.

Amount raised by the Woman's Missionary Society since organization:

1881-82.....	\$2,916 78
1882-83.....	4,281 19
1883-84.....	6,421 15
1884-85.....	7,452 92
1885-86.....	11,539 91
1886-87.....	14,196 51
1887-88.....	19,070 38
1888-89.....	22,306 28
1889-90.....	25,560 76
1890-91.....	31,698 96

Total... ..\$146,545 84

The most extraordinary thing in this record is the rapid development of the Woman's Society. It has gone up by leaps and bounds year by year; from \$2,916 ten years ago, to \$31,698 this year, or more than twelve-fold. The increase of the General Fund has also been very remarkable, being nearly doubled in eleven years. It is only when we look at this work in decades that its real magnitude dawns upon us. Let us think of the \$1,947,731.18 of the General Society, the \$146,545.84 for the Woman's Society, and the \$268,048 for the juvenile collections, making a grand total of \$2,362,325.02 contributed by Canadian Methodism during the last ten years. And who can tell the grand work that has been accomplished by these dollars?

—the thousands of souls who have been redeemed from sin and made heirs of the kingdom of God, multitudes of whom have gone home in triumph to the skies. The grandest result of all is the spiritual blessing and benediction that has come to the heart of the givers by the consecration of their means upon the altar of God. Of this benefaction it is indeed true that "it blesseth him that gives as well as him that takes."

THE METHODISM OF THE FUTURE.

The following are the impressive closing paragraphs of the Pastoral Address of the Oecumenical Conference to the 25,000,000 Methodists there represented :

"The increase of our people in number and wealth and power has laid us under a great responsibility. It seems probable that before long Methodists will constitute nearly a fourth of the people who use the English tongue. We are a factor of growing importance in that great race which, by a restless impulse, is spreading its dominion, its trade and its civilization over vast regions of every continent. Let us rise to the height of our calling. We ought to go wherever our race goes, to multiply our churches, to increase our communications, and to become a bond of union among the widespread peoples of English blood, and we should strive to check that dangerous temper into which adventurous and governing races so easily fall. So shall we do our duty to our fellow men, and play our part in the great plan of God.

"Before another Oecumenical Conference the world will have passed into another century. Ten critical years of the swiftly-moving modern world will have rolled away. Opportunities will have offered themselves which will never come again. We pray that our churches may clearly and rightly interpret the signs of the times, and discerning the will of God, may yield themselves entirely to it.

"Brethren, we need not remind you of the deep springs of spiritual life. Thoughtful reading of the

Word of God, regular seasons of prayer in secret, in the family and in the church, the class-meeting, public worship and the holy sacrament, where we remember that the Lord gave Himself for us, and gives Himself to us, from these are drawn the grace of life. In them we learn to do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with our God, and we gather that wisdom and strength without which our vast enterprises are but folly and vanity.

"We specially commend to your faithful and earnest observance the week of special prayer which will shortly be held throughout the Methodist world.

"Now may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

OUR SUPERANNUATED MINISTERS.

We hope that all our readers will give a careful study to the admirable circular issued by the President of the Toronto Conference and the Treasurer of the Superannuation Fund. While primarily addressed to the circuits of this Conference, it is equally applicable to all the Conferences. The circular shows clearly that this fund is not a business speculation like a mutual insurance, for many, we presume the majority of our ministers, pay into it all their lives, yet, dying in the work, do not receive a farthing from it. In the large majority of cases in which they do receive help the fund is almost the only thing which comes between these honoured brethren or their surviving widows and absolute poverty.

The men who "in age and feebleness extreme" are depending upon this fund are the men to whom the country owes more, we believe, than to any other class in the community. They are the men who have followed the pioneer to the rugged frontier,

who have broken to him the Bread of Life, who have cheered and consoled his hours of bereavement and sorrow, who have ministered to his spiritual necessities, who have spent their energies of body and mind in building up the moral manhood of the country. With few, very few exceptions they have been too busy in looking after the spiritual interests of others to make provision for the temporal interests of themselves. They have often forsaken the opportunities of becoming rich that they might devote all their time and all their zeal to the saving of souls. And verily they have their reward. Their treasure is laid up on high.

But while they yet linger among us it is the Church's privilege and duty, as they have ministered unto it in spiritual things, that it may minister unto them in temporal things; that it may make their last days happy days; that it may keep from the door the wolf of want, and from the hearth the shadow of anxiety; that above all it may save them from the pang of feeling that they are forgotten or neglected by ingratitude. These grand old men, we know, live in the love and gratitude of the Church, and they cease not to labour as they have opportunity for the advancement of the cause for which they have given their lives. It is not a great advance upon the generous contributions, nay, we would say, the just contributions of the Church that is asked for. We hope that the younger members will claim the privilege of performing their share in ministering to these veterans of the fight who are now mustered out of the war. Let them remember that for them, too, will soon come old age and possibly dependence. Let them not join in the clamour that often is heard for a young preacher, to the exclusion of the old preacher. In law, in medicine, in business, age and experience count as so much accumulated capital. The "Grand Old Man" of England, the veteran poets, Whittier and Tennyson, the gray-haired family doctor—these are all regarded with filial feelings as crowning a life of usefulness and an

honourable old age. So let our superannuates feel that they are girdled with the love and gratitude of the whole Church; that surrounded with "love, obedience, troops of friends," they sink calmly to their rest, like the sun setting amid the golden clouds of eventide.

PARLIAMENTARY vs. PARTY GOVERNMENT.

Sanford Fleming, Esq., Chancellor of Queen's University, delivered an address on this subject at the opening of the University last October, which deserves at this juncture more than a passing consideration. He proposes nothing less than a cure for the evils of party Government which have been so strikingly exhibited in the amount of corruption, both at Ottawa and Quebec. The learned Chancellor points out that Canada is governed, not by its collective wisdom, but by the deliberate exclusion from all share in the Government of the nation of many of its admittedly wisest and ablest men; and where parties are pretty evenly balanced an exceedingly small minority of the whole House of Commons may be the masters of the destiny of the country.

In a paper which the learned Chancellor read before the Royal Society of Canada last June, he points out what he conceives to be a better method, one by which the men of light and leading of both parties may be selected without the clamour of a contested election, to the leadership of the nation. It is the suggested practice of selection by lot of nominees of both parties, after the manner of the selection of the successor of Judas in the number of the apostles. In this manner, according to mathematical formulæ of the doctrine of probabilities which the Chancellor presents, every party in the country will be represented according to its strength. The representatives will not be pitted against each other in hostile parties, but will, without party spirit, carry out the will of the nation. "It cannot be denied," says the Chancellor, "that the whole community is concerned

in having in Parliament, not men of extreme views, but moderate-minded men of good common-sense, and good conscience, capable of representing the more enlightened electoral mind." It would lift politics, he thinks, into the realm of religion, for a Christian nation—and Canada is a Christian nation—cannot doubt that there is a Divine Providence that would guide and control the affairs of the country for the highest good of the individual and of the commonweal. "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

This subject is attracting very great attention, both in Great Britain and America. It is a great movement to extend to the masses of the people, many of whom are engaged in daily toil, some of the benefits of higher education. It has already three journals specially devoted to its advocacy, and has been the subject of many articles in the leading reviews and magazines. We have arranged for an article, by an educational expert, for this *MAGAZINE*, which will shortly appear.

An important meeting of the leading educationists of Ontario and Quebec was recently held in this city, and a University Extension Association formed. It is stated that the age at which most young people leave school is about fifteen. Their tastes are immature, their knowledge very limited, and unless they have some further opportunity for education, many of them, if not most, will drop back into mental inanition. It is said that in Germany multitudes even forget how to read and write. The low mental and moral grade of many of the issues of the press, prepared for this half-educated class, has a demoralizing tendency.

While business, politics, and especially the Church are important educative factors in society, still something further is needed. It is an encouraging sign that the universities and other institutions of higher learning, many of which received large monies from public grants or

private beneficence, are realizing their obligations to society at large, and their duty to furnish assistance to the toiling multitudes. Many of these would eagerly embrace any opportunities for such mental and moral uplift as this University extension movement contemplates. Prof. James, of Pennsylvania, states that whereas many college students are indifferent to the advantages which they enjoy, the horny-handed sons of toil listen with hungry avidity to the University extension lectures, and make remarkable progress. The reflex influence on the lecturer is also greatly beneficial in broadening his sympathies and methods, and making less dogmatic his spirit.

In this movement the universities of Canada, few in number, and with over-worked professors, cannot do all nor even most of the work. They can only lead the way. As Prof. Rand declared, it must be entered upon with the spirit of a crusader and under the impulse of moral enthusiasm. There are a great number of university graduates and educated men in the country—high-school masters, ministers, and men in the legal, medical, editorial and other professions. If these, or a considerable number of them, would realize the obligations entailed by the advantages which they have enjoyed, to diffuse a wider and a higher culture, a great deal might be accomplished for the mental and moral elevation of the people.

Ministers of religion, especially, have a grand opportunity to get the ear of the people, and to promote their intellectual culture. While their chief functions, of course, are spiritual—to evangelize the people and build them up in religious faith, yet one important means of doing this will be to take advantage of the intellectual stimulus which always follows a spiritual awakening. It will, of course, entail additional labour, but what is the Christian life for, unless to labour for the benefit of others? Many of these men could give an occasional lecture on some great author, on Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, or on some great epoch of history, especially ecclesiastical

history, or some great character, as Savonarola, Luther, Knox, Cromwell or Wesley, and direct the thought and reading of their people on these grandly educative lines. In village communities, where University extension lecturers could not come, the local clergy might arrange a winter course, and enlist the co-operation of very many of their people.

In one department especially, a department which is wholly their own, in which they are supposed to be above all others expert, the most important department of human knowledge, the most profound, the most fascinating, the most ennobling and mentally and spiritually uplifting and inspiring—the systematic study of the Word of God—they might do more than is generally done by week-evening services, in which broad outlooks and comprehensive studies of large portions of Scripture might with advantage be provided. Our Presbyterian friends surpass us in the expository treatment of God's message to men, which sometimes precedes their sermons, and is often more instructive and edifying than the sermon itself.

The Canadian Government pursues a very liberal policy in the way of helping Mechanics' Institutes to form local libraries by giving books to twice the amount of the money locally raised; the late Dr. Ryerson made provision for a library in every public school; our Methodist Sunday-schools alone have nearly three-quarters of a million of books in circulation. These ought all to be great educative forces, if only more care were observed in elevating the taste of the people, by providing books of a higher grade and getting them intelligently read. What makes Scotland the country that it is? the habits of reading and study of its people. John Knox wrought more wisely than he knew when he planted a school in every parish, put a Bible in every school, and a catechism in every house. We in Canada have a more bountiful soil, a finer climate, greater average wealth, a larger population. Why should we not seek for our country that mental and moral elevation and business enter-

prise that carries the Scot to the front in every land in Christendom?

A CONTINENTAL METHODIST CONFERENCE.

THE success of the Œcumenical Conference has been so great that it has been proposed to have on each side of the Atlantic an assembly of representative Methodists of the Eastern and Western sections respectively, midway in date between the decennial meetings of the Œcumenical. The comparing of notes, discussion of great themes, and the coming together in friendly intercourse of leaders in thought and action in the Methodist Churches, cannot but have a salutary effect in unifying the sympathies and operations of Methodism, both in the old world and the new. Such discussions, moreover, will bring us also more and more into close and vital touch with the great questions of the day, which are more and more earnestly demanding solution.

We beg leave to suggest, as our individual opinion, that the most eligible place for a meeting of that Methodist Conference in this continent would be this good city of Toronto. Our English friends have spoken of Toronto as the most noteworthy Methodist city in the world. We think it would be a splendid object-lesson to our American friends to the south of us, to come and see for themselves the splendid development of Methodism, in the multiplying of commodious churches and the growth of Methodist institutions, very largely the result of the recent Methodist Union in this country and the seal of the Divine approval thereupon. Our Presbyterian friends purpose holding next year their Pan-Presbyterian Synod of all the Presbyterian communions in Christendom. Could we not emulate their splendid example and endeavour to have here a great Methodist gathering about the year 1896.

TO OUR PATRONS.

This is the last opportunity we shall have of addressing our patrons during the current year. We have

a large number who have favoured this MAGAZINE with their patronage during the whole seventeen years of its existence. But, through deaths, removals and other causes we annually lose a number. Some, too, are offended at the application of the inflexible rule of this office which, without any possible discrimination, ceases to send the MAGAZINE except where ordered to be renewed. Nothing is further from the thought of publisher and editor than the idea of giving offence by this course, which is rendered inevitable by the system of book-keeping of the MAGAZINE; yet we have lost subscribers to our great regret from that cause. We trust our friends will all frankly recognize that it is only from a business necessity that this course is pursued, and that they will promptly renew their subscriptions so as to prevent any break in the reception of the MAGAZINE.

From our Announcement it will be seen that it will be better than ever. The Editor will personally contri-

bute to every number, and will be assisted by an able corps of writers. We hope our friends in renewing will endeavour also to send with their own the subscription at full rate of some neighbour or friend, and thus secure *free* the handsome portrait of John Wesley, painted in oil colours, after the painting by Romilley, said to be the best extant. As a special inducement there will be sent free to every new subscriber the famous Wesley Centennial Number, of one hundred and twelve pages, filled with Wesley cuts, sketches, and the Symposium of Methodism, by Goldwin Smith and other distinguished writers, which attracted so much attention during the year. We hope we shall not lose a single old subscriber, and receive a great many new ones. During the past year the MAGAZINE has been increased by one hundred pages in size, and we hope with increased patronage to be able soon to add still another hundred to its annual volume.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The martyrdom of Mr. Argent, of the Joyful News Mission in China, has excited great sorrow in England. He was a young man of great zeal, and was greatly beloved by all to whom he was known. He is the first Methodist martyr in China. His death took place in connection with the riot at Wuseech, when much mission property was also destroyed. The missionaries are full of hope that the death of their noble brother will be followed by a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, resulting in the conversion of many who now oppose the truth.

Rev. David Hill, who has been many years in China, insists that the fields are white unto the harvest, and expresses the hope that the

number of labourers may be largely increased.

All branches of Methodism in England have agreed to observe one week in November as a week of prayer. Prayer-meetings are to be held in every place of worship, whether large or small. Extensive preparations have been made to make the week a Pentecostal season. Our readers will join us in praying that the week of prayer may be the seed-time before the harvest.

Our fathers are evidently betaking themselves more to prayer, hence a missionary prayer-meeting is held every Friday at noon in the Centenary Hall, London, which is conducted either by the President of the Conference or some other minister who presides in his stead.

The combined Methodism of the British empire represented at the Œcumenical shows 14,475 churches; 4,028 ministers; 39,599 local preachers; 784,738 members; 2,156,209 church sittings.

The increase during the past ten years amongst the Wesleyan has been 21.02 per cent., and the increase in the other Methodist Churches in Great Britain will average about 10 per cent., while the increase in the population at the same time is only about 11 per cent.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

It fell to Bishop Fowler's lot to read a paper at the Œcumenical respecting the status of Methodism in the Western section. He said: "Methodism never whipped a quaker, nor burned a witch, nor banished a Baptist. Her character must be counted her status." The increase of Methodism in the United States has been very remarkable. In 1784 there was but one Conference, with 33 preachers and 14,938 members. Now there are 300 Conferences, 31,765 itinerants, 30,090 local preachers, 5,000,000 members, 5,000,000 Sunday-school scholars, 55,000 churches, 15,000 parsonages, church property worth \$200,000,000. The population of the United States in 1800 was 5,308,485; of these 1,227,052 were Protestants. The Methodists in 1800 numbered 54,692. The population of the country now is 62,622,250, of whom 21,757,071 are Protestants. There are in this population at the present moment 4,930,240 Methodists

The contributions to missions has increased the last ten years \$50,000 per year.

Several Annual Conferences have lately been held, the reports of which contained many items of interest. In the California Conference, the Hawaiian Islands, 2,500 miles out, were made into a district, of which the Rev. A. N. Fisher was appointed overseer.

Some of the bishops occasionally experience some remarkable incidents. When Bishop Newman was at Japan he experienced considerable

trouble in distributing the native pastors among the churches. Finally he said, "If any of you think you can do this better than I, let them stand up." Four of the pastors promptly arose.

The Japan Methodists are calling loudly for a resident bishop.

Among the many *Christian Advocates* that are published, that of New York doubtless takes precedence. Its profits are \$30,000 per year, besides paying all its own expenses.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Hamilton is labouring very earnestly to secure a better support for aged ministers. He has been visiting the Conferences for this purpose. Some of his remarks deserve consideration by many even in Canada, though we believe that Canadian Methodists support their superannuates better than the M. E. Church does theirs. Dr. Hamilton said: "Sixteen Conferences gave less than one cent per member to these veterans; twenty-five less than five cents, and twenty-four less than ten cents." He referred to the honourable position of Gladstone, "the man of the age," as he said, and asked what would be thought of England if she were to replace him by a young man, saying, "Behold, thou art old." He argued that years were vastly advantageous to the ministry, in that thereby was brought to the service experience. He asserted that the ministry was the only profession in which years were at a discount. In the legal practice it was not so, but the reverse. In law or medicine no young man can replace an old one. In all affairs of business experience counts for something. But in the ministry, where age and experience would count for the most, it does not count. Is this just? Some day the young man will be old. Be considerate of the old men."

De Pauw Methodist University has been promised a \$200,000 building for its theological department, in honour of Bishop Bowman.

Dr. Joseph F. Berry, editor of the *Epworth Herald*, in his address to the Conferences, said: "At the first anniversary there were 1,900 chap-

ters; at the second 6,000 chapters. There are 43,000 *Epworth Heralds* now taken.

Our readers will be interested to know that Bishop Fowler and Dr. Berry are both natives of Canada. The Bishop is a grandson of the grand old Methodist hero, Elder Ryan; and the doctor is son of the Rev. Francis Berry, who for many years was a member of the old Canada Conference.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Our brethren in the South have been called to suffer a severe bereavement in the sudden and unexpected death of the Rev. Dr. Potter, Missionary Secretary, who literally died at his post. The present writer made his acquaintance a few years ago at the General Conference at Richmond. He greeted us cordially and expressed a hope that Methodism in Canada might always maintain friendly relations with Methodism in the South.

We are sorry to learn that the Mission Fund is heavily burdened with debt, and that considerable difficulty is experienced in securing a sufficient number of agents, both male and female, for the foreign mission field, more especially China.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The sixty-seventh Missionary Report has just been issued. It is a bulky pamphlet of more than 300 pages, and contains a mass of information with which our readers would do well to make themselves familiar. It is gratifying to find that the income is largely in advance of former years, which leads us to hope that with such a bountiful harvest as has just been reaped, that the increase of 1892 may even go beyond the quarter of a million which the Board has been calling for. A proportionate increase for the current year will more than accomplish this realization.

The meeting of the Central Board was held at St. John, New Brunswick: It was a remarkable coincidence that just 100 years ago the

first Methodist sermon was preached in that city. Then a solitary missionary, Rev. A. J. Bishop, from the British Isles, began his work on a rocky shore, and now the representatives of the largest Protestant denomination in Canada, numbering nearly a million of adherents, met in a splendid church to distribute a missionary income of nearly a quarter of million of dollars. May we not exclaim, What hath God wrought!

Our brethren in the East regarded the meeting of the Central Board as a great honour, and the representatives from the West were well pleased with their reception. The Methodists in the East and West thus become more and more assimilated, and necessarily feel a greater interest in the welfare of the churches throughout the vast field which is under cultivation by the Methodist Church.

We are pleased to learn that the Indian Department at Ottawa is manifesting a disposition to deal more justly with the Methodist schools which are established among the Indians in the North-West.

Rev. Ebenezer Robson, President of British Columbia Conference, and one of the members of the first band of missionaries sent thither, before the country was attached to Canada, is successfully attempting to solve the Chinese question. He has established a mission hall and boarding house in Vancouver City. The project is highly commended by the press of Vancouver, and it is believed that the effort now put forth is the only way to accomplish any real good among the "celestials" who come to our land even for a limited period.

Mount Allison University has made a fine commencement for another year. The students comprise both sexes. Dr. Allison has entered upon his new duties as principal. May it become brighter and brighter.

Miss Amelia Brown, of Aylmer, has been sent out by the Woman's Missionary Society to join Dr. Hart and party at Vancouver, whence they sailed to China on October 4th.

THE ŒCUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

This second Methodist Œcumenical at Washington was a season never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to be present. Ten years ago the first Œcumenical was held in City Road Chapel, London, and many were afraid lest the second would fall below the first in interest. There was no ground to entertain such a fear. The Metropolitan church was crowded to its utmost capacity at all the sessions. On the Sabbath the pulpits of all the churches in the city were occupied by representatives from all parts of the world where the banner of Methodism has been unfurled. The opening sermon was by the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., author of the "Tongue of Fire," though it was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Stephenson. It was pronounced to be a discourse worthy of the gifted author and the occasion on which it was delivered.

The address of welcome was delivered by Bishop Hurst, who spoke in English, French and German, and responses were made by representatives of Methodism both at home and abroad, among whom was our own beloved Dr. Douglas, who is thus described by Dr. Hoss, in the *Nashville Christian Advocate*: "He is now an old man, badly crippled with rheumatism and nearly or quite blind. But his tongue has not lost its power to charm. He is a magician in the use of words, the perfect master of that rhetorical eloquence which was more common than it is to-day. From beginning to end his address was pitched on a high key, and was listened to with the closest attention."

The representatives from Canada acquitted themselves nobly. Rev. S. F. Huestis took part in the opening exercises. Dr. E. B. Ryckman was one of the Assistant Secretaries. Dr. Briggs and Dr. Dewart delivered addresses on assigned topics. Dr. Carman and Dr. Griffin were members of the Committee of arrangements, and were prominent members throughout. Dr. Carman occupied two pulpits on the Sabbath. Dr. T. G. Williams occupied the

chair at one session, when President Harrison addressed the Conference. The brethren from the Maritime Provinces and from Newfoundland were more than silent spectators.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes of the "Forward Movement," "Fiji Wilson," Prof. Davison, W. J. Dawson, J. Bond, Dr. Waller, J. C. Clapham and others are men of prominence in the mother country, have now made numerous friends on this side the Atlantic.

The spirit that prevailed at all the sessions was such as might be anticipated from a body of Christian men, "only love inspired the whole." Occasionally it seemed as though the Conference was turned into an immense love-feast. This was especially the case when the question of Union was discussed. "Bishop Foster spoke as though he was inspired." He sighed for the union of the two branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church which separated in 1844. Representatives of all branches of Methodism in the old world hoped that the day of amalgamation was nigh at hand. Who can tell what the outcome may be? God grant that Methodism may more than ever be one throughout the world. The week of prayer before mentioned may be a precursor of closer relationship than now exists.

The chair occupied by the presiding officers of the Council was constructed from two beams of the original City Road Chapel, and a Bible which 150 years ago was in the possession of the Epworth church, and was in use during the pastorate of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, father of John and Charles Wesley, was used from day to day in the opening services.

During the sittings of the Conference the reporters' table was crowded. More than seventy papers were represented, including some of the great dailies. Even "the Thunderer," the *London Times*, which has seldom noticed Methodism, received lengthened reports daily by cable.

The President of the United States attended one session, and gave a grand reception at the White House to the members of the Conference.

Book Notices.

The New Astronomy. By SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY, PH. D., LL. D. Square 8vo., illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Within a few years there has come into existence what may be called an almost entirely new science, that of Celestial Physics, or the New Astronomy. It questions the heavenly bodies as to their physical constitution and their relations to man in his existence on earth. This new science has made some wonderful discoveries, many of which are recorded in the handsome volume before us. These fairy tales of science are of extraordinary interest, and illustrate the saying of Mrs. Browning, "God is far the sweetest poet, and the real is His song."

Our author starts out with a study of the sun. It is hard for us to realize that this orb is so vast that if the earth were in its centre the moon might go on moving in her present orbit 240,000 miles from the earth, *all within the globe of the sun itself*, and have plenty of room to spare. It is known that sensation occupies a definite time in travelling along the nerves, but it is hard to conceive that the sun's distance is so great that if one could reach it with his arm it would take over one hundred years to feel the sensation of being burned by its heat.

The strange phenomena of sun spots, with their relations to good and bad harvests and commercial panics, are fully described. Some of these spots are more than five times the entire surface of the globe, both land and water. The book is copiously illustrated with diagrams, many of them drawn to the scale of 75,000 miles to an inch, by which we are shown the results of the tremendous cyclones and explosions in the sun, driving vast volumes of hydrogen gas to the height of 200,000 miles from its surface.

The calculations as to the sun's energy almost stagger the imagination. In every minute the sun's heat, falling on the earth, would raise from freezing to boiling point 37,000,000,000 tons of water. Yet, so little of the sun's heat does the earth intercept that the sun could warm 2,200,000,000 worlds like ours. In other words, the sun's concentrated energy could convert into vapor in a second a column of ice fifteen miles in diameter and 240,000 miles long. By what means is this enormous radiation of heat sustained? Not by a rain of meteors into the sun. All the coal of Pennsylvania shot into the sun would maintain its heat for less than the thousandth part of a second. If the sun were a solid block of coal it would be burned out to a cinder in less time than man has been upon the earth. Our author's answer to the above question is that it is the shrinkage of the sun at the rate of about three hundred feet in diameter a year. On this basis the whole future radiation of the sun, including all possible fall of meteors, will not last sixty million years. The solar temperature is not less than 3,000 degrees centigrade, by which thermometer water boils at one hundred degrees. The heat from any single square foot is eighty-seven times that of molten steel, and the light is 5,000 times as great. When all the coal and other fuel in the earth is consumed, men can still derive mechanical energy from the sun to move all the machinery of the world, not only of the present, but of the future; but the seats of empire will have to be removed to what are now heated deserts of the earth—to the Sahara, to Arizona and other super-heated areas.

In like manner as he has discussed the sun in his physical aspects, our learned author takes up in succession the planets, the moon, meteors,

comets and stars, and unfolds the wondrous revelations of the spectro-scope and of the more recent discoveries of celestial photography. So great is the power and accuracy of modern telescopes that the very minute moons of Mars have been, not only discovered, but found to be less than ten miles in diameter. This is as if a human hand, held up at Washington, could be seen and measured from Boston, 400 miles away. Our author gives copies of photographic pictures taken in less than the hundredth part of a second.

If our scientific readers desire "information up to date" on the wonders of the heavens, comets, meteors and solar astronomy, we commend them to the study of this sumptuous book. Its fine illustrations, nearly one hundred in number, are beyond all praise. The photographs of the moon show vividly the more than Alpine sublimity of its scenery. Our author conceives that the great cracks in its surface are possibly those of an ice covering. Two of the photos are reproductions, without the aid of a graver, from the spectra of the stars, the sign manual, as it were, of these distant bodies. This is one of the most fascinating books we have ever read.

Charles Grandison Finney. By G. FREDERICK WRIGHT, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Oberlin Theological Seminary, Ohio. Pp. 330, price \$1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Few more attractive figures will be found described in the series of "Religious Leaders" published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. than that of President Finney. It is a remarkable fact that one of the greatest evangelists of the times grew up to his twenty-ninth year without having a copy of the Bible. A school teacher, a student at law, a man of culture and intelligence, a choir-leader in the Church, and yet without a copy of the Word of God! His acquiring possession of this book soon led to his conversion, and to his entering upon an active

and successful ministry. He was remarkably successful in revival efforts, and became in due course President of that famous Oberlin Seminary, where he conducted a very vigorous warfare against the hyper-Calvinism then popular in certain quarters.

It is the personal character of the man, however—his sincere devotion, his sanctified life, his earnest evangelism—that specially strikes us. An illustration of a beautiful trait in his character is exhibited on his being requested by the Boston preachers to controvert the pre-millennial views of the famous William Miller, who predicted the speedy end of the world, and produced for a time an intense sensation. Instead of publicly denouncing the errors of the man, he went to see Miller privately, having carefully studied his works, and succeeded in a large degree in convincing him of his mistakes, and made him forever his friend.

Finney was a humourist in his way. An amusing account of this is recorded in the sermon on "Signs of a Seared Conscience," one of these signs being neglecting to return borrowed articles. The effect of this sermon is thus described:

"The result of this appeal was everywhere visible on the following day. Very early in the morning Oberlin began to move from centre to circumference. Norion was called up by his father before light to go out and pacify the watch-dog, which seemed to be in trouble. The occasion of the commotion was that a Scotchman, living across the street, had borrowed a saw-horse, and was endeavouring to get it home unobserved; but as he climbed over the fence he found himself within the dog's domain, and the mastiff had seized him, and was holding him down in triumph, while the saw-horse was lying near by as a mute witness to the guilty conscience. All through the day farming implements and tools came in from every quarter. Not satisfied with rearing altars to the deities they knew, these delinquent borrowers reared altars to unknown gods. Tools came in that

Finney had never owned and never heard of. Where they belonged was more than any man was ever able to tell."

New Standard Dictionary of the English Language. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Compiling a dictionary nowadays is a very complicated piece of book-making. Johnson's task was a herculean one, when, almost single-handed, he compiled his great work, but the time for such single-handed compilation has long been past. It requires very extensive co-operation and differentiation of work, and the employment of a large amount of capital to prepare a dictionary of the first class. All these elements are employed in the new Standard Dictionary of the English Language now in course of preparation by the enterprising firm of Funk & Wagnalls. As an index of this co-operation a partial list of its staff of over one hundred editors is given with the prospectus. It will be a book of about 2,000 4to pages, with over 4,000 illustrations, made specially for this work, and 200,000 words, or 70,000 more than those contained in any other dictionary. In order to save space, strictly obsolete and dialectic words, and foreign words which are used only rarely, will be placed in a glossary. A feature which gives it quite an encyclopædic character is the grouping together of various classes of words, such as handicraft terms, terms for fruit, flowers and other biological terms. The different parts of each science are so treated that the student can have a bird's-eye glance, as it were, of the science as a whole. Some features we have found specially useful, as a copious use of synonyms, with examples of their proper application, so also the use of antonyms. The best authorities on pronunciation and philology are employed in these important departments. The appendix contains many important features, including proper names, biographical, historical and geographical; also pseudonyms,

prominent names in fiction, foreign word and phrases, with their pronunciation properly indicated.

The price of this book will be in one volume \$12, in two volumes \$14; but advance subscribers will receive the book for \$7 in one volume or \$9 in two. Specimen pages and particulars may be obtained by addressing Funk & Wagnalls, 18-20 Astor Place, New York, or 86 Bay Street, Toronto.

House and Home, A Complete Housewife's Guide. By MARION HARLAND. 8vo, pp. 532. Toronto: William Briggs.

To Canadian readers and housekeepers the name of Marion Harland needs no recommendation. Her sound common sense and seemingly exhaustless knowledge in the ways of homemaking and homekeeping have endeared her to the hearts and made her indispensable to the heads and hands of our housekeepers, not less than her ready sympathy and kindly words of cheer, comfort and encouragement. The book before us is a large one, and is filled from cover to cover of useful advice and information. Everything relating to domestic life will be found here. Kindly, helpful talks with the tired mother, with also a word for the husband and father, and a sympathetic chat with the younger ones; rules for furnishing a room or a house, and full and complete instructions in every department of culinary work, from the best way to boil an egg to the serving of an elaborate Christmas dinner. We know this book will gain a hearty welcome in the thousands of homes in which the name of its gifted writer is a household word. The volume is handsomely bound, and replete with beautiful full-page illustrations, presenting every phase of home life, and drawn by leading artists under special direction of the author.

The Church and Poverty is a very trenchant pamphlet on one of the most important social questions of the day and on the relations to it of the Church.