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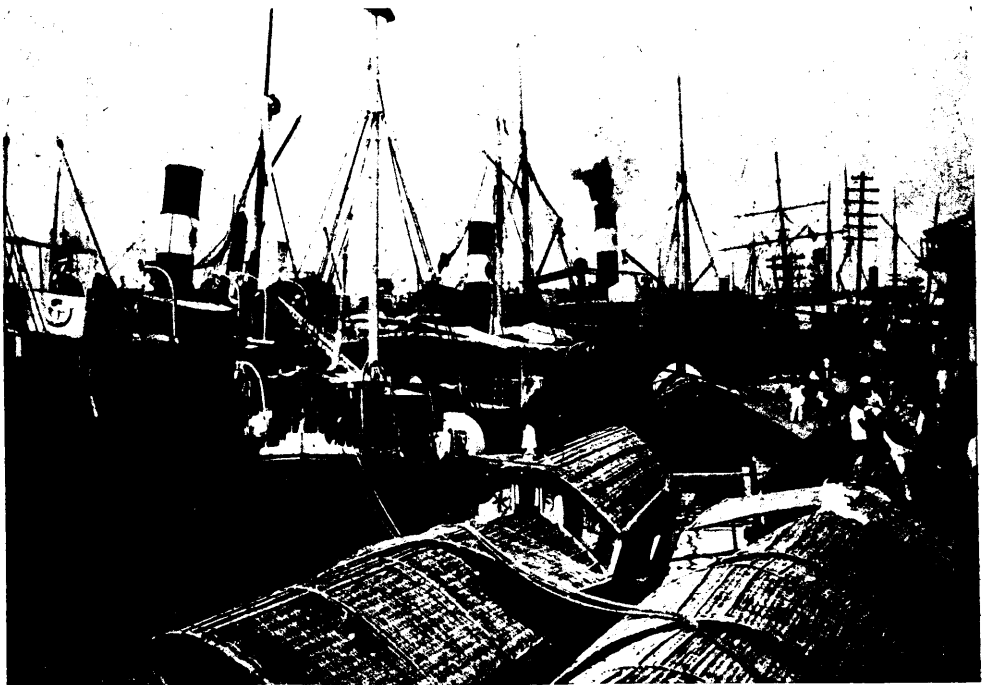
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CALLE REAL WALLED CITY, MANILA. - SHOWING SAN AUGUSTINE CONVENT.



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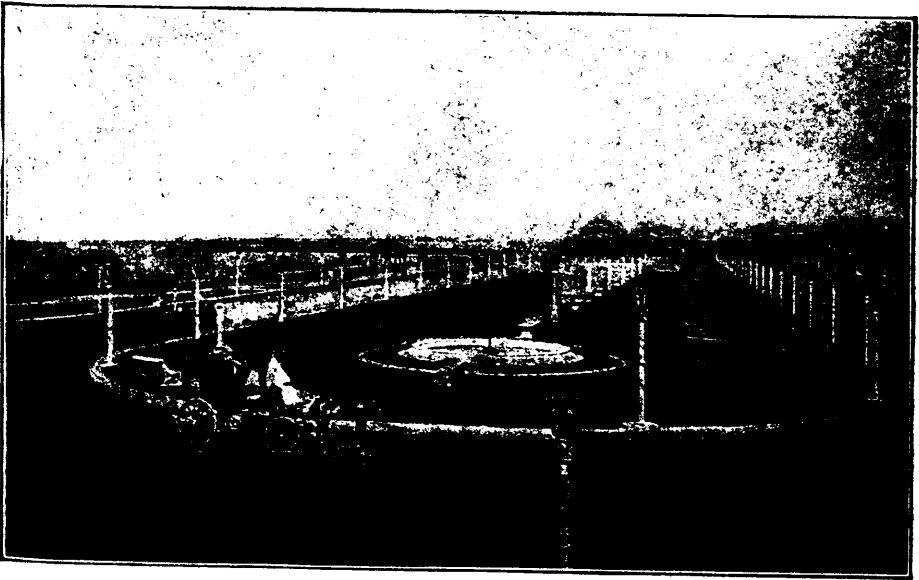
THE RIVER FRONT, MANILA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1905.

THE PHILIPPINES AND THE FILIPINOS.

BY THE REV. R. O. ARMSTRONG, M.A., B.D.



THE BEAUTIFUL LUNETA.

I.



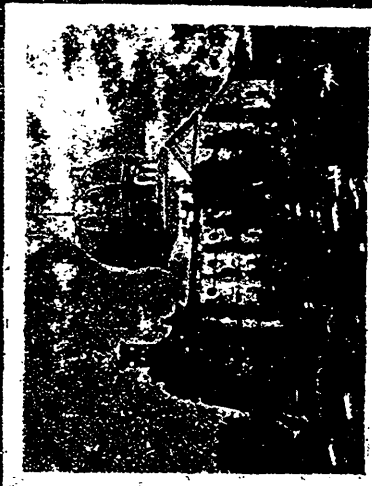
THE Philippine Islands were discovered not long after the continent of America, yet until Admiral Dewey's conspicuous victory over the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, May 1st, 1898, they remained practically unknown to the Western world. Dewey's cablegram set the minds of men astir, for beyond Manila little was known about the islands. Geographies, encyclopedias, and works of travel were

searched. Men learned what is now quite familiar knowledge to all, that Manila, a city with 300,000 inhabitants, was the capital of an archipelago of over twelve hundred islands, embracing some of the most fertile and resourceful territory on the face of the earth; that these islands had a combined area of over 112,000 square miles, and contained a population estimated at eight millions; that the greater part of the inhabitants belonged to the Malay race, and were one or two centuries nearer the goal of civilization than their neighbors; that the islands were discovered by

Magellan in 1521, and had been colonized and controlled by Spain for

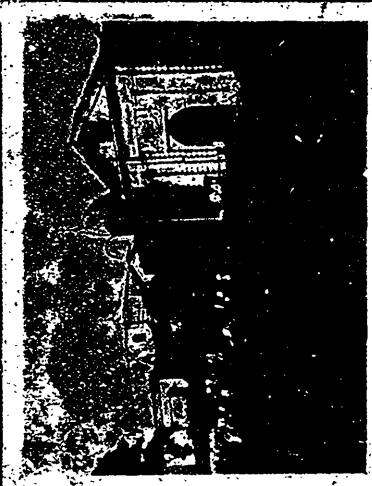
medieval medium; that the people had historical records extending far back

MAGELLAN'S MONUMENT.



LA LOMA CHURCH.

BRIDGE OF SPAIN.



MANILA, P. I.

PARIAN GATE, WALLED CITY.

nearly four centuries; that they had been Christianized by the Roman Catholic Church, through a Spanish-

of the time of the European occupation; and, that for primitive manners and customs, variety of races and



CHILDREN OF A GOBERNADORCILLO.

languages, religious superstition and bigotry, pagan idolatry and fanaticism, for paradoxes and extremes, these islands were without a parallel in all the world.

During the past seven years interest in the islands, both political and religious, has greatly increased. Commercially and strategically they will assume a greater importance in the eyes of the world as they are gradually brought under the humane tutelage of the United States from their state of semi-savagery and semi-civilization.

The archipelago is situated to the south-east of the coast of Asia, about seven hundred miles from Hong Kong, and fifteen hundred from Japan. Its area is three-fourths that of Japan, and it is vastly more fertile, but owing to the tropical situation, between 4 deg. and 21 deg.

north latitude, it can never be developed like Japan. Only seven out of the hundreds of islands are of any great importance. Between Luzon on the north, with 47,000 square miles of territory, and Mindanao on the south, with 36,000 square miles, there are scattered many smaller islands such as Panay, Negros, Mindoro, Samar, Leyte, Cebu, and Paragua. Outside of Manila, on Luzon, there are few cities. Iloilo, on Panay, with 16,000 population, is the second in size.

Like the rest of Malaysia these islands are of volcanic origin, and over many a peak there still floats a murky banner of smoke which indicates the presence of those stupendous forces that were used to build the



MANILA WASHERWOMAN.



FILIPINO TYPES.

islands up. Mayon in southern Luzon is the largest active volcano. Its cone is almost perfect. Eruptions are frequent and have, together with

earthquakes, caused much loss of life and property.

Through unofficial reports and exaggerations of travellers, the climate



NATIVE RESTAURANT BY THE WAYSIDE.

has been much misunderstood. The mean annual temperature is about 80 deg. F. The thermometer never runs above 100 deg. F. and scarcely ever below 60 deg. Overcoats are never needed, and the same weight of garments can be worn the year round. The use of the name "winter" in such climates called forth a humorous remark from Mark Twain. He said that the word was probably used to distinguish between weather which would melt a brass door knob and that which would only make it mushy!

The nights, with few exceptions, are cool. From November till April the climate is pronounced as near perfect as any in the world. After that the rainy season begins, during which about one hundred inches of rain falls; the more the better, for it means better crops. The health of the American troops stationed there does not

bear unfavorable comparison with that of those stationed in the barracks of Texas or Dakota. With proper attention to diet, exercise and moral habits the climate will not present a special difficulty to any.

Typhoons are frequent in the rainy season. Years ago the Jesuits established a meteorological bureau, and through careful observations can now generally announce their approach and thus prevent much loss of life and property. Those who pass through typhoons say that they are not to be dreaded as much as the American cyclone or tornado.

The scenery of the Philippines is of great beauty and richness. From the days of Magellan all travellers alike sound the praises of these islands. They are likened to that scene so vividly described by Tennyson in "Enoch Arden":



SHIFTING LUMBER IN A FOREST OF TAYABAS

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the
 lawns,
 And winding glades high up like ways to
 Heaven,
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses
 That coil'd around the stately stems and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,—
 All these he saw; but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the
 reef.
 Then the great stars that globed themselves
 in Heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise."

The blood of all mankind flows in
 the Philippines. If anything was
 lacking before the American occupa-
 tion it has been added since. The
 white, the brown, the yellow, the
 black and the red races are all there
 mixed, and intermixed, and remixed.
 No two writers agree as to the racial
 and linguistic divisions. Dr. Stuntz,
 in his admirable work on "The
 Philippines and the Far East," says
 that there are sixty-nine sorts of peo-
 ple, speaking thirty-four languages,

and nearly a dozen dialects in addi-
 tion.

Some of the inhabitants have re-
 sisted all efforts that the Spaniards
 put forth to civilize and Christianize
 them, and they remain practically as
 they were when the islands were dis-
 covered. Chief among these are the
 Negritos, who are among the lowest
 human beings in the world. They live
 on wild animals, monkey meat,
 clothe themselves with the atmosphere,
 and take shelter under any protection
 nature may chance to offer. They
 are a remnant of a pre-Malay race,
 and probably of Papuan descent.
 Thirty thousand of them, degraded
 and dehumanized, still struggle for
 existence, awaiting redemption, or
 failing that, extinction by that law
 which says that man shall not live by
 bread alone.

Somewhat in advance of these and
 more crafty are the Igorrotes, who
 live in nipa-palm huts. They have
 their village communities, but no
 political organization beyond that.
 Each village stands by itself, and is



THE YOUNG PROPRIETOR OF A COCOANUT GROVE GATHERING TUBA.

generally in a feud with its neighbor. They are famous head-hunters. Their Nimrods are the men who have the largest number of head trophies. This was the leading native tribe represented at the World's Fair, St. Louis, last year, where they had a native village and maintained their usual customs. It was a bit of savagery in the midst of civilization, and ought to have been a practical lesson on the need of the Gospel in foreign parts. Civilization made some impression on them. One tribesman, noting that some of the most influential visitors showed gold-filled teeth, became possessed with an ambition for a higher place among his fellows, and broke two of his front teeth so as to get an excuse to visit the dentist. He was not allowed, however, to gratify his ambition. Dog meat was their

favorite flesh food, to supply which the kennels were kept well stocked.

The Igorrotes have shown themselves entirely trustworthy when confidence has been placed in them by the foreigner. They are noted also for ingenious methods of irrigating the soil and keeping it at its highest state of productiveness. Their promotion to a place among civilized people is looked upon as very hopeful. One of their race is credited with considerable practical philosophy in his answer to a friar who was urging upon him the claims of religion, and explaining to him the life of *Saint Augustine*. "No colored man," said the Igorrote, "ever became a white man's saint."

A little more advanced than these are the Tinguinanes, nature worshippers and without temples. The head



SULU WARRIORS IN FIGHTING ATTITUDE.

man of this tribe on assuming his duties takes the following oath: "May a pernicious wind touch me, may a flash of lightning kill me, and may the alligator catch me asleep, if I fail to fulfil my duties."

The Tagalogs, in the country adjacent to Manila, are the most advanced people of the islands. The blood of Chinese and Japanese flows in many of them. Aguinaldo was a Tagalog. Closely related to them are the Bicals and Visayans, of whom there are 3,000,000. The Ilocanos number a half million, and are a progressive race.

The religion of these tribes previous to Spanish occupation was nature worship, spirit worship and ancestor worship. Belief in immortality was universal. The form of religion presented to them by the Spanish friars, with its festivals, music, relics, images and fairs, met with a widespread response, though it did little more than appeal to the sensuousness of the people, and produced only the most conventional kind of religion.

Farther south than any of these tribes, in the island of Mindanao, and forming two-fifths of the whole population, are the Moros, with a degraded Mohammedan type of religion. There is a rather strange historical coincidence in connection with this. Spain and the Moros had met in a death struggle in Europe with Spain victorious. Here on the other side of the earth they again meet. They struggle for the mastery, but neither race gains any permanent advantage.

Among the Moros the custom of "juramentado" still prevails. When any one of them wishes to die in honor he performs certain dedicatory rites, and then starts out to kill "infidels," upon whom unsuspectingly he falls. Not until many men, women and children are killed is he likely to be cut down. American armies and navies have disillusioned the Moro mind to some extent as to the importance and value of Christian blood. Even yet outbreaks frequently occur.

It will readily be seen that a united or independent Filipino people is an

impossibility. Those who agitate such a movement are either entirely ignorant of the situation or else mere political agitators. The relation of the United States in reference to Cuba is an entirely different thing. The same heterogeneity of races was not present in the latter case. "The only way," says Dr. Stuntz, "to add fractions is to reduce them to a common denominator." The English language, which becomes official, January 1st, 1907, will be the first step toward that result.

Nearly fifty years passed after Magellan's visit and death before Spain made any further efforts to colonize the islands. Then the daring Legaspi, with four hundred soldiers, together with Urdaneta and six friars as spiritual directors, received orders from King Philip of Spain to proceed westward from Mexico, and conquer and colonize the Philippines.

The motive of the expedition was chiefly religious. Spain had a way of her own of blending military and missionary enterprises. Both Legaspi and Urdaneta were men of great ability, and left an impression on the islands the effect of which is still seen. From that time onward ecclesiastical rule had the precedence in the government of the islands. Whom the friars would they set up, and whom they would they put down. If civil governors stood in the way, so much the worse for the governor.

A notable illustration of this was given in 1896 when General Blanco, the governor, proved too humane for the friars. A cablegram to Madrid relieved them of the difficulty, and Polaviaja, their idol, was appointed immediately in his place.

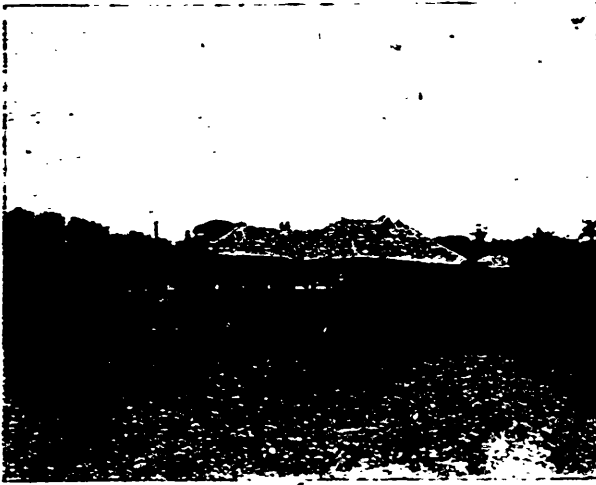
Legaspi died in 1572, having most satisfactorily accomplished the work he set out to do. The infant colony had great struggles in its earlier history against Chinese invasions, Dutch



MONUMENT OF LEGASPI AND URDANETA, MANILA.

pirates, and even with England, whose fleet captured Manila in 1761. The Treaty of Paris, which finally ceded Canada to England, gave the Philippines to Spain, till one hundred and sixty-three years later by another Treaty of Paris the islands again fell into the hands of an English-speaking people.

Again and again the Filipinos themselves tried to throw off the Spanish yoke. Never did they succeed, although each insurrection exceeded its predecessor in intensity of hatred and vindictiveness, and in the cruelty with which its leaders were punished. Many noble men in this way fell for freedom and native land. Notable among them was Rizal, a true patriot, a scholar, and a thinker, who, so late as 1896, came to an untimely end, being shot by Spanish soldiers in the usual place of execution in Manila.



GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, MANILA.

For over three hundred years the Roman Catholic Church had almost absolute control in the Philippines, yet there is overwhelming evidence that it was a rule of oppression. The taunt is sometimes made to Protestants that if they had their own way

they would treat heretics just as was done in the Middle Ages. In reply it can be said that they have had their own way in many lands during the last three hundred years, and we have yet to hear of them being ejected for religious tyranny. The friars had their way for three hundred years in the Philippines, and lo, at the end of that time, instead of being loved as shepherds they are practically banished from the islands, leaving behind them a record which could find no counterpart this side of the days of the Inquisition. Protestantism no longer seeks to propagate truth by weapons of violence or by ecclesiastical despotism. Wherever its banner floats brotherhood, Christian fellowship, and good-will prevail.

"HE WILL BRING ME FORTH TO THE LIGHT."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

In my Father's safe keeping I journey,
My hand is held fast in His own;
And although not a glimmer of daylight
On the way I am going is thrown,

I am sure, yes, quite sure that the pathway
Which He hath appointed for me
I should tread if myself had the choosing,
Could I as He seeth but see.

Perhaps you may wonder to hear it,
If you do not my Father know,
For slippery steep and rough reaches
Form the road over which I go.

But ah! if you knew Him as I do,
As certain as I would you be

Toronto.

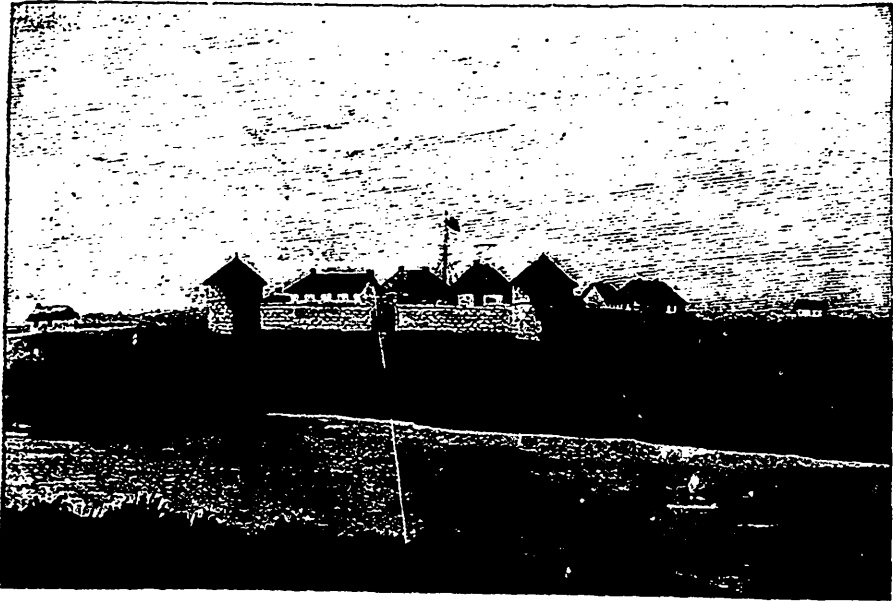
That the way where I walk with my Father
Is the way of all others for me.

He loves me so dearly, so dearly,
So tender for me is His care,
That I never should have in my weakness
The strain of this journey to bear—

Were it not for some wonderful purpose,
Which presently He will reveal,
But which now, in His infinite wisdom,
He deems it is best to conceal.

And so in my Father's safe keeping,
My hand clasped secure in His own,
I will toil on content through the darkness
Till His light upon all shall be thrown.

THE LATE PRIMATE OF ALL CANADA.



FORT GARRY IN 1870.

Now the City of Winnipeg with a population of 80,000, 51 miles of paved streets, 17 schools, 9 colleges, 1 university, and 51 churches.



NE of the most inspiring and invigorating influences in national and Church life is the presence of a truly great man. It is like the showers that come down from heaven to refresh and revive the parched earth. It is like the salt which preserves the perishable substance from decay. It uplifts and strengthens us while it abides, and when it is removed its memory lives on as a cherished possession, and exerts a powerful influence on all succeeding generations.

Such a man, to our young nation, was Robert Machray, Metropolitan of

Rupert's Land and Primate of All Canada. He appeared on the scene when the country was a congeries of disunited provinces. He began to act his part in a remote, obscure, and inaccessible region. But Fortune had chosen a psychological moment for the advent of her favorite son. Vast changes were impending. He lived through what must always remain the most eventful period in our national history. He grew with the Church and the State, and gave a powerful impetus to their development. In course of time he became universally recognized as one of Canada's and the Empire's great men, and by the spontaneous act of the authorities, both in Church and State, he was made



THE MOST REV. R. MACHRAY, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.,
Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of All Canada in
the Church of England, Winnipeg.

Primate of All Canada, and Prelate of the most distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George.

The qualities that won him such distinction could be of no mean order. His was indeed a many-sided character. His single-hearted devotion to the best interests of the Church and the State, his courage, his perseverance, his judgment, his hopefulness, his energy, his self-denial, he had in common with many humble and obscure missionaries. All these were essential to the completeness of his equipment, but they did not constitute his distinguishing merit. There was in him a certain firmness of grasp as of superior strength, a clearness of vision as of superior insight, an illum-

ination of intellect as of superior genius that seemed to reveal to him the dim and distant courses of the future which remained dark to ordinary men. And with these were coupled a constructive genius that made him adopt, with unerring instinct, the means best suited to the attainment of his objects. His was a rare combination of the ideal and the practical. And so he became the great man of action, the statesman, the master-builder, who, with a unique opportunity, cherished a great purpose, pursued it unflinchingly for forty long years, and was permitted to see in his old age the realization of more than the dreams of his youth.

In the year before Confederation, twenty years before the completion of the C. P. R., he entertained high hopes regarding immigration. There were only some twenty clergy of his own Church in his diocese, which extended from the international boundary to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Hudson's Bay to the valley of the Yukon. At his first conference he could only muster some ten clergy and eighteen laymen. He foresaw that the strength of self-government lay in the intelligence of the people; hence the importance of an adequate system of public education. Knowing that the pivot of the whole educational system lay in the teacher, he set to work to establish centres where an efficient teaching staff could be trained. Coming, as he did, from one of the greatest seats of learning in Europe, he did not fail to realize that theological training alone is too

narrow without the broadening influence of classics and mathematics, science and art, and therefore at the apex of the whole system, as a keystone to the whole arch, there must be a system of university training. The seed was then sown whose ripened harvest was seen a few years later in the great University of Manitoba.

All this germinated in the brain of a lonely worker in 1866 in the midst of a vast wilderness whose chief inhabitants were countless herds of buffaloes and roving tribes of Indians. Here surely was a great man, called of God to cope with a great opportunity for the upbuilding of a nation and a Church. Here the main lines were laid down of all the future policy for the carrying out of which he devoted his unrivalled powers, his tireless energy, and his long life.

But the full measure of his worth and work can best be gauged by the growth and development that took place during his episcopate, of which he might truthfully say "*Quorum pars magna fui.*"

Fort Garry, a remote station of the Hudson's Bay, with a population of 300, grew into the city of Winnipeg, the third greatest of the Dominion, with a population of some 80,000 souls. The Hudson's Bay Territory was converted into a vigorous province and many growing territories of our young and already powerful Dominion. Twenty Anglican clergy became 200. There was no Anglican church in Winnipeg, where now there are six. There were no common schools where now flourishes one of the most perfect systems of education in the world, rounded off by high schools, theological colleges and a university. There was not a yard of railway where now a perfect network is to be found, measured by thousands of miles. The words of the prophet find here a literal fulfilment both in a material and spiritual sense, "the



REV. R. MACKRAY, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.
AN EARLIER PORTRAIT.

wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad thereof, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." It would be difficult to find anywhere, at any period of the world's history, a more marvellous transformation than that which has taken place in the North-West in the course of this single episcopate.

The personal traits of such a man must be of great interest to all who feel the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. He was never known to miss an appointment, save under the constraint of *force majeure*. In one of his missionary tours he travelled one thousand miles in a dog sled, and slept seventeen nights by the camp-fire in the open air when the thermometer was forty degrees below zero. If he loved the Church with all his heart he may be said to have loved the school with all his mind. St. John's School and College were never absent from his thoughts. For many



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

years he filled the chair of mathematics, of which he was a past master. A rigid disciplinarian of the old school, he is said to have flogged many of the leading men of the West. Work to him had become second nature, and it is said that when, on one occasion, he took a holiday, he became suddenly ill. He spent his leisure hours, even when recovering from a serious illness, in solving problems in the loftiest regions of the higher mathematics.

He carried all the loyalty of the Highlander into the administration of the affairs of the Church. His character was probably deficient on its social side. Society had apparently few charms for him. He never enjoyed the comforts of family life. His rugged, granite nature, which had to bear the strain of isolation and the

hardness of pioneer life for so many years, was never mellowed and softened by the gentle hand of woman and the prattle of little children.

In no sense of the word could he be called an orator. Essentially a man of action and absorbed through life in the administration of affairs, he had probably no more time than inclination to cultivate the art of persuasion, but the deep conviction and earnestness that breathed through every word he spoke gave to his direct and vigorous language all the force of genuine eloquence.

It is so easy for arm-chair critics, who may never themselves have done anything worth recording, to sit in their studies and teach our generals to conduct their campaigns, and our bishops to rule their dioceses. Such critics often overlook one hundred

merits to pounce upon one or two conspicuous defects. They are often oblivious of the enormous difficulties to be encountered, and of the slender means with which they have to be overcome.

It was inevitable that such a man should have taken a leading part in many functions that will become historic. No one who witnessed his appearance on the last of these important occasions will ever forget it. Though bowed with age and care, and with the hand of death visibly upon him, he looked every inch a king of men. He left on the mind the impression, as in a moving picture, first of a Montrose or an Argyll, then of an Ambrose or a Cyprian, then of an Isaiah or an Elijah. He seemed to combine the bold dauntless air of the Highland chieftain whose blood probably coursed through his veins,

the concentrated energy of service of the Father of the Church whose descendant he was in the ecclesiastical succession, and the rapt, far-piercing look of the old Hebrew prophet of whom he was one of the spiritual sons.

After a lingering illness he died in Winnipeg in 1894, where Church and State combined to do him honor. And he was laid at rest on the banks of the Red River in the beautiful graveyard of St. John's Cathedral, which he had made the centre of his missionary and educational activities.

Such a life will always remain a precious inheritance to the Church people of the North-West, and of the Dominion of Canada. It shows what one man, with well directed energies, under the Divine blessing, can accomplish.—The New Era.

HARVEST SONG.

BY ELEANOR ALEXANDER.

"The tall millet crops have nearly all been harvested, and a better field of fire over the flat plains is thus secured."—Morning Post.

East and West the Mother calls—
"Come, my children, to the feast,
In my low-roofed Western halls,
Under high domes of the East.

"I have spread on hill and dale
Golden cloth of corn and wheat,
Harvests that shall never fail,
Garments that no moth can fret.

"I have forced a precious yield
From the shades of Egypt's tombs;
On Manchuria's yellow field
I have tossed my millet plumes."

East and West the Mother calls—
"Come, my children, to the feast
In my latest banquet halls
Of the sunrise—in the East!"

East and West the children come
Proudly with uplifted head.
To the hum of battle drum
Thus they scorn the Mother's bread.

"From the clouded mountain tops,
From the valleys of the main.
Lo! a store of goodlier crops
That shall clothe your empty plain.

"By the hillside and the gorge,
For your cloth of tarnished gold,
As it fell from Vulcan's forge
See the sheet of steel unrolled.

"You have wept and waited long
In the darkness out of sight,
But our harvest tall and strong
Shall be raised up in a night.

"For harmonious shepherd's pipe
We shall have a war god's lyre,
He will reap the increase ripe
With the sickle of his fire.

"Gently were your sheaves laid low,
Like the sighing of a breeze,
But our sturdier growth shall go
With the crash of forest trees.

"We will string your purple beads,
Drops from hearts that proudly die;
And our flowers of mighty deeds
Shall be crimson as the sky."

"Children, hush!" the mother sighs
For their harvest lost and vain—
"Where the tree falls there it lies,
But my harvests come again."

THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN THE MODERN STATE.

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

President of the Protestant Council of Public Instruction, Quebec.



STUDY is proposed of the facts in regard to this theme, more especially in relation to education.

What business, it is asked by the secularist, has religion, anyway, with that product of the modern democracy regarded by many as the ideal state? By religion is meant not morals, but dogmas. Ethics is quite permissible, involving justice, kindness, and all the other civil and social virtues. But the ideas of God, divine revelation, sin, spiritual rescue, and retribution beyond this life—these, it is claimed, have no more place than Wesley's "Sermons" and the Shorter Catechism. Not that the state should be opposed to religion, but it should be absolutely neutral and give it no formal recognition. In departing from this principle, it is claimed that to that extent it is reactionary and entangled again in the yoke of mediæval bondage, for if in the exercise of my liberty I am an atheist or agnostic, why should I be taxed to support a civil system that does violence to my convictions, any more than a Protestant should be required to support the Roman Catholic Church under a Roman Catholic government?

This is secularism pure and simple, plausible and increasingly active, and always convenient as a method of shunting off the sectarian questions by which communities are often vexed. It must be admitted that the

terrible abuses of Erastianism have seemed to justify these secularist principles. The doctrine of the divine right of kings, along with the head of Charles I., suffered much under Cromwell in 1648. That was the birthday of the modern democracy, an irresistible force bringing many evils, more perils, but still more blessings, and advancing like a mighty tide to the sweeping away of all union between Church and State in all Anglo-Saxon lands.

Still, while this result of the democracy is irresistible, I claim that the termination of Church establishments does not necessarily imply the elimination from national life of all religious sentiment. The great American Republic illustrates the happy compromise possible in this matter, and so, to some extent, does the Dominion of Canada. If the ideal state is sought as absolutely neutral on the subject of religion, then it is not to be found in America or anywhere else, and there is no prospect that this ideal of the secularist will ever be realized. Everywhere and always, history shows that the prevalent religion of a country impresses itself upon its government, whether in an altogether unjustifiable spirit of intolerance, as in Spain and Turkey, or in a fair spirit of toleration to all religions, as in Canada and the United States.

A resumé of the facts bearing upon the place of religion in the democracy of the greater part of North America may be of some interest, first as to the United States, and secondly as to

Canada, in both keeping in view both civic and educational institutions.

I have read several books in the last few years advocating in the United States the secularism above described, especially in the Public Schools. It is very significant that such works, for example, that of Cooke on "Religious Freedom in American Education," published by the American Unitarian Association last year, while admirable in many respects, especially in the emphasis laid upon moral instruction, yet avail little in the uprooting of religious sentiments from the national life. Despite the activity of secularism, the Republic, like Great Britain, still stands as a Christian nation.

The State Opposed to Sectarianism.

In saying this I do not forget that while the nation is Christian, it is constitutionally and irrevocably opposed to sectarian favoritism, though still marked by glaring inconsistency under political pressure in occasionally bestowing favors upon sectarian institutions. The Constitution of the United States forbids the enactment of laws establishing any religion; twenty-eight States forbid the giving of any preference by law to any sect or to any denominational mode of worship; twenty-five States prohibit the use of public funds for sectarian purposes; in twenty-six State constitutions it is provided that no one shall be compelled to pay for the support of any church or minister; twenty States expressly guarantee freedom of conscience.

So much for constitutional authority for tolerant, just and non-sectarian administration of government in the great Republic. Now, as to formal and positive recognition of religion in general, what conclusive significance is in these facts? Oaths on the Holy Scriptures are required

in all the most important obligations of a civil character, for example, in assuming office and giving testimony in courts. Chaplains are appointed for army and navy and Congress and penal institutions. The Christian Sabbath is protected by strong legislation; churches are generally exempt from taxes; the sin of blasphemy against the triune God is a criminal offence; the third section of an act to prevent immoral practices provides that "if any person of the age of fourteen and upward shall purposely curse or damn or profanely swear by the name of God, Jesus Christ, or the Holy Ghost, he shall be punished."

Presidential inaugural addresses make such official allusions to the Divine Being as the secularist might claim to be perfectly unjustifiable. For example, President Cleveland, in his last inaugural said: "Above all, I know there is a Supreme Being, whose goodness and mercy have always followed the American people, and I know He will not turn from us now if we humbly and reverently seek His powerful aid." President Roosevelt, President McKinley, President Lincoln, President Washington, and many other Chief Magistrates of the Republic used similar language.

Frequent proclamations are issued by federal and state authorities directly recognizing the Almighty, sometimes by a call to thanksgiving, and sometimes to humiliation and prayer. Even for denominational instruction of the Indians, government subsidies, as in Canada, are given, and in government Indian institutes all instructors must be Christians—a very close approach to union of Church and State, against which, I admit, many, especially the Baptists, constantly protest.

The Republic opened its history

with a reverent recognition of God in the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence. The opening sentence of Article 3 of the Ordinances of 1787, for the government of the North-West Territory, declares that "Religion, morality and knowledge are necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind." The Constitution of Michigan, a part of the same territory, reaffirms this principle in the very same words. The same principle is found in the Constitutions of Arkansas, Nebraska and Georgia.

In the case of *Updegraph vs. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania*, the court declared, "This wise legislature formed this body of laws for a Christian country and a Christian people," and C. T. Clayton, of the Supreme Court at Washington, in a case arising from Delaware, said, "We know, not only from the oaths that are administered by our authority to witnesses and to jurors, but from that evidence to which every man has access beyond these halls, that the religion of the people of Delaware is Christian." Judge Cooley, a Supreme Court judge, and an authority of very great influence, in his work on "Constitutional Limitations," says, "In a certain sense, and for certain purposes, Christianity is a part of the law of the land."

Religion in American Schools and Colleges.

But the chief point at which religion is enshrined in the civil organization of the American Republic is the Public School systems of the different States. Of all departments of government the Public Schools are the most important, beyond army, navy, judiciary, revenue and post-office. Far more numerous than banks, post-offices and garrisons, they

exert the greatest influence on all the interests of the Commonwealth. In these schools, religion, without being sectarian, should have formal recognition. The practice on this point varies somewhat in different States. Let it here be said that the phrase "the American school system" is misleading. There is no one system for the nation, but for the forty-five States there are forty-five different systems, just as there are seven different provincial systems in Canada, varying according to local views and preferences. In every one of these State systems morality is enjoined by constitutions, statutes or regulations, and in the majority of States the Bible is read in the Public Schools. This may not deserve the name of religious instruction, but at least it brings thoughts of God and religion into the minds of tens of thousands of children who go to no church or Sunday-school, and who never hear the Divine Name but in profanity. To correct the flippant statement that the Bible is not read in American schools, the following table is submitted:

READING OF THE BIBLE.

Legalized by State Constitution or Legislation in	9 States
Legalized by judicial or official decisions in	12 "
Authorized by usage and public sentiment in one Territory and	16 "
Not read, but without legal hindrance, in one Territory and	3 "
Prohibited by judicial and official decisions in one Territory and	5 "

The School Law of New York, c. 386, sec. 18, provides, "But nothing herein contained shall authorize the Board of Education to exclude the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, or any selection therefrom, from any of the Public Schools provided for in this Act." In the City of New York the Board has inter-

preted this to require the reading of the Bible in the common schools, and in a majority of schools in the State Bible reading is observed.

Against the Bible in the schools it is sometimes urged by the secularist, as a last resort, that it is a sectarian book. Against this view, the Hon. C. R. Skinner, State Superintendent of New York, gave judgment, as presented in his annual report for 1903. Only last December, in Kentucky, action being taken on this point against the school trustees of the town of Brookville, Judge Harbeson, dismissing the action, said, "The Bible is the foundation of all Christian civilization. It cannot be sectarian to read it in the Public Schools." The same judgment was affirmed, November 25th, 1899, by the State Superintendent of Nebraska. It is interesting to ask, "If the Bible is sectarian, to what sect does it belong?"

Sometimes a concession is made, to evade the religious design in view, that the Bible may be read as literature. Such is the view of President Butler, of Columbia University, and of the Ontario Teachers' Association at its convention in Toronto, three or four years ago. It is hard to see how, in serving this literary purpose, we can evade the religious elements in the Bible.

In view of the above facts, the remark of the eminent Dr. A. A. Hodge is significant: "The system of Public Schools must be held in their sphere, true to the claims of Christianity, or with all other enemies of Christianity must go to the wall." Still more striking is the statement by that most eminent jurist, Justice Story, on the celebrated Girard Will case, "Courts of equity in this country will not sanction any system of education in which religion is not included." In this case it was ruled,

however, that Christian instruction might be given by laymen.

As to Universities, it is scarcely relevant to speak of denominational institutions, which number, however, three hundred and seventy-nine out of five hundred universities in the Republic; but the religious element in the State universities, notwithstanding all adverse criticisms on this point, is of much significance. There are forty State universities. In one-half of them chapel services are held. Of thirty-five thousand students, four thousand are under compulsory chapel rules; twenty thousand attend chapel under the voluntary system, and eleven thousand have no chapel service.

The arrangements for religious service and the formal recognition of religion in Cornell, Leland Stanford, Harvard and Chicago Universities, are very interesting. These are not State universities, but they illustrate the attitude towards religion of these great educational centres. The Leland Stanford University, for example, provides in its charter that there shall be taught in the university "the immortality of the soul, the existence of an all-wise and benevolent Creator, and that obedience to His laws is the highest duty of man." Voluntary daily services are regularly held in this university.

There are over one hundred and fifty State and city Normal Schools in the United States, with fifty thousand students. In four-fifths of these daily chapel exercises are compulsory. In one-fourth of their reports it is stated that attendance at some church each Sunday is compulsory. Nearly all the agricultural colleges have daily chapel exercises and require attendance at some church on Sunday. In Michigan State Agricultural College, attendance at chapel is voluntary and is represented by from fifty to seventy

per cent. of the students; in Iowa, similarly, by upwards of forty per cent. In both of these institutions there is Sunday morning preaching in the college, at which attendance is compulsory. It may be added that in the very great majority of American colleges the Y.M.C.A. is organized and encouraged. In view of the above array of facts it is evident we have in the American Republic a free Church in a free State, and that Christianity at the same time is prominently enshrined in its institutions, both political and educational.

Civil Position of Religion in Canada.

Coming now to Canada, we find parallel conditions to those in the United States. In the Clergy Reserves Act of 1854, the preamble distinctly declares the desirability of a "complete separation of Church and State," and in many ways the legal equality and toleration of all denominations has since been often asserted. On occasion this gives the political orator a most inspiring theme. Still it must be confessed Canadian legislation and customs have not been as clearly and strongly opposed to sectarianism as American. For this we are partly to blame, and in part it is unavoidable. In the latter respect, the rights of French-Canadians, in preservation of "*leurs lois, leur langue et leurs coutumes*," as guaranteed by the Treaty of Paris, no one seriously contemplates disturbing. Under this, the Roman Catholic Church is virtually an established church in Quebec, that is, as affecting Roman Catholics only in that province. By the civil power it collects tithes and church assessments, and as long as Quebec is British, the solemn and generous pledge in this matter, given by Great Britain to a conquered people, is sure to be honored, though confessedly this

arrangement is really a fragment of Old World establishments, and is abnormal in America.

Another Imperial provision, one which is very irritating, and which could and should be removed, is the Order of Precedence, issued by the Colonial Office, London, for state functions in Canada. This assigns the first place to archbishops and the second to bishops. This might have some show of equity so far as the Roman Catholics are concerned, in view of their numerical strength, but it is very unjust as to any claim of the Anglicans, seeing they are the fourth denomination in Canada in numerical strength. In Ontario, where there are twice as many Methodists as Anglicans, and where the latter actually declined in numbers last decade, if a representative of royalty appears, Presbyterians and Methodists and all other ecclesiastics must stand aside before archbishops and bishops. No doubt this anomaly is produced by the hazy idea that the Anglican Church, the Church of H. M. the King, to whom we are equally and most cordially loyal, must in some way assert itself, even in the midst of the Canadian democracy. Protests are often made against this galling and glaring injustice, but the indifference of non-Anglicans is a hindrance to their success, so many saying, "Abolish the whole Order of Precedence," a thing which the government is sure not to do, or saying, "We will not go down into the mire of sectarian strife about such a trifle."

It must be admitted there is a glamor about the episcopal office which bewitches even intelligent men. How else can we account for the fact that on the Intercolonial Government Railway, while free passes are given to only two Methodist presiding officers, and one to a Presbyterian, fifteen are given to Roman Catholic

and Anglican bishops, four of them living many hundreds of miles away from the road? The great majority of the Senators at Ottawa are either Roman Catholics or Anglicans. So of the civil service. So that it is often said at the capital, you have no chance of an appointment unless you are either a Roman Catholic or an Anglican. Almost all chaplaincies seem to go as a matter of course to these two denominations. The glaring injustice of these facts is as great as the distastefulness of stating them. Canada is clearly behind the United States as to an impartial, anti-sectarian attitude.

The positive civil recognition of religion in Canada, the main point in discussion, apart from the sectarianism above described, is illustrated by the same items as were mentioned as to the United States, viz., oaths in courts, etc.; chaplaincies, proclamations of thanksgiving, etc.; Sabbath legislation; tax exemptions, with some provincial variations; subsidies to Indian denominational institutions, and the law against blasphemy.

Religion in the Public Schools of Canada.

As to the Bible and religion in the schools, there is in the different Provinces a variation parallel to that in the American States. There is everywhere formally required the teaching of morals; but besides this the reading of the Christian Scriptures is either required or allowed in all parts of the Dominion. The largest religious element in schools is naturally found in the Province of Quebec. I am speaking not merely of Roman Catholic Schools, where Roman Catholic dogma is extensively taught, but also of the Protestant schools. All government schools in Quebec are either Roman Catholic or Protestant, and so, presumably, religious. There

are no Separate Schools, nor indeed, Public Schools, as in Ontario. The two systems are co-ordinate in rank and privilege.

Schools of minorities are called Dissident Schools. In scores of municipalities these are Roman Catholic. All schools are supported by the taxes respectively of the two communities, and a division of the Legislative grant between Roman Catholics and Protestants, according to school population. The Protestant schools have a large syllabus of compulsory Scripture studies, a larger measure of Bible study than is found in any other province. This syllabus has been prepared by the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction, and has never occasioned the slightest friction. Often Sabbath-school teachers are surprised at the amount of exact Scripture knowledge possessed by their scholars attending the Public Schools in Quebec.

In Ontario the reading of the Bible is allowed, with the use of the Lord's Prayer, but there is no compulsory requirement of Scripture study on which examinations are conducted, as in Quebec. The Quebec Protestant system has attracted much attention in Ontario, and its syllabus of studies has been much in demand by organizations desiring a similar arrangement in Ontario. In Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island a similar condition prevails. In New Brunswick the Act of 1871 was passed, providing non-sectarian Public Schools, but this was followed by the claims of Roman Catholics for Separate Schools. The agitation was such as to lead to violence and bloodshed. The compromise securing peace was effected, not by change of law, but by tacit acquiescence on the part of school authorities, so that in Roman Catholic communities they have substantially Separate Schools with Roman

Catholic teachers, holding, however, Normal School diplomas, and so not of the *religieux*. The Catechism is taught at a special session at the close of the school. There is no probability of any immediate disturbance of this compromise, although Clause 119 of the School Act declares "All schools conducted under the provisions of this Act shall be non-sectarian."

In Manitoba the Scriptures are very generally read in the Public Schools, but religious instruction is relegated to extra school hours, when ministers of religion may segregate their young parishioners for denominational instruction. This plan, by the way, has been strongly advocated by President Schurman, of Cornell, for the United States. This is the sunny solution of the vexed Manitoba School Question, a plan which, if it were carried out, would divide the youth of the country into sectarian groups. I have been informed, however, that this provision is generally a dead letter, as many expected it would be. The consequence is the exclusion of religious instruction from the Public Schools, except as this is implied in the reading of Scripture. Another effect is a tendency to compromise, as in New Brunswick, with the result that in most Roman Catholic communities the schools are really Roman Catholic schools.

From a recent government report of British Columbia, we quote: "The schools are conducted on strictly secular and non-sectarian principles. It is enjoined on all teachers that the highest morality should be inculcated, but that no religious dogma or creed shall be taught. The Lord's Prayer may be used at the opening and closing of school."

Such is a brief resumé of the facts relating to the place of religion in national government and in Public Schools in Canada. We see that in

every province, both in civil and ecclesiastical administration, Christianity is formally recognized, even to the objectionable extent of sectarian favoritism.

In this article I have not touched upon the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church on this question. It is well known, from its demand for Separate Schools, both in Canada and the United States, that it holds the view that provision should be made by the State for the combining of religion and education. We may not approve of this demand, still I do not conceal my sympathy with Cardinal Gibbons when he said, "Of what value is a mother's toil if the seeds of faith which she has planted attain a sickly growth in the cheerless atmosphere of the school-room from which the sun of religion is rigidly excluded?"

Better far the Christian faith of Romanism than the dark, blank negations of infidelity. Let France be a warning, whose government schools carefully exclude the remotest reference to God, and thus prepare the people for avowed and practical atheism. The testimony here by Huxley is surely most weighty and impartial. In an address before the London School Board, in 1870, he said:

"Leaving aside the more far-seeing minority on each side, what the religious party is crying for is mere theology, under the name of religion; while the secularists have unwisely and wrongfully admitted the assumption of their opponents, and demanded the abolition of all religious teaching, when they only want to be free of theology—burning your ship to get rid of the cockroaches! But my belief is, that no human being, and no society composed of human beings, ever did, or ever will, come to much unless their conduct be governed and guided by the love of some ethical ideal. Undoubtedly, your gutter child may be converted by mere intellectual drill into 'the subtlest of all the beasts of the field'; but we know what has become of the original of that description, and there is no need to increase the number

of those who imitate him successfully without being aided by the rates. And if I were compelled to choose for one of my own children, between a school in which real religious instruction is given and one without it, I should prefer the former, even though the child might have to take a good deal of theology with it."

When, in 1900, Dr. Magnasco, Minister of Justice and Public Instruction in the Argentine Republic, proposed the introduction of the Bible into the Public Schools, he received an address of congratulation from about four hundred leading citizens, merchants, professional men, etc., in which they said:

"The great Book of the Ages—the Holy Bible—contains the secret of the true strength and greatness of nations. Its truths emancipate the conscience, illuminate the intellect, fortify and ennoble the spirit. This peerless Book—in a modern and accurate translation into Spanish from the original Hebrew and Greek—ought to be in the hands of all our Argentine children. This is the only weapon with which to conquer the 'wild scepticism' pointed out by the Executive, and with which to vanquish all error, superstition, and ignorance in morality and religion."

In conclusion, I respectfully submit these propositions as to the modern ideal state:

1. It should allow toleration and equality of privilege to every religious denomination which does not contravene public order.

2. It should formally recognize Christianity, but without sectarianism.

3. As to the Public Schools, they should be Christian without being denominational. At the same time, in all school codes there should be a conscience clause, exempting children from instruction contrary to the religious convictions of themselves and their parents. We have such in the Protestant schools of Montreal, in favor of the Jews.

As I love the Old Land, Great Britain, itself an example of a moderate democracy, with all my heart, I wish that a single, simple system of schools on the above basis could be established there. It would terminate for ever the sectarian feuds which are such a hindrance and reproach to English education.

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

BY R. BOAL.

Dark was the world in that Augustan age,
Nor light, nor joy, nor peace was known to men
Sin reigned in triumph, brutal passions rage,
The age corrupt, the world a stagnant fen.

Into the dark streamed down a glorious light!
Into this warring sphere the Prince of Peace!
A star of hope on Bethlehem's plain shone bright,
And Love all crowned with thorns bids sorrow cease.

Light touches life with an eternal gain,
Love conquers sin upon the woeful cross,
"Lux in tenebris" heals the great world's pain;
All other treasures are but empty dross.
West Montrose, Ont.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BY MRS. LOTTIE McALISTER.



IF the hearth glows, and the evening lights are burning brightly, and if the cosy warmth of the hour is begetting subtle influences that unshackle the mind and allow it to ramble at its own sweet will, free from the insistent demands of the present, we fain would grasp this opportune moment to introduce a guest. Prithee open wide a hospitable door; this guest will not presume. She will accord a delightful hour and leave behind that rich legacy—a delightful memory.

This guest of honor is Miss Maria Edgeworth, the gifted Irish authoress, on whose slight shoulders rests the heavy charge of being “the creator of the novel of national manners and moral purpose.” All of which will presently be forgotten, as Miss Edgeworth is a home body, and so entirely free from all affectations, that she puts every one at ease, not only with herself, but with that large circle of illustrious persons who must of necessity enter with her. Her talisman is heart rather than achievement. So pre-eminent is this fact as to make it impossible to separate her from her friends or to present her life independently.

Miss Edgeworth has acquired the habit of retiring to the out-of-way corners of circulating libraries where the dust lies thick. You may also meet her arrayed in modern garb in new collections of standard authors, bought *en bloc* on the advice of some authority on good literature. All this emphasizes the fact that she keeps

well out of the way of the vulgar, elbowing crowd, who loudly demand “the latest,” and who appreciate nothing but bill-board literature.

We must hasten to present Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of our authoress. Not to do so would grieve the daughter. She looks upon herself as a wan moon reflecting the light of that mighty sun, whose rising and setting regulates her little world. Both father and daughter, however, endear the Irish to the impressionable heart, for “even their failings leaned to virtue’s side.”

When Richard Lovell Edgeworth appeared on this mundane sphere. 1744, his family had been settled for one hundred and fifty years in Edgeworthstown, county of Longford. He is, therefore, of the very heart of Ireland. By way of accentuating time and place, the reader is reminded that sixteen years previously, Goldsmith was born on the Edgeworth property. This introduction must be lengthened to an understanding of Maria Edgeworth’s immediate progenitor as a necessary preliminary to understanding Miss Edgeworth and her writings.

While a student at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and yet in his teens, Richard Lovell Edgeworth contracted the first of a series of matrimonial alliances. Some very strange tendencies are transmitted in the blood. Some authorities go so far as to assert that even wooden legs may run in the family. A study of the history of previous Edgeworths reveals such a rapid succession of wives as to suggest a Bluebeard somewhere in their ancestry. The extreme ease with which Mr. Edgeworth capitulated in affairs of the heart may be accounted for by

another fatal tendency indicated by his mother's dying advice, "learn to say No."

With the single exception of the first, which was a Gretna Green affair, these marriages did not prove to be failures. Of his miscellaneous household, composed variously, at different periods, of succeeding wives, ever accumulating children until they numbered twenty-two, and other oddly assorted relatives, he was able to boast, "I do not think one tear per month is shed in this house." He was a man of great versatility. As a writer he climbed to a height that has given him a tablet in the musty and circumscribed precincts of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The world has raised a joint-monument in honor of the joint-labors of father and daughter. It bears this single, clear cut word, "Utilitarian."

Some vials of wrath are poured out because of what might have been if the angular unadorned vision of the utilities had not been for ever held by the father before the eyes of his more gifted daughter, as a monk holds the crucifix before dying eyes—the sole object worthy of worship—until romance, beauty, poetry fled before his erasing pencil and stern censorship.

"It is my business to cut and correct, yours to write on," he was wont to say. As intimated, his word was law, whether the pronouncement concerned his daughter's books or the bringing home a wife younger than herself. He devoted much time to the study of mechanics, one achievement being a church spire with some power of locomotion. The utility of a church spire that "was able to rise from the ground at the sound of a bugle, played by some member of the Edgeworth family, and to take its place, when requested to do so, upon the church tower," is not as apparent as it might be.

When the French threatened to invade Ireland in 1794, Mr. Edgeworth made offers to the government to establish telegraphic communications of his own invention throughout the island. Eight years later his offers were accepted, and his telegraphic apparatus proved successful.

We cannot forego one more side light on this interesting character. He was a member of the last Irish Parliament. It is a matter of history that he "was offered three thousand guineas for the use of his seat during the closing weeks of its sessions, but very properly refused, not wishing, in his own words, "to quarrel with myself and lose my own good opinion at my time of life."

Those eventful years, lying between 1767 and 1849, span Miss Edgeworth's long life. They were the years stretching from the reign of the good king "Farmer George" to the opening of the Victorian Era; the years of George Washington and the great American War; the years of the French Revolution; the years that witnessed the rise of Napoleon and his eclipse at Waterloo; the years of the Irish Rebellion, union and famine, all of which directly or indirectly touched the life of the subject of this short sketch.

Miss Edgeworth was born in England. The only memories remaining of her first visit to her Irish home are characteristic of normal childhood, namely, "cutting out squares of a checked sofa-cover," and "trampling through a set of newly glazed garden frames, which had been laid upon the grass." To the day of her death she was thrilled by recalling the heavenly crash of that breaking glass.

At eight years of age she left Edgeworthstown, and did not see Ireland again for seven years. These years were spent at different English schools, and it was at this early age that Maria Edgeworth laid the

foundations for her long literary career covering sixty years. The moral lessons always enforced in the joint-productions, "Parent's Assistant," "Practical Education," "Moral Tales," and many others, are missing in the stories told to amuse her room-mates. She certainly possessed and indulged imagination. We read, "that a character in one of the tales which was specially applauded by her room-mates was that of a hero, or more probably a villain, who had the exceptional fortune to possess a mask made from the dried skin taken from a dead man's face, which he put on when he wished to be disguised, and which he at other times kept buried at the foot of a tree."

It was during her school days that she was sent on a vacation to the home of her father's greatest friend, Thomas Day, author and disciplinarian. This friendship was so intimate that it became the warp into which the woof of the Edgeworth family life was woven. Miss Edgeworth's "Letters for Literary Ladies" grew out of a correspondence between Thomas Day and her father "as to the propriety of female authorship," which Mr. Day strenuously opposed.

While Richard Lovell Edgeworth was still unhappily married to his first wife, Maria's mother, Thomas Day unsuccessfully courted the two Miss Sneyds, who, in turn, later entered the honorable succession of mistress of the Edgeworth home. Edgeworth playing the rôle of John Alden, was the bearer of that important document sent by Thomas Day to the beautiful Miss Honora Sneyd, which set forth plainly the terms upon which he would accept the surrender of Miss Honora's heart. They were absolute submission to her lord and master, a cheerful willingness to cast aside music, society, light literature and letter writing. Miss Sneyd's polite but emphatic refusal to enter upon this

enticing programme so surprised and mortified the poor suitor that it threw him into a fever, and Dr. Darwin, who lived again, and more largely, in his illustrious grandson, was summoned. The doctor's efforts were unavailing until another Miss Sneyd appeared. Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, the new charmer, stipulated that Mr. Day should put himself to some pains to gain a graceful deportment. Under the tuition of a French dancing-master he underwent a series of tortures that well became the endurance of a master in discipline. Alas! his new graces must have been "as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout." Upon his return from France Miss Elizabeth declared she "liked him better as he was before" and turned a deaf ear to his suit.

When little Maria arrived to pay her visit, Mr. Day had long been supplied with a pliable wife, and had so completely recovered from his former enamorments as to hasten, upon the death of Maria's mother, some hundreds of miles to assure his friend Edgeworth that Honora Sneyd was still her own mistress.

One of the Mrs. Edgeworths, in her memoir of her stepdaughter, gives a picture of the disciplinarian, insisting on his guest taking every morning a very large draught of Bishop Berkeley's tar-water to heal her inflamed eyes. The contemplation of this feat one hundred years distant causes the sympathetic tear to flow. At a later date this same "amicus curiae" had the luckless Maria swung by the neck to draw out the muscles thereof, and so increase her height, considered by her well-proportioned ancestry to be unpardonably short. Mr. Day failed as signally in this undertaking as he did in his early courting.

We have the following description of Miss Edgeworth after fame had found her: "Small? She was exceedingly small, except for her nose,

which I remember seemed to be very big." A pictorial burlesque of herself seated "with one elbow upon a pile of her own books and a finger pointing significantly towards her brow," the pose of the frontispiece familiar to children whose Sunday reading is books of theology and sermons, was richly appreciated and sent on to an aunt, inscribed, "O, said the little woman, This is none of I."

In 1782 Ireland became Maria Edgeworth's permanent home. Very beautiful are the glimpses given of the home life of this Irish writer. One, occurring when Miss Edgeworth was thirty-three, partakes of the nature of an adventure. On the birth of the seventeenth child of the family it is recorded, Maria took her little sister to bring down to her father, but when she had descended a few steps a panic seized her, and she was afraid to go either backward or forward. She sat down on the stairs "afraid she would drop the child, afraid that its head would come off, and afraid her father would find her there and laugh at her." She was rescued by a passing footman.

She was the playfellow and idol of all her numerous sisters and brothers. While yet in her teens she wrote children's stories for their sole amusement, and the versions surviving are those on which was passed a favorable verdict by those precocious judges.

"Castle Rackrent," a realistic presentation of the genius of Irish life and manners, written in the stress and strain of the closing years of the eighteenth century, when Ireland was in one of her periodic throes of rebellion, gave Miss Edgeworth instant fame. A careful study of the family history bears out the statement that Castle Rackrent had the good fortune to escape Mr. Edgeworth's supervision, he being otherwise engaged. The fourth and last Mrs. Edgeworth

turns on the light. In recording the incidents of her bridal journey from Dublin to Edgeworthstown in 1798, she says they were informed at the "Nineteen Mile House," that "The boys (rebels) were hid in the potato furrows beyond. . . . A little further on I saw something very odd on the side of the road before us." "What is that?" "Look to the other side. Don't look at it," was Mr. Edgeworth's quick rejoinder. The object was a man hung, by the rebels, between the shafts of an upturned cart.

Between anarchy without and readjustments in the domestic circle within, Castle Rackrent was given to the world. It was brimming over with the delightful paradoxical wit of the Irish, to wit, Sir Condy who "was very ill-used by the government about a place that was promised him, and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honorably."

A letter penned by Miss Edgeworth at this period of great personal danger shows the irrepressible humor of the woman. She wrote: "All that I crave, for my own part, is that if I am to have my throat cut, it may not be by a man with his face blackened with charcoal; I shall look at every person that comes here very closely to see if there be any marks of charcoal upon his visage. Old wrinkled offenders I should suppose would never be able to wash out their stains; but in others a very clean face will, in my mind, be a strong symptom of guilt—clean hands proof positive, and clean nails ought to hang a man."

The impression created by Miss Edgeworth's writings is shown by her reception in London and Paris. Her visit to France in 1802 is faithfully portrayed by a family chronicler and reveals the Parisian world of letters and title paying their best respects. It was during this visit that Miss Edge-

worth received from a Swedish gentleman the only recorded offer of marriage. It seems to have been an exceedingly mild type of courtship. The Irish authoress describes her suitor as a man of "superior understanding and mild manners." This is not a description by a woman deeply in love.

A family letter of this period refers to Buonaparte, who was just at that moment employed in moulding the First Consul into an Emperor, hence very much in evidence. The letter refers to a military review and states: "We saw a man on a white horse ride down the ranks. We saw that he was a little man with a pale face, who seemed to be very attentive to what he was about, and this was all we saw of Buonaparte." However, at a later period Napoleon made it very interesting for the Edgeworths, and they were nearly caught in the meshes of his machinations. Presently the English residents were detained by force. Warned by a friend they escaped, but not one moment too soon. Lovell Edgeworth, a member of the family, coming to Paris to meet them was detained a prisoner in France for twelve years.

In 1813 the Edgeworths visited England. Byron records this event in his diary. He says he met them "first at a breakfast of Sir Humphrey, and Lady Davy, to which I was invited for the nounce." "I have been the lion of 1812. Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Stael—with the Cossack towards the end of 1813—were the exhibitions of the succeeding year." "I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow, of a clarety, elderly, red complexion, but active, brisk and endless."

"The fact was every one cared more about the daughter. She was a nice, unassuming, 'Jeanie Deans' looking body—and if not handsome certainly not ill-looking. Her con-

versation was as quiet as herself; no one would have guessed she could write her name. Whereas her father talked, not as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else were worth writing."

Joanna Baillie, writing to Sir Walter Scott concerning Miss Edgeworth's welcome to England, says: "She has been received by everybody, the first in literature and the first in rank, with the most gratifying eagerness and respect, and has delighted them all.

The great outstanding event in Miss Edgeworth's life was her friendship with Sir Walter Scott, who paid her the compliment of confessing he wished to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland. In 1823 she spent a fortnight at Abbotsford, the guest of Sir Walter and Lady Scott. This visit and a return visit of the Scotts to Edgeworthstown, two years later, were red-letter dates in the calendar. During the latter visit the party made a trip to the Lakes of Killarney. The boatman who rowed them around the lakes had a keen appreciation for literary personages. The Hon. Emily Lawless informs us that he "told Lord Macaulay, twenty years later, that his having done so had actually made up to him for 'missing a hanging' which took place upon the same day." Those bright days, brilliant with Irish wit and Scotch humor, immediately preceded the beginning of that heroic but unsuccessful financial struggle that finally eclipsed the sublime spirit of the great Scott.

It was Maria Edgeworth's fortune to be a sparkling emerald set in a sunburst of rare jewels. Herschel, Wordsworth, Byron, Humboldt, Biot, Cuvier, Prony, Simondi, Leigh Hunt, Madame Recamier, Arago, are but a few of the bright circle among whom she moved.

The secret of eternal youthfulness

was hers. At the age of seventy-two she was climbing ladders and falling therefrom. Ten years later and but two weeks before her death she adds the last high lights to this picture. She had again committed this crime against old age, and writes in defence, "I am heartily obliged and delighted by your being such a goose and Richard such a gander as to be frightened out of your wits by my going up a ladder to take off the top of the clock. Prudence of M. E., Act II. I summoned Cassidy, let me tell you, and informed him that I was going to wind the clock, but that he was promoted to take off the top of it for me—and then up I went and I wound the clock, just as I had done before you were born."

Space forbids an enumeration of Miss Edgeworth's books. They are fine studies of different types of character, and all can be classed

under the old fashioned title of Moral Tales. One critic says, "This regular presence of a moral intention spoils the novel as well as the novelist." Yet another says, "Miss Edgeworth does not attack religion or inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary by exhibiting perfect virtue without it. No books ever produced so bad an effect on my own mind as hers. I did not expect any irreligion there. I was off my guard; their moral character beguiled me; I read volume after volume with eagerness; and the evil effects of them I experienced for weeks." The evil effects must have been from an undigested camel, swallowed while straining at a gnat.

After all, father, family, friends, and fireside, were more to Maria Edgeworth than fame, and on her grave bloom only the modest, sweet flowers which thrive in the soil of unconscious self-forgetfulness.

LOOKING AND LONGING.

BY MRS. REBECCA L. TURNER.

I am looking and I'm longing for the breaking of the day
 On the hilltops o'er the valley where time's fetters slip away;
 O the glory of that brightness!
 O the music and the lightness!
 Rise, my soul; earth has no place for thee to stay.

I am looking and I'm longing for that smile surpassing rare
 Of the "chief among ten thousand" and the "altogether fair;"
 Who for me took pain and weakness—
 O divinest love and meekness!
 Soul, He gives no cross too great for thee to bear.

Are we looking? Are we longing? Up, and take thy task, my soul!
 Thou art able, fully able, for Christ Jesus makes thee whole.
 Count not losses, weigh not burdens,
 Yonder are God's lasting guerdons!
 What shall keep thee from thy long-expected goal?

AN APPRECIATION OF PASTOR WAGNER'S "THE SIMPLE LIFE."

BY G. MERCER ADAM.



NCE more we owe to the country of St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and Ste. Beuve a rare and memorable book. Pastor Wagner, in giving to the world his disquisition on "The Simple Life," has done a real service to all, in this strenuous but feverishly distracting age, by calling upon us, as the Apostle of Serenity and human brotherhood, to renounce our artificial, high-pressure mode of living, with its selfishnesses and burden of carking care, and to get back to a saner, simpler, and more considerate life. His ideal of "a simple life" is one to which we may well allow ourselves to be conjured back, since it is one that will free us from thralldom to convention, enable us to give our minds and souls to repose, and leave room for some kindly, human regard for those about us. Though writing as a Christian minister, and with fervor and enthusiasm, as well as with characteristic literary grace.

Charles Wagner is no mere pietist, inculcating a rigid, far less a supercilious or unattractive, virtue. He is, on the contrary, a genial, large-hearted and sympathetic brother man, full of endearing benevolences, sensitive to every sadness and misfortune in human lives, and, with manifest singleness of heart and purpose, sincerely anxious to show us how life is best worth living, and how, in the turmoil and perplexities of our modern day, we may brighten existence for ourselves and for each other. This,

he counsels, may be accomplished by each of us *doing one's simple duty*, and leading an unselfish, as well as a higher and nobler life, and so distil joy abroad and bring peace, happiness, and contentment to our distraught souls.

In devoting himself fervently to his task, the author in no wise sets before us an impossible, unattainable ideal; but with great sanity and infectious enthusiasm he adjures his age to return to simplicity of thought, speech, and deed, as the means of helpfully influencing our brother man, and of tenderly winning him, when depressed, and it may be vanquished in life, to all that is lovely, right and good. His book, which is as gracious and wholesome as it is frank and full of truth, comes like a breath of spring air to the hot, jaded and care-laden soul, and is an inspiration to every good purpose and work, as well as a solace to our perplexed and saddened lives. It is a pastoral of infinite beauty, coming, as it were, from the breezy, health-giving hillside, like the Sermon on the Mount, if one may so characterize it in all truthfulness and reverence, and exhorting one not to be over-careful for worldly things, but to keep in mind not only our duty, but our goal, where our treasure should be laid up, since blessed, as the Master has Himself told us, are the pure in heart and the poor (simple) in spirit, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

In valuing the home and the life of the affections, Pastor Wagner belongs to humanity, rather than, as we take it, to any special ecclesiastical creed or organization. In this respect, he ap-

proves himself widely and intimately to all; while he manifestly has had his own deep experience of life, and, consequently, knows its sorrows as well as its joys, and can the better counsel one to be hopeful and brave of heart in the sharp struggle of existence, and to look with a kindly eye and feeling heart on our less fortunate brother man, and uncensoriously on even the forces that make for ill and disorder.

In all that he utters and deploras, he is never the scold (he is too much the artist for that); while his manner and attitude, in speaking of wrong and the wrong-doer, are invariably sympathetic, conciliatory, and even genial. To the latter he offers, in all

kindliness, not the censure and aloofness of the prig-rebucker, but the generous wine of mild-mannered counsel, correction and criticism.

The worth, utility and moral beauty of his admonitions and counsellings are as manifest as are his bid- dings to one and all to be kindly, trustful, and hopeful, to have courage as well as modesty in our hearts, with zeal for all that makes for truth, beauty, simplicity and goodness. In this, and in all respects, the author's words are inspiring and helpful; while his precious and thoughtful little volume will, we are sure, be found by every reflecting and appreciative reader, as a fragrant, enchaining, and golden book.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is within us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as Thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord!

—*Horatius Bonar.*

“Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

“Then be content, poor heart,
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest.
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I know that we shall say, 'God knew the best.'”

MAKERS OF EMPIRE.*



AGNES C. LAUT,

Author of "Pathfinders of the West," "Lords of the North," etc.

MISS LAUT has told many stories of adventure in the North-West, but none of so thrilling a character as those contained in this book. Her heroes of romance pale into insignificance compared with the heroes of history. Sober facts are far more wonderful than the dreams of fiction. Miss

Laut tells us that the honored names of Marquette, Joliet and La Salle must be deposed from the pedestal on

*"Pathfinders of the West." Being the Thrilling Story of the Adventures of the Men who Discovered the Great North-West.- Radisson, La Verendrye, Lewis and Clark. By A. C. Laut. Author of "Lords of the North," etc., etc. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxv-380. Price, \$2.00.



THE BATTERY, NEW YORK, IN RADISSON'S TIME.

which they have been so long enthroned. They were *not* the discoverers of the vast region beyond the Great Lakes. Twelve years before they thought of visiting that far west it "had already been discovered by the most intrepid voyageurs that France produced—men whose wide ranging explorations exceeded the achievements of Cartier and Champlain and La Salle put together."

These hero souls "were two poor adventurers who sacrificed all earthly possessions to the enthusiasm for discovery, and incurred such bitter hostility to the governments of France and England that their names have been hounded to infamy." They were Pierre Esprit Radisson

and Medard Chouart Groseillers, fur-traders of Three Rivers, Quebec. Radisson's life reads more like a second "Robinson Crusoe" than sober history. This story Miss Laut proceeds to tell with wonderful vigor and vivacity. She has the historic imagination which fills up the details, but the facts are established by Radisson's journal which was found in 1885.

It is corroborated by the Jesuit Relations, and other independent testimony. Its authenticity is admitted by Parkman and others most capable of weighing the evidence, and entirely reconstructs the history of our great North-West.

Miss Laut has performed an important service in bringing to light these long forgotten facts and restoring to his rightful inheritance of fame



This view of Fort Amsterdam on the Manhattan is copied from an ancient engraving executed in Holland. The Fort was erected in 1623 but finished upon the above model by Governor Van Twiller in 1635.



PADDLING PAST HOSTILES.

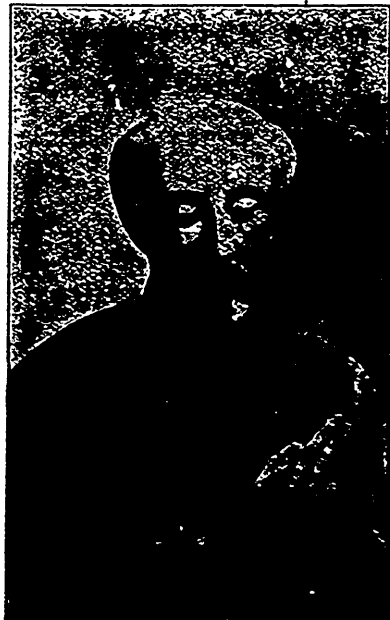
the greatest discoverer since the days of Columbus. The book is the most handsomely printed and illustrated that has issued from our publishing house, and will be indispensable to all who would know the romantic and stirring story of these pathfinders of empire. The author makes us realize the magnitude of the task, and of the result of those explorers from the days of Radisson down to those of Lewis and Clark, the centenary of whose explorations of the North-West has just been celebrated. The author prefaces her subject with a stirring Spenserian poem in which she magnifies the destiny of the grandest inheritance which God ever committed to any nation. We quote one stanza:

“Here’s chance for every man! The hands
that work
Become the hands that rule! Thy harvests
yield
Only to him who toils; and hands that shirk
Must empty go! And here the hands that
wield
The sceptre work! O glorious golden field!
O bounteous, plenteous land of poet’s dream!
O’er thy broad plain the cloudless sun ne’er
wheeled
But some dull heart was brightened by its
gleam
To seize on hope and realize life’s highest
dream!”

Miss Laut devotes over half the book to the adventures of Radisson and fortifies her statements with copious references to original docu-

ments. No less than sixty-one admirable illustrations, many of them full-page, accompany her narrative, several of which, by the kindness of the publisher, we are permitted to use.

In the spring of the year 1652, the boy Radisson, being then in his sixteenth year, while hunting near the settlement of Three Rivers, one of the oldest in Canada, was captured by Iroquois and carried off to the Mohawk Valley. For his courage he escaped massacre, and was adopted into the tribe. But his heart longed for his distant home on the St. Law-



JOGUES, THE JESUIT MISSIONARY,
Who was tortured by the Mohawks. From a
printing in Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal.

rence. He escaped with a fellow captive, travelling by night and hiding by day, was overtaken within a mile of his home, and was dragged back into captivity. He was savagely tortured after the inhuman manner by which Père Jogues had recently suffered, but was readopted by the tribe. The filthy food, the smoky lodges, the cruelty of the Mohawks

dated fort. He reached France by way of Holland, and returned to Quebec, where he joined the Jesuit missionaries in an endeavor to plant a mission among the Iroquois. It was a long and adventurous journey. He witnessed the massacre of a number of Hurons by their foes, the Iroquois, among the Thousand Islands. "Not the sufferings of the early Christians



CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY, MONTREAL, FOR YEARS THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR, AND LATER THE STOREHOUSE OF THE FUR COMPANIES.

filled him with loathing. He determined to recover his freedom if it cost him his life.

He visited with a plundering party the Dutch settlement at Orange, (Albany), escaped, took refuge as Jogues had done among the Dutch, and, like him, got passage to New Amsterdam (New York). The present great city was then a trading post of five hundred houses with a dilapi-

ated fort. He reached France by way of Holland, and returned to Quebec, where he joined the Jesuit missionaries in an endeavor to plant a mission among the Iroquois. It was a long and adventurous journey. He witnessed the massacre of a number of Hurons by their foes, the Iroquois, among the Thousand Islands. "Not the sufferings of the early Christians

in Rome exceeded the martyrdom of the Christian Hurons among the Onondagas."

"Weep not my death, my little daughter," said a Huron mother to her child. "We shall this day be in heaven. God will pity us to all eternity. The Iroquois cannot rob us of that."

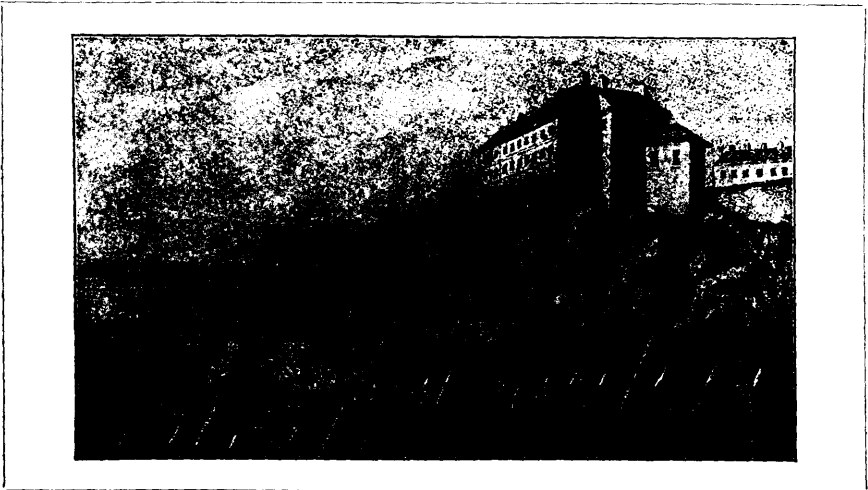
As the flames crept about her her voice was heard chanting, in the

crooning monotone of Indian death dirge: "Jesu—have pity on us! Jesu—have pity on us!"

The French were besieged in their little fort at Onondaga by four hundred howling Mohawks. All the winter long they watched and waited and prayed behind their double line of stockades. By stealth they built two flat-bottomed boats with which to escape when the ice should melt in the river. Radisson, though yet in his teens, was a ruling spirit in the escape. The French prepared a great feast, to which they invited the glut-

give the impression of a sentry's tramp-tramp on parade. Stuffed effigies of soldiers were then stuck about the barracks. If a spy climbed up to look over the palisades, he would see Frenchmen still in the fort. While Radisson was busy with these precautions to delay pursuit, the soldiers and priests, led by Major Dupuis, had broken open the sally-port, forced the boats through sideways, and launched out on the river. Speaking in whispers, they stowed the baggage in the flat-boats, then brought out skiffs—dugouts to withstand the ice jam—for the rest of the company. The night was raw and cold. A skim of ice had formed on the margins of the river."

In thirteen days the fugitives



CHATEAU ST. LOUIS, QUEBEC, 1669, FROM ONE OF THE OLDEST PRINTS IN EXISTENCE.

tonous Iroquois, between the inner and outer stockade. It was a point of honor among the Indians to eat everything set before them. When they were gorged to repletion, and drunk or drugged into stupidity, the besieged carried out their plan of escape.

"They retired to the inner court. The main gate was bolted and chained. Through the loophole of this gate ran a rope attached to a bell that was used to summon the sentry. To this rope the mischievous Radisson tied the only remaining pig, so that when the Indians would pull the rope for admission, the noise of the disturbed pig would

reached Montreal after incredible hardships. They had to portage the heavy boats over slippery rocks, and wade through slush and ice. One boat was wrecked and three men drowned. The ruse of the French was completely successful.

"The Mohawks had been deceived by the pig and the ringing bell and the effigies for more than a week. Crowing came from the chicken yard, dogs bayed in their kennels, and when a Mohawk pulled the bell at the gate, he could hear the sentry's measured march. At the end of seven days not a white man had come from the fort. At first

the Mohawks thought the 'black robes' were at prayers; but now suspicions of trickery flashed on the Iroquois. Warriors climbed the palisades and found the fort empty. Two hundred Mohawks set out in pursuit; but the bad weather held them back. And that was the way Radisson saved Onondaga."

All this was but preparatory for Radisson's great work, the discovery of the great West. In 1658 he and his brother-in-law, Groseillers, determined to learn what they could of the great beyond. Accompanied only by Algonquin guides, they paddled their way up the lonely reaches of the Ottawa and French River for over a thousand miles, carrying their boats over sixty portages, subsisting on moss and berries and occasional game, though they were afraid to use their guns lest they should bring upon them the blood-thirsty Iroquois. They made a winter camp on the shores of Green Bay in Lake Michigan, and in the spring of 1659, first of white men, reached the Upper Mississippi.

"They were standing on the threshold of the Great Beyond. They saw before them not the Sea of China, as speculators had dreamed; not kingdoms for conquest, which the princes of Europe coveted; not a short road to Asia, of which savants had spun a cobweb of theories. They saw a land waiting for its people, wealth waiting for possessors, an empire waiting for the nation-builders. Could he have the vaguest premonition that he had opened a door of escape from stifled older lands to a higher type of manhood and freedom than the most sanguine dreamer had ever hoped?"

That year Radisson explored the vast region from what is now Wisconsin to Hudson Bay. The following winter was one of the coldest known in Canada. League after league the adventurers travelled through what is now New Ontario back to Green Bay, and the following season returned to Quebec, passing the scene of Dolard's heroic defence against the Iroquois at the Long Sault on the Ottawa.

But why have those discoveries been so long ignored? Radisson, not yet twenty-six years of age, had won both fame and a fortune, and had found new sources of wealth in the furs of the far north. His very success caused the jealousy and envy of the French Governor, D'Avagour, who demanded half the profits of the trip for permission to trade. This they refused to pay. They left Three Rivers by stealth, made another successful journey, and in October, 1661, reached the great inland sea of Superior, then in its autumnal glory. They built on its shores, somewhere west of Duluth, the first fort and first fur post between the Missouri and the North Pole. The fort was rushed up by two men almost starving for food. The fort, two thousand miles from help, needed sentries. Radisson "strung carefully concealed cords through the grass and branches around the fort. To these bells were fastened, and the bells were the sentries. The two white men could now sleep soundly without fear of approach. This fort, from which sprang the buoyant, aggressive, prosperous, free life of the great North-West, was founded, and built, and completed in two days." The West had begun.

"News of the two white men alone in the northern forest spread like wild-fire to the different Sautaux and Ojibway encampments; and Radisson invented another protection in addition to the bells. He rolled gunpowder in twisted tubes of birch-bark, and ran a circle of this round the fort. Putting a torch to the birch, he surprised the Indians by displaying to them a circle of fire running along the ground in a series of jumps. To the Indians it was magic. The two white men were engirt with a mystery that defended them from all harm. Thus they passed their first winter in the great North-West."

"'We were Cæsars,' writes Radisson. 'There was no one to contradict us. We went away free from any burden, while those



A PARLEY ON THE PLAINS.

poor miserables thought themselves happy to carry our equipage in the hope of getting a brass ring, or an awl, or a needle. They admired our actions more than the fools of Paris their king."

The adventurers now traversed the country of the Assiniboines, probably the modern Manitoba. Their entry to the great North-West had been a triumph, but they could not escape the privations of the explorer's life. The Indian camp of some sixteen hundred people was famine-smitten.

had been tanned for clothing. 'We ate it so eagerly,' writes Radisson, 'that our gums did bleed. . . . We became the image of death.' Before the spring five hundred Crees had died of famine. Radisson and Groseillers scarcely had strength to drag the dead from the tepees. The Indians thought that Groseillers had been fed by some fiend, for his heavy, black beard covered his thin face. Radisson they loved, because his beardless face looked as gaunt as theirs."

The following year the adventurers again visited the great Sea of the North, supposedly Hudson Bay, and



HUDSON BAY DOG-TRAINS LADEN WITH FURS ARRIVING AT LOWER FORT GARRY, RED RIVER.

—Courtesy of C. C. Chapman, Commissioner H. B. C. mpany.

"The cries of the dying broke the deathly stillness of the winter forest; and the strong began to dog the footsteps of the weak. 'Good God, have mercy on these innocent people,' writes Radisson: 'have mercy on us who acknowledge Thee!' Digging through the snow with their rackets, some of the Crees got roots to eat. Others tore the bark from the trees and made a kind of soup that kept them alive. Two weeks after the famine set in, the Indians were boiling the pulverized bones of the waste heap. After that the only food was the buckskin that

in 1663, accompanied with many canoes laden to the gunnel with furs, reached Montreal. "Cannon were fired to welcome the discoverers, for New France was again on the verge of bankruptcy from a beaver famine." A different welcome awaited them at Quebec.

"D'Argenson ordered Groseillers im prisoned. He then fined the explorer \$20,000, to build a fort at Three Rivers

giving them leave to put their coats-of-arms on the gate ; a \$30,000 fine was to go to the public treasury of New France ; \$70,000 worth of beaver was seized as the tax due the revenue. Of a cargo worth \$300,000 in modern money, Radisson and Groseillers had less than \$20,000 left.

"Had D'Argenson and his successors encouraged instead of persecuted the dis-

other explorers combined. Their reward was jealous rivalry that reduced them to beggary ; injustice that compelled them to renounce allegiance to two crowns ; obloquy during a lifetime ; and oblivion for two centuries after their death."

Groseillers was furious at D'Argenson's extortions, and sailed for France



"EACH MAN LANDED WITH PACK ON HIS BACK, AND TROTTED AWAY OVER PORTAGES."

coverers, France could have claimed all North America but the narrow strip of New England on the east and the Spanish settlements on the south."

"Henceforth Radisson and Groseillers were men without a country. Twice their return from the North with cargoes of beaver had saved New France from ruin. They had discovered more of America than all the

to demand restitution ; but the intriguing courtiers proved too strong for him. Though he spent \$10,000, nothing was done. These pioneers of empire, treated with gross injustice by their countrymen, turned to the English. A gleam of romance comes

across Radisson's shadowed life. In 1668 he married, in London, Mary Kirke, daughter of the Huguenot John Kirke, the conqueror of Quebec. The same year his partner Grosseillers entered Hudson Bay, built a fort, named after King Charles I., in what he named Rupert's Land. Two years later was organized the great fur-trading corporation, the Hudson's Bay Company, destined to rule for two centuries over an area as large as all Europe.

Radisson sailed again for Hudson Bay. The French, meantime, by arduous toil up the Saguenay across the height of land, reached James' Bay to claim the country for their king. Intrigue again dogged the steps of Radisson. He was summoned to England, and voted the meagre stipend of a hundred pounds, but "restless as a caged tiger, Radisson found himself baffled until a message came from the great Colbert of France, offering to pay all his debts and give him a position in the French navy. His pardon was signed and proclaimed. In 1676, France granted him fishing privileges on the island of Anticosti; but the lodestar of the fur trade still drew him, for that year he was called to Quebec to a company of traders conferring on the price of beaver." He secured ships at Quebec for another voyage to Hudson Bay. How with a handful of men he captured a fort, and many other stirring adventures, are recorded in Miss Laut's fascinating volume. She thus begins her last chapter:

"Radisson was now in his fiftieth year. He had spent his entire life exploring the wilds. He had saved New France from bankruptcy with cargoes of furs that in four years amounted to half a million of money. In ten years he had brought half a million dollars' worth of furs to the English company. Yet he was a poor man, threatened with the sponging-house by clamorous creditors and

in the power of avaricious statesmen, who used him as a tool for their own schemes."

"Radisson was deadly tired of the farce. From first to last France had treated him with the blackest injustice. If he had wished to be rich, he could have long ago accumulated wealth by casting in his lot with the dishonest rulers of Quebec."

In 1684 he set out in the good ship "Happy Return" on his last voyage. After an Odyssey of adventure, and an Iliad of disaster, which we have not space to recount, he went back to England and came to want in his old age. He was allowed £50 a year from the Hudson Bay Co. till the year 1710, when the payment stopped. "Did the dauntless life stop, too?" asks his biographer. "Oblivion hides all record of his death, as it obscured the brilliant achievements of his life."

He seems to have been an impracticable sort of man, of many virtues, and not without his faults. "Like all enthusiasts, Radisson could not have been a hero, if he had not been a bit of a fool. If he had not his faults, if he had not been as impulsive, as daring, as reckless, as inconstant, as improvident of the morrow, as a savage or a child, he would not have accomplished the exploration of half a continent."

"But amid all the mad license of savage life, Radisson remained untainted. Other explorers and statesmen, too, have left a trail of blood to perpetuate their memory; Radisson never once spilled human blood needlessly, and was beloved by the savages."

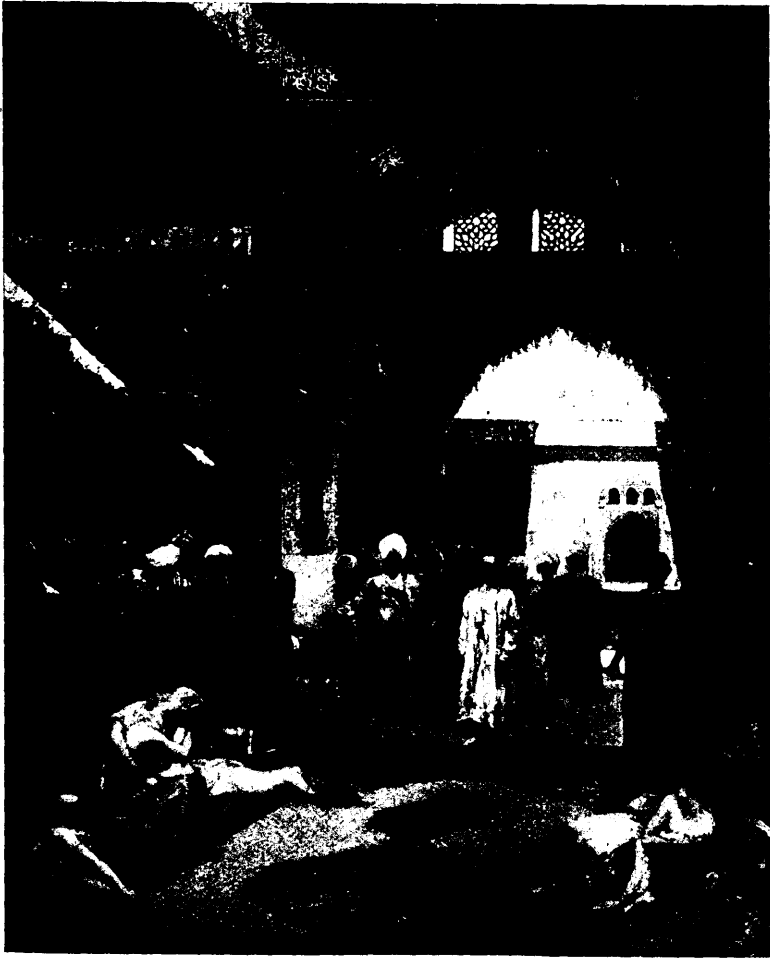
The remaining chapters of this important volume describe the adventures, scarcely less romantic than those of Radisson, of the Verendryes in reaching the Rockies, of Hearne in reaching the Copper-mine, Mackenzie in exploring the great river which perpetuates his name; also the more recent discoveries of Lewis and Clark.



DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

- Benjamin West.

THE MINISTRY OF ART.



MOORISH CONQUEROR SURVEYING THE SPOILS OF A CHRISTIAN CITY.

—Benjamin Constant.

THE art of any people is the highest efflorescence of its civilization. It is the latest to bloom, and it is the product of its highest culture. In a new country like Canada, where there are few accumulated fortunes, and still fewer inherited ones, the patronage of art is comparatively limited. All the more honor, therefore, to the few

who, like Lord Strathcona, Sir William Van Horne and Sir George Drummond, use their wealth in the patronage of art, and who so kindly place the gems of their collections at the service of the people for their artistic culture and enjoyment.

The Toronto Exhibition Company is to be congratulated on the development of the artistic side of Canada's

great fair. It has already outgrown the new Art Building, and projects a still larger one. We referred at

The loan collection secured by Dr. Orr for the Exhibition exhibit was in some respects still more notable. The



THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE GIRONDISTS.

—Karl Von Piloty.

length in our November number to the splendid exhibit of the Ontario Art Association.

Dominion Government and Sir George Drummond both kindly co-operated in securing this result. Its

success has justified the determination to make this feature still more prominent in the future than in the

dian Government brings vividly before us the great victory by which the control of the northern half of this



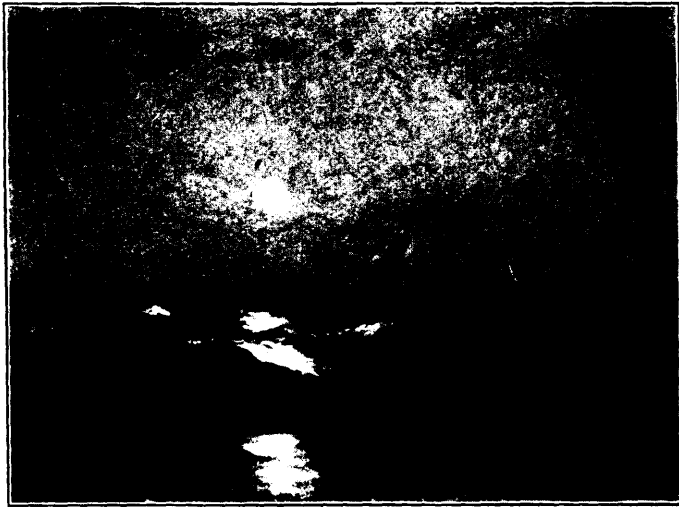
THE RAISING OF JAIUS' DAUGHTER.

—Gabriel Max.

past. Such exhibits are of great educational value, both from an esthetic and an ethical point of view. The splendid historic painting loaned by the Cana-

continent passed forever from the protection of the lilled flag of France to that of the red cross flag of Britain.

Benjamin West has been designated



MOONRISE AT SEA.

—Bell-Smith.

The principal pictures Mr. Bell-Smith showed at the last Toronto Industrial Exhibition were, "The Olympians, from Victoria, B.C.," "Moonrise at Sea," the subject of our cut; "Deep Sea Fishing" (water color), and several Rocky Mountain subjects.

the Anglo-American painter. He was born of Quaker parents in Pennsylvania, in 1738, died in London, 1820, at the venerable age of eighty-two. He was a precocious genius, and in his ninth year composed a picture which, sixty-seven years afterwards, he asserted contained touches which he had never surpassed. He studied art in Philadelphia and New York, and afterwards in the chief art centres of Europe. In 1763 he went to London, where he lived chiefly for the remaining fifty-seven years of his life. He painted classical and historical subjects, and enjoyed the personal friendship of George III., who for nearly forty years was his patron.

West's art career was one of almost unvarying prosperity. He sketched about four hundred pictures, many of which are of great size. One of his most famous is that of "The Death of Wolfe," which may be said to have created an era in the history of British art, from the fact that the figures

were habited, not in classical costume, but in that appropriate to their time and character. He has also a striking series of religious pieces. His "Christ Healing the Sick" was intended for a present to the Pennsylvania Hospital, but was purchased for three thousand pounds by the British Institute, and a copy with some alterations was sent by West to Philadelphia. In 1792 he succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the Royal Academy, declining the honor of knighthood. His paintings are widely known from the admirable steel engravings which have been published.

We quote from Withrow's History of Canada the following account of the great event which the genius of West has depicted and its result:

On the early moonless morning of September 13th, 1759, before day, Wolfe's fleet dropped silently down the river with the ebbing tide, accompanied by thirty barges containing sixteen hundred men, which, with



JOSEPH BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

muffled oars, closely hugged the shadows of the shore. Pale and weak with recent illness, Wolfe reclined among the officers, and, in a low tone, recited several stanzas of the recent poem, Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Perhaps the shadow of his own approaching fate stole upon his mind, as he whispered the strangely prophetic words:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
gave,
Alike await the inexorable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"I would rather have written those lines," he exclaimed, "than take Quebec to-morrow."

Challenged by an alert sentry, an officer gave the countersign, which had been learned from a French deserter, and the little flotilla was mistaken for a convoy of provisions expected from Montreal. Landing in a deeply shadowed cove, the agile Highlanders climbed lightly up the steep and narrow path leading to the summit. "Qui vive?" demanded the watchful sentinel. "La France," replied Captain McDonald, the Highland officer in command, and in a moment the guard was overpowered, and the troops swarmed rapidly up the rugged precipice.

When the sun rose the plain was glittering with the arms of plaided Highlanders and English red-coats, forming for battle. The skeleton French regiments hurried through the town, and about nine o'clock formed in long thin lines upon the Plains of Abraham without waiting for artillery, except two small field-pieces brought from the city. They numbered seven thousand five hundred famine-wasted and disheartened men, more than half of whom were, in the words of Wolfe, "a disorderly peasantry." Opposed to them were less than five thousand* veteran troops eager for the fray, and strong in their confidence in their beloved general.

Almost at the first fire Wolfe was struck by a bullet that shattered his wrist. Binding a handkerchief around the wound, he led the way to victory. In a moment a ball pierced his side, but he still cheered on his men. Soon a third shot lodged deep in his breast. Staggering into the arms of an officer, he exclaimed, "Support me! let not my brave fellows see me fall." He was borne to the rear and gently laid upon the ground. "See! they run!" exclaimed one of the officers, standing by. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, arousing as from a swoon. "The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere," was the reply. "What! already?" said the dying man, and he gave orders to cut off their retreat. "Now God be praised," he murmured, "I die content."

His brave adversary, Montcalm, also fell mortally wounded, and was borne from the field. "How long shall I live?" he asked the surgeon. "Not many hours," was the reply. "I am glad of it," he said, "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." To an officer he said, "Since it is my misfortune to be defeated and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation.

* The exact number was 4,828. That of the French was 7,520.



KARL VON PILOTY.

tion that I have been defeated by so great and generous an enemy." He died before midnight, and, cofined in a rude box, was buried amid the tears of his soldiers in a grave made by the bursting of a shell. So perished a brave and noble-hearted man, a skilful general and an incorruptible patriot.

Near the scene of their death a grateful people have erected a shaft in common to the rival commanders, who recognized each other's merit in life, and now keep the truce of death. The two races which met in the shock of battle now dwell together beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.

England had never known a year of such triumphs as this. In all parts of the world her arms were victorious. At Lagos, at Quiberon, at Minden, at Quebec, her fleets or armies won new renown. "We must ask every morning," said Horace Walpole, "what new victory there is."

The conquest of Canada by the British was the most fortunate event in its history. It supplanted the institutions of the Middle Ages by those of modern civilization. It gave local self-government for abject submission to a foreign power and a corrupt

court. It gave the protection of the habeas-corpus and trial by jury, instead of the oppressive tribunals of feudalism. For ignorance and repression it gave free schools and a free press. It removed the arbitrary shackles from trade, and abolished its unjust monopolies. It enfranchised the serfs of the soil, and restricted the excessive power of the seigneurs. It gave an ampler liberty to the people, and a loftier impulse to progress, than was before known. It banished the greedy cormorants who grew rich by the official plunder of the poor. The waste and ruin of a prolonged and cruel war were succeeded by the reign of peace and prosperity; and the pinchings of famine by the rejoicings of abundance. The *habitants* could now cultivate their long-neglected acres free from the molestation of Indian massacres, or fear of British invasion; nor were they subject to the continual pillage of a Varin, a Cadet, or a Bigot. The departure of the impoverished but haughty *noblesse*, who looked down on honest labor, instead of being a social loss, relieved the industry of the country of a grievous incubus. Even the conquered colonists themselves soon recognized their improved condition under their generous conquerors.

The three great pictures kindly loaned by Sir George Drummond are of no less interest, and in artistic merit are of still greater value. The "Last Ride of the Girondists" depicts one of the most tragic episodes in the history of the French Revolution. This group of patriots who took their name from the department of the Gironde, reduced at last to twenty-two, after the death of the King and Queen, were flung into the prison of the *conciergerie*, and sentenced to death. "Yielding to violence," says Carlyle, "the doomed lift the hymn of the Marseillaise, and return sing-

ing to their dungeon. Their last night is spent in discourses on the happiness of the people, in wild coruscations of eloquence. This is how it all ends."

"But on the morrow morning all Paris is out; such a crowd as no man had seen. The death-carts, Valaze's cold corpse stretched among the yet living Twenty-one, roll along. Bare-headed, hands bound; in their shirt-sleeves, coat flung loosely round the neck; so fare the eloquent of France; bemurmured, beshouted. To the shouts of *Vive la Republique*, some of them keep answering with counter-shouts of *Vive la Republique*. Others as Brissot, sit sunk in silence. At the foot of the scaffold they again strike up, with appropriate variations, the hymn of the Marseillaise. Such an act of music; conceive it well! The yet Living chant there; the chorus so rapidly wearing weak! Samson's axe is rapid; one head per minute, or little less. The chorus is wearing weak; the chorus is worn out;—farewell for evermore, ye Girondins. The sickle of the guillotine has reaped the Girondins all away. 'The eloquent, the young, the beautiful and brave!' exclaims Riouffe. O Death, what feast is toward in thy ghastly halls!" / ? The triumphant entry of a Moorish conqueror into a Christian city reveals the horrors of a siege and conquest in a way more tragical even than that of Port Arthur. On the surrender of that fortress the chivalry of the Japanese paid every honor to their brave opponents. They were allowed to march out from the doomed fortress which they defended so well with all the honors of war. The sick and wounded received most sedulous care. Upon a Moorish conquest such as depicted in this painting the tragedy but deepens. It is often the signal for sack and pillage, and the helpless victims, especially women and children, are at the absolute disposal of the conquerors. The contrast



GABRIEL MAX.

in this great painting of the magnificent Saracenic architecture, the wealth of jewels, rugs and robes, makes the pitiful misery of the victims the more appealing. The odious executioners stand with whetted sword, and the proud conqueror exults in his absolute irresponsibility and despotic power.

? It is a relief to turn from Constant's picture of contrasted brightness and gloom to the tender and beautiful paintings of "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," by the great German artist Gabriel Max. The Rev. George Bond, B.A., in *The Christian Guardian*, thus describes the effect of this ministry of art upon the people:

The artist's conception of the scene was intensely realistic, while at the same time his treatment of it was most delicate and reverent. The body of the young girl lay upon a couch, the head and shoulders slightly raised, the sweet, pallid face, with the damp hair loosely swept back from the forehead, inclined to the spectator, while the shroud, partially unwound, revealed the slender arms lying flaccid and cold at the sides. On the edge of the couch, partially in the shadow, and half-turned from the spectator, Jesus was seated, with eyes fixed upon the face of the maiden, and holding

one of her relaxed and waxen hands in His own warm clasp. There was a pathos in the figure of the dead girl that appealed at once and irresistibly to the beholder. It was all so sad and pitiful and tragic—the cutting short of that fair young life. You thought of the heart-break in that home, of the mother's anguish, of the agony and distress of the whole bereaved family, of the awful shock and shattering to a thousand hopes and desires and fond affections. The innocent, up-turned face, the thin, bare, girlish arms lying so limp and lifeless, touched you to the quick. You felt, as you had often felt in facing the doings of death, its hardness and cruelty.

But when you turned to the other figure, so quiet, so majestically tender, so mutely sympathetic, so gracious in its simple humanity, so great in its self-conscious divinity, you were impressed at once with a feeling of relief and exultation. As you watched, you could see the miracle, as it were, in progress. The eyelids of the dead girl were already tremulously opening, and the first faint pulses of renewed life were already beginning to beat beneath that deathly pallor. Almost you could hear the "Talitha Cumi," as it summoned the departed spirit back to its fair, frail tenement of clay. And your first feeling of pity and sorrow gave place to an awed and affectionate appreciation of the love and power of Christ. Your gaze lingered upon Him, the outline of His figure, the pose of His head, the pity and tenderness and strength so plainly written in His face. He was there before you, the Christ of Nazareth and Capernaum, the Prophet of Galilee, the Teacher sent from God, the Master whom Jairus had pleaded with to heal his daughter's disease, and who had come to restore her even from death to her parents' arms.

By the wise arrangement of the Exhibition Committee, the picture practically occupied a room to itself. It was in deep shadow, save where, festooned and canopied deep in crimson, the subdued light fell full upon it, and brought it out in strong relief. And into and through that room the thousands of visitors passed, hushing their miscellaneous chatter at the very entrance, and pausing in awed silence before it, or in quiet whispers pointing out its details one to the other as they lingered long before it, and then, with many a backward look, and with faces wonderfully softened and elevated in expression, passed out of the building.

We have seldom seen a more impressive instance of the power of genius in art applied to the highest purposes, to reach and impress the masses. Hundreds of thousands of people in those two weeks of the Toronto Exhibition passed before that great picture and stood in rapt and reverent admiration before it. To every one of them it silently, but with tremendous cogency and eloquence, preached the Gospel. It brought those men and women and children from the rush and whirl and excitement of the Exhibition atmosphere straight into the very presence of Jesus Christ. They saw Him. They almost heard Him. They felt His presence and his power and love at work for suffering humanity. The Man at that bedside, the Man with that dead hand in His, the Man with that benignant countenance turned in sympathy and pity and might of succor upon the dead girl before Him, was Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of sinning, sorrowing men to all time, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. And hearts were thrilled, and tears came all unbidden, as the people stood as in the very presence of the scene portrayed. And they went away the better for the picture sermon, not to forget it, as ser-

mons are so often forgotten, but to carry it away with them, fixed as truly great pictures always fix themselves indelibly upon the memory.

For ourselves, as we stood beside the picture, and yielded to its subtle and gracious influence, and as we watched other people moved, as we were moved, to high and holy thought under its inspiration, we thanked God for Gabriel Max, the painter, who to us and to them, and doubtless to many, many thousands more, was Gabriel Max, the preacher. And we thanked God that amid the hosts of artists who in these days make art the handmaiden of the world, the flesh and the devil, there are found men of true genius and noble ideal who consecrate it to the highest service of God and man. 2

3 Karl Von Piloty, the painter of this fine picture, was born in that great art centre, Munich, in 1826, and received his early art training in the Munich Academy, where he studied under Schnorr and Karl Schorn. He afterwards continued his studies in those great art capitals, Venice, Dresden, Antwerp and Paris. He went to Rome in 1856 to paint his historic picture, "Nero on the Ruins of Rome." He died in his sixtieth year, after having achieved rare distinction in his art. 7

4 Benjamin Constant, the famous artist, achieved the highest distinction in his comparatively short life of fifty years. He was a pupil of Cabanel, and of the School of Fine Arts in Paris, and won the distinction of the blue ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his thirty-third year. He made a reputation as a painter of brilliant Oriental subjects in which the strongly contrasted lights and shadows and rich textures of Eastern fabrics were congenial themes. He received a commission of \$50,000 from the British Government for a portrait of Queen Victoria, which he

completed a short time before his death, and a majestic treatment it was. 2

5 Gabriel Max is one of those artists of Bohemia who have reflected honor and renown upon their native country. He was born in the old historic city of Prague in 1840, and early won his way to distinction. He became an honorary member of the Munich Academy, and received the gold medals of merit of both Berlin and Munich, two of the most coveted distinctions in art achievement. He has painted many historic and religious pictures. Among the most celebrated of these are his "Cœur de Lion beside his Father," painted in 1858, and "The Maid of Orleans," painted in 1882. Among his most famous religious pictures are "The Nun," painted in 1869, and the one of which we give a reproduction, "The Raising of the Daughter of Jairus," in 1875.

Frederick M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., inherits his artistic instincts from his father, the late John Bell-Smith, an English artist of repute, who, coming to Canada in 1866, founded the Society of Canadian Artists, Montreal, the first ever formed in Canada. His son was born in London, and has won distinction as a portrait and figure painter. In his treatment of the cloud-girt and mist-enshrouded mountains he has achieved a distinguished success. His "Lights of a City Street," a scene on King Street, Toronto, will be remembered as one of his brilliant canvases. In depicting the incidents connected with the death of Sir John Thompson, he obtained a personal sitting from Queen Victoria, an honor accorded to but three or four living artists in the world.

Mr. Bell-Smith has devoted special attention to the art interpretation of the majestic scenery of our Canadian Rockies. He has penetrated to some of their previously unexplored recesses, and has been the first to portray their lonely solitudes.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

BY NATHANAEL BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D., F.R.S.C.,

Chancellor Victoria University.



THE history of a country is largely determined by the character of its people. Especially is this the case with the founders of a new nation. The outline of North American colonial history, the Revolution, and the dominant characteristics of American national life, may all be found in the type to be found on board the "Mayflower" and on Plymouth Rock.

The U. E. Loyalists were the founders of Upper Canada. As the first on the ground, they gave shape to the usages of domestic and social life, to the methods of transacting business, to the first attempts at municipal institutions, to the religious life, and to the form of education of the new country. Other elements entered at a later date more or less homogeneous with these. In many instances they formed distinct settlements, Scotch, Irish, English, German; but these lacked the advantage of being first on the ground. The institutions of the country were started, and generally firmly rooted, before they entered. They sometimes dominated a township, or even a county. Amongst themselves they may have maintained a distinct language, as Gaelic or German, and distinct modes of life characteristic of their national origin. But these influences were local. They may have modified, but they have not given the fundamental mould to the life, the character, and the history of our province. Perhaps the Scotch has been the most powerful and pervasive of

these accessory forces which have influenced our national character, and yet it has failed to make us a Scotch rather than a Canadian people.

This Canadian character is sometimes spoken of as if it were composite in its origin. It has, indeed, been modified by various influences; but we think that we shall find its truly distinctive peculiarities in that grand old type from which our Upper Canadian life began.

It is impossible for us to-day to overestimate the importance to our country of the fact that this type was a noble one. We speak this not as a matter of pride, but as a fact which has made us what we are. This common character of our ancestry was very largely determined by the circumstances which forced them to this country. They were not banished to this land as convicts. They were not drawn to it as adventurers or by the love of sport. They did not rush forth to it for the love of gold. They did not move hither to better their circumstances. They did not seek it, as outlaws and vagabonds seek to get beyond the pale of civilization and law that they may escape the punishment due to their crimes, or may indulge their lawless and criminal passions without restraint. They came to this land leaving comfortable homes, the graves of their fathers, the associations of their childhood, the wealth accumulated by years of industry; and went forth to face discomfort and poverty and suffering and want for the sake of their principles. This was the common bond that united them from the Carolinas and Virginia, on

the south, to New Hampshire and New York on the north. This was the "natural selection," to borrow Darwin's phrase, which sifted these sixty thousand out from the three million of the Colonists, and brought them to the provinces which now constitute our great Dominion. Our object in this brief paper is to study the working of this principle and the quality of the men whom it separated as Gideon's band to go north and found a new British nation.

The principle upon which the U. E. Loyalists were selected from the three millions of colonists of North America was one which is illustrated in the history of all lands. Two types of human character are to be found in all aggregations of humanity. The one is mobile, responsive to all new influences, strong in its impulses, and active and energetic in its movements; the other is self-contained, is with difficulty moved from its customary habits of life and modes of thought, and moves only with great deliberation. The predominance of one or other of these types gives character to a nation and direction to its history. The Celt and the Gaul are examples of the first, the Teuton and the Saxon of the second. The first is distinguished by its intensity, the second by its more equable strength and continuity. The first is in sympathy with reforms, and originates new movements; and takes the lead in all real or supposed advance; the second perpetuates the good which comes to us as the heritage of the ages. Both have their degenerate forms. The first easily runs into license and lawlessness, into extravagance and fanaticism; in politics it easily heads an insurrection; in religion it runs into schism, free thought and atheism; in business it launches into reckless speculation; in science it runs to fads and new theories. The second has its corresponding besetting sins.

It may settle down into the sleepy round of what has been since the days of the flood; in politics it maintains old forms of abuse and tyranny, and perpetuates worn-out methods and forms; in religion it may substitute antiquity for truth, formal ceremony for the spirit of devotion; in business it may fail to recognize the new wants and the new opportunities of a new age and may waste its capital in building and working after the manner of the past; in politics we call the one type conservative and the other liberal; or we may say tory and whig or radical. But these names often confound real distinctions. The ultra tory sometimes, without changing his name or party, becomes the real liberal, and the liberal under the responsibilities of office becomes the true conservative. We must always study the real historical character of a movement or a policy, rather than its name or the party from which it proceeds.

It was this principle which created the first great line of cleavage in the people of the North American Colonies. The conservative people, including the men of wealth and social standing, the official class and the clergy of at least three of the Churches were not in favour of the extreme movements of the revolutionists. While they recognized the grievances of which complaint was made, they had everything to lose and nothing to gain by change; and both their interests and their habits were opposed to the revolutionists. It is said by competent authorities that one-third of the population, or a million people, might be reckoned in this class at the beginning of the war. Their active opponents probably did not number more, the other third being that class who will always fall to the prevailing side.

But conservatism alone would be very far from giving us the final win-

nowing principle of the U. E. Loyalist movement. It is said that one hundred thousand people left the new republic at the close of the war, *i. e.*, one in ten of what might be reckoned as the conservative element. The other nine, notwithstanding their indisposition to novelties, were content to remain and make the best of it under the new conditions. A tithe of the conservative third of the population were the chosen ones to go forth to build the new land of Men of the North. How were these separated from their fellow-citizens, and by what stamp of character were they distinguished?

It is impossible to find this line of separation in any peculiarity of national origin or civic relation or industrial employment. It perhaps might be said that they were men of the rural parts rather than of the city. They had a very decided religious complexion. In Upper Canada the largest number were of the Church of England, next came a very considerable body of Methodists, and a number of Quakers, Mennonites, Dutch Reformed, Lutherans, and Baptists, and a body of Highland Roman Catholics. It might be said of them all that they were men of decided religious character and convictions. The absence of Presbyterians and Congregationalists, if not complete, was notable. But this decidedly religious character of the whole body by no means explains the bond which united them. A far larger number of all these religious persuasions remained behind. It is true that the Anglican clergy and the Methodist preachers were especially obnoxious to the revolutionary party, and were subjected to very bitter persecution. The great majority of the Anglican clergy returned to England, and but two or three accompanied their people to the northern wilds. The great body of

the Methodist preachers stood to their posts, and soon built up the most powerful religious body in the new republic. But out of three hundred Methodist preachers and sixty thousand members at the close of the last century, but five preachers and a few hundred members were found in Canada.

The body of U. E. Loyalists was thus not built up along ecclesiastical lines, though the fact that some Churches were strongly represented and others not so indicates something like a cleavage in that direction. Some of the Anglican clergy, including Bishop Seabury, were of the revolutionary party, and were sufficient in numbers to form the nucleus of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, and were able to retain a large part of their adherents in the country. The natural or political selection of the tithe who went out was thus not formed along ecclesiastical lines. Nor was there any ecclesiastical affinity even among the Loyalists themselves to unite them in their purpose either before or after their arrival in Canada. The Anglicans and Methodists each despised the other in their own way and for their own reasons. Both were widely separated from the Highland Catholics; the Baptists were not congenial to either; and the only ecclesiastical affinity apparent was between the Anglicans and Lutherans, or between the Quakers and Methodists. And yet all were, each in his own way, truly earnest and decidedly religious people. This at least was one definite feature of their moral character, and if it was not the proximate cause of their loyalty, it was at least in harmony with it.

Whether, therefore, we regard the U. E. Loyalists as driven out of the Republic by positive persecution or as going into voluntary exile for the sake of their political principles, we have still to inquire why they alone of all

their fellow-citizens of the same political cast of character, of the same political convictions, and at the beginning, and even throughout the course of the war, taking the same side in their sympathies and at least passive relations, why these alone were driven out or went out for conscience's sake? Even supposing that they were all driven out, we cannot regard it as a matter of accident that these individually were driven out by force or made so uncomfortable in their environment that they fled from uncongenial neighborhood.

The answer to this question is not far to seek. They were the men of such strong character, of such decided convictions, that a passive life was to them a decided impossibility. They were not your men of policy, men who can be all things to all men. They were not men to whom temporal or financial interests were supreme, and who could hold even political convictions subordinate to the interests of property. They were men of that strong personality which must assert its right of individual liberty of thought and action. They were men with the courage of their convictions. They have been painted as men of the slavish spirit, men who were too tame to strike for liberty. But strike for liberty was just the very thing which they did. But they regarded the all-surrounding tyranny of an insolent faction, the tyranny which was at their doors and over their daily life, as far more repugnant to their sense of liberty than the occasional tax or legislative interference of a king and parliament three thousand miles away. With such decided character it was impossible but that they should be men of mark under any circumstance in which they might be placed. If this strongly defined character had been in harmony with the popular feeling of the day they would be the heroes of

the hour. But when it was antagonistic they were doomed to persecution and exile, if not to death.

This strength of character which sifted the U. E. Loyalists out from among all the weaker and more plastic spirits of their time and which made them the peers as well as the opponents of the strong spirits on the other side, the leaders of the revolution, was not a characteristic to disappear in a single generation; it has perpetuated itself for four generations of our history, as has been well pointed out by Sir John Bourinot. The leading names among the sixty thousand of a hundred years ago are still leading names among the six millions of to-day. At the end of the first generation, they were at the front in 1812; at the end of the second they were the men to step forward in 1837; at the end of the third they were again at the front in 1866, and their names are not wanting in the South Africa Contingents of 1899 and 1900. This peculiar strength of character is a grandly hereditary trait, and hence a most important element in the young life of a new nation. It has since been reinforced by the more adventurous and liberal spirit of the "Westward Ho!" men of England, Ireland and Scotland, which is again an element of strongly-marked character; but this new strain has never superseded the original parentage which gave Anglo-Saxon foundation and character, both to Upper Canada and the Maritime Provinces.

It must not be forgotten that the element which was thus sifted out to form the basis of our national life in Canada, was by the very same part and process eliminated from the foundations of national life in the Republic. Our gain was their loss—and it was a loss which was not compensated by subsequent additions to their population. The immigrant element is always the opposite of conservative, except

when driven out by persecution, as in the case of the Doukhobors and Mennonites who have recently come to us. The millions who have crowded to the United States have been of the restless, progressive class, the class who are ever forgetting the old and seeking the new. They have intensified rather than moderated the revolutionary spirit of the founders of that nation. The difference in national character between the north and the south of the great lakes has thus become more marked with the lapse of time, and since the close of the first generation there never was less tendency towards annexation than there is to-day.

We have, it is true, received by immigration a large infusion into our population of adventurous blood. But its effect has been not to intensify an adventurous original stock, but to give greater energy and movement to the old conservative life. At times, as in '37 and '49, too large an influx of this strain produced a little annexation talk; but the effervescence speedily sifted over to Michigan and Wisconsin and California, and the rest has easily been assimilated into our strong, steady Canadian life. In contrast with our neighbors to the south we are sometimes called slow. We certainly are not so noisy, as bustling, as restless as they are. We perhaps do not launch out as readily into speculations and untried experiments. But if we build more slowly we build more solidly, and the final result will be, we think, a stronger and more perfect and desirable type of national life and character.

But to return to the U. E. Loyalists. We have seen that their character was of the conservative type, and that it was strong. These two were the distinctive forces of the selection by which they were separated from the American people. But these two are very far from exhausting the import-

ant elements of their moral character. We have already noted, by the way, that they were a very religious people. Methodists, Baptists, Quakers and Mennonites were not in those days such as matters of mere traditional form. The Anglicans and Lutherans, who completed the count of religious bodies, by their subsequent history in this province, gave full proof of the strength and earnestness of their religious convictions. These religious convictions resulted at once in the establishment, under great difficulties, of the ordinances of religious worship. Coeval with the building of their own humble cabins, there arose equally modest places of worship, erected and maintained, with a single exception, by their own unaided efforts. As a result, perhaps in no country in Christian lands is attendance upon Christian worship more generally characteristic of the people. Scotland alone can be compared with Canada in that respect. They were, moreover, a law-abiding people. This we should certainly expect from a people who sacrificed everything for the sake of their loyalty. But that statement conveys no adequate impression of their unquestioning submission and profound attachment to the established and legal institutions of their country. The authority of these things was to them as imperative as that of their religious faith. They could see quickly enough defects and wrongs in the men who administered law, but to them the law itself was right and not to be changed. To dream of such a thing as reforming the law or the constitution was to their minds sacrilege and sin. The law-making and law-changing spirit of modern democracy had never invaded their thoughts. Some of us can very clearly recall the spirit of our grandfathers on this point. But in other ways this sacred regard for law

was manifest. In their isolated settlements they did not wait for the institutions of law and government to reach them from London or Quebec, but at once put in motion the necessary local machinery to preserve a lawful order in their neighborhoods until due authority could reach them from the King's representative. There was absolutely among them no mob law or lynch law, and crime itself was scarcely known for years.

There are many other characteristics of this people upon which time will not permit us to dwell at length, but which all exerted a most important influence upon the future of our country. Their patient industry converted the wilderness into a garden. Their frugal habits of life laid the foundations of wealth. Their kindly, neighborly spirit of mutual helpfulness created some peculiar primitive in-

stitutions, which are now almost forgotten because no longer needful to our modern life.

Such is a very imperfect presentation of the moral qualities of our forefathers. They are perhaps not the most popular qualities, they are certainly not of the brilliant and showy type. But they are qualities without which no people can become great and strong with permanent strength, and they are qualities as necessary to freedom and successful self-government, as they are to the permanency and strength of national institutions. We can only hope that these sterling qualities of the fathers of our country may abide with us to all generations, and that no flashlights of liberty, falsely so called, may turn us aside from the course of national destiny which their strong sense and loyal spirit have marked out for us.

THE BLISS OF CHRIST'S PRESENCE.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, and fairer than day's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

A BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND.

BY REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M., PH.D.



ONE of England's most distinguished physicians in the latter part of the last century was Sir Henry Holland. When nearing the end of his career, he published an autobiography entitled "Recollections of Past Life," a book that will still well repay reading. His life was a happy and successful one from start to finish. He never knew financial care or anxiety, from early youth possessing a competency that lifted him above all struggle and strain.

He tells us that, with rare exceptions, his health was "singularly good; that he had never engaged in any personal controversy," and that his children "had been none other than a source of satisfaction and happiness."

At least two months of each year were spent in foreign travel.

He was born October 27th, 1788, at Knutsford, Cheshire. His childhood was not marked by any special event, the only change of which he speaks being an occasional visit to his maternal grandmother at Newcastle-under-Tyne, and to her brother, Josiah Wedgwood, at Etruria. In one particular the boy seems to have been father of the man.

As a boy he took great pleasure in exploring the country around his native village, and frequently served as a guide to visitors. In his eleventh year he went to Newcastle-on-Tyne as a pupil of the Rev. W. Turner. Upon this journey he had his first view of

the sea, and he tells us that when eighty years of age he visited and stood upon the very spot where this experience came to him, and the next day embarked on a voyage of five thousand miles to Jamaica. Well does Sir Henry add, "Such relations of time to events are not common in the history of a single life."

Four years were spent at Newcastle, "marked by a fair amount of bodily and mental activity." Two short courses in chemistry and electricity, the coal mines, the surrounding scenery, and the crowded port, all combined to awaken the intellectual life of the growing youth.

Leaving Newcastle, a year was spent in the school of Dr. Estlin, near Bristol. Here he formed the acquaintance of the afterward famous Dr. Bright. With this year his school life came to an end.

Now a lad of sixteen, he felt drawn toward a mercantile life for his future career, and became an articled clerk in a great Liverpool house, with the privilege of passing two sessions at the Glasgow University. These two sessions decided his life-work, and he became convinced that his first choice had been a mistake.

His determination was to become a physician, a decision from which he never swerved, and that he never had cause to regret. Among the youths with whom he became acquainted at Glasgow was one who lived to become the most learned of Scotch metaphysical writers. This was Sir W. Hamilton.

When eighteen years of age, he en-

tered the medical school of Edinburgh, and in due time graduated, and commenced the practice of medicine, in which he soon rose to eminence.

Two things give great interest to Sir Henry's autobiography, his frequent journeys to distant parts of the world, and his reminiscences of famous people whom he met as patients or friends in the course of his long life.

It may seem strange that a physician could spend so much time in the luxury of travel, but Sir Henry's practice was largely among the aristocracy of London, and his patients were mostly themselves out of town during the time of his absence. With so much method did he conduct his professional labors and his journeys, that it was not uncommon for him to resume the practice of his profession upon the very day, and even hour, of his arrival at home. Upon one occasion, on returning from a tour to Persia, he found a patient waiting for him in his consulting-room.

More than once, in returning from America, he began a round of visits from the Euston Station. These extended tours were continued until the veteran traveller was well beyond his eightieth birthday. One of these visits to the United States was made during the Civil War, and while here he was the guest of Mr. H. Seward and General Meade. It is pleasant to read that he became well acquainted with Mr. Lincoln. I need hardly add that this distinguished Englishman was an ardent friend of the United States.

While a student in the University of Edinburgh, Sir Henry became on very intimate terms with Sir Walter Scott, of whom he writes: "I still hold in happy memory the little suppers at his house in Castle Street, of which he himself was the soul and spirit, his countenance, heavy in its

ordinary aspect, kindling suddenly into life and merriment at the racy Scotch stories which he ever had at hand to point and illustrate the matter of converse, whatever it might be."

With Maria Edgeworth he maintained an unbroken and affectionate correspondence for more than forty years. He declares that her letters to him in themselves would form a volume.

In one of his journeys, Sir Henry made rather a lengthy visit to the Turkish city of Janina, and while there acted as physician to the famous, or infamous, Ali Pasha, of whom he relates the following incident: "A conversation on poisons, designedly but warily brought on, ended by his asking me whether I knew of any poison, which, put on the mouthpiece of a pipe, or given in coffee, might slowly and silently kill, leaving no note behind. The instant and short answer I gave that as a physician I had studied how to save life, not to destroy it, was probably, as I judged from his face, faithfully translated to him. He quitted the subject abruptly, and never afterwards reverted to it."

While in Greece, he saw Byron's "Maid of Athens," and declares that "her youthful beauty, though somewhat embellished by the warmth of poetry, was such as might well attract the fancy of the poet."

Madame de Stael he frequently met at dinner and other social functions, and was led to believe that "she would willingly have surrendered something of her intellectual fame for a little more of personal beauty. She was ever curiously demonstrative of her arms, as the feature which best satisfied this aspiration." This goes to show that the most exalted intellect and station are not exempt from the ordinary foibles of the race.

In Paris, Sir Henry met such men of world-wide and enduring fame as

Laplace and Cuvier. Of the former he says: "I sat next to Laplace at dinner, and his fine intellectual, yet courtly, face is still vividly before me, as is the memory of a long conversation with him on the geological theories and controversies of the day."

In 1852 he was appointed Physician-Ordinary to the Queen, and a few years later was created a baronet. As might have been expected, many eminent and titled persons were enrolled upon his list of patients, among others six prime ministers, King Leopold, Queen Caroline, Napoleon III., Talleyrand, Guizot, and Jefferson Davis.

Of some of his distinguished patients he has left very interesting reminiscences. Lord Palmerston had a remarkable faculty of mastering or ignoring pain. "I have seen him," Sir Henry writes, "under a fit of gout which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of writing or reading or public business almost without abatement, amidst the chaos of papers which covered the floor, as well as the tables, of his room."

Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Campbell, Moore, and Joanna Baillie he numbered not only among his patients, but personal friends, while with Byron, Southey, Rogers, and Crabbe he was intimate, though not professionally so. Coleridge, whom he occasionally met, he describes as "an eloquent but intolerable talker, impatient of the speech and opinions of others, very inconsecutive, and putting forth a plethora of words, misty dogmas in theology and metaphysics, partly of German origin, which he never seemed to me to clear up to his own understanding or to that of others."

Famous dinner parties were given by the poet Rogers. "His dinners were fashioned in the same artistic

mould as his poetry; the society small and select; the cookery superlative; no candles on the table, but light thrown from shaded lamps on the pictures around the room, each a small but consummate gem of art. As a specimen of these dinner parties, I remember one where I met Walter Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Luttrell, Lockhart, and, I think, my friend Henry Taylor, now the sole survivor of the number."

In the "Recollections," we find the following very interesting note concerning Malthus, whose "Essay on Population" made such a sensation, and gave rise to the phrase "Malthusian Theory": "The personal aspect of Malthus usually excited some surprise. With genial, even gentle expression of features, he had a tremulous, stammering voice, seemingly little fitted for the utterance of any doctrine which could be deemed dangerous to society."

Of the famous dramatist, Joanna Baillie, he writes that he saw much of her, both as a friend and patient. "Her gentle simplicity, with a Scotch tinge coloring it, to the end of her life won the admiration of those who knew nothing of her power of dramatic poetry. It was pleasant to visit her in the quiet house at Hampstead, in which she lived with her sister Agnes."

The observations made by Sir Henry upon the various changes made in society during his long life, are such as indicate a keen intellect and progressive spirit. He notes the progress achieved in the publication of newspapers. Certainly he was no pessimist. "I have always," he says, looked back with much interest at the newspapers of my early youth. Few in number, tardy and limited in their circulation, scanty of intelligence, and rarely and feebly touching on those

great questions which agitate the world, they were comparatively powerless for good or for evil."

He also notes a "more general and rigid demand for evidence on every subject of inquiry," as characteristic of modern times. He dwells upon "the increased fastness of living, incident to all classes and occupations of men," and declares that "the charm of a tranquil leisure is less appreciated and sought after."

Sir Henry, in his "Recollections," gives a very characteristic incident in connection with President Lincoln: "I recollect sitting with him and Mr. Seward over a log-fire in the White House (the Federal forts and General Lee's dismantled villa seen from the windows across the Potomac) a few hours only after intelligence had been

received of the first disastrous battle of Chattanooga. The conversation at first centred on this event, but the cheerful temperament of these two remarkable men soon transferred it to other topics, and the President amused himself and us by some of those racy anecdotes which so often convey more of practical truth than any dry reasoning can afford, now and then stopping for a moment to put a fresh log on the fire."

As physician, traveller, author, and observer of men and things, Sir Henry Holland was a very remarkable character, and the review of his long and useful life, that he himself has furnished, is full of interest to the student of the literary, social, and political history of the past century.

Rutherford, New Jersey.



WHAT I KNOW.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

When the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right ;
That it is not good to lie ;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
The leash of sober mind ;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find ;

That the rulers must obey ;
That the givers shall increase ;
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace.

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE AFTERGLOW.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

CHAPTER XI.



IT was a beautiful Sabbath morning, the warm, moist air redolent with the odor of the dripping evergreens.

There was service at the hall, and Ruth, in her chair, and I, had sat outside the open door.

Out of respect for the individual views of the cosmopolitan assembly, the service was of no particular doctrinal form, but as the speaker proceeded with his discourse, I could not help wondering if the needs and opinions of these people were so diametrically different that something less complex and comprehensive must have aroused objection.

In aiming to spare the prejudices of some, the possible needs of all were subjected; the result was a clever theological discourse, dry as last year's leaves, less fragrant than their branches.

As it came to a neat and decorous close, Ruth lifted her eyes to mine; her swift glance saying as plainly as if she had spoken, "Is there anything in that for a hungry soul? Stones for bread, a serpent for a fish."

A little back of the main building was a jutting point of earth-encrusted rock, covered with green grass, and deeply shaded by tall, towering maples. Although so near the central location it was a little out of the main thoroughfare, and it was here that Ruth and I ensconced ourselves this Sabbath afternoon.

Before us spread the lake, rippling in the half-veiled sunshine, and breaking in on the sands with a soft musical cadence, particularly soothing. Within a few yards, and stretching away as far as the eye could reach, ran the pebbly beach, curving away to the west in smooth, unbroken outline. It was particularly gay this afternoon. All the life of the resort had gathered upon it. In groups, in couples, strolling, idling, or resting in boats drawn up out of the water. There was an animation and air of joyous freedom in it all that was trying to a helpless onlooker.

We had sat in perfect silence for an hour contemplating the scene before us, while I was dimly conscious all the time of what was passing in my cousin's mind. Presently she spoke:

"Life must very sweet to those who have the health and youth and happy hopes. Look at that girl in the white muslin. She does not look unlike me—I suppose she is about my age, and yet we are separated in thought and feeling at least ten years."

"Do you wonder that I grow bitter when I look at those girls in all their youth and bloom? That is what I enjoyed once, and now—look at me! My prospects were as bright as theirs until that hateful day that robbed me of everything life and youth hold dear.

"Do you know, Alice, I would give everything—everything—to live that period of happiness over again; to pass over that day and its cruel blight. Think how different my life would have been now. Oh! I am almost mad at times with the pain of it. I can never be reconciled to this: this weakness, this inactivity, this living death."

It was always painful to me beyond expression to see her in one of those passionate outbursts. She would stretch out her hands in pathetic entreaty one moment; the next they would close hard, working spasmodically, while her slight form trembled as if from a chill.

Holding her hands in mine, I spoke to her in a quiet, meditative tone:

"Did it never occur to you, Ruth, that there might have been demands of your higher nature that a life of mere pleasure would have failed to gratify?"

"Do you think you would have never wearied of the recurring round of trivialities, the jealous rivalries, the petty little vanities, the inevitable slights and stabs? To me these appear as liable to harden and embitter as disappointment and enforced retirement.

"In the last case one may make their thoughts as sweet and pure as they wish; in the other it is not always so easy.

"I cannot think any life so narrow that it is entirely shorn of opportunities. Social life, perhaps, offers the most; but how many misuse them for selfish and ambitious ends?"

"Your life, Ruth, is full of beautiful possibilities—"

"Possibilities!" she interrupted, dryly, "are for those who have strength and opportunities to develop them."

"But, dear, because you are physically disqualified does not render you practically so."

"But what can I do?" she cried, stretching out her poor, frail arms; "I cannot even carry my father's slippers to him at night, and as for Grace, the less we see of each other, the fewer tears and protestations on her side; the less expenditure of temper and vital force on mine."

"And yet," I said, taking up this new clue; "she will soon be a young woman—she will want a confidant; she is child now—she wants a mother."

I was conscious I might be touching a tender cord and hesitated, but after I had spoken she did not remove her eyes from the water; did not change countenance for some moments. Suddenly her eyes filled with blinding tears, and in another moment her face was in my lap, and she was sobbing.

"I have felt all that," she said, between her sobs, "a thousand times. And my father—my poor father, is so changed since my mother died. I think he always fancied I would take her place to some extent; but Grace is more like her, and it is she he loves."

"Oh! I have wanted, especially since I have known you, to be different; but I am so weak, so helpless."

"There is One ever ready to help you, Ruth. One whose strength is made perfect through your weakness."

"Oh! I don't know Him; He must be cruel. How can a God of love lay such afflictions on His children. He seems to me like some far-off arbitrary Judge dealing out justice without love."

"His judgments are true and righteous altogether," I interposed, softly. "'He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities,'"

"Love, Ruth," I added, "love and mercy are the emblems of His sovereignty."

"Oh! I cannot reconcile that love with the infliction of pain and suffering," she cried. "Leave me alone! I can't believe yet. I must wait; I must think."

She was always, in her reasonings, in her self arguments, coming back to this "inconsistency," as she termed it, in justification of her unyielding attitude.

so I left her alone, as she desired, trusting to God, and to time to straighten out the tangled threads that held her in her wretchedness.

The first of September found us back in the city. I went to work with a will and a relish, somewhat impelled by the vain hope of making up for lost time. In spite of my love for Ruth, I almost begrudged my frequent and enforced visits to her; nothing short of two evenings a week would satisfy her. She never guessed the sacrifices of needful recreation and even sleep that I was compelled to make to gratify her in this demand.

I had been a little unavoidably lax of late, however, and felt at the close of one wearisome, trying day that I must go to her.

"Well, dear!" I said, kissing her, as she reclined on her couch before the grate-fire.

"Where have you been keeping yourself all this time?" was her first querulous comment. "Do you know it's a week since you have been here?"

"Forgive me, Ruth; I have been so busy," I explained.

"You look tired to death. Alice, why will you bury yourself alive in a horrid, dingy, old office down town, when you might live here in ease and luxury? You know I need you," she continued.

"My ideal of happiness does not lie in the direction of ease and luxury, you know, Ruth," I replied.

"Yes, I suppose I know it. You must be making a martyr of yourself in some way; sacrificing all the demands of your animal nature to the edification of the soul. Very ideal, no doubt, but a little tedious put in practice. What great triumph of mind over body have you accomplished to-day?"

"None. On the contrary I was thinking regretfully, as I walked along, of the words of some sage whom I cannot at present recall: 'Count that day lost,' says he, or to this effect, 'in which thou hast brought no happiness to any heart.'"

"What an exalted world of thought you live in, my dear. I have often thought it is really a sacrifice for you to come here," she replied, in her most satirical tone.

"Don't be quarrelsome, Ruthie, dear," I said, coaxingly; "I *am* tired to-day, and—just a little sensitive."

She looked at me sharply, and then burst out into one of her hardest little laughs.

"Sensitive? Oh, really!" and, then, continuing mockingly: "I should love to know in what form your sensitiveness, as you naively call it, takes expression. Let me see: You send an orange to Polly in Poverty Alley; go without your lunch for the sake of visiting poor old Mother Grump in her attic, and brewing her a cup of tea, and deny yourself your dinner in aid of the missionary cause.

"Well, I have been sensitive, too, to-day, as the result of which Grace went to the schoolroom in tears, Flora was withered into abject humiliation, and cook went down-stairs muttering complaints at every step. Those are the sweet reflections I have been laying up to cheer myself with this evening."

"I fear you are laying up for yourself a harvest of remorse," I replied, gently stroking the brown hair back from her forehead.

"Remorse," she repeated—"remorse!" Then with a wild cry she threw her hands towards me, breaking out passionately between her sobs:

"Oh, Alice, I hate it all; my pain, my life—everything connected with it. It is all so distorted, so full of bitterness and envy. You are the only person, except my father, who does not inwardly hate me. I have turned every one against me—lost every friend—and now I have been rude and hateful to you. Oh, please don't leave me—I shall die!"

"There is a better Friend than I," I answered, soothingly, "who has loved you with an everlasting love, who still loves you, and has promised to never leave you.

"Oh, Ruth," I added, pleadingly, "if you only knew Him, everything would be so different."

"It's no use, Alice; I have tried to be like you, but it has only ended in wretched failure."

"He does not want you to try in your own strength. He is so able to help you. Only try that way, dear."

"Oh, I don't know how—I don't know how."

"It is all so simple, so easy. Only believe, acknowledge your own weakness, and cast yourself on His love. Ruth, I have passed through the waters; I know whereof I speak. I know that all the pain, all the conflict of the former things will pass away; all things will become new.

"A new heart will I give you.' Your life, narrowed as you feel it is, may be full of happiness to yourself and of loving ministration to others."

She leaned heavily upon me in an abandonment of dejection and utter physical weakness, one hand clutching mine as if in self-support.

Softly, I began, and repeated slowly that beautiful prophecy of Isaiah, beginning, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," and on to the end.

"Will you please ring for Flora," she asked, after a silence. "I should like you to come with me to my room. I am very tired, and—unhappy. I want you to pray by my bed to-night, as you do at your own. Perhaps I shall learn how."

"The needs of your own heart must teach you that, dear; but can't I help you instead of Flora?"

"Yes, you may, now that I remember she has a headache, brought on by sacrificing herself to one of Grace's whims"; adding with a touch of her old peevishness: "Everybody in the house is a slave to her caprices, but myself. She has learned that I won't be trifled with, so she has come to leaving me alone."

"And yet she is so gentle and winning, one feels it a pleasure to please her," I said, innocently.

She looked at me sharply for a moment, then dropped her eyes and sighed.

It was a slow and painful journey up the broad, softly-carpeted steps, and when we reached her room she breathed heavily, still clinging to my arm.

"If I could have you about always, I would not be so taciturn and bitter."

"Flora is always kind, you tell me, and you may have this other Friend merely for the asking."

"Ask for me to-night," she whispered. "It is so long since He has heard my voice, I fear He would not heed. Tell Him about me and all my pain."

"He knows it already, dear; He is longing to have you bring it all and lay it at His feet."

"Ah! if I only could—only lose the sense of burden of it all. But it is too new, too wonderful; I should be taking it all up again from force of habit. My shoulders are so accustomed to the burden, I fear they are irretrievably stooped."

I do not remember the words that went up from my heart that night, as I knelt at her bedside with her hand in mine; I only know that when I rose and kissed her "Good-night," a great peace seemed to pervade the room, and she lay back among her pillows, looking soothed and tranquil.

CHAPTER XII.

It was not unusual for the Andrews to entertain a few friends in an informal way. In fact, the people Hugh Andrews was fond of inviting to his home were old and tried friends; men and women who were not sought merely for their brilliance by the skimmers of society, but people who did not lose their flavor, so to speak, by the first exposure to the air.

I was not surprised, therefore, on my next visit to Ruth, to find a small party assembled in the drawing-room. I had met them all before at different times, and found them all agreeable, but to-night I was more occupied with thoughts of my cousin than of the others.

My eyes quickly sought her out, even before I reached her side, and were satisfied. When I held her hand in mine and looked into her changed face, her eyes sweetly challenged mine, while a faint flush spread even to her forehead.

I felt my glance repeatedly drawn to her from where I sat; she was listening quietly to a Professor of Gology, an old college chum of Mr. Andrews, who was talking to her, turning her eyes now and then toward the fire. Her face was lit up—nay, transfigured, to me, who had seen it so often agitated under the sway of the passion that swept her—not so much by an ecstasy as by a calm, a sweet, trustful resignation.

She did not talk much, I noticed, but manifested a pleased interest in all that was said, looking toward her father with a proud appreciation in her eyes.

Owing to her confirmed indisposition, the coffee had always been served by the servant from the sideboard, but to-night the service was before her, and it was little wonder if her father's lips trembled as he received his cup from her. Grace, who sat at her left, and was desirous of manifesting her delight by volunteering to assist with the sugar, received, by way of appreciation, a playful little tap across the back of her plump fingers.

There was no wine or cigars, consequently the gentlemen followed us immediately to the drawing-room, the Professor again appropriating the seat nearest Ruth. I had to leave early that night, and was regretting my inability to speak to her alone, when Grace suddenly called the Professor's attention to a box of curios lately sent her by a friend. Instinctively our hands clasped,

and she said slowly, in a soft whisper, with something like fear at the end:

"It is very sweet, but it can't last."

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and for ever," I whispered, in return; for even as we spoke one of the ladies advanced toward us.

Her father was waiting in the hall when I came down. He took my hand, saying, brokenly:

"How can I thank you for this," raising his hand in indication of the drawing-room.

"Oh, you will help her," I cried, earnestly. "She is weak; as yet she hardly knows the way. You will be very tender toward her, very patient."

I had no sooner uttered those hasty words than I would have recalled the closing sentence. Asking her father, who had borne so lovingly with her through those five years to spare her now, and—was His arm shortened that it could not save; was His ear heavy that it could not hear?

I think he understood my thoughts, for he did not answer in words, only held my hand very closely, as we walked together to the cab that was waiting. As I think I have said before, he was a man of few words, but there was more to me in the simple "Good-night," that fell almost devoutly from his lips, than another might have conveyed in a whole eulogistic sentence.

Unreasonable as it may seem, I had many times been struck by a fleeting remembrance of Ruth, in her quieter moments, to my "Little Mother." To-night the fancy had generated into an impression, as I beheld her with that placid look upon the countenance, the light of a new consciousness permeating her soul.

Stored away among my little relics of the past in my room was a tiny picture of "Little Mother," taken when she must have been Ruth's age. I had not looked upon it since she died. It had lain locked in a little casket, containing the few simple jewels she had possessed but seldom worn.

Arrived at my room I immediately drew forth the little key, and sat down before my desk with the casket before me. I knew the contents by heart; how many, many times as a child I had handled those trinkets with a child's awesome admiration, deeming them of priceless value, because they belonged to her. Slowly I turned the key, almost reluctant to raise the lid.

Great was my surprise on opening it to behold two sealed envelopes lying face downwards. Wonderingly I turned them over to scan the superscription, my own little note, unopened, dropping out from between them. They were both addressed to myself in the same hand, and there was only one like that in the world.

I felt a feeling of suffocation, then I remember suddenly rising and walking back and forth across my room very rapidly and unsteadily. Then I sat down and noted the post-marks: September the second and September the tenth, respectively. I could not control my shaking fingers to hold them steadily enough to read, so I laid them open on the desk before me, side by side.

As I went over the words again and again, tears dropped upon the sheets before me.

They were written by Frank Allan, on the days immediately following his sudden and unexpected departure; the first full of repentance for his conduct that evening, and reiterated avowals of his regard and devotion; the second after a week's hopeless waiting and no reply, pleading, protesting, beseeching, concluding with these words: "What more can I say? If this meets with no response, if to these entreaties you still remain silent, I shall know that I have cherished a false hope; but will ever strive against the frustration of my highest purposes, for what I believed you to have been, and—I must write it—are still."

Calmly I sat down to think. Those letters were written full two years ago. Time had changed many, many things in that interval. Were human hearts so constituted that they also might not change? Was it unlikely that other connections had been formed, that it was treachery to question? Perhaps the silence were best unbroken, now that the wounds might be healed.

—And yet was I not justified in seeking self-expiation? Would I allow him to believe in my indifference—believe that I had been deceiving him at that time? Better that, perhaps, than make present havoc in two people's lives.

But, then, supposing he had *not* changed. I was too eager, perhaps, to cling to that thread. I took my pen and wrote slowly, carefully weighing each word. There was too much of it; I tore it up, wrote and rewrote until I at last had exactly four lines—four lines of

simple explanation of the past, and in no way connected with the present. I addressed it according to the directions in the last, and, not until I faced the last letter-box in the morning, did I hesitatingly drop it in.

Just one week from the date of this letter, I held another in my hand; one that brought great tears to my eyes, and greater happiness to my heart. It would be too unpardonable a breach of confidence to reproduce any of it here. Suffice it to say that the writer took some credit to himself in having read between the carefully-prepared lines of my own, and felt free to unburden himself in the most expressive language.

It was himself, and yet different, too. Had those waiting months done their work in him as they had in me? Yes, I was sure of it. There was a new tone: a deeper, higher, steadier grasp of the possibilities of life. Men were his brethren, his fellow-beings, but Christ was his ideal.

I was hurrying home from the office one chilly evening by my ordinary route, and had turned off the main thoroughfare to cross the square of the cathedral. As I drew near a great flood of light, from the opened door was thrown across the pavement, and I paused in the shadow to listen to the sweet chant of the choristers that floated out clear and triumphant upon the November night. As I stepped into the light from one direction a gentleman simultaneously advanced from the other. We met midway, both halted, and the next moment my hands were held in a warm, tight clasp, while familiar eyes looked into mine.

There was just an audible breathing of each other's names, and then hand-in-hand we mounted the broad steps of the cathedral, crept noiselessly in, and knelt together in the shadow of a pillar.

"I suppose I ought to rejoice in your happiness," said Ruth, somewhat ruefully, "but I must confess I have not yet attained to that point of renunciation. At present I am only alive to the consciousness that I am going to lose you. I am jealous of that man; six months ago I could have heartily hated him; now, I suppose, I must try to love him for your sake," adding, in a lower tone, "for His sake."

"When I think how much the thought of you has been in my life, how your influence and companionship have lifted

me out of my selfishness to a sense and experience of higher, better things, is it any wonder that the thought of separation should fill me with sorrow?"

"I am glad, dear, I could show you a better and pleasanter way, but the developing and perfecting of the work must ever go on between the soul and its God.

"Friends may encourage us, but the real, inward growth can only be fostered by the pruning and fashioning of the Father."

Of course it was arranged, almost without consultation of my own wishes in the matter, that we were to be married at Mr. Andrews'.

Not in the parlor, nor in any of the stately apartments, but in Ruth's own little sitting-room upstairs, elegant only in its air of simple comfort, where we had passed so many hours together.

There were no guests but Marion; no bridesmaids; no grand dinner, only a simple luncheon; then farewells, and we were off for the thriving west.

Marion declared that in marrying I had shifted the burden of my philanthropic designs upon her shoulders. She assumed them so well, however, that through the influence of Mr. Andrews our project gained such proportions that each summer some twenty children wake the echoes of my little cottage between the first of July and the last of September.

That they may expand and benefit by it, as did Joe and Johnny, is the prayer of my heart. They both have situations in the same establishment now, while a friendly rivalry exists between them as to who shall prove the most deserving of the next promotion.

And little Polly—have I omitted to say?—is in the land of perpetual flowers and trees and never-fading sunshine. The city was never quite so kind to her after that first transfer of her affections; it was jealous, as it were, of the longing glances she tried to cast over the great buildings that hemmed her in on every side.

All day long she poured little tales of the wonders and beauties of that other world into the baby's ears, and when the little stunted spears of grass, that pushed themselves up beside the curb-stones, began to wither and shrivel before the creeping frosts, little Polly pined perceptibly and slipped away.

Only to live till summer came again was her continual cry, and when I sat beside her, holding her hot little hands, and tried to tell her all the incomparable beauties of that country to which she was going, she smiled and was content.

God must be very good, she thought, to make such beautiful places on earth and in heaven, too. She hoped the baby would come there, too, and all the little children who played under her narrow window in the sun.

And Ruth, my cousin Ruth, is an invalid still; but as for the rest, we will let a fragment of a letter speak for itself: "This morning I lay long awake before the house was astir, listening to the soft rustling of the vine about my window, and watching the sun break out of the east. For a long time it struggled against a moveless bank of grey, sullen clouds that refused to disperse, clinging together as if with malicious intent to enshroud the light. As it mounted little by little, faint gleams shot through, only to be intercepted by moving strata that filed across like sentinels on guard.

"Presently, after many fruitless efforts, as if by one final struggle it emerged free, and gloriously dazzling, sending a beautiful stream of warm life over roofs and streets and gardens.

"It all seemed to me so beautifully symbolic of the Christian life: the struggle for liberty, the little dimmings of faith, the first feeble light, breaking at last into the glorious freedom of a clear sky.

"Perhaps little clouds may intercept it all the way, but its purpose is clear before it; its light can never be wholly obscured until the setting, and, then, there is the afterglow, and the memory of a beautiful day."

The End.

All which is real now remaineth

And fadeth never;

The hand which upholds it now sustaineth

The soul for ever.

And that cloud itself, which now before thee

Lies dark in view,

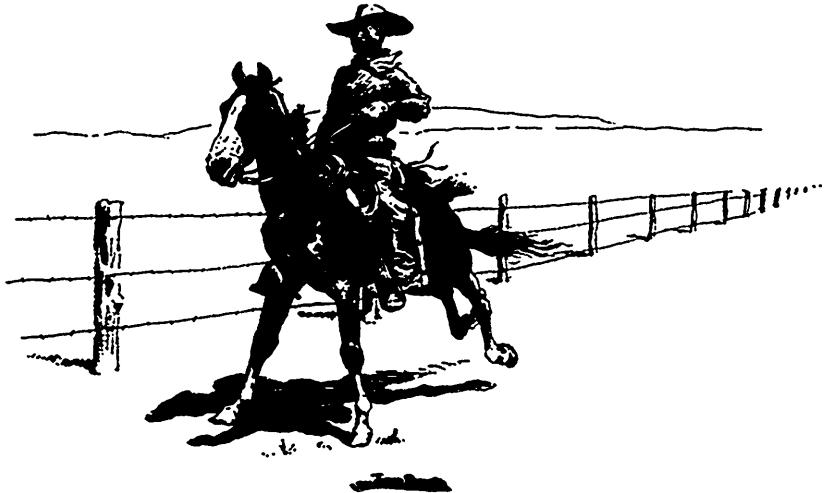
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through autumn's dawn
Up-rolling thin,

Its thickest folds when about the dawn
Let sunlight in.

ON A TEXAS RANCH.

BY JENNIE C. BROWN.



TEXAS COWBOY RIDING THE LINE OF THE WIRE FENCE.



A COUGH, a doctor's verdict, a father's pleading, a mother's tears prevailed, and I left Harvard University just three months before I would have graduated, to seek for life's lost crown — health — on a Texas ranch.

I was stung with resentment that life should so soon become a disappointment, so soon take on a look of failure.

Through the influence of a friend, I was received into the beautiful home of O. O. Norton, who owned a five-hundred-thousand-acre ranch. A few days after my arrival, looking for sympathy, I got unvarnished truth from practical Nellie Norton.

"Mr. Langford, self-pity and grieving over unfulfilled ambitions is the best formula I know to make a wreck of present opportunities."

When I expressed to Mr. Norton my surprise at the size of the cattle ranches of Texas, he replied—

"I suppose our fathers gained their ideas by contrast. Five hundred thousand

acres seemed a small part of the 274,356 square miles of the almost unoccupied land of the Lone Star Republic. King's widow still controls her million-acre ranch, and is the richest woman in the world.

"At one time six land corporations owned and controlled thirteen million acres. It was they who first built fences in Texas. In doing so they enclosed small ranches and shut off wells from their owners, which caused the fence war and the sacrifice of so many lives. A special session of the State Legislature was called and fence laws enacted. It also passed the Homestead Act, limiting new settlers to two hundred and fifty acres, and two hundred for each son.

"The crowding in of population is bringing changes to the State, but the wealthy ranchmen will long resist their encroachment.

"It is little over eighty years since Randall Jones, in Louisiana, traded a negro man for sixty head of cattle, which he introduced into Fort Bend County. There are now over twenty million cattle in the State, and there are two million exported annually.

"Ranchmen do not ask how many

cattle you have. but how many acres? This they divide by fifteen. Formerly we allowed five acres per beef, but the drouths of recent years have compelled us to allow fifteen.

"I have three brands and two ear-marks. Mine is O O N; earmark, swallow fork (both ears scalloped on upper and lower edges). My wife's brand is N O N, daughter's the same, with upper and lower bar; their ear-mark is jingle bob (the ears slashed). All brands and ear-marks are registered in the county clerk's office; he is responsible for any encroachment."

The week after I reached the Norton ranch I was standing in the office feeling an indignant chagrin I had not known since I was a freshman at college.

Nellie Norton entered the office and said:

"Father requested me to ask you to excuse him for leaving so hurriedly, but he was obliged to catch the early train. He thought I might be of service to you in explaining English 'as she is spoke on a ranch.'"

There was a twinkle in her eye that added to my irritation. I replied rather curtly,

"I am not aware that you can be of any service to me."

"Mr. Langford, do you not think it would be more sensible to allow me to explain what has so annoyed you?"

"Annoyed! I have been grossly insulted! That Boss told me 'I could ride number one by-lo fence.'"

Nellie laughed merrily. Enraged, I made a bolt for the door, but was intercepted by her placing her back against it.

"Excuse me, Mr. Langford, I appreciate your annoyance. To ride the fence simply means the captain has given you charge of the number one, not by-lo, but bayou—river—fence, which is fifteen miles long. You will be required each day to ride its length and return, making any necessary repairs in the fence.

"Wrangler on a ranch does not signify brain, but brawn—the man in charge of the domestic animals. You were told that your broncho ponies had been topped and had three or four saddles—they have been broken and have been ridden that number of times."

"Oh, what in the world will I do with eight horses?"

"Every cowtoy has eight horses. Emergencies constantly occur that compel the cowboy to ride at a speed that

so exhausts his horse that it takes days to recover. You will keep two horses at either end of your fence, two half-way, and two here."

"The captain's biography of my fence-riding predecessor was—'I told Martin this morning to ride the chuck-line; he is nothing but a leggen-straw, monta, tapadora.'"

"The captain dismissed Martin from father's service, because he was a lazy, gambling dude."

Shades of Webster, Worcester, and all the dictionaries, abridged and un-abridged, was the language of the builders of the tower of Babel worse confounded?

Miss Nellie rode over with me to show me my fence. When we reached it she said,—

"Well, Sir Dismal, I hope living near to nature's heart will restore you to health, faith, and reason."

I never will forget the vast vista that swept around me, every foot of ground alive, quivering, pulsating with beauty. The bright red poppy, blue and white lupin, pink and white prairie rose, the gorgeous ratbida, from yellow to deep crimson; the many-colored phlox and verbena, and others too numerous to mention, struggling to lift their beauty to view. As the wind stole across these soft waves of color and the silver turning of the under side of many leaves, the vast expanse looked like an opalescent sea. Butterflies rivalling the colors of the flowers flitted around. Bright-colored birds were telling their secrets in song. The cloudless azure sky was full of tranquil light. I was enchanted with such prodigality of color. I rode on for miles with heart and mind enthralled, until I was around from my rapture by a steer rushing before my horse. I dismounted and made my first awkward attempt at mending a fence.

I was told to stop and take my dinner at the "chucking"—provision—waggon. These waggons are driven by the cooks to specified points, where meals are prepared for the cowboys. There are also ranch houses, where the larders are kept well supplied with necessary food. The cowboy has a *carle blanche* to go into the ranch-houses belonging to any stockman, and leave a note stating what he has used and giving the name of his employer.

The white provision-waggon made a pretty picture, standing under some great gnarled pecan-trees, grape-vines festooning their trunks and limbs; be-

tween the trees was seen the shimmering of the river, on its banks many-colored flowers nodding to one another in the breeze. In the foreground six cowboys were eating their dinner.

Said one of them as I joined them—

"Well, Buck (a name applied to all strange cowboys), be you riding number one fence?"

I replied, "Metaphorically."

He exclaimed, "Mattie who?" at which the others laughed.

I was embarrassed with the dread that I had given myself my ranch cognomen. The darkie cook came to my relief, by saying—

"Sit down, sah! I'm gwan to wait on the New York gemen." (From this date I was known on the ranches as N. Y. G.)

"I'm a cowboy, Sambo," I answered.

"Oh, massey, your kinstruction don't portend the cowboy, but eat plenty pok and beans, and get a few bullets in yo', and you'll get to the consembrance."

The cowboy is a picturesque figure, with his broad-brimmed hat, flannel shirt, bright silk handkerchief, loosely knotted around his neck, leather overalls buckled to his knees, a hoggan string (cotton rope) around his waist, spurs, and a large calibre revolver, complete his costume. His horse gear is a curb bit, a strong, heavy saddle, with high pommel and cantle. Strength is all-important in their rough work. One end of the lariat (a very strong rope made of hair) is twisted around the pommel, and its strength has a severe test when a vigorous steer has been roped.

At times the lariat is attached to a waggon that has been stuck in the mud, to assist in hauling it out. On the back of the saddle he carries a pack containing blanket, etc.; he also has saddle-bags. The cowboys live in the saddle; they are the greatest riders in the world. They are mostly of native birth, but adventurous spirits from every land are found among them. Their exposed life leaves the same impression on all. Their faces tell of dangers and hardships borne with fortitude. They are hardy, self-reliant, recklessly adventurous. They are the most willing workers in the world, and endure privations uncomplainingly.

Close and intimate is the friendship between the cowboy and his horses. Often when sleeping on the ground, rolled in his blanket, he will be awakened by the hot breath or soft lips of his horse touching his hand or face, telling him he is ready for another day's work.

The cowboy evidently thinks that slang is more expressive than good English. With the exception of their profanity, to the uninitiated their conversation is almost unintelligible. I was long embarrassed by their conversation. Away from all moral and religious restraint, their under nature is developed. Unfortunately, with many of them a visit to a town or city is synonymous with a drunken spree.

One night, a few weeks after I became a fence-rider, it rained so heavily that I remained at one of the ranch houses. The following morning, just at day-break, I mounted my horse to ride to the provision waggon, instead of cooking my own breakfast. I saw a break in my fence. I tied my horse at a canebrake, intending to repair it. I noticed two men roping yearlings. I stood in hiding, not that I thought of cattle thieves, but the expertness of the cowboy lassoing was still a novelty to me. I soon noticed that they were adding an S to one of Mr. Norton's brands—O. O. N.—and changing the ear-mark from upper and under bit to bob (cutting half of the ear off). I then recalled that I had been told of two men who had purchased a small ranch in the next county, who had registered their brand as S. O. O. N., ear-mark, bob. This brand had had a suspiciously phenomenal increase.

I mounted my horse, but soon discovered that I was pursued. I could hear that one of the horsemen was gaining on me. I urged my straining horse to greater endeavor. On we rushed, but nearer, nearer the clattering hoofs sounded, until they were beating tattoos on my straining ears. A bullet whizzed past me, and went through my horse's ear. With a quick breath of surprise he stood stock still, quivering in every muscle. I touched him with my spur. Off he bounded. A bullet passed through my hat. I lay down on my horse's neck. I heard another report, and a bullet passed through the fleshy part of my arm. To my joy I saw a cowboy look out from behind a cane-brake, about three hundred yards before me.

Before I reached the place four mounted cowboys dashed out, hilarious with the joy of another adventure.

"What's to pay, N. Y. G.?" they called.

"Running out brand," I replied.

Despite the fact that my wound was bleeding profusely, I halted to watch the chase. After about a five-mile race, the horse upon which the man rode who fired the shots fell. Before he could extricate

himself he was captured by two of the cowboys, who lashed him hands and feet to a fence-post. In five minutes they were in pursuit of the other man, who was making for a part of the country which is covered with mesquet trees (a low, bushy tree, covered with beans, of which the cattle are very fond), in which he could evade his pursuers. Late that night the cowboys returned with their prisoners. The last man that was captured and two of the cowboys had ugly pistol wounds.

The State provided board and lodging for the prisoners for ten years. Over and outrunning branding is not now a common offence. In the early days a cattle thief was hanged as soon as captured.

All possible help had been procured for the annual shipping round-up on the Norton ranch. Just as the eastern "red gods" were heralding the rising sun, forty mounted men rode up to the Norton residence, ready to be detailed by the captain to different parts of the ranch, to drive the semi-wild cattle to the corral or pen.

Already the white-covered wagons were started for different points, with provisions and blankets, followed by the spare herds of ponies.

As we turned to the north the horizon looked as if it had been dipped in indigo. From all quarters came the announcement, "We are going to have a norther." Off we galloped over what appeared a limitless flower-carpeted prairie, broken only by the trees, and cane-brakes on the river bank. As we dashed past groups of cattle, they lifted their languid eyes, as if to inquire what our haste meant. The oppressive and stifling heat increased until about ten o'clock, when the exhausted light air rose, and into the vacuum rushed the cold air, which struck one like some frigid fiend. In ten minutes the temperature had fallen thirty degrees. Gladly I buttoned up the coat which Mrs. Norton—amidst much raillery of the cowboys—had insisted on my taking.

At seven in the evening we had about a thousand cattle at our camping-place, which were herded at night by a relay of men, who were relieved every three hours. Woe betide the man who overslept his watch. A leggen-straw trial awaited him. In these trials the captain is always judge, and decides the number of stripes to be given. He takes good care to appoint a friend to administer the punishment. The culprit is required to

make a low court bow and retain the position. There is a hot time in camp that night.

At ten o'clock I wrapped my blanket around me, and for the first time lay down on mother earth, but the strange sounds drove sleep away. We noticed during the day a dead heifer a short distance from camp; around it the coyotes (a small wolf) were holding high carnival, making night hideous with their barking and howling.

Three days later the thousands of cattle were in corral. Accustomed to space, in being crowded they are nervous and are anxiously watched lest some unexpected sound may cause a stampede. All night relays of cowboys ride around the corral, shouting to distract the attention of the cattle from any sudden noise. Despite all precautions, a peal of thunder, the sudden crack of a board, and one of the great oxen will spring up with a loud bellow, as if calling to the inclosed thousands to strike for liberty. If the fence is too high to jump, the pressure of strong cattle soon make an opening in it. Instead of caps, they throw up hoofs and tails, and rush into space. Their united bellowing sounds like the roar of Niagara. The earth quakes under the shock of thousands of hoofs. Three or four minutes, and impotent men, in a fever of indignation, see the hard work of days undone. Brute force that had been amenable now scorns man's puny power.

Cutting out cattle for shipping needs the cowboy's most skilful horsemanship. Great is the rivalry between the men, both as to their own skill and the training of their horses. Awkwardness, or the slightest suggestion of fear, brings on a man merciless raillery. The cowboy in the corral rides up to a steer, speaks to it, his horse commences pursuit. It may run and dodge among the thousands of cattle, but the chase never stops until it enters the passageway, and the "boomarang" opens the gate to the select pen, and calls the brand to the tally-man. The horse enjoys the work as much as his master.

After the day's work is done, popular is the man that can play a banjo, violin, or sing. I gladly sang, or played my violin, that I might not hear the foul-mouthed stories that were told by the men.

Another busy season is the fall round-up, when all the cows and calves are brought to the corral, where the calves are branded. Busy work goes on from morning till night. The calves are roped from horseback; the loop held in the

right hand is swung around the head by a motion of the wrist; a man accustomed to the rope will catch fifty calves by the legs without a miss. As soon as the calf is thrown, its legs are bound, and it is branded and its ears marked; the brand is called to the tally-man, which he registers. According to their sex they will be passed into a pen, which opens into a field.

At the round-ups, strays are found, and their owners notified.

The mourning of cows and calves over their separation convinces you that "a more terrible hell could be made out of sound than any other agency."

Plenty of good food and association make the annual round-ups enjoyable events to the cowboy, who at other times lives in his saddle, suffering many hardships from rain, northers, and loss of sleep when doctoring sick cattle. He knows well the habits of the semi-wild animals, and is constantly among them, hunting for the sick, wounded, or leppic— orphan—calves. He always carries his branding irons, looking for mavricks (unbranded calves). In the early days of Texas, a man called Mavrick claimed and appropriated all unbranded cattle in the country, and so sent his name down to posterity.

Ranch courtesy demands that if a cow-

boy sees a stray cow with a mavrick calf, that he put the mother's brand on it.

In the winter when fodder is scarce, the cowboy carries on his back a gasoline tank, with an attachment that generates gas, with which he burns off the thorns of the cacti, then they are eaten by the cattle. Wet or dry, the cacti grow in great profusion in Texas. Half-starved cattle will often eat the cacti before the thorns have been removed, and get their tongues so filled with thorns they have to be killed.

In the glorious air of Texas, in communion with sky, earth, and all living things, there came the glad sense of health that made me as free as the horned herds I guarded. Although the days ran swiftly by, as if they were shod with winged sandals, I longed for the busy haunts of men. To live again in New York—of course with Nellie Norton as Mrs. Langford—seemed to me the *summum bonum* of life. But when I reached the dear old home the rush and hurry of the crowded streets irritated me. I soon began to long for the charming solitudes and prairie vistas. Two weeks later I had consented to be Mr. Norton's business agent, and Nellie had promised to marry me in three months if I would live in Texas.

YEARNING.

BY BERTHA FERNE.

O soul of mine, why doth thy quivering wing
 Aspire to pass the eagle in his flight,
 Or mount the air e'en as a heaven-born thing
 That far above the cloud would bask in bright,
 Eternal sunshine? Though the day be drear
 And thy flight limited by earthly bound.
 Thy song with heavenly note, transparent, clear,
 May flood the woodland, or the plain around,
 Till all the vibrant music of thy voice,
 Pregnant with ecstasies of humble cheer,
 Shall waken echoes, bidding hearts rejoice,
 In notes sublime, thou the interpreter.
 Rest then, O soul, seek not to soar too high,
 But rather soothe with song the sorrows that are nigh.

Hespeler, Ont.

THE DEAN'S COMMISSION.

A STORY OF OLD CHESTER.

BY MRS. FLORENCE LIFFITON.



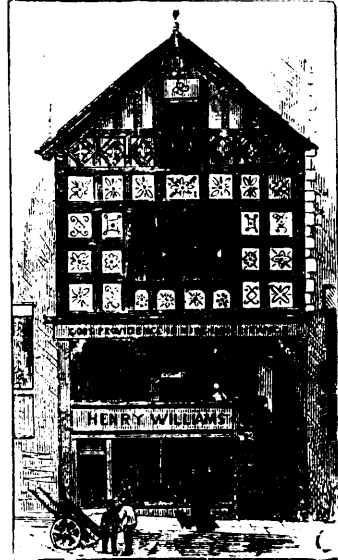
LIZABETH EDMONDS had a troubled mind. Indeed, for the past three years she had known no other state. But at the time of which I write there were many troubled minds in the old Anglo-Roman city of Chester. It was, however, not a period of free expression, when neighbor sympathized with neighbor and the heart of a man answered to his friend, but, on the contrary, discretion locked away many a grief and forced cheerfulness covered aching hearts.

Elizabeth Edmonds was the proprietress of the Blue Posts Inn, whose growing prosperity spoke clearly of her capability and thrift. But it was not the anxiety of business that preyed upon her mind. She had been for many years a widow, but time had softened what at first was a bitter bereavement.

One had but to breathe the air of Chester in that troublous period to comprehend something of the pent anxiety of the average woman, and Elizabeth Edmonds was of a strong nature, quite above the average.

Since first she came to Chester, a bride from her Warwickshire home, she had faithfully attended the Chester Cathedral, into which Henry the Eighth had converted the old abbey church of St. Werburgh. Although she was not what one might call a thoroughly religious woman, she had felt no small disappointment when, on the accession of Queen Mary, the form of public worship was changed to pomps, ceremonies and Latin words that she did not love and could not understand. Following this, the spiritual head of the old church, the Reverend Lawrence Sanders, was arraigned, convicted of heresy, and martyred at Coventry.

The young curate, George Marsh, whose piety shed a strong influence on her loved brother, Warwick Gray, refused to be silenced, preaching earnestly anywhere he could attract an audience, urging the doctrines of the reformed religion. His



GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE,
CHESTER.

arrest soon followed, and Elizabeth, who saw him dragged from the street to the house of the Earl of Derby, still standing, in a by-street, wept with strong anguish, for her heart foreboded a dismal end. It came at last—after he had been tried at Lancaster and again at Chester, by the spiritual court, which convicted him of heresy and handed him over to the sheriffs. Then began that fearful imprisonment, which, as long as walls of old Chester stand will be told of the Northgate jail.

Thirty feet under ground, in absolute darkness, George Marsh, the beloved young curate, awaited his execution. Sometimes, in the growing silence of the nightfall, the voices of his friends cheered and soothed him. Through a hole in the wall, or by means of the leaden ventilation tubes, they would communicate with him, and more than once Elizabeth accompanied her brother on this errand of sympathy. The prisoner's replies were so patient that the wonder

of it kept Elizabeth awake through the long hours. Sometimes he told them that he was not alone down there, but that he had holy and delightful company. At all times he exhorted them to be true to conscience and to God, and when at last the fire was laid for him at Spittal Hill and Elizabeth saw him bound to the stake, with a barrel of pitch for his seat, she wept and wrung her hands in agony. But his face was serene and his patience sublime, and she never forgot the beauty of his expression as, with eyes uplifted to heaven, he prayed, commending his soul to God.



BISHOP LLOYD'S PALACE,
CHESTER.

Then it was that the real anxiety of Elizabeth's life began, for her loved brother, following the injunction of George Marsh, would not attend mass, and affirmed boldly that he was Protestant to the core. With tears Elizabeth besought him to be more quiet about his convictions, but it was of no avail. When at last she saw him embark for Ireland, she breathed more freely.

As for herself, though she liked not this papal rule, she went daily to the cathedral, and, kneeling at the altar, prayed for her brother's safety and the re-establishment of the former religion.

The priests could not—nor even the bishops—scan close enough to read her

double mind, and though she did not go away justified, she comforted herself with reflections like these: "I see no good i' burnin'," and "Ben't I but bidin' the time?"

And now I have got back to the beginning, where I said Elizabeth Edmonds had a troubled mind. But the troubles I have narrated were but the background. There was a new and deeper perplexity. It had sprung from an arrival at the Blue Posts Inn. There had come from London in a post-chaise to her door no less a personage than Dr. Cole, dean of St. Paul's—Dean Cole, the functionary of many a martyrdom, who had preached at the burning of Ridley and Latimer at Oxford.

No sooner had he been refreshed from his journey than he despatched a messenger with a note to Sir Lawrence Smith, Mayor of Chester, which early in the evening was responded to by a visit from his worship. Elizabeth's heart was in her throat. Surely this foreboded evil. But she was a woman of action, and determining to know all that could be ascertained, she quickly delighted her maids by telling them they might have the evening, and stationed herself on duty.

It was ten minutes to nine when the dean rang for supper. Elizabeth caused no interruption as she softly laid the cloth and returned with the cold mutton, bread and beer. At this juncture, the dean, having opened a small bag, was flourishing a paper before the mayor, saying, "Here is wherewith to lash the heretics of Ireland."

"Ah," responded the mayor, cheerfully, "then it is her Majesty's commission."

"Aye," replied the dean, "the royal commission."

Elizabeth retired hastily lest the loud beating of her heart might be heard, but returning with a bottle of relish, she saw the dean fold the commission in small compass, which, being placed in a leathern case, he returned to the side pocket of his bag, which, however, he did not lock.

Elizabeth's mind was instantly made up to frustrate the dean's mission.

"My brother! my brother!" she cried in her heart, and then to God she prayed with vehemence: "Save, O save my brother!" While she prayed she moved softly about the house, searching for something which she did not name, something, she knew not what, till her eyes lighted on a pack of cards. These she seized with a satisfied smile, and noting that the knave of clubs lay uppermost,



OLD LAMB ROW, CHESTER.

was about to change the order, but a flash of thought altered her action, and she murmured, "Let be, it is like they uns," and she secreted the cards in her dress.

So alert was she, and so greedy of action, that the three-quarters of an hour before the bell sounded passed very slowly. Fortune, that favors the brave, favored Elizabeth, for no sooner had she entered the room than the mayor announced his intention to depart. Elizabeth replenished the fire and proceeded slowly to remove the supper things. The mayor cut his departure short with a promise to escort the dean to the ship next morning.

"Know you at what hour she sails?" inquired the dean.

"At full tide, your reverence, which methinks will be before mid-day."

Then the gentlemen left the room, the dean escorting his guest to the door. Now was Elizabeth's opportunity, and quickly she opened the bag. By instinct her hand found the leathern case. Hastily the coveted paper was removed, the cards substituted, and the case replaced. When the dean returned, Elizabeth was bringing in fresh candles. "What will your reverence like for breakfast?" she said, quietly, curtsying when she had set down the candles.

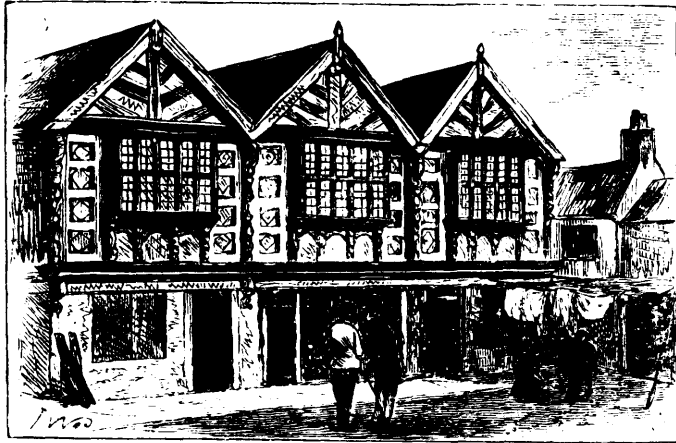
Elizabeth wondered to herself why she

was not afraid, why her hand did not tremble or her voice falter, but at that moment she had courage to beard a thousand lions. The dean, however, did not observe her closely, did not even appear to notice that it was the proprietress instead of one of the maids who had served him.

When safe within the precincts of her own room, contrary to her custom at this early season—it was the month of September—she laid a fire for herself. First she placed some easy combustibles from her waste basket; then from her breast she took the royal commission, and laying it on the heap, sprinkled deftly the firewood and the coal. Then from her candle's flame she set the lowest stratum ablaze. Merrily the flames shot up, and Elizabeth dropped on her knees on the rug, saying quite to herself, "Now, this be a burnin' that I like. Thee shon't be lashed by this, my brother."

Long into the night she sat by her own fireside, enjoying her triumph and its glow; but in the morning, when her eyes opened to a murky dawn and the blackened fireplace, her mind was filled with vague alarms. If it should be discovered—if she should be arrested, what then? Why, the dean would get another commission and nothing would be gained but a little time.

She resolved not to see the dean, and



STANLEY HOUSE, CHESTER.

went to early mass, leaving his account with a servant, and orders that the scullery maid should meet her at the market at nine o'clock. She hoped the maid would tell the dean that she had gone to mass, as this would make him unsuspecting.

Did she feel unworthy, kneeling there in the cold cathedral. I fear not. She prayed, but it was for her brother's safety she entreated, it was for the ending of those dark days in England. Herself and her hypocritical conduct she did not consider.

And half the worshippers at the old abbey church of St. Werburgh, from which monks and priests had been driven, and to which they had returned, were like unto her. By act of parliament they believed, by royal proclamation they were converted from Protestants to Catholics. Unhappy citizens! Wretched England!

When the Latin mass was over, Elizabeth stepped from the gloom into the sunlight, which cheered her somewhat, but did not last. She paused at the statue of Henry the Eighth, and contemplating it, muttered, "Thee bissen't no saint," and then meditatively, "But if the boy had lived, the young king, if he had lived, mayhap it would a' been better."

When Elizabeth had selected her vegetables, and sent them home by the maid, she turned to the old wall, on which one may still stroll around the city, and mounting, walked slowly westward, striv-

ing to quiet her turbulent mind by gazing far away over the moor. Sometimes she would pause, and, leaning over the red sandstone wall, would look away to the hills—the blue Cheshire range on the right, and the nearer and more sombre mountains of Wales on the left. Now, the atmosphere growing clearer, the battlements of Beeston Castle stood out boldly, and the sun sent golden shafts down upon the groves of Hawarden.

Just as nature refreshes the poet who voices what is common to all, nature rested and refreshed the agitated soul of Elizabeth Edmonds, and the novelty of the holiday rendered the view more impressive.

Sometimes of a Sunday afternoon she had taken this walk around the city on the dear old walls, but that was when her loved brother had been with her, or in that long ago when she had strolled with her young husband, happy and light-hearted.

These memories came to her, and to check the rising of latent tenderness she pursued her journey till she suddenly became aware that she stood just over the North Gate. Then there rushed through her soul the recollection of that prison below, and the words of George Marsh floated to her as she had heard them through that leaden tube: "Be bold for Christ and true to your convictions." Yet her coward soul drew back from the course he had indicated, and which her brother had followed. She remembered the reckless fearlessness they had mani-

fested, the ringing tones and the frank, glad eyes. "Ah!" she sighed, "they uns was different inside."

Continuing her walk, her eyes caught sight of the river Dee, now swelling and widening with the incoming tide. Rounding a point below was the "Pride of Dublin," bearing towards Chester with full sail. Now, this was the ship which was to take the dean to Ireland, and a great anxiety again swept over her lest he might have missed his dreadful commission.

She was afraid to be loitering about, lest she might attract some one's inquisitive attention, so, quickening her step to a business speed, she passed the Roodee, where of old the Roman legions exercised, and where even now was going on fine practice for the autumn sports. Across the Grosvenor Road she sped, scarcely looking about her till just under the shadow of the Castle walls, whom should she espy walking towards her but Dean Cole himself, accompanied by Sir Lawrence. In his hand was the ominous despatch bag, while in their rear was a lad carrying a larger one.

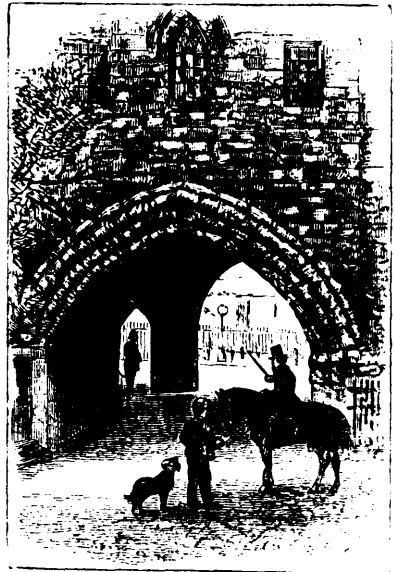
Again the truly heroic spirit possessed Elizabeth Edmonds, and she walked with brisk and unflinching step straight towards them, making the low curtsy always due to a Prebendary.

Safely past, how the waters of the Dee sparkled and laughed, and how musical was the swish of the white-fringed tidal wave creeping persistently to its farthest margin. Children, with their ankles red with the briny wash, were paddling on the opposite shore and their happy laughter found an echo in the triumph of Elizabeth's soul.

That the disclosure was sure to come sometime did not trouble her now. It did come, and great was the chagrin of the reverend dean, and happy was the hilarity of the endangered heretics when it was known that at the meeting of the Privy Council, the royal commission for the arrest and trial of all Protestants, proved to be a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost.

Early in October, the "Pride of Dublin" sailed up the Dee, bearing the Dean of St. Paul's on his homeward journey. He did not, as on the former occasion, put up at the Blue Posts Inn, but was the guest of Sir Lawrence Smith, to whom he confided the failure of his expedition.

Now it was clear to the united minds of these gentlemen that the cause of this ridiculous blunder was the hostess of the



ABBEY GATE, CHESTER.

Blue Posts Inn, and Elizabeth was summoned to appear before the offended dignitary and confess her offence.

Poor Elizabeth! her time was come; and it is to be acknowledged that she walked into the great hall of his worship the mayor, with some trepidation. The tall footman who had admitted her, returning from an inner room, whence the voices of the dreaded officials smote like lead upon her ear, conducted her to their presence. Abashed she entered. It was a lordly room and its magnificence overawed her. Dimly she realized that the reverend dean was stating his case, had put her a question, and that she was expected to answer yes or no. She wondered whether when she opened her mouth her voice would come.

"Did you or did you not?" again struck on the tympanum of her ear.

"I did." To her surprise the words came out clearly. Then to her dismay another and more fearful question followed.

"Call you yourself a Roman Catholic and loyal subject of her Majesty Queen Mary, or are you a Protestant and a heretic?"

"I am, your reverence, a—loyal—"

Here Elizabeth heard distinctly a crackling sound in her ears, she saw George Marsh bound in the flames, she saw his upturned face, and whether it was his

calm look, or that an angel strengthened her, she could not tell, but fearlessly her words rang out, "I am a loyal Protestant."

"That will do," said the dean in an austere voice, "You may return to your home. I will bear the case to her Majesty."

As though on wings Elizabeth returned to her home. No fear was in her heart, but in her eyes shone a happy light. Now she understood her brother and George Marsh, and Stephen, the first of all the martyrs.

Time passed on uneventfully in old Chester. The autumn rains swelled the Dee, the cold breath of winter came up from the sea, the forests loomed black in the sullen clouds, but still no sign of Elizabeth's doom. November had passed its middle, when one day Elizabeth went to the shops in the rows to purchase new woollens for her guest-beds. Considering whether ten-shilling blankets would do, and how many she might safely purchase, she stood in the comfortable shelter of the rows, with her attention fixed on the goods in the show window before her, when the voice of the crier struck suddenly upon her ear:

"Queen Mary died at St. James' Palace on November 17th. Elizabeth is proclaimed. The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen."

Elizabeth was beside herself with joy

and bewilderment. No stake for her. No fear for her brother. Her brother, her own Warwick, could come home to dear old Chester, and they should live together. Oh joy! joy! joy! and the church, the cathedral, the liberty to pray in peace in the dear old way. Was it true, was it all true?

But the crier went on, from corner to corner, ringing his bell and shouting at the top of his voice, and the populace swarmed into the streets, and Elizabeth forgot all about the blankets she had come to buy.

After the more pressing business of state was discharged at England's mighty capital, the story of the dean's commission and Elizabeth Edmonds' disposal of the Royal commandment, came to the ears of the new Queen.

"Listen, my lords and gentlemen," she said laughing, "and the wench is a namesake of mine besides. My Lord Treasurer, it is my pleasure that an annuity of forty pounds be bestowed on Elizabeth Edmonds for the remainder of her natural life."

How it fared with the dean I do not know, but it may be that he adjusted his confession of faith to the new government, and lived happy ever after. Yet it is more likely that some sorrowful reaping came to him this side of Jordan.

Toronto, Ont.

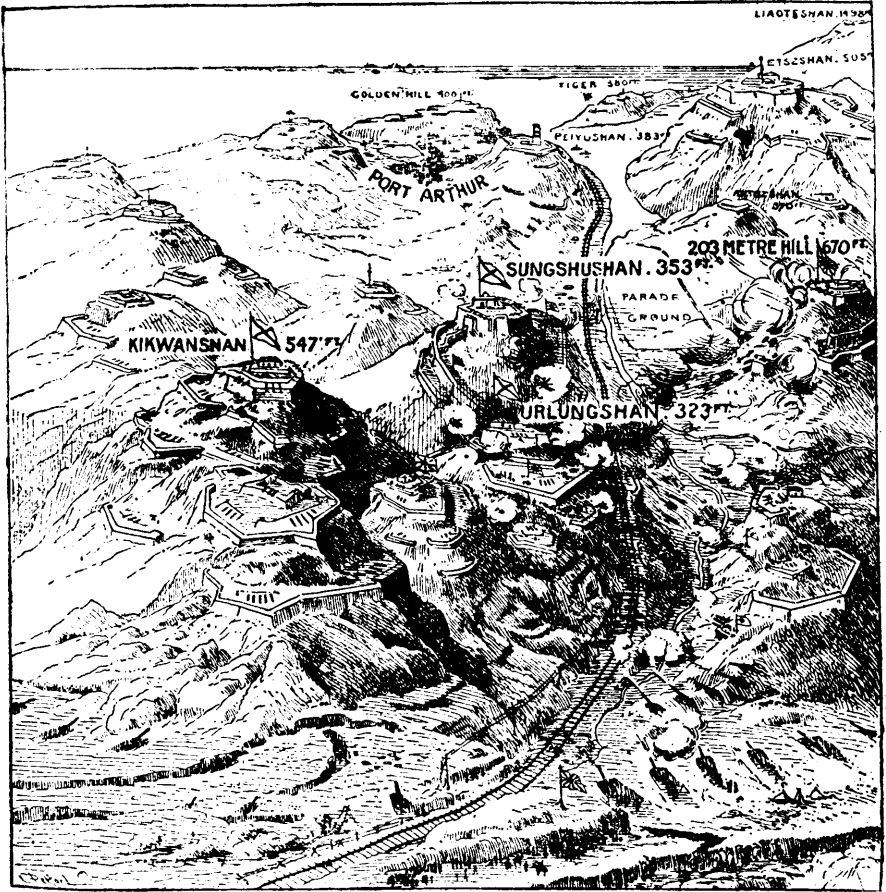
"WHEN I MEDITATE ON THEE IN THE NIGHT
WATCHES."

BY REV. WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL.

When, in the silence of the midnight hour,
We wakeful lie, oftimes the Spirit deigns
To visit us,—as when on thirsty plains
Falls the cool grace of a refreshing shower,
Making the desert places bloom and flower.
Then, from the long ago, come back to mind
Great, simple thoughts, too often left behind
In the fierce strife for fortune, fame, or power,—
Truths we have learned in childhood, but outgrown
In manhood's years, to selfish struggle given.
Ah! give us, Lord, a childlike heart, that we
May know that in these simple truths alone
Lie all the joy of earth and hope of heaven,—
The kinship of the human soul with thee!

—Interior.

Current Topics and Events.



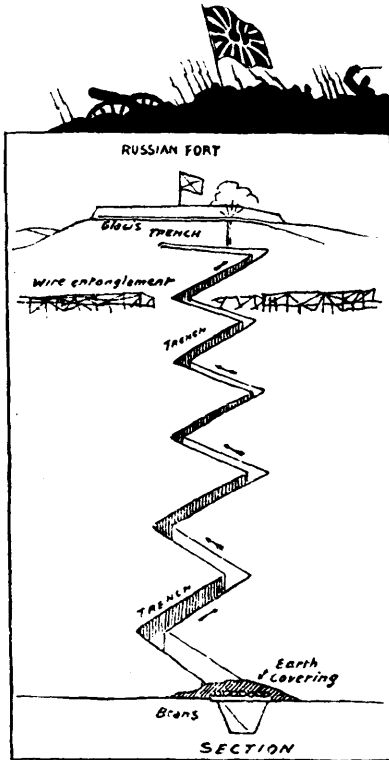
THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.

A map of Port Arthur, showing 203 Metre Hill, Urlungshan and Sungshushan, the scene of the final desperate assaults at Port Arthur.

ACHIEVING THE IMPOSSIBLE.

The long expected fall of Port Arthur ends a long tragedy of suffering, misery and death. Never was such a series of mutually supporting forts, reinforced with all the skill of modern military science, aided by lavish expenditure of money and toll, reduced, not by the slow process of starvation, but by sapping

and mining and assault. The Russians were not starved into submission, for nearly two thousand horses were surrendered. During the siege of Paris, horse-flesh was converted into a table dainty, and some aver that it is largely used in time of peace. During the siege of Peking, it is alleged, that some of the besieged garrison preferred "curried" horse—but they were epicures.



HOW THE JAPS TOOK PORT ARTHUR.

These snakelike sapping trenches were used by Gen. Nogi's army in reaching the Russian forts.

The army of forty thousand Russians, with the sailors of the fleet and the big guns of the ships, made the place almost impregnable. But if great praise is given Stoessel for his stubborn defence, what shall be said of the patience, the skill, the reckless daring of the Japanese in its assault and capture? It was the key of the situation in the Far East. While it remained in the hands of the Russians, it was a place of refuge for their Baltic fleet, a thorn in the side of the Japanese, and a perpetual menace to their navy, transports and communications.

But, after all, neither defence nor siege and assault embody the highest kind of courage. The one was the brute prowess of a bear at bay, fighting to the last in defence of his den; the other was the reckless attack of savage courage, eager to destroy its foe. Of a higher order was the moral courage that

made Stoessel yield to the inevitable, that conquered his pride and his indomitable will and saved a forlorn remnant of his host. It was cruel to deceive so brave a man by reports of succor from Kuro-patkin and the Baltic fleet when it was long known that both were impossible.

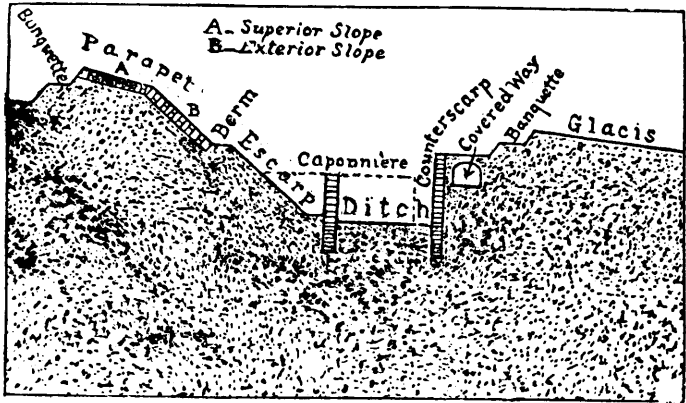
The generosity of the Japanese in offering their freedom to so long a list of generals, admirals, colonels, majors, and other officers is a nobler tribute to their character than their valor in the field. After the peace which must inevitably come in the not distant future, it will be shown that they have conquered their foes not less by kindness than by arms.

It is humiliating to the pride of the northern Colossus that its "pigmy foes," for whom it professed such haughty disdain, should have achieved such a record of victories, while Russia has not scored a single one; but the chances of restoring her prestige by either sea or land seem less than ever. The highest courage and the truest wisdom would be to now submit to the inevitable and carry out the pledges which she made to all the world in the restoration of Manchuria to China, and the respecting the independence of Korea. As for the Baltic fleet, its safest place will be the Baltic Sea—beneath the guns of Cronstadt.

Continued disaster in the field will certainly menace the stability of the throne. The volcanic fires that so long have been seething and rumbling, like Enceladus beneath Mount Etna, may, if still further suppressed, burst forth in an awful cataclysm which will overthrow both throne and altar in the dust in a revolution worse than that of France in 1789. Better far have a peaceful reform, a new era of freedom at home, than a precarious and temporary victory on the Chinese Sea.

Our diagrams show how thoroughly fortified Port Arthur was and the enormous difficulties which the Japanese overcame. The forts on the sea-front were of still more Titanic strength than those shown in our diagram. Our sections of these fortifications will indicate the nature of the attack. We quote as follows from *The Literary Digest*:

The spectator who stationed himself immediately in front of that frowning, shapeless work referred to in despatches as Antzshan would find at his feet a long, smooth approach to a ditch. The approach is called the glacis. General Nogi's only resource was sap-work—



SECTION OF FORTIFICATION.

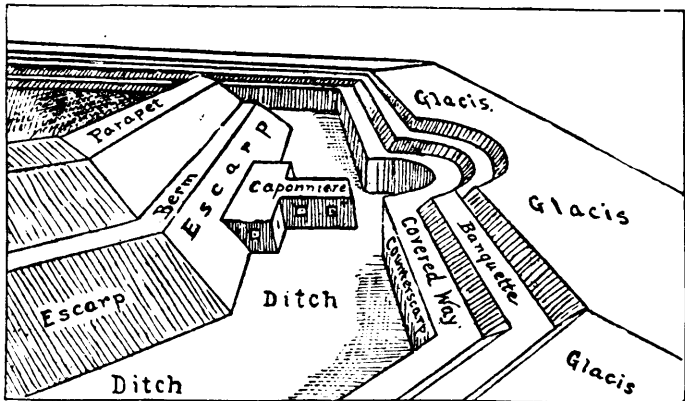
trenches sunk in the ground. The ditch at the base of every main fort is stated by an expert in the London Times to be protected by kaponiers or projecting turrets of masonry. These kaponiers mount machine-guns and heavier weapons, and are so constructed as to sweep the ditch with their fire, while it is impossible to penetrate into them. . . . Their capture or destruction is, therefore, a necessary preliminary to any assault on the forts. Each of these ditches has cost thousands of Japanese lives.

The outer wall of the ditch referred to is called the counterscarp. Hence the spectator who fell over the edge of the glacis would roll over one or two step-like formations down the counterscarp and into the ditch, there to be "wiped out," remarks the London Standard, by

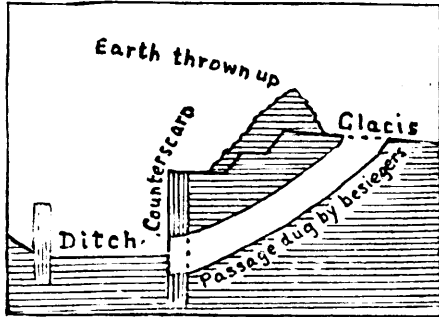
a "terribly destructive fire" from a kaponier (or caponniere). If, however, the spectator were not fired upon at all, and were not impaled upon "wire entanglements" as are Nogi's troops in like circumstances, but rose to his feet and gazed from the bottom of the ditch to the parapet in front of him, he would be looking up the escarp. General Nogi had to breach the escarp of each main fort in the last line of defence before he could capture the place.

STOESSEL'S LAST LINE.

"Our sketch illustrates the terms which have been frequently mentioned in dispatches describing attacks on the Port Arthur forts," says the accurate Manchester Guardian, from which we copy.



FOR DESCRIPTION SEE PAGE 180.



THE DESCENT INTO THE DITCH.

"The approach to the defences shown above is conducted by parallels, that is, by lines of trenches parallel with the defences to be attacked, and advanced closer and closer by means of 'zig-zag' trenches, the batteries advancing at the same time. The following is an explanation of the various terms :

"Glacis : The sloping descent toward the open country from the top of the ditch, clear of any obstacle which might obstruct the fire of the defenders.

"Banquette : A step on which the defenders stand to fire over any parapet in front of them. Thus a banquette is shown a few feet below the level of the actual crest of the glacis. The defenders, standing on this, fire down the slope of the glacis. Another banquette is within the fort proper, a few feet below the parapet which rests on the escarp.

"Counterscarp : The face of the ditch nearest to the besiegers. There is thus a slight fall from the actual crest of the glacis to the banquette, and a further slight descent from the banquette to the top of the counterscarp.

"Covered Way : A passage in the counterscarp, running round the ditch. In this the defenders gather for a sortie, under protection from the besiegers' fire. It contains places of entrance and exit toward the inner works of the fort and the outside.

"The Ditch : Generally from fifteen to twenty feet in depth and about forty yards or more in breadth. The measurements, however, depend on the size of the other works.

"Caponniere : A covered work emerging out of the escarp and placed across the ditch. It contains guns, loopholes for musketry, etc., and exposes an enemy descending into and crossing the ditch to a fierce cross-fire. Hence the neces-

sity to destroy the caponniere before the ditch is crossed.

"Escarp : The side of the ditch nearest to the inner fort.

"Berm : A step left between the escarp proper and the parapet. The parapet being of great weight, and pressing on the earth beneath (the escarp) tends to push it outward into the ditch. The berm is a device to relieve the pressure.

"Parapet : The rampart of the fort proper, sloping downward to the berm. Standing on the banquette, on the inner side of the parapet, the defenders have a clear field of fire over the escarp, trench, counterscarp, and glacis."

The defence of Stoessel was a brave one, but the reasons assigned for his surrender, the exhaustion of food and ammunition, were contradicted by fact. "There was no sign of privation in Port Arthur," says *The Times'* despatch, "and the surrender was inexplicable. The Protestant defenders of Rochelle, of Leyden, of Haarlem, and of Londonderry, were reduced to straits compared with which the conditions of Port Arthur were luxury. General Nogi reports that the Japanese captured at Port Arthur 546 guns, 82,670 shells, 60,000



AVE CAESAR.

Punch's dedication to General Stoessel, the gallant defender of Port Arthur.



THE NEW LIGHT.

—From the Minneapolis Tribune.

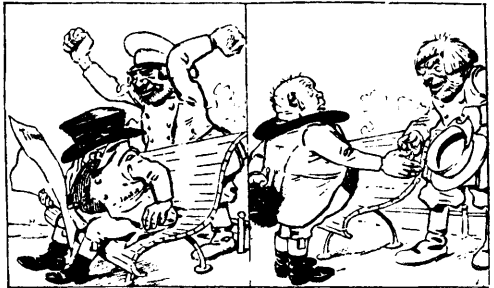
pounds of powder, and 2,226,800 rounds of rifle ammunition. The fact seems to be that Stoessel was defeated by the intrepid valor of the Japanese—a good reason for surrendering, not a reason for saying he was starved out, which was not true."

Drunkenness seems to be the great vice of the Russians. The illustrated papers give photos of immense quantities of liquors piled up at the railway stations in Manchuria. The Times' cable despatches of January 15 report that in Port Arthur, after the surrender, champagne was always obtainable. There was little dysentery or typhus, but the soldiers suffered from scurvy, owing to the lack of vegetables. Many of the military officers were useless, applying for leave on days when there were attacks, and leaving the command to the sergeants. The naval officers were useless. They were generally drunk. The whole navy was demoralized by the death of Makaroff, which produced a marked apathy. When the first news of the capitulation was known soldiers looted a store containing 5,600 bottles of vodka. There were terrible orgies in the streets, and the troops sent to quell the disturbance joined the revellers. The food supply was sufficient for three months.

THE UNDERGROUND CITY.

How few of us, writes W. T. Stead, have even attempted to realize the extraordinary spectacle which is now to be

witnessed in Manchuria! On the banks of the Shaho River, what is to all intents and purposes an immense city has been dug into the ground, in which day by day and night by night there live and sleep and eat and drink at least half a million of our fellow-creatures—one-half of them are Russian and white-skinned, the other are Japanese of a yellow tint. Imagine this vast host of men, brought together solely for purposes of mutual destruction, living week after week within gunshot of each other, constantly on the qui-vive, with their guns and powder and shot always ready for action. It is an underground city, for men have become troglodytes from their hatred of each other and their dread of the cold. They have hewn out for themselves caves in the earth, where they wait and watch, ready for the summons to battle. Over all the vast stretch of country covered by the opposing fronts of this dual city there grows no living thing. Nor is there a running spring or flowing river. Under the intense cold all water has been congealed, and before horse or man can drink, ice has to be quarried from the river and thawed by fire, for which there is but scant fuel. Imagine the toil, the strain, the forethought, the energy employed merely in feeding this city of half a million able-bodied men; a womanless, childless city, which produces nothing, and consumes every day a thousand tons of food. Imagine also the dull, sodden misery of it all. And the stench! for in an underground city there can be no drains. Disease is rife, and the hospitals are full. There is nothing in all the savage horrors of the battlefield which so impresses the imagination with a sense of the malignant, intolerable curse which war



A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING; OR, THE RUSSIAN JOKER AT HULL.

"Oh, excuse me. I didn't know you with that hat on, and mistook you for a Jap."

—From Kladderadatsch, of Berlin.

inflicts upon the peoples as the spectacle of this underground City of Hell in which half a million wretched men are spending weeks in torment in readiness for a day of carnage.



CANADA WELCOMES THE NEW
GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

—Witness.

Earl Grey has been winning golden opinions from all sorts of people. His public utterances have shown tact and discrimination. He is thoroughly imbued with the sense of his duty to this brightest gem in the British crown and of its glorious possibilities. We admire the philanthropic purpose of his mode of dealing with the drink evil in Britain, though we may not be sure of its success. His visit to western Canada will be everywhere welcomed with enthusiasm.

CANADA FIRST.

We are always glad to note the progress of Canada. The *Scientific American* for December 31st announces that the longest span bridge in the world is now under construction across the St. Lawrence at Quebec. It has a great central span of 1,800 feet in length, exceeding by 90 feet the span of the great Forth bridge in Scotland. Provision is made for a double-track railway, two roadways for vehicles, and two sidewalks. The main posts of this cantilever are 325 feet in length, and each weigh 750 tons.

The whole first page of the following

number of *The Scientific American* is filled with a picture of the largest water turbine in the world, a colossal structure now being erected at Shawenegan, on the St. Maurice, eighty-four miles north-east of Montreal. It has a capacity of 10,500 horse-power. It is 30 feet from base to top, 22 feet wide, and weighs ten tons. Four hundred thousand gallons of water pass through it every minute, equal to a river 100 feet wide, 9 feet deep, flowing at the rate of 60 feet per minute. Ten thousand horse-power is transmitted eighty-four miles to Montreal for trolley power and electric lighting.

Canada possesses the grandest water-powers in the world. Not counting the splendid developments of the Niagara and St. Lawrence, with a whole chain of fresh-water seas for their mill-pond, from the watershed between the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes and Hudson's Bay are hundreds of lakes and streams which will furnish the energy of millions of horses. On both slopes of the Rockies, the Cascades, the Selkirks, and the Coast Range are still greater water-powers. She possesses by far the greatest supplies of pulp-wood in existence which the energy of these streams can convert into pulp and paper for the world. The fact that electrical energy can be transmitted two hundred and fifty miles opens a new manufacturing era to our country.

Canada has the honor of having the



THE LATE REV. DAVIDSON MACDONALD, M.D.

first two ocean turbine steamers yet launched, 12,000 tons each. It was Canada that sent the first steamship across the sea. It was Canada that introduced the first post-card, now multiplied by billions. It was Canada that led the way to penny postage throughout the British Empire, and Canada that first of all the dependencies of the Empire, offered preferential trade to the mother country. Well may we use the words of Milton :

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."

A GREAT MISSIONARY.

The death of Dr. Davidson Macdonald removes the second of our heroic pioneer missionaries to Japan. His friend and colleague, Dr. Cochran, by a few years preceded him from labor to reward. It was much more of an adventure to proceed to the Far East over thirty years ago than it is to-day, and Dr. Macdonald had the honor of being the first foreign missionary to the inland city of Shidzuoka when life and safety were by no means assured. "Here he succeeded in building up," says Dr. Sutherland, "what is to-day our strongest church in Japan."

It was our first experiment in sending out a medical missionary. So successful was the result that it has been many times repeated since. The healer of men's bodies has a special opportunity to become also the healer of their souls. His professional aid was warmly welcomed in the highest circles and in the British and foreign legations. It was also freely tendered to the impoverished natives. Almost in the words of St. Peter our modern apostle could say, "Silver and gold have I none, but in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." The triumphs of modern surgery seemed absolutely miraculous to even so intelligent a people as the Japanese.

Dr. Macdonald and Dr. Cochran laid broad and deep and stable the foundations



A TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

—From the New York Herald.

of our successful mission in the island empire, and who shall say how great has been their influence in moulding the thought and mind of that "nation born in a day"?

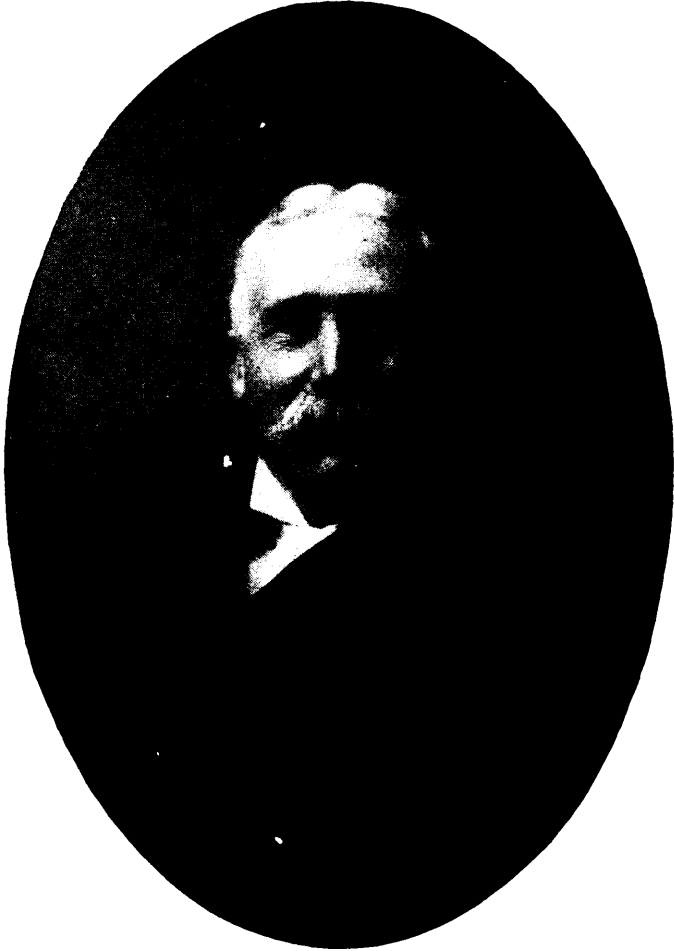
Nearly thirty years ago, at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, we asked the Japanese commissioner if he knew Dr. Macdonald. "Why," he said, as his eye flashed, "Dr. Macdonald baptized me." Dr. Cochran, too, did most important work in aiding in the translation of the Scriptures into the Japanese language.

Our first two missionaries were men fervent in spirit, wise in counsel, instant in labor, and to them our Church and the Empire of the Rising Sun owe a debt of gratitude which never can be paid. The Christian Guardian of January 11th contains noble tributes to our now sainted Brother Browning, Dr. Macdonald's spiritual father, whose words come like a voice from the other world, and by the colleagues or successors in our premier mission field.

If instead of the burly figure of John Bull, who is at present at peace with all the world, the American cartoonist had introduced the figure of Japan, it would render his cartoon complete. These two great powers may well submit to the tribunal of The Hague. Each has shown itself capable of titanic effort, each has more to gain by peace than by war.

Dr. Withrow's illustrated programme of summer travel in Europe for 1905 is now ready. A copy will be sent on request to any one interested.

THE WHITE PLAGUE.



Yours truly
E. J. Barrick

M. D., M. R. C. S., Eng., L. R. C. P. and S. Lon.
and Edin. Toronto, Ont.

Our accomplished townsman, Dr. E. J. Barrick, who has waged such an unceasing war against the white plague in Can-

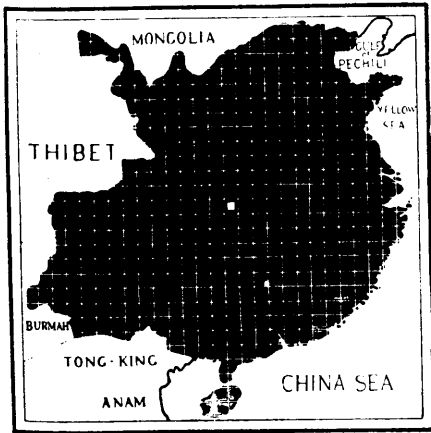
ada, had the honor of being president of the International Congress on Tuberculosis at the World's Fair, St. Louis. His

presidential address, printed in The Medical Brief, is a lucid and luminous account of what has been, and may be, accomplished in arresting the frightful mortality and suffering from this cause. His concluding words are as follows: "I earnestly plead for municipal sanatoria on behalf of the eight thousand people who die each year in the Dominion of Canada, entailing an estimated annual financial loss of \$48,000,000, and on behalf of the over one hundred thousand citizens of this great republic, who die annually of this same disease, at an estimated financial loss of over \$600,000,000. Let the cry go up from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Save the people, save this financial loss, and establish municipal sanatoria for consumptives. How, then, may the difficulties in the way of municipal

sanatoria be overcome? I answer, educate, educate, educate. A campaign of popular education, aided by the medical, legal and lay press, the pulpit and the platform, should be sufficient to arouse the public to a sense of its duty in this great work of saving and prolonging the lives of the people."

We do not care to wait till a man dies to say something about him. A pound of "taffy" is worth a ton of "epitaphy" any day. We have had the pleasure of working with Dr. Barrick on anti-tuberculosis committees, and have found him an exceedingly courteous gentleman and public-spirited citizen. Dr. Barrick is one of the few surviving original trustees of the Metropolitan Church, and his large influence has ever been exerted on behalf of social and moral reform.

Religious Intelligence.



CHINA.

Nineteen Centuries after Christ's Commission to make Disciples of all Nations.

Each black square represents one million souls living in spiritual darkness. The small white square in the centre represents the total number of adherents attached to the Protestant Churches in China, estimated at about 250,000.

A parallel case would be if Bradford, or Hull, or Newcastle, or Nottingham were a Christian town, whilst the whole of the rest of Europe was without Christ.

"How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?"

"Take your Bible, and carefully count, not the chapters or the verses, but the letters from the beginning of Genesis to the 'Amen' of the Revelation; and when you have accomplished the task, go over it again and again and again—ten times, twenty, forty times—nay, you must read the very letters of your Bible eighty times over before you have reached the requisite sum. It would take something like the letters of eighty Bibles to represent the men, women, and children of that old and wondrous empire. Fourteen hundred of them have sunk into Christless graves during the last hour; thirty-three thousand will pass to-day for ever beyond your reach. Dispatch your missionary to-morrow, and one million and a quarter of immortal souls, for whom Christ died, will have passed away to their final account before he can reach their shores. Whether such facts touch us or not, I think they ought to move our hearts. It is enough to make an angel weep."—The Rev. Silvester Whitehead.

ONE OUT OF FIVE.

One-fifth of all the women of the world are found in the homes of China. One baby girl out of every five is cradled

in a Chinese mother's arms, unwelcomed and unloved, unless by that poor mother's heart. One little maiden out of every five grows up in ignorance and neglect, drudging in the daily toil of some poor Chinese family, or crying over the pain of her crippled feet in the seclusion of a wealthier home. Among all the youthful brides who day by day pass from the shelter of their childhood's home, one out of every five goes weeping in China to the tyranny of the mother-in-law she dreads, and the indifference of a husband she has never seen. . . . One out of every five, at the close of earthly life, passes into the shadow and terror that surround a Chinese grave, never having heard of Him who alone can rob death of its sting. One-fifth of all the women are waiting, waiting in China, for the Saviour who so long has waited for them. What a burden of responsibility does this lay upon us—the women of Christendom!—Mrs. F. Howard Taylor.

TAKING STOCK.

In every counting-house and store and factory in the world that adopts correct business methods the annual stock-taking is an imperative affair. So, too, as churches and as individuals we should take stock of our standing at the beginning of another year. We should use these milestones on Time's highway to measure our progress. In many things we see marked advance—the growth of our country in population, in trade, in manufactures, in wealth, are gratifying. But this is not enough.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

We have unbounded faith in the future, but there are things in our moral and religious condition that give us pause. Take the temperance situation. We boast that Canada drinks less liquor than any country in the world, that in Ontario tavern licenses have been greatly reduced. Very good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. As a matter of fact, more liquor is drunk than ever before. We remember when, with a fourth of its population, Toronto had twice as many taverns, but the drink trade to-day is a menace and an evil as it was not in those early times. The greater monopoly of this drunkard-making business gives it a greater power and wealth and influence. The good-will of some of these taverns has sold for an enormous sum, an unearned increment which goes to the big

breweries and distilleries which control the trade. In England forty thousand pounds has been paid for the good-will of a tavern near the great Armstrong works, from the facilities it offers for taking enormous toll from the earnings of the workmen.

The organized power of the liquor traffic is greater than ever it was, and the fact that an ex-distiller, whose great wealth is derived from this wretched trade, received over 12,000 votes for the highest office in the gift of this city, shows how many people are willing to wink at and condone the infamous business.

In the religious world there is much to encourage us. The increased interest in missions, the volunteers, by scores in Canada, and by hundreds on this continent, for mission work, the increased gifts to missions, home and foreign, the growth of our Young People's Societies, and their increasing devotion and missionary zeal, these and many other marks of religious progress are causes of devout gratitude to God.

But with improved machinery and wealth and agents our Church is not making all the progress that it should. The eye-opening letter of the Rev. W. McMullen in *The Guardian*, and the discussion on the subject in our churches, shows the need of taking stock, of discovering the nature and cause of leakage, and of seeking, by God's grace, a renewal of the old-time power whereby Methodism, with far inferior equipment in numbers, in wealth, in education, was doing relatively far greater work. We hope that every official board, every League and Sunday-school, every pastor and teacher, every individual member of Canadian and world-wide Methodism will take this solemn question to heart and seriously take stock of the situation, and with renewed consecration and zeal pray mightily to God, "Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?"

IS METHODISM DECLINING ?

In his sermon on this subject, the Rev. W. H. Hincks, said that all the Churches, under the influence of the evolutionary hypothesis and the higher criticism, especially as taught by extremists, have lost much of their old evangelistic zeal and have changed some of their revival methods. He argued that a higher type of quiet, practical efficiency had been gained. He was prepared to

take any revival that God might send, but prayed to be preserved from the old reaction. He believed that the higher criticism would be accepted by the Methodist Church in proportion as it promoted evangelism. The Church was not without great signs of encouragement. Whole classes passed into the Church from the evangelism of the Sunday-schools, but were not included in congregational returns. Methodism had increased 147 per cent. since 1870, and seventy-five per cent. in Canada since 1883. But he had no doubt they had lost power in approaching the masses. If men were to be reached it was through their recognized wants, and there was not a want of humanity which was not an avenue for evangelization.

—
 "THIS IS THE LORD'S DOING, AND IT IS MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES."

It was a history-making conference that was held in Knox Church, Toronto, during the busy Christmas week, when the streets were crowded with holiday purchasers. It was fitting that that time of "Peace on earth, good-will to men" should be signalized by this triumph of Christian brotherhood. One hundred and fifty representative men of three Christian Churches spent the greater part of three days in prayer, in friendly consultation, and arrangements as touching the unity of God's kingdom.

The days were spent in brotherly consideration of questions of doctrine, polity, the office and training of the ministry. The representatives of the different Churches vied with one another in kindly and Christian courtesy. While some difficulties were frankly stated, yet they were met in a most brotherly spirit of conciliation.

The delegations of the several Churches met separately to decide the vital question whether they should go forward to the appointment of committees for working out details of the proposed basis of union. This was a vital and critical occasion; because lack of concurrence here might wreck the whole movement.

The delegations then met in joint conference. With bated breath the conference awaited the several reports. That of the Methodist delegation was that although there were difficulties in the way of all the Churches, yet there were none that were deemed insuperable, and it expressed willingness to go forward to the appointment of committees to prepare,



THE REV. JOHN LATHERN, D.D.

if practicable, a basis of union. In this the other delegations concurred. The reports were received in profound silence—with feelings too deep for demonstrations of applause. Yet gratitude to God welled up in many a heart. Committees were nominated of forty each on doctrine, polity, administration, the ministry, and of fifteen on law. The conference sang, "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—a singularly appropriate hymn, and thus this great religious movement advanced another stage in its progress. The result of the deliberations and negotiations of these committees will be presented to a future meeting of the joint conference, and to the church courts, which will take action as to the further steps of this great movement, which all have felt has been specially guided by God.

We are glad to see that these Churches have, at Montreal and elsewhere, been meeting together for Christian fellowship and prayer. Let the good work extend in every quarter. This shall be the demonstration of the depth and strength of the feeling in favor of union. We regret to see a writer in *The Guardian* speak of the "empty gush and sickly sentimentality which have hitherto been only too manifest." These are the last words that should be applied to the words of Christian brotherhood of such wise and godly counsellors as the now sainted Principal Caven and Principal Grant, and



THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

of almost every utterance of that great assembly. It is worthy of note that every decision of that conference was unanimous. If any one was opposed he did not show it by his vote. So we deem The Guardian right in saying that "of those composing the committee the number in favor of the proposed union 'overwhelmingly outweighed the number of contrary or even of hesitant judgment.'"

The pillar of cloud and of fire that led God's people through the Red Sea and the wilderness will go before us still, and will guide his Church into the Land of Promise he has prepared for us.

PROMOTED BRETHREN.

Never before has the same morning paper brought us the intelligence of the death, on the same day, of three distinguished ministers of the Methodist Church—including Dr. Macdonald, four within a week—and the Rev. A. S. Edwards, our missionary to the Indians at Walpole Island, the week before. The nearest approach which we remember was when our late General Superintendent, Dr. Rice, and the revered and beloved Dr. Carroll almost at the same time passed away. The three recent deaths represent three of the former divisions now happily combined in the united Methodist Church of Canada.

The Rev. Dr. Lathern, of Halifax, N.S., was indeed a brother beloved by all who knew him. Of English birth and parentage, he studied for a mining engineer, but later joined the British Methodist Conference, and volunteered for work in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where he occupied in succession the principal churches. He reached the highest offices in the gift of his brethren, those of President of the Nova Scotia Conference and Editor of *The Wesleyan*, both of which positions he filled with distinguished success. Dr. Lathern's ability as a writer is not unknown to the readers of this magazine, by his *Life of James Morrow*, and other books, and by his frequent contributions to this magazine. His death, on January 7, at the age of seventy-three, is felt to be a great loss not only in his own congregation, but throughout the entire community.

On the same day death came suddenly to another venerable and beloved minister, the Rev. Arthur Browning, Toronto. He was born in Cornwall, England, seventy-one years ago, and retained to the last his Cornish fire and fervor and evangelistic zeal. He came to Canada in 1857, and was one of our earliest missionaries of British Columbia. His labors among the Indians of the seacoast and the gold miners of Cariboo abounded in episodes of a stirring romance. He



THE REV. WILLIAM BEE.

was a man of fearless courage, and admirably adapted for the rough and ready life of those early times. His narratives of mission work "West of the Rockies" in this magazine have been read with intense interest. Death came suddenly. He fell upon the street, and before a physician could be summoned passed away.

On the same day the Rev. William Bee, one of the foremost ministers of the former Primitive Methodist Church, died at his residence in this city. He had reached the ripe age of seventy-eight, and celebrated his golden wedding a year ago. He was a stalwart northcountryman, born in Northumberland, and was marked

by the vigorous brawn and brain of that border country. He came to Canada forty years ago, and received prominent appointments in the church of his choice, he becoming in succession Missionary Secretary and Book Steward and Editor of *The Christian Journal*. He was a warm friend of Methodist union, a man of deeply evangelical spirit and sweet and saintly character. One daughter is a missionary in Chentu.

The presence of these brethren will be sorely missed in the Annual Conferences, where they were wont to take an intense interest and at times an active part in their deliberations, especially those involving the spiritual interest of the Church.

Book Notices.

"The Burden of the City." By Isabelle Horton, Superintendent of Social and Educational Work in Halsted Street Church, Chicago. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 222.

The accomplished author of this book is well known in Canada as a lady of remarkable literary grace and forceful and eloquent pulpit and platform ability. She has devoted her best powers of heart and mind to the problem of the poor. As a leading writer for *The Deaconess Advocate*, and latterly as Superintendent of Social and Educational Work in the Halsted Institutional Church, Chicago, she has come into closest contact with these problems. The burden of the city has rested upon her soul as the burden of Israel on that of the old prophets.

The burden is enough, if only revealed as in this book, to wring tears of sympathy from every heart, and arouse the most lethargic to effort and action. In London, New York, Chicago, in every great centre, and many lesser ones, the problem of the poor, of the suffering, the sorrowing, the sinning, has become most exigent. Thank God, loving hearts and wise brains are devoting their best powers to its solution. There are "cities within cities," even in Canada. In Montreal, in Toronto, in Winnipeg, we have our Chinatown, our Ghetto, our Little Italy, where foreign signs and for-

eign speech confront one. We must elevate these people, or they will drag us down—they will dehumanize and barbarize our civilization. "The submerged tenth," just think what it means! The social inequalities sow the seeds of anarchism. As the son of toil reads of the wanton and wicked extravagance of the "smart set," of the table loaded with presents for a pug-dog, among them a diamond-studded collar, no wonder the iron enters his soul.

This book is not a mere prophet's scroll of woe, but an evangel of gladness. It tells what has been done to solve the problem, to lift the burden, to succor and save the poor. In luminous chapters it recites the history of that noble form of Christian beneficence, *Settlement Work*—the dwelling of cultured and richly dowered souls among the poor, akin to the coming of our Lord from heaven to earth. It describes the methods of the modern Church in grappling with these evils; the divine work of the deaconess in gracious ministries of love and tenderness; work among the children, snatching them from the perils and the doom which have overtaken so many of their elders. A bright and cheery chapter on Co-operation, "a dream that is not all a dream," tells what is possible by mutual help and the co-ordination of the cities' charities. The battle with the slum and with the drink demon is the battle of civilization. It is the old fight of St.

George and the dragon over again. Many efforts to elevate the people have failed through dependence on secular effort, on machinery, on money. The only healer of the city's moral malady is the divine Christ and his impersonation in the loving hearts and consecrated souls of his followers. This ministry is largely committed to woman. Her keener sympathies, her intuitive understanding of human nature, her finer wisdom in meeting soul problems, make her in many cases the only possible ministrant to the lapsed and lost. This book is indispensable to any who would understand the best methods of city mission work.

"The Dynamic of Christianity. A Study in the Vital and Permanent Element in the Christian Religion." by Edward Mortimer Chapman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

This is an important contribution to the most vital and far-reaching movements of the twentieth century in the realm of constructive Christian thought. It is balanced and devout, moving freely through all the fields of modern scholarship involved in the questions discussed, and is clear-eyed for the divine immensities with which the human mind and heart may be increasingly enriched.

Two things characterize the beginning of the twentieth century which will become increasingly evident with the flow of the years. The one is the passing of the effervescence of unbelief consequent upon the intellectual revolution brought to the popular mind by Darwinism in its crude adolescence; the other is the rehabilitation and enlargement of faith, which harnesses the revolution into a divine force, giving it the value of a divine revelation, which, as is always the case with a true advance, preserves the essential of the old and gives it a larger field for operation. Manufactured theology is giving way to the conception of a living, growing kingdom of God, both within us and among us, in which all the elements of theology, worthy of God and man, are reset for wider effectiveness.

This book is a sane and scriptural contribution to the latter, the constructive movement, finding the Dynamic of Christianity where Christ left it, and the Apostles recognized it, in the Holy Spirit, and the final authority in religion in His operations recorded in the past or experienced in the present. The author

gives modern and scientific statement to a great truth emphasized by the Quakers in their days of power, and in a larger sense by the early Methodists; in which modern Methodism has much to relearn and to develop if she is not to lose her crown. No earnest Methodist minister or lay-worker should lose the inspiration and education in the things of the Spirit afforded by this book, which, though it does not fully and consciously enter into the holy of holies of the Methodist "depositum," does open the way in a most intelligent and intelligible manner to the very portals, and lays down principles which, if sanely applied, will work out to splendid fruition in the divinest experience possible to man.

C. S. E.

"The Spirit of God in Biblical Literature." A Study in the History of Religion. By Irving F. Wood, Ph.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-280. Price, \$1.25.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times, presaging glorious days of triumph for the Son of Man on this planet, is the scholarly, devout and practical study of the Holy Spirit and his work among men. The volume under review is a distinct contribution to this phase of modern scholarship, preparatory to a readjustment of the eternal truths of divine revelation in the appropriate intellectual garb of a larger age—an age capable of, and responsible for, larger things for God and man. While familiar with and using all the literature available on the subject, our author appears to be hampered by none, using all in an original investigation into the evolution of the conception of the Spirit of God in all the religious literatures of the world, in order to bring out clearly the Biblical and Christian idea. In Part I., "The Spirit of God in Hebrew Thought," he reviews in a most exhaustive manner the canonical writings before the exile, after the exile, the Palestinian and Alexandrian phases of Jewish thought in the Apocryphal books. We see the lines of development from the early crude emotional and charismatic conceptions to the ethical and cosmic. We see how Greek thought gave its contribution, both positive and negative, in preparation for subsequent Christian thought. In Part II., "The Spirit of God in New Testament Thought," we are guided skilfully through the conceptions of the gospels and the epistles

into an understanding of the influence of Paul and John on the thought of after ages. Every student of divine things who wants material to help him in doing his own thinking, should not only read this book, but study and slowly absorb the facts here brought out in the most scientific, up-to-date scholarship coupled with a devout and spiritually-minded atmosphere. For the man who wants only easy "pre-digested" food to season and dish up for a quick supply of sermons, this is not the thing. Not that it is so difficult: it is profound, but luminous as day. But it must be handled as a whole and not for its quotable nuggets. It is furnished with a good bibliography on the subject, and also a brief but very useful index. C. S. E.

"Poverty." By Robert Hunter. New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: G. N. Morang & Company. Pp. xi-382. Price, \$1.50.

"The poor ye have always with you," said the Master, and we have them with us to-day. But "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor." That is the purpose of this book, to diagnose the disease and seek its cure. The writer has been associated for a dozen years with social and economic reform. He writes out of a large experience. It is certainly a surprise to be told that no less than ten millions of persons in the United States are underfed, underclothed, poorly housed. In a series of incisive chapters he treats of the social wreckage in the abyss of the cities of the Union. He shows that the evils of poverty are reproductive, that degeneracy tends to deepen and widen. The vagrant and the tramp are in large degree the cause as well as the product of poverty. They prefer vagrancy to toil, they make mendicancy a profession; they are above working with the "dagoes" and "sheenies" and other foreign laborers.

Our author recognizes intemperance as one of the most prolific causes of poverty. Drunkenness and sickness are responsible for thirty-five to fifty per cent. of this evil. His remedy is treating inebriety as a disease, healing it in hospitals, or punishing it in prisons. But why not nip it in the bud by banishing the bar by which it is caused?

Our author makes the astounding statement, founded on insurance statistics, that 1,664,000 persons are annually killed, or more or less seriously injured, in the United States by accident; 150,000 more

die every year of tuberculosis. Both of these evils might surely be largely prevented.

But admitting all that Mr. Hunter states, still we know little in either the United States or Canada of the depths of poverty that exist in the crowded centres of the Old World and among the parasite populations of the Far East. Our social development has created a standard of living to fall below which is counted poverty, although it would be deemed by many millions a supreme luxury. In Canada, especially, it may truly be said that we have no poverty for which the preventable evils of drink and vice are not responsible. Every man able and willing to work may earn a living, and often gain wealth.

"Tales Told in Palestine." Collected by J. E. Hanauer. Edited with Illustrations by H. G. Mitchell. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto. William Briggs. Pp. 221. Price, \$1.25 net.

The folk-tales of primitive peoples throw remarkable light on their history and religion. To the present writer, while riding on his camel in the deepening twilight from Karnak to Luxor, Mohamet, his camel driver, told a long and rambling tale about a king, and a priest, and a cow and a calf; and we told him the story of the judgment of Solomon. He had never heard it, and thought it a very good one, indeed. The Orient abounds in tales of the marvellous djins and afrites, many of which are embodied in the Koran of Mohammed. In Egypt, if you ask who built the Pyramids or the ruined palaces or temples, the natives will often answer, Joseph—Yusef, they call him—and very many of them bear his name.

This book is a remarkable collection of such stories. It is only one who has lived with intimacy among these people who can so enter into their inner life and get a glimpse of things behind the scenes who could collect such tales as these. Sir Edwin Arnold has retold a century of them in charming verse. These are gathered from the natives while smoking around the camp-fire or wandering over the desert ways in lonely pilgrimage. Some of them throw much light on the narratives of Scripture, as the legends of saints and heroes, of Abraham, of Job, of Moses, of David; others describe modern superstitions; some are specimens of Oriental wit and

wisdom ; others are anecdotes more or less historical. The book is sumptuously illustrated with forty-one fine full-page photos. It is of unique and fascinating interest.

"Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings." Being a Selection of the Poems of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited by Anna Benneson McMahan. Chicago : A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. 230.

In Florence the Brownings spent fifteen years of their wedded life. Many of their poems refer to this classic city. It was a happy idea to collect them in one volume with photos of the scenes described. The pictures and the poems thus serve to illustrate each other, and what a gallery it is ! There are over sixty full-page illustrations. By their means we can walk the streets of the grand old city and study its architecture, statuary, pictures, and its gallery of immortal Florentines. Our first reading of Casa Guidi Windows was in the parliamentary library, Toronto. We soon unconsciously found ourself walking up and down the library reading with emphasis this stirring poem. It is here given in full and occupies nearly a hundred pages. Filippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, The Statue and the Bust, and other poems on Florence are here included.

"Old Love Stories Retold." By Richard Le Gallienne. Author of "The Quest of the Golden Girl," etc., etc. New York : The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. 183. Price, \$1.00.

No present is more appreciated by most persons than a beautiful book. It is of value, not merely for the holidays, but for all the days. This one is specially noteworthy. It tells the old immortal love stories of some of the world's great souls. That of Dante and Beatrice is the theme of his own *Nuova Vita*, and of many of the noblest passages in his *Divine Comedy*. The tale of Sir Philip Sidney and Lady Penelope Devereux is one of chivalrous romance ; that of Keats and Fanny Brawne touches the heart to tenderness and tears, as does also the sad story of Heine and Mathilde. After eight hundred years the memory of the deathless lovers, Abelard and Heloise, is still fresh in the heart of mankind, and upon their tomb in *Père la Chaise* offerings of fresh flowers bloom the year round.

Other stories in this volume are of scarce less interest. The book is admirably illustrated with many full-page half-tones and decorative designs by distinguished artists. It is a remarkably cheap book for the price.

"Completed Proverbs." By Lisle de Vaux Matthewman. Philadelphia : Henry T. Coates & Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. 100. Price, cloth, 80 cents net ; by mail, 88 cents.

The clever books of "Brevities" and "Whimlets," by this publisher, will be remembered with pleasure. This is another with similar humorous text, and the same dainty and delicate illustrations. The spirit of the proverb and comment is seen in the following : "Women are the poetry of the world"—which without them would be prosy. "Eating maketh a full man"—while drinking maketh a man full. "Who knows most says least"—and the same applies to him who talks most. "Whosoever man has done man can do"—better. "If you would be in good repute, let not the sun find you in bed"—nor the moon out. "Let a child have its will, and it will not cry"—but its parents will. "Wisdom is a defence"—lack of it an offence. The shrewd wisdom of these amended proverbs will be seen. The book is a small quarto, daintily printed.

"The Japanese Floral Calendar." By Ernest W. Clement, M.A. Chicago : The Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. 57.

A people who are so fond of flowers, of gardens, and of little children as are the Japanese have in them the elements of a very high civilization. They have a floral calendar assigning to each month in the year some special tree or flower, as, beginning with January, the Pine, Plum, Peach, Cherry, *Wistaria*, Iris, Morning-glory, Lotus, "Seven Grasses," Maple, *Chrysanthemum*, and *Camellia*.

This handsome book describes these monthly celebrations, with translations of Japanese poems. Some of these are eight hundred years old. The people go out by thousands into the country on these monthly festivities. Strange that these gentle lovers of flowers should be such fierce fighters. The many illustrations of Japanese gardens, picnic scenes and flowers are of exquisite beauty.