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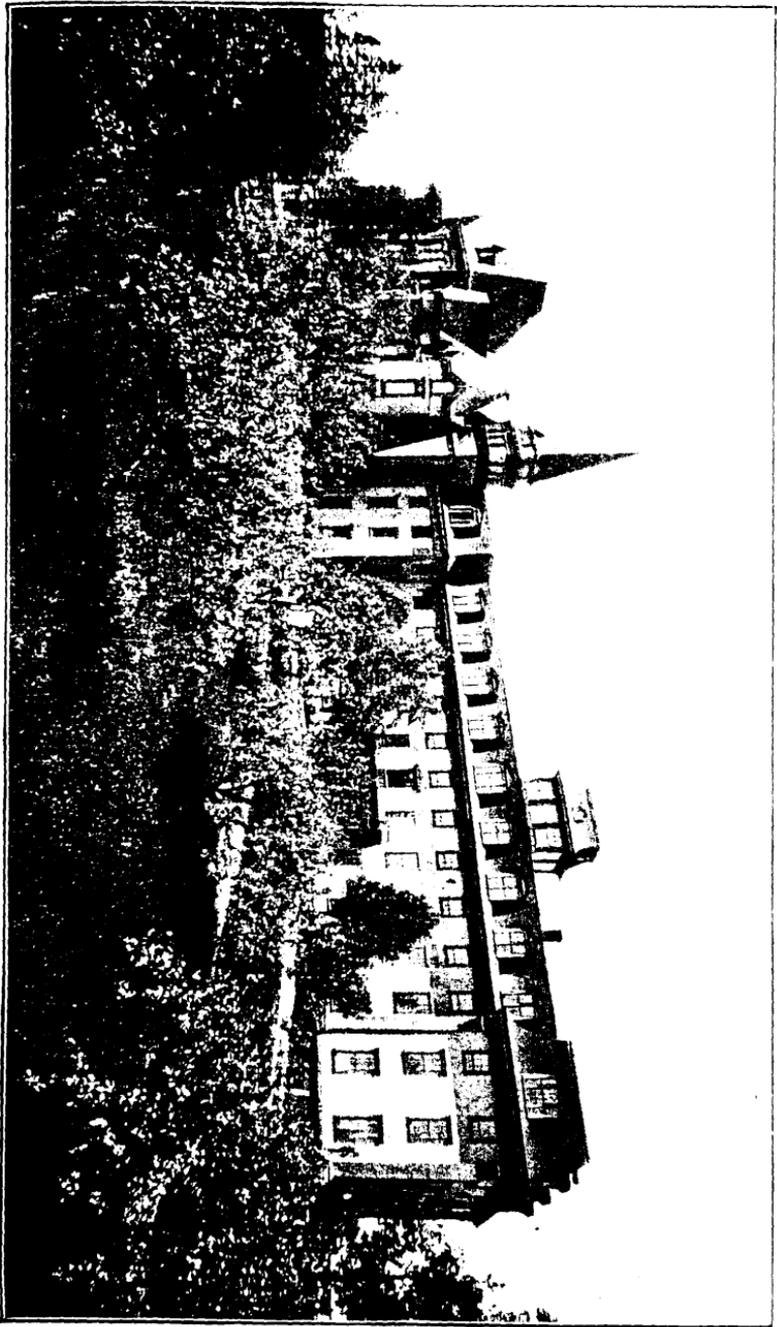
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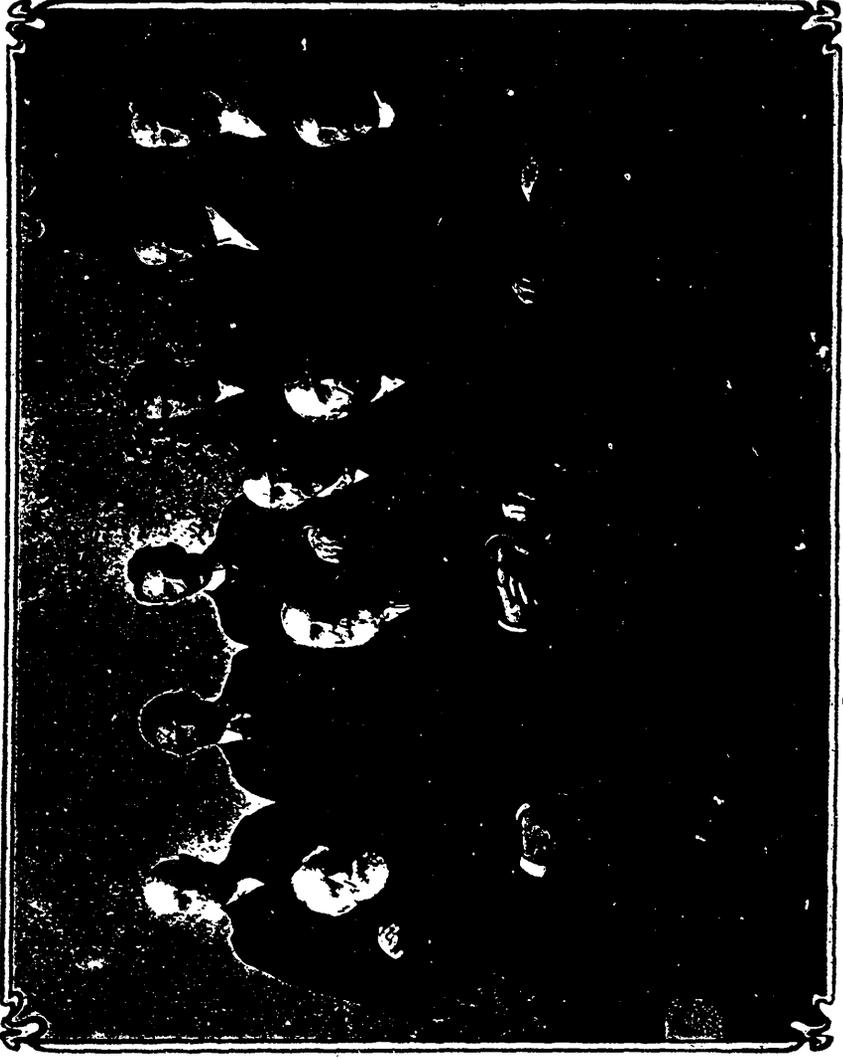


Convictory of Music.

MT. ALLISON UNIVERSITY IN BLOSSOM TIME.

Ladies' College.

J. M. Palmer, M.A. W. M. Tweedie, M.A. S. W. Hinton, M.A. H. A. Powell, M.A., B.C. W. W. Andrews, LL.D. W. G. Watson, M.A.



Charles Stewart, D.D. David Allison, LL.D. Byron C. Borden, D.D. Alfred B. Smith, LL.D. Rev. C. H. Paisley, D.D.
UNIVERSITY FACULTY—NAMES READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

MARCH, 1904.

TWILIGHT MEMORIES OF MT. ALLISON.*

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



THE LADIES' COLLEGE AND LINGLEY HALL.



AND now the light is growing greyer. The day is almost done, The snow is piled in white drifts outside, and the wind whistles shrilly about the cottage eaves. But the embers lie fresh-stirred within the grate, and in their ruddy gleams, lo! methinks I see

The light of other days around me.

Mt. Allison! Mt. Allison! How clear I see thee yet! Thy clustered roofs crowning the hills of Tantramar. What splendour of foreign cities, or snow-capped mountains, or drift of strange seas—what scene that earth affords can ever efface

* Of the President and some members of the Faculty of Mt. Allison University we were unable to procure portraits. Most of them, however, are in the portrait group which we present.

from memory those college halls beside the Tantramar?

Unique for many reasons among the educational institutions of Canada stand those of Mt. Allison. It is more than sixty years since, through the generosity of Charles F. Allison, a portion of land and a considerable sum of money were set apart for the establishment of the "Mt. Allison Wesleyan Academy." But the donor

Builed better than he knew.

To-day, in place of the single institution, we have the University of Mt. Allison College, and its affiliated schools, the Male Academy, Commercial College, Ladies' College, Owens' Art Museum, and the Conservatory of Music. Here on the classic mount to-day nearly three hundred students enjoy a commonwealth of their own. One may receive the degrees of B.A.,

M.A., and B.D., honour courses in Classics, Mathematics, Science, Philosophy, English Language and Literature. The Ladies' College and the Boys' Academy prepare students for the University. In

due to its geographical position. Situated in the town of Sackville, on the main line of the Intercolonial Railway, and about midway between St. John and Halifax, these colleges are within easy access, not



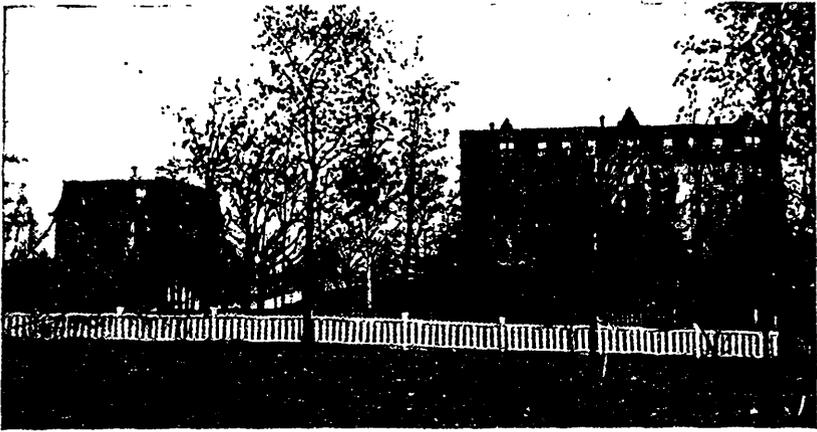
LADIES' COLLEGE AND PARK.

addition are afforded opportunities to pursue a course in commercial studies, music, art, elocution, domestic science and manual training.

Undoubtedly the growth of Mt. Allison has been, in some measure,

only of the Maritime Provinces, but of Newfoundland as well.

Here come the sons and daughters of the sea-kings from far and near. And this is one of the unique features of Mt. Allison life.



MT. ALLISON MALE ACADEMY AND COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

Your room-mate is perhaps the daughter of a sea-captain; she has spent two years at sea in her father's ship. She is familiar with the ports of South Africa, South America, and the West Indies. She spreads on the floor the skin of some wild beast slain in Africa. She drapes the mantel with some dainty fabric which she purchased in Buenos Ayres. Your next door neighbour proves to be the daughter of a seal-merchant from Newfoundland. She, too, has had her quota of strange experiences. Across the hall in No. 90 is a sweet, blue-eyed maid from "the land of Evangeline." She has been reared in sight of the old historic willows in the meadow of Grand Pre. Her room-mate later tells you of her home in "the garden of the Gulf," as they call Prince Edward Island. Down the corridor a little Creole girl from the West Indies is unpacking a commodious trunk, and a few of the denizens of Quebec, Ontario and the Eastern States have just arrived.

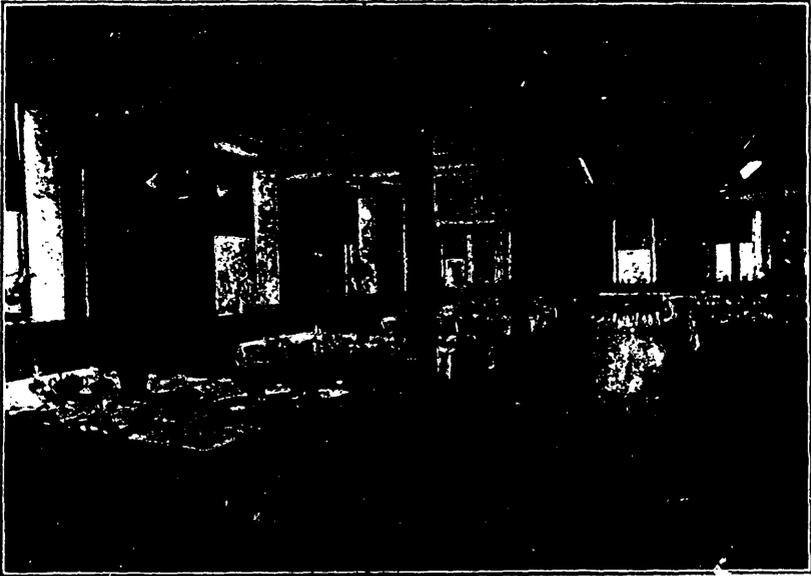
At the Y.M.C.A. reception, the first social event of the season, you meet a "theologue" who relates to you something of his experience as a probationer among the fisher-

folk and the ice-floes of Newfoundland and "the Labrador." Your next number is taken by a homesick Academy lad from the Bermudas. You begin to wish you were in some way connected with the literary profession, so fertile a field does Mt. Allison afford the pen of a ready writer.

Nor could a more romantic setting have been found for these institutions. Those who have roamed the world over acknowledge a peculiar spell about the marshes of Tantramar.

Baled hay—the famous baled hay! That is all the name suggests to the world of commerce. But to the world of poetry and of art what a wealth in their far horizons, their low red tides, their dreamy mists, their miles of brown sea-grass and solitary dykes! Many a Canadian singer, and not a few poets of other lands, have felt the spell and sung the charms of Tantramar. It is here, within about three miles of Mt. Allison, that the genius of Charles Roberts was cradled. It is of this land he wrote—

O tranquil meadows, grassy Tantramar,
Wide marshes ever washed in clearest air,



DINING-ROOM.

Whether beneath the sole and spectral star
 The dear severity of dawn you wear ;
 Or whether, in the joy of ample day
 And speechless ecstasy of growing June,
 You lie and dream the long blue hours away
 Till nightfall comes too soon ;
 Or whether, naked to the unstarred night,
 You strike with wondering awe my inward
 sight.

And when the orange flood came roaring in
 From Fundy's tumbling troughs and tide-
 worn caves,
 While red Minudie's flats were drowned
 with din,
 And rough Chignecto's front oppugned
 the waves,
 How blithely with the reflux foam I raced
 Inland along the radiant chasm, exploring
 The green solemnity with boisterous haste ;
 My pulse of joy outpouring
 To visit all the creeks that twist and shine
 From Beausejour to utmost Tormentine.

And after, when the tide was full, and
 stilled
 A little while the seething and the hiss,
 And every tributary channel filled
 To the brim with rosy streams that
 swelled to kiss
 The grass-roots all awash and goose-tongue
 wild
 And salt-sap rosemary,—then how well
 content
 I was to rest me like a breathless child
 With play-time rapture spent,—

To lapse and loiter till the change should
 come
 And the great floods turn seaward, roaring
 home.

The traveller miles away on the
 Intercolonial Railway, catches his
 first full view of the Mt. Allison in-
 stitution, a little Athens set upon a
 hill. There is the University, a
 splendid stone building, with win-
 dows of stained glass. There is
 the huge brown stone front of the
 University Residence. There is the
 long four-storied, many-windowed
 outline of the Ladies' College,
 in which the young ladies of
 the University find a comfort-
 able home. Even this roomy
 building has been so taxed by the
 influx of students of late years
 that, in spite of its proverbial capa-
 city for "swelling," it has failed to
 meet the need. A new brick build-
 ing, with accommodation for two
 hundred and fifty young ladies, is
 in process of erection. Lingley
 Hall, the Academy, the Commer-
 cial Building, the Conservatory of



RECEPTION-ROOM.

Music, the Ladies' College, and the Owens' Museum of Fine Arts, complete the group. The Art Building, a perfect gem of architecture, contains one of the finest galleries of pictures, and casts from the antique, to be found in the Dominion. The art work is under the direction of Professor John Hammond, R.C.A., an exhibitor in the Paris Salon and in the Royal Academy, London. Professor Hammond is known by such work as "The Day is Done," "The Market Slip, St. John," "Sheep in the Forest of Fontainebleau," and others of like merit.

A new Science Building is now in process of erection. The Ladies' College is this year celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. The occasion is fitly marked by the publication of a handsome jubilee calendar.

It would seem as if something of the breadth of far-arching skies had permeated the culture of Mt. Allison's institutions. Though a denominational college, sending

forth the Methodist ministry of the Maritime Provinces, there is nothing narrow or sectarian in its teaching. The broad catholicity of spirit of the University President, Dr. David Allison, has doubtless stamped, in some measure, both faculty and students. While the majority are Methodists, nevertheless students of other creeds dwell together under the same roof in most genial relationship.

The Faculty of the University boasts such names as Dr. David Allison, M.A., LL.D., President of the University and grandson of its founder; Professors Andrews, Hutton, Smith, Tweedie, Palmer, H. A. Powell, Paisley, the recently retired dean, Dr. Stewart, and others.

Speaking of the University, the wide culture and broad-mindedness of its President are well known. Impatient of anything narrow or sectarian, rugged and strong in his individuality, he cannot fail to leave his impress on the institution



ROOM FOR SINGLE STUDENT.

of his fathers. How well we recall his stentorian tones ringing through the college halls, and the Latin phrases of which he was so prodigal.

"The Latin Dr. Allison throws away," once remarked one of his students, "would pass current for a good education with most people."

Dr. Andrews, the head of the scientific department, is a strikingly original and inspiring lecturer, much idolized by his students. He was for three years pastor of one of our Toronto churches. He has attracted considerable attention even across the sea, by his inventions and chemical researches. But more than that, he has led his students ever on to broader fields and higher planes—a man to whom something of the mysteries of the infinite seems laid bare.

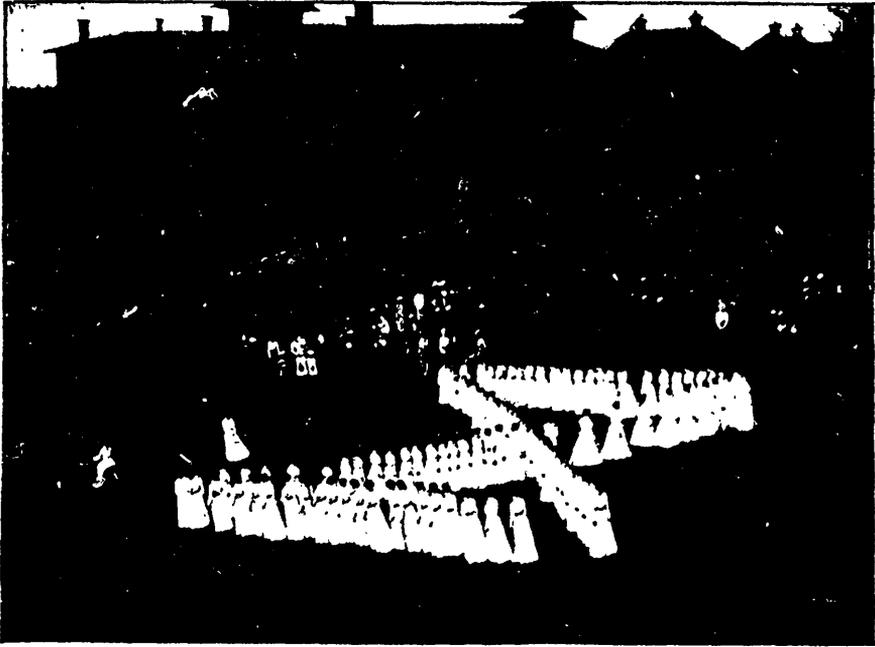
Of all the departments, we have not space to speak. The Honour Courses in Mathematics, Classics, and English are especially strong.

Professor Hunton, who has charge of mathematics, was the holder of the famous Gilchrist Scholarship at McGill, and afterward of the Rothschild Scholarship. He studied at Cambridge and Heidelberg. Previous to his lectureship at Mt. Allison, he was Assistant Professor of Mathematics at University College, London, England.

Dr. Smith, by his broad culture and sparkling wit, has made the lectures in Classics a daily treat. A more original Latin lecturer it would be hard to find. The Doctor takes up his subject rather in the manner of a genial host entertaining his guests.

The English Course under Professor Tweedie, is of especial value. While one listens to lectures that are intellectual treats, one gazes out of the windows occasionally into "the blue bordering hill-hollows," and reads the poet's meaning written in their shadows.

The Ladies' College is under the management of the Rev. Dr. Bor-



PHYSICAL CULTURE DRILL.

den, who governs it with that sagacity which has made his relatives famous in politics. All the teachers in the literary departments are university graduates. Our late beloved Vice-Principal, Mrs. Archibald, has been succeeded by Miss Emma S. Baker, B.A., Ph.D. The College confers the degree of M.L.A., as well as fitting students for the B.A. course in the University.

But, in spite of their high intellectual standards, these Athenians by the Tantramar do not confine their college life to the class-room. Considerable attention is given to the development of the social and the physical life. Just at the door of the University residence is the best college athletic ground in the Maritime Provinces. All the students may be called to the field at a moment's notice. Rugby football, hockey, baseball, hand-ball, track and field sports, and latterly cric-

ket, all receive no mean share of attention.

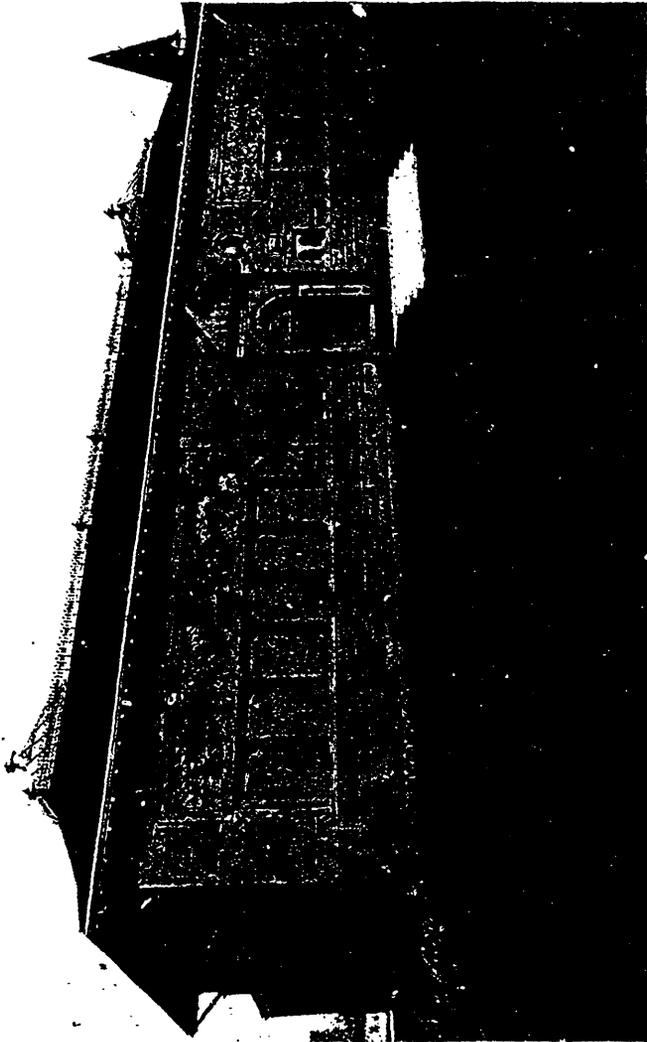
Autumn seems to linger with an especial fondness in the temperate atmosphere of the Chignecto Peninsula, and in the dreamy gold and blue haze of the long afternoons we remember the walks to the then distant football fields on the days of contests with other colleges. The garnet and gold of Mt. Allison streamed proudly from the coat-lappets. And the sprinkling of delegates from the opposing college flaunted their colours with equal cheeriness. Those long afternoons in the air of old Fundy help one to understand why it is that so few Mt. Allison students experience "a break-down," or graduate physical wrecks. Good invigorating diet, regular hours of work and recreation, and plenty of outdoor life, in the most bracing of air seldom fail to send the Mt. Allison out into the world with a finer physique

than that with which he or she began a college career.

Skating is one of the favorite winter pastimes. Two afternoons a week the College girls are in at-

tween the students of both sexes at Mt. Allison is undoubtedly largely due to the common-sense management of those in authority.

Quite on a par with the other



OWENS' MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

tendance at the rink. One of the social events of the season, to which the students look forward is the Academy Skating Party. Much of the genial comradeship existing be-

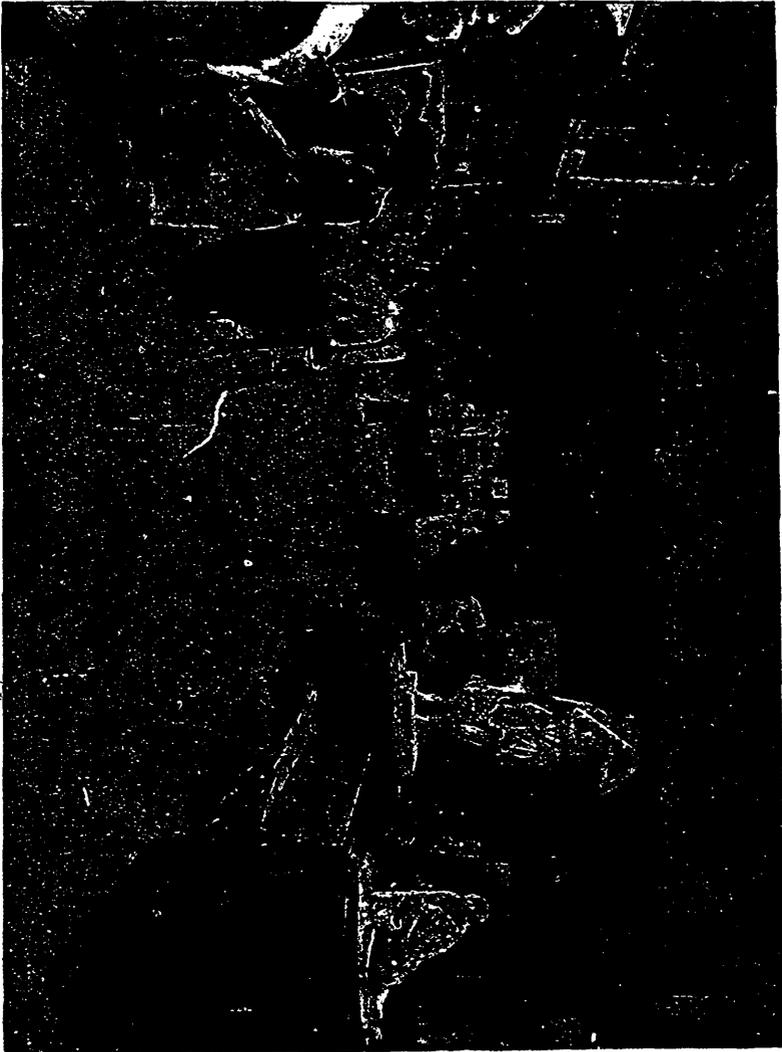
pleasant memories of Mt. Allison are those of home-life in the "White House."

The Ladies' College still bears the name, though, like its predeces-

sor at Washington, it has long since ceased to be "white."

It would be difficult to find elsewhere so large a college with so home-like an atmosphere. At the

life moves rapidly at Mt. Allison) comes the call to morning prayers in Beethoven Hall and University Chapel. After prayers the students hie to their class-rooms. The



CENTRE GALLERY—MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

breakfast summons, some two hundred girls file into the great dining-hall, and soon the room is a sea of rippling mirth and pleasant chatter. Close upon the few minutes given for tidying one's room (for

mingled echoes of piano and pipe-organ, violin and vocal effort, float from the Conservatory windows. Other students are busy in the soft lights of the art gallery. After an hour's intermission at noon, work



THE REV. DR. STEWART,
Professor of Homiletics.

is resumed until three. Then come the long delightful hours in the open air.

Sackville affords a variety of interesting walks. There is the regular two-mile walk down to the famous bridge spanning the Tan-tramar, and linking New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Here, before the burning of the old bridge recently, one might read the names of generations of students, who had carved them, like Clive, and then gone forth into the world to make them famous. And not a few of Mt. Allison's sons have had their hopes fulfilled. Here at recreation hours the tide is out, the river banks show rugged and red and boulder-strewn, and one lingers dreamily in

The silence of the sands when tides are low.

The Ladies' College girls are, of course, somewhat limited in their walks, with the exception of the Seniors. These and University girls may roam the hills at their

own sweet will. The historic Fort Cumberland, though several miles distant, affords a goal for a few ambitious pedestrians of the masculine sex.

After tea and a half-hour of social chat, at the call of the electric bell, the corridor suddenly grows quiet again. It is the hour for evening study and practice to begin.

The musical advantages which Mt. Allison offers her students are of widespread fame. The director of this department, Professor George Wilson, obtained his musical education in London, England, and in Germany, being a graduate of Leipzig Conservatory. The violin and harmony departments are under Professor Raymond Clare Archibald, M.A., Ph.D., who, himself a graduate of Mt. Allison Conservatory, has taken post-gradu-



THE REV. BYRON C. BORDEN, D.D.,
Principal of Mt. Allison Ladies' College.
Professor of Political Science.



A. D. SMITH, M.A., LL.D.,
Professor of Classics.

ate studies in Boston, Berlin and Strasburg.

At 8.30 in the evening an ever-welcome bell sounds. The pianos cease; the books are closed for a half-hour. There is a sound of opening doors and hurrying feet and a grand charge is made upon the little sitting-room, where some great platters of bread and butter await the on-coming host. The next point of attack is at the head of the stairs, where a teacher brings up the evening mail. The rest of the half-hour is spent in visiting. Some of the doors bear such fanciful names as "The Fire-side," and "Oyster's Retreat."

At nine the girls must go to their rooms for another hour's study or quiet. At ten "lights are out" in the college rooms. The University girls have the privilege of keeping lights later.

On Wednesday evening, just after tea, a one-hour prayer meeting is conducted by Dr. Borden. The girls are encouraged to speak

freely or suggest hymns. One notices in their suggestions a decided preference for hymns of the sea, as "Master, the Tempest is Raging," and "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me." There is also a Y.W.C.A. conducted entirely by the girls, a mission-band and a mission-study class. We know of no college with a more ardent missionary spirit than Mt. Allison. Last year there were eleven missionary volunteers in the college.

The moral influence of Mt. Allison, both among the men and woman students, is most salutary. The temptations of city life are wanting in the isolation of the classic mount. Only the highest ideals are put before the students. There is everything to encourage, not only morality, but spirituality. Expenses, too, are much lower than in a city. Owing to the lesser cost of provision and domestic service, the best and most nutritious diet is bountifully provided at lower rates than in most colleges. And such



THE REV. C. H. PAISLEY, M.A., D.D.,
Professor of Christian Evidences, New Testament
Exegesis, and Church History.



JOHN HAMMOND, R.C.A.,
Art Director.

is the splendid spirit of the place that the students who work in vacation, and have something of a struggle, are usually the heroes in the eyes of their fellows. Life in the men's residence is not less home-like, or less fascinating than life in the "White House." Whatever else Mt. Allison does she houses her students well. As with the ladies, practically all of the men students live in the residence.

On one of the very important features of Mt. Allison life we have said but little. In the social world there is always some event to which to look forward. Frequent receptions, concerts, and at-homes are given. At the University Seniors' social function, usually some six hundred guests are present. It corresponds in some measure to our *conversazione* at Victoria.

Besides the social life in the colleges themselves, the people of Sackville are ever most hospitable to the students. The Sackvillians seem to have a preference for enter-

taining seniors, theologues, missionary candidates, or ministers' daughters. Any student filling any of these requirements is likely to be, as the society reporter would say, "a much fetéd personage" at Mt. Allison.

Not to be forgotten are a few excursions, such as the annual one to the Joggins' Coal Mines, where the students gather remarkable fossils on that most remarkable shore. Those with an inclination for adventure descend the incline railway over 2,500 feet into the dark mysteries of the mines.

But now, in these twilight hours, when memories of the old college steal over us like restful dreams—in hours like these it is not on Mt. Allison gaieties and diversions we dwell most fondly, but rather our hearts go back to that closing hour of the Sabbath day. The last little confidential chats are over. In the soft light of the evening lamp we sit alone, my



— PROF. J. M. PALMER, M.A.,
Lecturer in French Language and Literature.



PROF. GEORGE WILSON,
Director of Conservatory of Music.

room-mate and I. Up the deserted halls a gentle footfall comes, pausing at every door with a cheery "Good-night, girls." A light tap on our own door, too. It opens for a moment, she stands a vision of

grace, the lamp-light falling on her soft, grey hair. Methinks I see her yet, the rose still lingering on her cheek in life's afternoon, the love-light in her warm blue eyes. A smile, a word, a touch of the hand—my vision is gone. She sleeps now with the Beloved. And yet, dear heart, can we ever recall Mt. Allison without a thought on thee? For over thirty years our late beloved Vice-Principal laboured for Mt. Allison, loving her girls with almost a mother-love. Like her Master she saw in them always their *spicndi* possibilities. Truly it may be said of her, "She gave her life for Mt. Allison."

And now the embers darken. The wind moans faintly yet about the cottage eaves, and slowly my visions fade in darkness. Farewell, Mt. Allison! We love thee, love thee well.

The far-off shores swim blue and indistinct
Like half-lost memories of some old dream;
The listless waves that catch each sunny
gleam,
Are idling up the waterways, land-linked
And yellowing along the harbour's breast,
The light is leaping shoreward from the
West.

MORNING HYMN.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON, D.D.,
Author of "Our Own and Other Worlds."

Eternal Father! Throned in heaven high,
Yet to Thy feeble children always nigh,
We rise to bless Thee for the morning light,
And all Thy tender care throughout the night.

Strong Son of God! Who ere creation's morn,
Before the angels or the worlds were born,
To die for sinners wast ordained—O may
Thy precious blood wash all our sins away.

Spirit Divine! Thou heavenly Light and Fire,
With holy zeal our hearts and lives inspire;
Guide, guard, control; slay our needless fears;
Revive our hope, and wipe away our tears.

Thrice Holy Trinity! Thou Three in One,
Whose love eternal, like the circling sun,
Sweeps round our sinful world; for this we pray,
That all the world may see a heavenly day.

Mimico, Ont.

THE VISION AND THE CALL.

BY SADIE E. SPRINGER,*

Secretary Methodist Deaconess Home and Training School, Toronto.

That so perchance the vision may
By thee be seen, and those, and all the world be healed.



OUR worth to the world will depend upon the kind of vision we have. The almost pathetic narrowness of many lives is due to lack of soul sight; we can only do the thing as we see it. The heart of humanity is ever in search of some ideal, some Holy Grail, whose luminous cloud shall sooner or later enshroud it in such a peace as shall quell for ever life's tumult of unrest. For on and all the vision waits, but how long our eyes are holden that we may not see! The outer show of



SADIE E. SPRINGER.

* Miss S. E. Springer, the writer of this impressive paper, prepared at our special request, was for some time lady principal of the Columbian Methodist College at New Westminster, B.C., and lecturer in English literature. She was providentially led into the Deaconess work and has received rich spiritual experiences therein. We hope that her earnest words will come with power to the hearts of many of the most cultured daughters of Canadian Methodism and lead them to choose, not merely the good part of sitting, like Mary, at the Saviour's feet, but also the still better part of going as His ministrants to the heathen abroad and the heathen at home. Miss Springer edits the weekly page in *The Guardian on Deaconess Work*, conducts the very voluminous correspondence of the institution, and addresses public meetings in its behalf, thus proving a devoted ally of its accomplished and successful superintendent, Miss E. Jean Scott.

The neat and modest garb of the deaconess will commend itself to universal favour. It serves as an introduction to those who are in need, as a protection where even a policeman would be in peril, for—

A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving afar off each thing of sin and guilt,—
and is every way becoming and beautiful.—
Ed.

things, the trappings and decorations of life's external side, dazzle and blind our sight; or perchance we lose our simple, childhood faith and are led away after strange and wandering fires in some drear, dark land, where quagmires and pitfalls lurk about our unwary feet.

But love never faileth. Into the darkest life there fall little flashes, mystic hints of high and holy things, and a voice within urges the questing soul unceasingly—

After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam.

Some great, glad day it leads us on to Him in whom is no darkness at all, and in whose light we shall see light. Still ringing down the flying years, we hear the echoes of Goethe's dying cry—"More light." The great need of the Church, as

of the individual, to-day is a new vision of the Lord Jesus. Nothing else can equip us for the battle of life; culture, refinement, ideal aspirations, these are not enough; it is the life of Christ breathing and burning within our own souls that alone can save the world.

To some this vision will come suddenly. It may be in some wonderful theophany, as when God spoke to Moses from the burning bush, or as when He appeared to Elijah upon Horeb; others will find it unaware, by a gradual clarifying of soul-sense; but when it does come, it makes an epoch in our history. We may take up the old duties, and give no outer sign, yet life can never be the same again. Our eyes are opened to see the heart and soul of things, and in all the realms of nature a new and wonderful significance is found; the meanest flower now has a limitless beauty, and every common bush glows with the fire of God.

It is within our own hearts, however, that the change is greatest. We shall never be able to explain it, but somehow, our unuttered inner self, the wraith of us, speaks Christ to every soul that touches ours. The light beyond that "never was on sea or land," shines through our little life, putting a heavenlyness upon the earthy, and a divineness upon all that, until now, was poor and mean and unlovely. Our attitude towards others becomes entirely different. Before, we had looked out upon life with the eyes of a remote spectator, now we are suddenly made conscious of the great human drama that is being enacted all around us; the big, outside wilderness of a world with all its sin and suffering, its heights and depths, its gleams of the awful and the infinite.

Some time ago in my reading I came across a sentence which flashed in such luminous consciousness

upon my mind that it has never left me. It ran thus: "When the culture of the soul takes the precedence of every other thing, the imperious call to service makes all else become as dross in value." This is what, above all else, the vision of Christ does for us; it becomes an imperious call which cannot be silenced, a divine necessity laid upon us which we dare not disobey. In days like these, if ever, we need an intolerable craving for souls, and a consuming zeal which uses up, in the Master's service, every faculty and every hour of life. Many who cross our path day after day are covering up with mocking laughter the hungry, aching hearts beneath.

Oh, to save these, to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all.

Are we willing to share Christ's burden, and to know the fellowship of His suffering? To shrink back is to miss the unutterable joy of His service, and "to miss the joy is to miss all." The highest vision means the selfless life and its eternal symbol is the Cross. "He that loseth his life shall find it." None need hope to understand the beautiful mystery of this voluntary self-giving for others save those who practise it.

Young women of Methodism, have you so seen Christ? Does His wondrous love and pity so possess you that a wave of sympathy greater than anything you have felt before for the common life of common men and women, now fills your soul? Instead of looking into the pages of romance, you will find great fields of heroism in the labour-filled lives that daily press against you in the busy street. Human nature aching and sweating under its burdens, with such great powers of endurance under the length of hours of strain—all this unidealized, heroic life of every day, do you

yearn over it, love it, and long to lighten its load?

In varied language, the poets and seers have told us that love by no means depends upon the lovableness of its object. Looking into our own hearts we see and feel this great truth. There was nothing in us to attract the notice of a holy God, and yet, in spite of our hideousness and unloveliness, He bent low and planted in our hearts the seed which has grown into this tree of love. "We love Him because He first loved us." May the beauty and glory of Christ so enrapture us that, in a divine forgetfulness of self, we shall be filled with a yearning desire that others should know Him too! The world is everywhere waiting to be loved with the love of Calvary.

Having had your vision and your call, you need not look far for a place of labour. Heathen women in foreign lands are waiting to hear from your lips the old, old story, which nineteen centuries ago the Lord Jesus told His disciples to go and tell in the uttermost parts of the earth. The neglected rich, the indifferent middle-class, and the suffering poor throughout the cities and towns of our own land are in need of soul-healing and gentle ministry such as only consecrated womanhood can give.

The Deaconess Work will be your avenue of approach to the waiting multitudes at home. Protestantism has at last realized that through the agency of devoted women, whose lives are wholly given to the Church, its power to cope with the forces of evil allied against it will be doubly great. Surely no wider nor more blessed field of usefulness could be found than that of the deaconess—the world her parish, and especially the poor, the outcast, the sick, and the lost.

The following excerpt will give

some idea of what it means to be a deaconess: "We have entered into the lives of those who live in the shops, in the squares, and in the slums of the city. We have fought in individual lives drink, cruelty, impurity, and infidelity in its lowest form; and what, perhaps, is even worse, selfishness, callousness, ignorance, and luxury; we have given a voice to the dumb. We have come into the homes of the poor quietly and naturally, and the kinship we claim has been silently, unconsciously, accepted. We know the inside of the workhouse, hospital, prison, and police court; we have tasted the bitter cup. We have carried little children in our arms, we have nursed the sick, and watched by the dying, and comforted the grief-stricken. We have lifted up the fallen or the down-trodden, and have fought the battle of the weak. We have gathered the girls and boys, the young men and women, with us as we went on, and have shared our thoughts, our best joys with them. We have seen Christ in every one, however wicked and degraded. We have felt ourselves one with every victim of social injustice and wrong, we have borne their griefs and carried their sorrows, and their iron has entered into our soul. We have kept our faith—in man, in God."

The best endowments, physical, mental and spiritual, are needed for this great work. Bring all your education and culture, with every charm and grace of your womanhood, and lay them at the feet of Him who gave them all. The greater the gifts, the more successful and efficient will be your work as a deaconess; you will be needed in the homes of the wealthy and refined, as well as in the lowest slums. Each candidate for deaconess or missionary work, in

passing through our Training School, finds out what phase of the work she has special aptitude for, so as to concentrate her energies and make the utmost of her powers. After a special course of training in Biblical and theological studies, in elementary medicine, in nursing, and various methods of Christian work, she spends one year in practical work and, at the end of her two years' probation, is set apart in a solemn consecration service. She gives herself to the work not for the sake of employment—the deaconesses receive no salary—but “for Jesus' sake,” as the motto of the order expresses it.

The Lord has wonderfully honoured the faith of those who pioneered the deaconess work in Canada, and we are now on the eve of a great forward movement. Churches are clamouring for deaconesses, and fields, white for harvest, are stretching out before us in every

direction. With an enlarged Training School and a Deaconess Hospital almost in sight, we shall have need of many fellow-helpers; large things are to be accomplished by this most practical and aggressive form of Christian service, which strikes so energetically at the evils that oppose the Kingdom of Christ.

Do you feel your unfitness for such high tasks? Then claim, by faith, a mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit, and you will be filled with a strange power and peace that will remain to feed the souls of others. May many who read these lines get such a sight of the living Christ that His love shall constrain them to enter this important field of service! “Truly they who know,” says Maeterlinck, “still know nothing, if the strength of love be not theirs; for the true sage is not he who sees, but he who, seeing the farthest, has the deepest love for mankind.”

AN EVENING HYMN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Slowly the sun descends
 The western sky;
 The shadows longer grow,
 The breezes die;
 Homeward, on willing wings,
 The birds now fly,
 For night is nigh,
 And soon will draw her veil o'er earth
 and sky.

Then, while the world lies still
 And tries to sleep,
 While all the land is wrapt
 In shadow deep,
 Watch, with Thy waking ones
 And those who weep,
 Do Thou, Lord, keep;
 And guard from danger those who
 fall asleep.

Toronto.

And if we wake to see
 Another day,
 Give still Thy needed help:
 Go all the way
 With those who work for Thee;
 And with those stay
 Who wait, for they
 Long for Thy presence all the weary
 day.

Soon will our day of life
 Draw to an end,
 And thickly round its close
 The shades descend;
 Homeward through gathering gloom
 Tired spirits wend,
 Oh, watchful Friend,
 Guide, guard, and keep us to the very
 end!

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION AND ITS ENFORCEMENT.

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE DEAN.



THE president of one of the most active and, I believe, influential of the temperance organizations in this country at its last annual convention said that "they did not get prohibition because the politicians do not believe that the voters would back up their vote on the referendum sufficiently to send men to the Legislature to enact such legislation."

If the gifted president had added that the great majority of the voters of this province are not yet educated up to the point of loyally assisting in the enforcement of such an act, and that with it unenforced things would be worse than they now are, she would have expressed the whole truth that lies at the back of all successful legislation in a free country. I know it is pretty strong meat to offer a man whose whole moral and intellectual being is saturated with the honest conviction of the righteousness of his views to tell him that unless he can get much more than fifty-one per cent. of the community to adopt them heartily it is worse than useless to have them crystallized into law, but whether he believes it or not, it is true all the same.

I must be content to state this proposition in an axiomatic way, for while I would rather put it as a matter of inductive reasoning from my observations of half a century, space forbids me.

The theory, of course, is that, whatever the law, it lies with those charged with the administration of law to enforce it, but this theory

will not stand the test of experience. Any one who has had to do with the enforcement of law knows how difficult it is to get information of its infractions and how next to impossible it is to get the truth from witnesses who do not approve of a law. It is very sad that it should be so, but the fact remains. The story told of the gentleman who had been relieved on the highway of his gold repeater in the days when robbery from the person of anything worth a shilling was a capital crime, and who, holding in his hand the watch which had cost him a hundred guineas, swore at the trial that he valued it at eleven pence three farthings, is a case in point. He did not approve of hanging for stealing; I do not approve of it, either; and I trust that the recording angel, as he wrote down the perjury, dropped a tear and blotted out the record.

I do approve of sharp punishments for violations of liquor laws, but my experience and observation is that the mass of the people of this country do not agree with me, and that many men who are quite reliable witnesses in other matters, will not tell the truth if they can get around it, in liquor prosecutions.

I hold to the control of the liquor traffic by law even to the extent of total prohibition if it were practicable, but I know that in the present state of public sentiment it is not practicable.

My conviction is that this traffic should be circumscribed and made as difficult as possible, and that the ultimate aim should be its total suppression, but that the anxious enquiry of the temperance

people just now should be, "What improvement can be made in the license law?"

It has been suggested as an improvement that no bar-room be allowed. If liquors are to be sold to be consumed on the premises at all—and no man would take out a tavern license if they were not—they should not, except at regular meals, be allowed to be drunk elsewhere than at the bar; the bar-room should be on the main street, without curtains, screens or alcoves.

There is a restriction, however, which would do much to minimize the evils of this business. Let all "treating" in taverns be made illegal, let the man who treats, who is treated, and who sells liquors for treating be liable each to a fine.

Looking back as man and lad over about sixty years of association with other lads and men, I am appalled at the proportion of those whom I have known who have been wrecked by drink. And of them a very large percentage owed their evil habits to this custom of treating. It is true that in the earlier days wines and liquors were consumed in private houses much more freely than now, but even then the usage of treating in turn was the pre-eminent cause of drunkenness, and now that the use of intoxicants has so largely ceased in the homes of the people, it stands as the great plague spot of this business.

If treating were done away with, in ten or fifteen years the supply of drunkards would be almost exhausted.

Of all the restrictions I believe that this would meet with the least opposition. Many men who feel compelled by the social canons of the society in which they move to "stand treat" feel severely the tyranny of the habit and the financial strain, and would be glad if the law gave them a good excuse for discontinuing it without being

open to the charge of being un-social or mean.

After all, the great practical question is the enforcement of the law, whatever it may be. When about 1886 the Scott Act had been adopted by a group of counties extending from the River Trent to Owen Sound, it seemed that Local Option had at last a fair field in which to show how the principle would work. For the first few months the hotel-keepers obeyed the law very generally; before the first year was out they were selling, though more or less covertly, for the last of the three years they were running wide open; it was soon found that the Inspector—and the rule holds to-day under the License Law, be he ever so zealous—is the last man to see a violation of the Act. When he is around the law is not violated, when his back is turned selling is resumed.

I am convinced that only by the aid of regular detectives can laws against liquor-selling be enforced.

I have suggested this to many interested in the work and the reply has always been, Where is the money to come from?

I once saw an object lesson in which the matter was worked out. By the location of the shops of a large railway a mere hamlet had grown to be a place of two thousand people in less than two years. It had no separate municipal incorporation, and upon the question of liquor-selling every man was a law unto himself, and twenty-two houses, from two excellent hotels down through every grade to the lowest drinking hells, were in full blast. It was then incorporated as a town, and at the beginning of the year the first municipal elections were held. A local option law was on the statute book, and the burning question at the election was its adoption.

After hard work the law was carried by a good majority, and the

temperance ticket all elected. The temperance people organized a "Carson League," with a capital of a million dollars, to enforce the law. The stock was taken up eagerly, the more so as liability was confined to fifty cents on the thousand dollars; many who would not have cared to subscribe fifty cents towards the fund took a thousand dollars in stock, and men who would have hesitated to subscribe twenty dollars, took forty thousand in stock. A committee of the League waited upon the liquor sellers and offered to give them a month to get out of the business, but they were too busy to pay any attention to them. A charge was laid against one of them before the local Justice of the Peace, but none of the witnesses were sure and it was dismissed.

Matters went on as usual for some weeks when one morning a sheaf of summonses, issued by a county Magistrate living in a neighbouring township, were served upon each offender, returnable at the Magistrate's house all on the same day. The defendants and their counsel drove out in high spirits. Counsel for the prosecutions called two quiet-looking witnesses, who speaking from note-books, gave particulars of the selling, with day and date of the earlier offences. On cross-examination it came out that the witnesses were members of a well-known detective agency, and after a little the defendants began to recognize them as gentlemen who had been staying in town prospecting as to investments in real estate in the better class of hotels, and in other costumes and other taverns had been talking of contracts for shipping cattle and hogs, and even rags and bones. From the evidence it was plain that they had followed with faithfulness and success an illustrious example and had made themselves all things to all men.

The defendants' counsel saw it

was useless to fight, the game was up; the upshot of the matter was that fines aggregating one thousand dollars and costs were recorded against each defendant.

The next morning the same committee of the League waited on the dealers again. Most of them had ample time to listen to their views, and it was finally arranged that fines amounting to one hundred dollars should be paid by each defendant, the other fines to hang *in terrorem*, it being understood by both parties that the first breach of the law by any one of them should bring down all the remaining penalties on the offender's head.

This recouped the League for their outlay and gave them funds for further operations, though I understand they needed no more for that year. I was there in June and it was then the "driest" town on the continent.

Now I happen to know that it was planned to form a league on these lines for the enforcement of the Scott Act, the funds for doing the work to be supplied by "half the fine," which formerly went to the informant or complainant, but to the disgust of the projectors of this scheme, they discovered that no money went to the informant under the administration of the Act, and so none was available for league purposes. But for this misappropriation of the fines the Scott Act would have been effectually enforced in all the counties which had then adopted it. It was the non-enforcement that led to its repeal in every case; "nothing succeeds like success," if the Act had justified itself in these counties, by this time it would have been adopted in every rural county of the Dominion, except perhaps in the French speaking parts of Lower Canada, and even there who shall say what the contagion of a good example might have wrought.

Unless some such scheme is adopted, I see little chance of any

law being well enforced. I could fill pages with facts as to inspectors being watched, and the heather fired to warn tavern keepers of approaching visits. The trouble lies not in the hostility, but in the indifference of the public. This is not the only law towards which the public mind assumes a like attitude; the excise and custom laws can only be enforced by constant vigilance on the part of the authorities and by calling to their aid trained detectives. The attitude of the general public towards offences against those laws is one of good-natured indifference.

To this it will be replied that the government should deal with this matter as they do with the excise and customs. It must be remembered that upon the enforcement of the latter the very existence of government in the country depends; they furnish the money by which public affairs are carried on, and that if they were neglected the function of the state would be paralyzed. No government could afford to neglect these matters for a single day. On the other hand no government can afford to exhibit like zeal in enforcing laws against the sale of liquors, for the reason that it would antagonize the very numerous and powerful body of liquor dealers, who would work tooth and nail to defeat the party who had struck them hard, while the great body of those who vote for prohibition, when it comes before them as an academic question, would vote for their party. This ought not to be so, but it is, and it does no good to any cause for its friends to "jest shut their eyes and holler."

The real work of all great reforms is always done by the few. Very drastic acts can be got, but their enforcement! *Hoc est opus*—in plain vernacular, "there's the rub"—and every sharp Act unenforced but sets back the reform.

Let "half the fines" be restored to the informer, and I believe a

plan would be worked out by the temperance people. Whether like the Railway Commission under legislation, or as a purely voluntary association, in any case to work independently of government or party, that would do as much to stay the ravages of drunkenness in a year as all the labours of the last half-century have done, immense and beneficent as their results have been.

Since the above went to the printer, I have come to understand what is meant by doing away with the bar-rooms, viz.: "The sale of liquors only in shops under some form of public control."

Of course, this would lead to many men, accustomed to drink together in taverns during the day, buying in quantities and drinking at each other's places of business, and keeping up the treating system in that way. Would it not be better to make haste slowly, and to break the treating habit by not allowing it to be indulged in where liquors are consumed for a time?

There is another point in this connection which must not be overlooked. Almost all profit made by liquor-selling has become a sort of vested right in the keepers of houses for the entertainment of travellers, and thousands of their guests who drink no liquor have enjoyed much better entertainment than their money's worth because of this. I haven't room to say more, but if this is taken away the effect on public sentiment of the inevitable deterioration in entertainment, or the advance in prices, after the pinch has come to be felt, should be pondered well. What is wanted is the greatest lessening of the evil, with the least disturbance of existing conditions. Mature and wise legislation usually proceeds along the line of least resistance. Whatever is adopted, put its enforcement under a commission.

Lindsay, Ont.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY MRS. M. E. T. DE TOUFFE LAUDER.

SECOND SERIES.



DURING one of my visits in Berlin and Potsdam, it was my good fortune to meet the Crown Prince Frederick, the Crown Princess Victoria, and their royal children, together. I had gone with a party of German friends to spend the day in Potsdam, in order to visit their churches and numerous palaces. Their Royal and Imperial Highnesses had just returned from Italy, and were then staying at the new palace, which I had seen during a previous visit. I had hoped to meet them, and had bought the loveliest rose I could find in Berlin, and the florist had arranged it, with its long stem and lovely leaves in tissue paper and damp moss.

We had visited the Palace of Sans Souci, so famous historically as the favourite residence of Frederick the Great, where the great King and Voltaire led their literary life together for years, until their relations had become so strained that Voltaire was obliged to return to France.

We were descending the magnificent terrace extending along the front of the palace to the drive, after having, of course, visited the grave of the King's favourite dog, when I espied, in the distance, two carriages in which the Crown Prince's family were taking a morning drive. We hastened down to the road, and I begged my German friends to walk on a short distance and permit me to stand quite alone to offer an English-Canadian salutation to our beloved, accomplished, and noble Victoria. Princess Royal

of England, the eldest child of our late revered Queen and Empress, Victoria.

The horses were merely walking now, for they had slackened speed on observing us. I stood on the lawn close to the drive, as the first carriage reached me, in which sat the Crown Princess, with the two elder Princesses, and, *en face*, two ladies of her *entourage*. I saluted the Crown Princess as for a Royal Court presentation, holding up that glorious rose—to the rose of England—and an entrancing smile and "Thank you" rewarded me.

The second carriage contained H.R.H. Highness the Crown Prince Frederick—"Unser Fritz"—with the other royal children. At his left hand sat Prince Wilhelm, now Kaiser Wilhelm II., the powerful Emperor of Germany. The Crown Prince had uncovered when the Crown Princess accepted my rose, and thus he moved past, bowing and smiling.

There was time to see them all well—those gracious, imperial children—and each face is engraven on the memory as it was then. It has been a peculiar pleasure to follow the history of that group of children. Prince Waldemar, the third son, died some time after, at the age of eleven years. Princess Charlotte became the mother of Princess Feodora, the first great-grandchild of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. The little Princess Sophia was given in marriage to the Crown Prince of Greece, and Princess Margareta to Prince Charles of Hesse-Cassel. And the Emperor's only surviving brother has his ups and downs like other mortals, when he

comes into collision with that imperial will. What bright hopes and plans filled the hearts of that noble pair, what sorrow befell them, how quite otherwise God willed their destinies, saddens me as I recall that June day and their family happiness.

Frederick's old companion in arms, Field-Marshal Count Blumenthal, said of him: "He never thinks of himself." The expression of his blue eyes possessed a strange fascination, and outwardly he was always calm and self-possessed. It was the expression of that face, so benignant, so kind, so sympathetic, that marked his exalted character, that it is not possible to portray, and is now glorified in the memory with the halo of suffering.

The Crown Princess was one of the most accomplished of the great women of Europe. When Ernest Renan, author of the "*Vie de Jesus*," had been invited to meet the Crown Princess in Paris, and had conversed on the most abstruse subjects, the French savant spoke of her afterward as a "very remarkable woman"—just what Strauss said of Princess Alice. Like all the Stuarts, she was endowed with great gifts for the fine arts. There is an excellent life-like marble bust of the venerable Emperor William at the Palace Babelsberg by her hand, and Victoria never went anywhere without her beloved violin. She was a superb performer, and played two hours daily, and as an equestrian she had no peer save Elizabeth of Austria.

When the Franco-German War was declared, the Crown Princess rode at the head of her own regiment, all in it picked men of the army of Germany, and presented it to King William, who became Kaiser or Emperor at the close of the war. Picture the scene! The spirit of Frederick the Great is aroused! All Germany is on foot

for sovereign and Vaterland. Banners float, drums beat, and the music of a hundred bands floats upon the breeze. On horseback, the venerable King, Prince Frederick Karl, his Majesty's brother; the Crown Prince, superb and stately; the iron Prince Bismarck; the Commander-in-Chief, Von Moltke, who could and did keep silence in twelve languages, until the mobilization of those vast and invincible forces was accomplished; Von Steimetz, Von Roon—great history-makers all, they have done their work, and have left their mark, never to be obliterated, on the record of their times.

Well did our two Princesses of England, Victoria and Alice, act their part throughout the war. The pride and glory of our Saxon Womanhood, fresh and fragrant be their memory!

It is a pleasure now to remember having seen the flower of the armies of France, of Germany, of Italy, and of our own motherland, England. On the anniversary of all the great victories of the Franco-German War, there were grand military displays and universal rejoicings: indeed, I could not help thinking sometimes there was too much triumph over a fallen foe.

When in Berlin I frequently met the venerable Empress Augusta, mother of the Crown Prince, driving with three of her ladies, but in a close carriage because of her age and infirmity. She was tall and stately, "stiff," some said. Augusta, when she came a bride to Germany, was graceful and beautiful, and she was very intellectual. It was her Majesty's proudest boast that she had been a pupil and a friend of Goethe. His plans for reading and study were kept up at her court during her long reign. It was her custom to be read to at the toilette, and also in the afternoons and on free evenings. She and her brother Karl Alexander had been brought up

under the great Herder, and a great and good woman Empress Augusta was in the highest sense.

The famous historian, Mommsen, who has just passed to higher spheres, was pointed out to me in the Berlin University Library. It was a pleasure merely to have seen so great a man.

I met and became very intimate with the Countess S—ky, and we corresponded in French for several years. She was a literary lady, spoke several languages, and Russian was her native tongue. We usually conversed in German. Her husband was an officer of high rank under the Czar Alexander II.—father of Marie, Duchess of Edinburgh—who was assassinated in 1893.

The famous Princess Dolgorouky, whom Alexander espoused six months after the death of his Empress, went to Paris to educate her two children. On the Emperor's death she cut off all her hair and put it in his coffin. She paid a visit to Rome while we were there, to visit her sister. She was called the most lovely woman of Russia, with magnificent auburn hair, longer than her figure, and large blue eyes.

My friend the Countess S—ky was tall and beautiful, with large, soft grey eyes, and she sang and played the harp well. The Countess invited me to spend the winter with her in St. Petersburg, and offered to present me at the Royal Court. Here a splendid opening offered to study the North and the brilliant Court of Russia. I finally accepted the invitation and "promised" on one condition—for I could not leave the path of duty—namely, if Rubinstein stayed at home. He was President of the Conservatory of Music in St. Petersburg, and I proposed to myself to place my companion under his training for the season. But Rubinstein came to Germany and we heard him more times in

Leipsic than I can say. So I was obliged to console myself with my friend's photograph and her charming letters.

Once I had occasion to make a six hours' journey by train alone, from the mountains to Berlin. I took a carriage for ladies only, and soon after entering it, another lady appeared upon the scene. We met total strangers, but we parted life-long friends. She was the distinguished Baroness M—, well known both in Berlin and Vienna. It was quite amusing how we broke the ice of silence. My mountain address was on my toilette-bag. "O," she exclaimed, "I see you come from Thale. The Baroness X— has been marrying her daughter there. Is the bride young?"

"Nineteen," I replied.

"Nineteen!" she cried; "why, I thought she was young!"

I laughed so immoderately that she seemed puzzled. "Why," I said, "do you not think nineteen young for a girl to marry? She has had little time enough to learn all she ought to know."

"Frightful! terrible! I fancied the bride would be about sixteen, which is already quite old. Think how old nineteen makes her mother! And I was her bridesmaid! *Ay-dimi!* It seems but yesterday. Who would have believed it?"

I had to describe the wedding, for I knew the Baroness X—, the toilette of the bride, the jewels, and so on, ending with the donkey which marched in the bridal procession decked in flowers and ribbons, then the *dejeuner* in the garden salon, and all the rest of it.

We were now embarked, and we each knew subjects to interest the other. Like sensible persons accustomed to much travel, we both had a natty luncheon-basket, and we divided our delicacies, while the hours flew by. It turned out that she "scribbled now and then." She

knew Vienna society and the Royal Court well, raved of the beauty of the Empress Elizabeth; of the good Emperor, a father to his people. She had much to say of the Archduke Rudolf and his bride, the ash-blond-haired Stephanie. She told me much of many famous persons, knew and had performed with the great Maestro Liszt, and we found we had several mutual friends. Finally she branched off somewhere, I forget where; but we had previously agreed to correspond in German, which we did for a long time.

This agreeable railway journey reminds me of another I made from Gloucester to York, where I was going for a visit to a friend. On the way, not very long after leaving Gloucester, Lady A——n, entered the carriage, and we journeyed in company all the way to York. It was at the time of the trial of Birchall in Canada. Lady A——n knew the Birchalls intimately. She told me that they were one of the principal county families of Lancashire, highly cultivated and most excellent people. The father was a clergyman, and the mother the most amiable and sensitive of beings. A belief in her son's guilt would assuredly kill her. Well, he died declaring his innocence, for his mother's sake probably. She feared he would not "get justice" in Canada, but I assured her, if there existed a country on earth where justice was sure, it was Canada, and that he would never be executed if there was found a shadow of a doubt, and this assurance comforted her. Every one was discussing the trial.

Later I stayed in Whitby a week or two, where Lady A——n had a house, and was in that bracing seaside resort for her health. She was an accomplished English lady, as far removed from pride and arrogance as the north is from the south. Indeed, that is the mark of a true lady.

One more delicious memory of a friendship formed on a journey, and

never to be forgotten. During a stay of some months in the city of Tours, on the grand old river Loire, in Touraine, we drove to the beautiful, royal, and historical chateaux or palaces of Chenonceaux, Amboise, Chaumont, Loches, Azay Le Rideau, and Chinon, which were within driving distance. Those drives and visits are dreams of beauty now, and form a charming part of my mental picture gallery. I shall only here speak of the visit where I found that fascinating friend, a refined, animated, cultivated Frenchwoman, and a perfect lady. These palaces were occupied by Royalty in their day, and are mostly now deserted and desolate.

The Château of Chenonceaux is enchanting and perfectly unique, white and gray, shining among the flowers, with its many turrets and chimneys finished with gilded vanes. It is built in the oddest fashion on the river Cher. It is the only bridge over the Cher, which flows peacefully beneath and around it, and ripples about its feet. It was once a mill, and its Norman owner built a beautiful house. Francis I. got possession of it and made a hunting seat of it. Henry II. gave it to Diane de Poitiers. Catharine de Medicis lived here after the death of Henry II., and her portrait, a false and cruel face, hangs here yet. Still later, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, and others of that ilk were entertained here by the Dupins.

Chenonceaux is now owned by a lady of wealth and refinement, Madame Pélouze, and the chambers are splendid, in the style of Francis I. and Louis XIII. I sent in my card and asked permission to inspect, in part at least, the house and grounds. This resulted in a very pleasant visit. Madame Pélouze came immediately and received me with the utmost cordiality, and did me the honour of showing me her home.

How pleasant it was to stand on

that beautiful terrace, looking at a spot so full of charm, no sound but the soft rippling and gentle splash of the Cher against those great piers of the bridge or terrace, nearly five hundred years old, listening to the rustling of the tall trees, and walking in that grand, still old garden, filled with roses—and what roses!—and countless other blooms, breathing out the most subtle and the sweetest perfumes, and to listen to the amiable châtelaine, as she chatted of many things and personalities.

Then she led me back to the house

and simply took it for granted I should partake of luncheon with her. Then we sat in the garden awhile, and coffee was served us there. Madame Péleuze plucked with her own hands and loaded me with flowers, and carried a great cluster of roses to put in the carriage.

We said adieu to one another, and she stood waving her hand with an ineffable smile, as I drove away through the centuries, among the people of whom we had spoken. It seemed a dream.



H Y M N O F W I N T E R .

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

'Tis winter now ; the fallen snow
 Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;
 Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
 And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn ;
 His life within the keen air breathes,
 His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
 And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
 And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
 Home closer draws her circle now,
 And warmer glows her light within.

O God ! who giv'st the winter's cold,
 As well as summer's joyous rays,
 Us warmly in Thy love enfold,
 And keep us through life's wintry days.

HOURS WITH OUR HYMN-BOOK.*

BY THE REV. JAMES LUMSDEN.

I.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise.



It is not without special significance that this hymn holds the first place, in order of arrangement, in our Methodist Hymn-Book. On the first anniversary of his conversion to God, Charles Wesley wrote, as a commemorative ode, this exultant song of praise, which, as W. T. Stead says, "being given the first place in the Methodist hymn-book, may be said to strike the keynote of the whole of Methodism, that multitudinous chorus whose voices, like the sound of many waters, encompass the world."

Some one has said, "Give me the making of the ballads of the people, and I do not care who makes their laws." Still more is this true of making a Church's hymns. Hence the sacred poet stands in the front rank of religious place and power. Never in the world's history were hymns sung as much as to-day. Not only are they heard in the place of worship, but in the home, and on board ship; not merely at stated seasons of divine service, but at marriages and deaths, at social

* This paper was prepared as a lecture on "The Hymns We Sing, their Authors, their Origin, with Facts and Incidents." It was designed to be illustrated by the singing by quartette or chorus of some of these hymns of the ages which have so stirred the heart of the world. We heartily commend for a week night service, for an Epworth League or Sunday-school assembly, the rendition of this paper with illustrative hymns as a delightful source of instruction and means of grace.—Ed.

and national assemblies. Some hymns have attained a popularity above any secular songs, they have found a deep place in the human heart, evidenced by the fact that they are sung in many tongues.

Our "Methodist Hymn-Book" is a choice selection of sacred songs. We have grown familiar with them from our childhood. We love them next to the inspired Word. We are never weary of singing these "Songs of Zion" to the beautiful tunes to which many of them are happily wedded. Still, let us frankly admit that in these days we too often see inferior poetry, and as inferior music, catch the popular ear, to the neglect of purer and nobler hymns. No one with music in his soul, and a cultivated taste in poetry, can be satisfied with many of the popular ditties and jingles of to-day, when we possess so rich a repository of sacred verse and music. These third-rate hymns will have their day and cease to be, while "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and many others, abide for ever.

Our hymn-book is not the work of one man, but of many men. Of course, the largest number of our hymns are from the pen of Charles Wesley, who contributed 531 out of 936 in the collection. The next largest contributor is the celebrated Dr. Watts, to whose name stand not less than 73 hymns. There is no other large contributor. After Charles Wesley and Dr. Watts, the majority of authors are represented by one hymn only. But to write even one first-class hymn is an achievement worthy of a lifetime.

An analysis of the hymns and their writers shows some striking facts. A number of the greatest

poets have laid the Church under tribute by their productions found in this book; here we meet with names familiar wherever the English language is spoken or English literature known—Dryden, Addison, Pope, Cowper, Sir Walter Scott, Montgomery, Thomas Moore, William Bryant, Felicia D. Hemans, and our late poet-laureate, Tennyson. Again, we notice the name of one royal personage, King Robert II. of France, and of one chief magistrate of the United States, President Davis. It is worthy of note also, that thirty women may be counted in the list of contributors, their hymns being among the best; as, for instance, Mrs. Adams' famous hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"; then that most devotional and useful hymn, by Charlotte Elliott, "Just as I am, without one plea"; and again, that unsurpassed hymn of consecration, by Frances Ridley Havergal, "Take my life and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee." Some of the hymns are of very early origin, one at least, the "Te Deum," being in regular use at the beginning of the sixth century.

A most pathetic fact is that there are found in this collection a number of hymns by unknown authors. The very names of some of the world's best workers are forgotten, but their works remain and in their works they still live on. Besides this, we know that their record is on high, for God is not unrighteous to forget the work and labour of love of his children, though their names be not found on any earthly roll of fame.

It is further a remarkable fact that men of all sections of the Christian Church have given us hymns which we are heartily singing Sabbath by Sabbath—Roman Catholic, Church of England, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Congrega-

tional, Baptist, and Unitarian. On the other hand, the productions of Charles Wesley's pen have been freely embodied in every Protestant collection of hymns. This is a very practical form of Church union. If we can sing each other's hymns, surely we ought to draw closer together in every other way, especially remembering that our Saviour prayed for His disciples, "that they may be one."

Charles Wesley, the poet of Methodism, first claims our attention. He was born at Epworth, England, in the year 1708. He was associated with his brother, John, is awakening the masses of the English people from sin and formalism. The raising up of Charles Wesley, with his great poetic genius, was one of the many clear indications that the hand of God was in their work. Under the Wesleys and their coadjutors the work of grace everywhere grew throughout the land and made necessary an improved psalmody. The Wesleys published their first hymn-book as early as 1738, and there followed year after year new editions of "Hymns and Sacred Poems." These were scattered very extensively throughout the British Isles and Britain's distant colonies.

Charles Wesley gave to the world 4,600 hymns and poems. Mortimer Collins says, "Wesley's hymns are as much in earnest as Dibdin's sea songs. I suspect that Charles Wesley, the poet, did as much as John Wesley, the orator, for the permanence of Methodism. The magnetism of personal influence passes away, but the burning life of that wondrous psalmody sung Sunday after Sunday, by congregations full of faith, is imperishable."

The Advent hymn, sung in almost all churches at Christmastide, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing,"

is from the pen of Charles Wesley, and is united to a magnificent tune, the fruit of Mendelssohn's genius.

It is a favourite practice of Bible writers to contrast the blessedness of the godly with the vanity of the hopes and joys of those without God in the world. The same contrast may be found in the literature of our language. Hear the worldling, for instance (Byron being the spokesman), and the Christian (Charles Wesley being the hymnist). Says Byron—

'Tis done, I saw it in my dreams ;
No more with Hope the future beams ;
My days of happiness are few :
Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of life is overcast ;
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike Adieu !
Would I could add Remembrance too !

Charles Wesley sings—

With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved, below :
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only Thee to know.
The winter's night and summer's day
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing Thy praise ;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join these heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

The Church universal is also indebted to Charles Wesley for the favourite Easter hymn, "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day," for which Carey has composed a noble tune.

Touching one of Charles Wesley's most consolatory hymns, beginning, "Away, my needless fears," the writer remembers an incident of his boyhood. In old Chootham Hill Chapel, Manchester, England, one Sunday morning, the late Rev. Charles Garrett, of blessed memory, was preaching. The Sunday-school scholars sat in the gallery at either side of the pulpit, the girls on one side and the boys on the other. Mr. Garrett, as his custom was, occasionally faced and addressed the scholars, sometimes the boys, sometimes the

girls. On this particular occasion, he turned to speak to us lads, for the writer was one of the number. Among other things that he said, he asked to commit to memory and treasure the words of the last stanza of the hymn referred to—

To accomplish His design
The creatures all agree,
And all the attributes divine
Are now at work for me.

The writer, for one, took his advice, and has found inspiration again and again, in hours of stress and storm, in the wonderful thought that "all the attributes divine are now at work for me."

John Wesley, the divinely ordained founder of the Methodist Church, because of his great personal qualities and the extraordinary work which he accomplished for the world, is not often thought of as a poet. But a poet he was, and of no mean type. Nineteen of the hymns in our Methodist collection are from his pen; fourteen translations from the German, and five original compositions. It is said that some of his translations are an improvement upon the original. One hymn (a translation from Rothe)—

Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,

the late Rev. Charles Garrett placed in the forefront, as one which was his companion and comfort all through his life's journey.

To John Wesley, also, we are indebted for the fine hymn (a translation from Gerhardt) beginning:

(Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope and be undismayed.

Of this hymn, Stevenson writes: "There is not a hymn in the book which has afforded more comfort and encouragement than this to the Lord's tired people."

The renowned evangelist of the eighteenth century, a born leader

of men, and a practical philanthropist who abounded in good works, usually travelled four thousand five hundred miles a year, generally preaching from two to four times a day. His journeys were made on horseback, until the feebleness of age compelled him to use a carriage. He edited, wrote, translated or abridged not less than two hundred publications. Every public interest, the Sunday-school, the abolition of slavery, the circulation of tracts, charitable associations, popular education and the like, were benefited by his energies and generosity. Macaulay, the great English historian, passes the following judgment on Wesley and his work: "Wesley conducted one of the most wonderful moral revolutions the world has ever seen; his eloquence and piercing logic would have made him an eminent literary man; and his genius for government was not inferior to Richelieu's."

A writer in the "Modern Cyclopedia" thus epitomizes the chief facts of Dr. Watts' life: "Watts, Isaac, D.D., English divine and poet, born at Southampton, 1674, died at London, 1748. In 1702 he became minister of a Dissenting congregation in the Metropolis, but ill-health compelled him in 1712 to relinquish his pastoral duties, and henceforth he resided at the house of Sir T. Abney, a London alderman, at Newington." As a writer of hymns Watts stands in everlasting remembrance. Some of the noblest sacred songs the Church possesses are from his pen, including that immortal hymn—

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

If Watts had given to the world only this one hymn he would thereby have deserved the deepest gratitude of mankind; but in addition

he has left a rich legacy of sacred song. When we think of his poetic works, their wealth is our embarrassment. He gave us, for instance, that incomparable paraphrase of the ninetieth Psalm, which John Bright described as the best hymn in the language—

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.

To him also we are indebted for—

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more—

the hymn which, after "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," has done more to help the missionary cause than any other. And Watts we must also thank for that sweet hymn of the better land which "has helped myriads to cross with steadier nerve the swelling flood,"

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says: There are few modern hymns which have the old ring of saintliness about them. Sometimes . . . I turn to the hymn-book, and when one strikes my eye, I cover the name at the bottom and guess. It is almost invariably Watts or Wesley's.

A humorous story has been handed down, showing how a disappointed hero-worshipper was taught the true standard of greatness. Having long heard of the fame of Dr. Watts, he one day sought him out to pay his compliments, but when he stood before the actual Dr. Watts, who, like some other

great men of the world, was of small stature, his astonishment knew no bounds, and he exclaimed, "What, is this the great Dr. Watts?" With his wonderful power of impromptu versification, the doctor replied at once:

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.

Thomas Olivers was indeed a brand plucked from the burning; one of those monuments of the grace of God, happily so common in early Methodism. He was born in Wales in 1725, and was left an orphan at the age of five. When not more than fifteen, Olivers was considered the worst boy in the neighbourhood. When eighteen, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but did not half learn the craft, because of his excessive idleness. Dancing and convivial company engrossed his time. He plunged into grosser vices, and at last found it necessary to decamp. But there came a day when one of those apparently trivial things happened which occur in the lives of all, and which are fraught with issues great and lasting. He met a crowd of people in the street, and inquired where they were going. "To hear Mr. Whitefield," was the reply. He followed and heard the great preacher. His text was, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

The sermon was to him a message from heaven. As he himself said, "When the sermon began he was a dreadful enemy of God and all that was good; by the time it was ended, his life was changed for ever." The sudden conversion of such a man was naturally regarded by many with misgiving. But the genuineness of his conversion was

soon seen to be without a doubt. He was a striking example of honest repentance. He became as scrupulous about everything as he had before been reckless. He could do no injustice, not even to the value of a pin. He purchased a horse, and rode from town to town, paying his old debts, for he had been notoriously dishonest. He paid not principal only, but interest also. He rode to one town purposely to pay a sixpence, for no sin seemed small to him now. Before he got through, he had to sell his horse to meet righteous demands. So sincere was he in his religious life that he could not name the name of God, except with the deepest awe and reverence. As to his thoughts, inclinations, and desires, his constant inquiry was: "Is this for the glory of God?"

Olivers, in due time, became a Methodist preacher, and in spite of his humble origin and his former wicked way of life, he rose to be one of the grandest of their number—"Such wonders grace can do." His versatility was such that he was distinguished as preacher, editor, poet, and musical composer. He is the author of that incomparably fine hymn, "The God of Abraham Praise," as well as others high in popular esteem. He is the composer of the beautiful tune, "Helmsley," which is wedded to the hymn, "Lo, He Comes with Clouds Descending"—a special favourite with Queen Victoria. The career of this wonderful man is a forcible reminder of the fact that many great talents are buried, unimproved and lost; but that when divine grace renews the heart, it enables a man to make the most of his powers, and, sometimes, as in the case of Olivers, a burning and shining light is revealed to the world.

IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

BY L'INCONNU.



AFTER the long miles of solitude among the ranches of Uruguay, it was with almost the anticipations of home-comers that we looked forward to the comforts and attractions of Buenos Ayres. Nor were we disappointed. We found a city of 900,000 population, a city of electric lights, electric cars, telegraphs and telephones, and jostling crowds; a city of pomp and luxury and flashing jewels; a city of business and boxes and burden-bearers (for Buenos Ayres is the terminus of six railways, and commands the monopoly of inland trade); a city where you hear English, French, German, and Italian, as well as the native Spanish spoken everywhere; a city of colleges, and hospitals, and in its newer parts of fine buildings, a city boasting the most splendid newspaper office in the world, and publishing thirty-four dailies in several languages.

It would seem as though here, at last, was a spot where had been shaken off the apathy that broods over so much of Latin America. For the growth of Buenos Ayres has been almost unparalleled. Statisticians have pronounced its annual increase greater than that of Chicago, or any other North American city. No doubt the great religious freedom of Argentina accounts in some measure for its development. To be sure, Roman Catholicism is the State religion, but it does not flourish in the Republic as it did in the old-time Spanish Colony. Republicanism is



STREET PORTERS, BUENOS AYRES.

seldom the best cradle for Romanism. It is estimated that sixty per cent. of the Argentine capital are Roman Catholics, but there is great religious liberty. Protestant and Romanist seem on perfectly equal footing, and immigrants of every nationality and creed are gladly received.

Even the Jews are unmolested. It was in the Argentine Republic that Baron Hirsch founded, in 1891, an agricultural settlement for the Jews driven from Russia by anti-Semitic persecutions. Here they enjoy, not only the free exer-

cise of their religion, but the privilege of religious instruction in their schools as well. They have proved that Jews make good farmers as well as bankers and traders. They now number over eight thousand. They have bought 80,000 acres of land under cultivation. They own over 15,000 head of cattle and horses. It will have been noticed in the daily papers that recently four thousand Jews in Kishineff were asking for aid to emigrate to Canada or to the Argentine Republic.

One of the first things that strikes the tourist in Buenos Ayres is the largeness of the foreign population—but a population as Americanized as imported ready-made clothing can make it. The streets as a whole do not present many picturesque touches. Buenos Ayres has become too business-like and modernized for that. There are, however, the street-porters, generally Basques with their red and blue caps, their sack and length of rope, waiting for customers and ready to vie with the Orientals in the weight of the burdens they bear on their shoulders. There is the medley of fish-sellers, street-vendors, bootblacks, newsboys, ambulant musicians, and beggars both able-bodied and decrepit.

The streets in a large portion of the city are monotonous, narrow, straight, interminable with the same stupid facades from No. 1 to No. 4,000. There is, however, a grand boulevard through the heart of the city, and in the newer parts of the town, toward the north, the width of the thoroughfares has been more than doubled. Fine roads have been laid out and planted with shade trees.

The history of domestic architecture in Buenos Ayres, since the primitive days of the thatched rancho, may be divided into three periods. Of the first, one still sees a few samples. They are the old

Spanish houses, often inhabited by Creole families—great spacious buildings with large rooms and court-yards, walls of adobe or brick, doors studded with huge nails, windows few and small, and protected by heavy iron gratings.

More numerous are the houses of the next period, with their outer walls of stucco or Roman cement painted rose or blue. They have tile roofs, parapets, and balustrades surmounting the facades. They are usually but one story high, and guiltless of conveniences, modern comforts, or regard for hygiene.

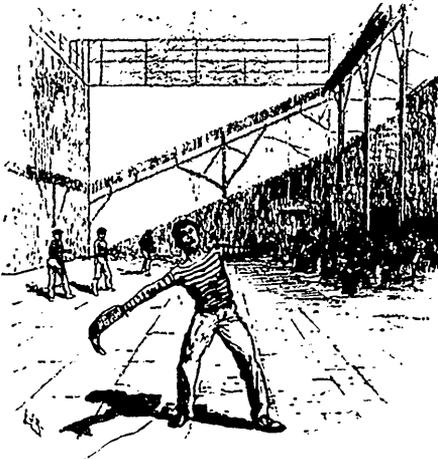
The buildings of more recent date are a complete contrast. The capital has taken on a decidedly European aspect. Iron columns, girders, and rafters, and brick and cement for walls are being used almost exclusively. The buildings have all the conveniences that hygienic engineering has devised. One difficulty with which architecture has to contend in the Argentine Republic is the great scarcity of both wood and stone. The alluvial soil and treeless plains offer little either for fuel or construction purposes.

Among the buildings the tourist notes are the palatial railway stations and the school-houses. The latter are particularly worthy of mention. One of them, the Escuela Petronila Rodriguez, shown in our engraving, is a splendid specimen of the German renaissance style. Its rich ornamentation of the usual cement and imitation stone has, however, cracked and chipped a little even in that element climate.

The building is occupied by a pedagogic museum and the offices of the Superior Council of Education. It was built with a legacy bequeathed by the lady whose name it bears. This makes it the more worthy of note, as the Argentines are said not to be overly given to bequeathing the fortunes they have amassed to public purposes. Mr.

Argentine is generally accredited with a preference for spending his wealth on his horses and carriages and Mrs. Argentine's jewelry.

The educational system of the republic has been influenced considerably by that of the United States. It was through the writings and efforts of a president who had formerly been the Argentine Minister at Washington that normal schools were established. Many of the seminaries for young ladies are under American teachers. By a law of 1884 primary education is obligatory and is supported by taxation.



PELOTA-PLAYERS.

The two universities, the one at Cordova, and the other at Buenos Ayres, have over a thousand students, and to judge from the broad and accurate knowledge of the best English, French, and Italian classics on the part of one of the young graduates we met, the standard of these universities can be no mean one.

Other buildings of note we visited during our first few days in Buenos Ayres were the magnificent Congress Hall, the mint, and Government offices, the new post-office, the medical and military colleges,

the national library, the handsome banks, and churches, both Protestant and Catholic. We were glad to see our own Methodist Church had a footing, as well as the Presbyterian, Anglican, and Lutheran. As far back as 1823 the Rev. Messrs. John C. Brigham and Theophilus Parvin entered Buenos Ayres and found there a profitable field to till.

We had read in a magazine of ancient date of the horrible conventillos, great sheds in the heart of the city where the very poor were housed, a dozen or more in a room, in conditions that rendered cleanliness, morality, and decency impossible. We searched for these places, but found they were like the magazine article, a thing of the past. New and hygienic tenement houses have been erected, and a health officer has a supervising eye upon the welfare of the city. The climate of Buenos Ayres is manifestly in its favour, being subject to neither extreme cold nor extreme heat. It corresponds in some measure with that of Pennsylvania.

During recent years a system of harbour works (docks, basins, etc.), has been constructed at a cost of some \$20,000,000. By this means the two channels of La Plata are connected so that the largest vessels may be brought up to the wharf. A thorough system of water supply and drainage has also been inaugurated. We wished that it could be turned to use as to wash the cigarette smoke well out of the city for once. One traveller has said that in Buenos Ayres every man smokes cigarettes. We were fortunate enough to meet a few exceptions, and as the young Argentine we had known in Canada had remarked: "It was reserved for me to go to North America to see for the first time a lady smoking a cigarette."

Nevertheless the cigarette evil is rampant there, as we have seen it



MILK-SELLERS.

nowhere else. Men and boys from early morn till late at night, puff, puff, puff, in trains, tram-cars, offices, warehouses, everywhere. Even the clerks in the banks smoke as they hand you your change. In no city in the world in proportion to its population are more wax matches used than in Buenos Ayres. The home-made cigarette is the favourite. There are over a hundred varieties, recognizable by their bright wrappings and catchy names.

We had stopped at Buenos Ayres at a season to see it at its best. With the first whistlings of the pampero (a violent and cooling wind from the south) society returns to town. This is in May. The seasons there, it will be remembered, are the exact reverse order of ours. One of the best places to view Mrs. and the Misses Argentine is in the park known as Palermo. Here ensconced among the fine

shrubs one can watch the splendid procession of carriages moving in double file up and down the two avenues, the one lined with palm-trees, the other with firs. The ladies are, many of them, strikingly handsome, and a certain animation is lent the scene by the splendour of the horses and carriages. For Mr. Argentine takes especial pride in his turn-out.

Our next visit was to the courts where pelota, a sort of tennis, is played. This game was very popular a few years ago. The players are professionals, like tenor singers, or bull-fighters, and come from Spain, commanding high salaries for the season. The game is played with two men on each side, and requires wonderful agility and endurance. In the meantime the enthusiastic public throw into the court sovereigns and other coins of various kinds. The public that at-

tend the pelota are for the most part mixed and rough, their chief purpose being to gamble.

We regretted that we could not remain longer in Buenos Ayres, but the great untrodden wastes lay before us. Our last visit was to the cathedral, inside which is the tomb of Jose De San Martin, the liberator of Spanish America. Here, by the magnificent mausoleum that marks the resting-place of this Creole hero, we recalled a little of the history of Argentina. We thought of the city whose traffic was roaring in our ears, founded in 1535, struggling with the Indians, destroyed, and finally refounded in 1580. For over two centuries these brave colonists endured all manner of injustice. They were governed and exploited solely in the interests of the Mother Country. The Creoles, or Spaniards born in America, were subjected to all manner of humiliations and restrictions. They could hold no chief office in the government of the colony; they were not allowed to travel abroad without a permit; schools were few and poor, and the circulation of books and papers was discouraged. Intercolonial commerce was prohibited under severe penalties; and goods, unsuited to their wants, were sent from Europe and forced upon them at exorbitant prices.

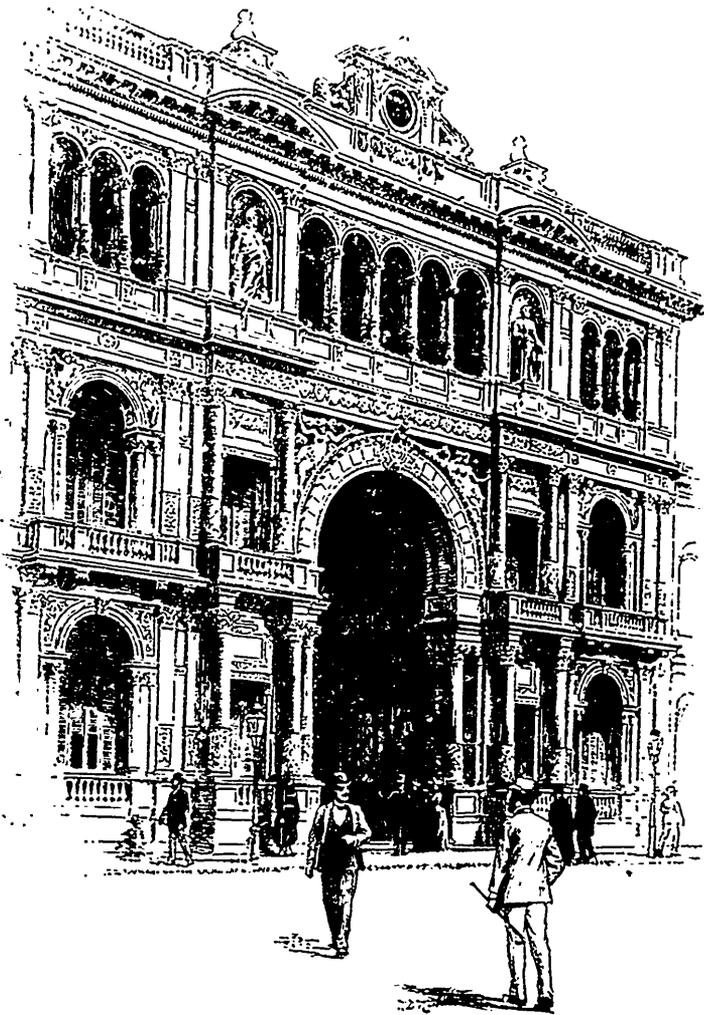
During the Napoleonic War the Argentines, left to defend themselves, saw the chance for independence, and in 1810 formed a provisional government. On July 9th, 1816, under the leadership of San Martin, they declared their independence. San Martin then proceeded to accomplish the liberation of Chile and Peru.

It was after his success that the splendid character of the man came out. His plans and opinions threatened to clash with those of Bolivar, another prominent leader. Lest the clash might injure the

cause dear to both, San Martin withdrew from public life, leaving Bolivar to carry on his work. Splendid abnegation worthy of the patriot he was!

From Buenos Ayres we journeyed toward the lone mission stations set like solitary stars in the vast region, extending over two thousand miles from north to south. There are now fourteen missionary societies at work in the Republic, seven of which are from North America. There is no more interesting chapter in missionary history than that of the work of the South American Missionary Society among the people of Tierra del Fuego. It was this heroic work, it will be remembered, which converted Charles Darwin to a firm belief in missions. So small and scattered is the population of this bleak and stormy land that the harvest can never be great numerically. But it has taken a heroism none the less great to save the few. At one of their stations we read that "the weather chronicle for one year was three hundred days' rain continuously, twenty-five storms, other days neither wet nor fine." "The climate and soil," writes one of the missionaries, "seem full of rheumatism, so wringing wet are they."

It was little short of a miracle to see industrial farms and shops, and even schools, among these one-time savages. Returning from Tierra del Fuego to the mainland we visited some of the mission workers among the Patagonians. This race is said to be the tallest in the world, with the possible exception of the Bororos of Central Brazil. Mission work here has been especially difficult owing to the migratory character of the people. Let the missionaries establish permanent headquarters, and possibly months would elapse before a single native would reappear in the neighbourhood. Nevertheless, in



THE ESCUELA PETRONILA RODRIQUEZ.

spite of these difficulties, Dr. Humble, by his medical and evangelistic labours among them, achieved such success that at his death the Buenos Ayres Standard testified "that there was no more familiar name in the Far South, nor one more revered by Christians and Indians than his."

Another problem which the missionaries to these tribes have to face is their rapid diminution. This is due largely to liquor left by sailing

vessels and to diseases contracted from their crews.

Mission work is, of course, more encouraging in the population that is filling up the districts in the northern part of the Republic. In the last twenty-five years of the last century 2,000,000 immigrants have flocked into Argentina. They are mainly from Southern Europe. Says Mr. Harlan Beach: "With the plastic nature of the new arrivals in their favour, Protestant

Christians ought to see the strategic character of this Republic, which is destined to remain as it already is, the leading power in temperate South America."

And the development of Argentina has but begun. When we realize that here is an area of more than twenty times that of the New England States, with a population of less than three per square mile, that, too, in a superb climate, we feel that like our own North-West the Argentine Republic is a world to be conquered for Christ.

We retraced our steps toward Buenos Ayres, passing along the Shingle Desert, or the "Devil's Country," a great uninhabited waste, six hundred miles in length, two hundred in width. It is covered with stunted bushes and herbs, pebbles and boulders. One misses the pretty rolling hills of Uruguay as one looks over the long level stretches without hills, without trees, and in some places almost without shrubs. In a few provinces this scarcity of wood has compelled the use of dried thistles and peach-tree cuttings for fuel. There were occasional attempts to create thickets of mimosa and cacti.

As we proceeded northward the climate became dryer and warmer, and the trees more frequent. It was a relief after the desert wastes to look across the level green stretches of the pampas covered with tall grass, clover, and thistles; gay verbenas and gigantic geraniums. We were now in the great stock-raising districts. Immense herds of cattle, sheep, mules, and horses are pastured on these pampas. The value of pasture is estimated at close to a hundred million dollars.

The impression the interior of Argentina makes on the traveller is that of a great illimitable pasture field. Agriculture is, as yet, backward, only a small percentage of

the land being under cultivation. But the soil is fertile, yielding in abundance wheat, barley, oats, alfalfa, potatoes, Indian corn, tobacco, cotton, flax, and peanuts. The peach, fig, orange, grape, and toward the north the banana also grow.

Not the least important of the productions are the gigantic mosquitoes that did their utmost "to make our happy lives miserable." Once or twice we narrowly escaped contact with venomous snakes, and forthwith reflected that there was no place like Canada.

But it will be a long time ere will be erased from our minds the memory of those sunsets on the pampas. They were like nothing we had ever seen. The solitude, out of which it seemed as if voices not of earth must surely speak; the wide green sea of pampa grass, with its graceful floss-like panicles; here and there the breath of brackish swamps, or reed-fenced lagoons, the whole dotted with patches of scarlet geranium or purple thistle crowns, and the soft opalescent night gliding fast across the plains—all these wrought a spell impossible to describe.

Grazing and hunting have so occupied the bulk of the population as to leave Argentina remarkably dependent on external commerce. This accounts in some measure for the growth of Buenos Ayres, its gate-way to the sea.

North of the Salado River is a famous plain known as the Gran Chaco (great hunting-ground). The wild animals are such as the jaguar, the ant-eater, and the chinchilla, whose grey fur is so well known to the ladies of our land. Over the pampas and the plains wild dogs and herds of deer roam freely. Malcolm had provided himself with firearms, and made a few chance hits at wild-cats, pumas, foxes; in one case at a wild-boar, and in an-

other at an armadillo, whose plate-armour, like that of a medieval knight, from which he gets his name, makes him almost invulnerable.

Of the bird kind, too, there were many species, such as the American ostrich, parrots, humming-birds, hawks, condors, vultures, and many varieties of birds with brilliant plumage.

It is the Indians of this Gran Chaco that the missionaries found with a tradition that some day men would come to them, not Indians, but like them, as "guides in know-

ledge, and a blessing to their race, and that great respect must be paid these people." This tradition paved the way for a great religious work among them.

I would fain have gone toward the well-wooded Andes, whose scenery, in places, is said to out-rival that of Switzerland, but for the next few months our sojournings were to be among the herdsmen of the plains. Here, too, in the rough and solitary life they led we felt often the need of more of the knowledge and power of the Gospel of Christ.



VOICES OF THE SEA.

BY AMER.

Oh, Friend, the sea is calling—
Is calling night and day;
I hear the wild waves falling,
A thousand miles away.

I hear the sea-birds shrieking,
As they flap and sail and veer;
Their cries, my lone heart seeking,
I cannot choose but hear.

To-night the moon is shining
Through a mystic sea of light,
Toronto.

As it shone on a face repining
In the distant yesternight.

Ere the farewell words were spoken,
By the dimly glistening sea,
That plighted love unbroke
Through all Eternity.

I hear the sad waves falling,
As twenty years to-day:
Oh, Friend, the sea is calling,
And I must haste away.

JAPAN'S WONDERFUL PROGRESS,

AS SHOWN BY THE WORLD'S FAIR AT OSAKA.

BY COUNT HIROKICHI MUTSU.*



JUST as: a few years ago, during the Chinese campaign, the Japanese army and navy were manifesting their prowess to the world, so at the present time the commerce and industry of the Island Empire, with less glamour but nevertheless with equally far-reaching effects, have been demonstrated at the Exposition just held at Osaka.

Osaka, the scene of the Fifth National Industrial Exposition, is one of the three most important cities in Japan, with a population of over eight hundred and twenty thousand. On account of its importance as a commercial and manufacturing centre, the city has often been called the Japanese Manchester. However, in spite of this prosaic title, the visitor must not lose sight of its picturesque aspect, intersected as it is by numerous rivers and canals and spanned by hundreds of bridges. In fact, the numerous waterways have led the foreigner to bestow upon it a no less complimentary name than that of the Oriental Venice.

The first of the National Industrial Expositions, in fact the first important exhibition of any kind in Japan, was held in 1877 at Tokio; the second and third taking place in the same city in 1881 and 1890 respectively, while Kioto was the scene of the fourth Exposition in 1895.

The doors of the greatest Exposition ever held in Japan were opened



COLOSSAL STATUE OF BUDDHA.

on the first day of March last, and were closed on the last day of July. The area of its grounds comprised a space of about eighty-six acres; that of the various buildings covering over ten acres. The total expenditure of the Exposition amounted to about four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, the number of articles exhibited including over three hundred and ten thousand pieces. These figures about double those of the previous Exposition, and may be taken as an indication that the industrial ambition of the nation has made a conspicuous stride within the nine years that have elapsed since the post-bellum Exposition of Kioto.

Japan has been from time immemorial, and still is to a great extent, essentially an agricultural country. Hence the agricultural exhibit was naturally one of the most important. There were not

* Abridged from *The Cosmopolitan*.

only horticultural and agricultural products of all kinds, but also all varieties of implements necessary for tillers of the soil, as well as for the growers of fruits and flowers. Hundreds of samples of rice, silk-cocoons, tea, sugar, etc., were likewise on view, an attractive exhibit being some forty specimens of

lacquer, bronzes, silverwork, carving, etc., as well as beautiful specimens of the dyeing and textile industries. The government also presented some fine exhibits, including models of battle-ships constructed by the navy-yards, guns, swords, and other products of its arsenals.



JAPANESE TEMPLE.

beautiful apples sent by the local government of Hokkaido, where they have recently been introduced with success.

The building devoted to manufactures was the largest in the Exposition, covering a large proportion of the whole building area. Here were silk and cotton goods of all kinds, minerals, porcelains, china,

The Fine Arts Building was a very attractive one. Drawings, paintings, carvings, embroideries, porcelain, cloisonné, and various other branches of fine arts were therein represented.

The Fishery Building, containing over thirty thousand exhibits, constitutes another attraction. Japan, with its five hundred islands and

a sea-line of about seventeen thousand five hundred miles, naturally possesses very rich marine resources. Several hundreds of different species of fish are found in her waters, the value of the principal marine products amounting to nearly eighty million yen per annum.

Whatever progress Japan has achieved since the Reformation of thirty-six years ago, she owes a great deal to the change in her

from the medical university, or beautiful specimens of delicate handiwork executed by the fair pupils of female colleges. There were pianos and organs all "made in Japan" but considered by connoisseurs well worthy of comparison with those of Western manufacture.

The principal exhibits of the Transportation Building naturally represented the various methods of communication over land and sea.

The Department of Communica-

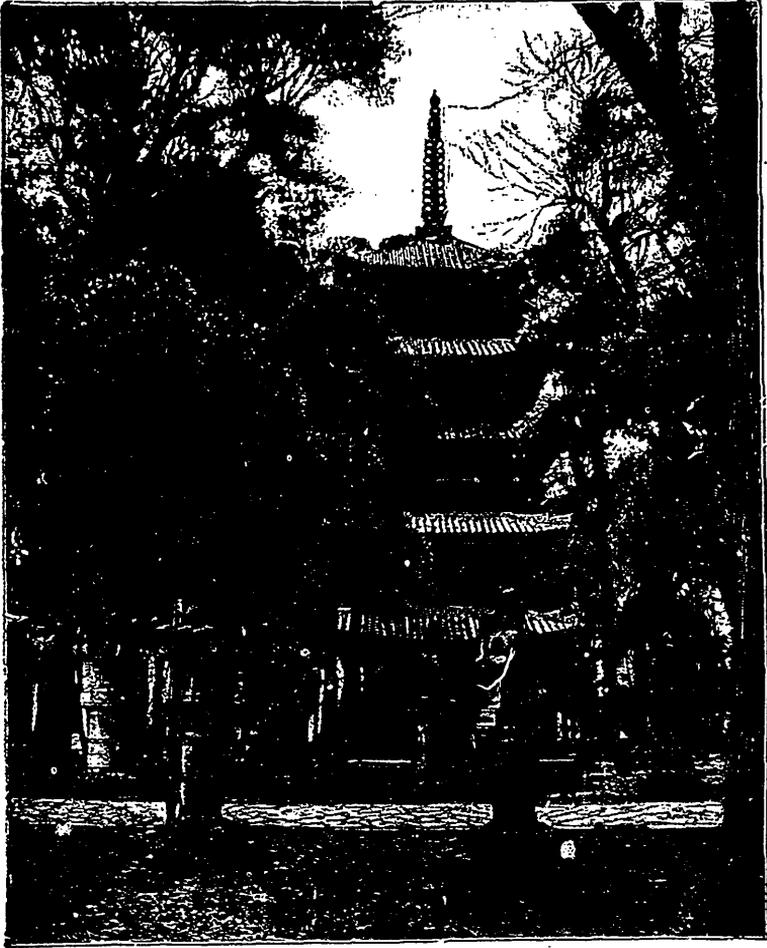


AVENUE TO TEMPLE.

educational system. A chart of statistics in the Educational Building shows that there are at present thirty thousand educational institutions of various kinds, with a total number of pupils amounting to five millions three hundred thousand. Many of these universities, colleges and schools have taken part in the Exposition, and all branches of education are represented in some way or another—whether in the form of gruesome models of diseases sent

tion illustrated by models the various stages of development to the present system of postal and telegraphic organization, showing at the same time the present methods of communication, whether by means of sledges through the frozen tracts of ice and snow in the northern parts of the empire, or through the tropical jungles of Formosa on the shoulders of the semi-savage aborigines.

Writing about the Machinery



TYPICAL BUDDHIST TEMPLE, JAPAN.

Building. Mr. S. S. Lyon, the United States Consul at Kobe, says, "When one considers that but some thirty years ago not only was there no such institution as a factory in Japan, but that iron foundries and mechanics' workshops as now understood were unknown, while engineering was an alien art, the display beneath the roof of the Machinery Building is little short of marvellous." Motors and engines of all descriptions, silk-weaving and dyeing machines, tea-refining and rice-cleaning machines, cigarette-making

and soap-making appliances, are among the exhibits, many of them being in working order. The fact that the exhibits in this section have increased by several thousands since the Exposition of 1895, shows what an advance has been made in this line of industry during the intervening eight years.

Among the novel features of the present Exposition was a special building devoted to samples of articles produced or manufactured in foreign lands. The Foreign Samples Building, as it was officially

named, together with several minor buildings of a similar nature, was a new departure from the previous Expositions, and gave to the present one almost an international aspect. It was also considered a very useful preliminary for a World's Fair on a large scale, which Japan hopes to organize before long. The primary object of the present enterprise was to afford Japanese manufacturers an opportunity to benefit their own endeavours by studying the latest achievements of Western invention, at the same time giving foreign manufacturers a good chance of exploiting the rapidly-developing markets of the Orient. The latter, therefore, have availed themselves of the invitation of the imperial government and of the various facilities offered. The United States, Great Britain, France, Austria, Germany, and several other nations of Europe, as well as China and Korea, have all taken part. Some of the foreign countries thus represented have manifested a very keen interest. Canada, for example, has a separate building of her own, and her Secretary of Agriculture crossed the Pacific especially to inspect the Exposition.

The island of Formosa, with the Pescadores group, came into our possession as the result of the Chinese war. The Formosan Building, therefore, was another novel feature and attracted a great deal of attention. Dainty maidens of that beautiful island, attired in their picturesque native costume and speaking but little of our own language served the visitor a cup of the celebrated Oolong tea at the very moderate charge of two and a half cents.

Apart from the main features of the Exposition, there were, of course, various kinds of side-shows. For instance, the Red Cross Society of Japan, an association honoured with the patronage and personal in-

terest of her Majesty the Empress, had a hall of its own, containing exhibits which are both interesting and instructive. There is also a section containing an extensive collection of trade-marks. In the way of amusements, the visitor had his choice of selections of Japanese and foreign music, an observation tower, a palais de l'optique, or even a merry-go-round and water-chute. If he should desire refreshment, he could enjoy a "tiffin" *a la Francaise* at one of the so-called Occidental Cafes, or could satisfy his curiosity, if not his appetite, by ordering native dishes at the Formosan restaurant.

The Pacific is the Mediterranean of the twentieth century. Japan, the United States, and Canada, having their shores washed by the waters of that vast ocean, are destined to be the leaders of its yet young, but fast developing, trade and commerce.

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE.

From the standpoint of the casual traveller, even of the architect, Japanese architecture is at first absolutely baffling; it is like Japanese music, utterly foreign, radically different in its genesis, aloof in its moods and motives, from the standards of the west. It is the perfecting of a single, simple, and primitive mass by almost infinite refinement of line and proportion. The Gothic cathedrals of France and England were strokes of mighty genius, unconsciously created under the influence of overmastering emotion; the temples of Horiuji, Nara, Uji, and Kioto were the result of a conscious and Hellenic striving for the ultimate perfection in line and curve and form. Note the sinuous following of line, the steely curves of the roof, the massing of the shadows, the fretting of the light and shade—they are all the final things; beyond them is no



INTERIOR OF ASAKUSA TEMPLE, JAPAN.

further possibility. There is nothing in the Parthenon more keenly perfect than the sweep of the roof angles.

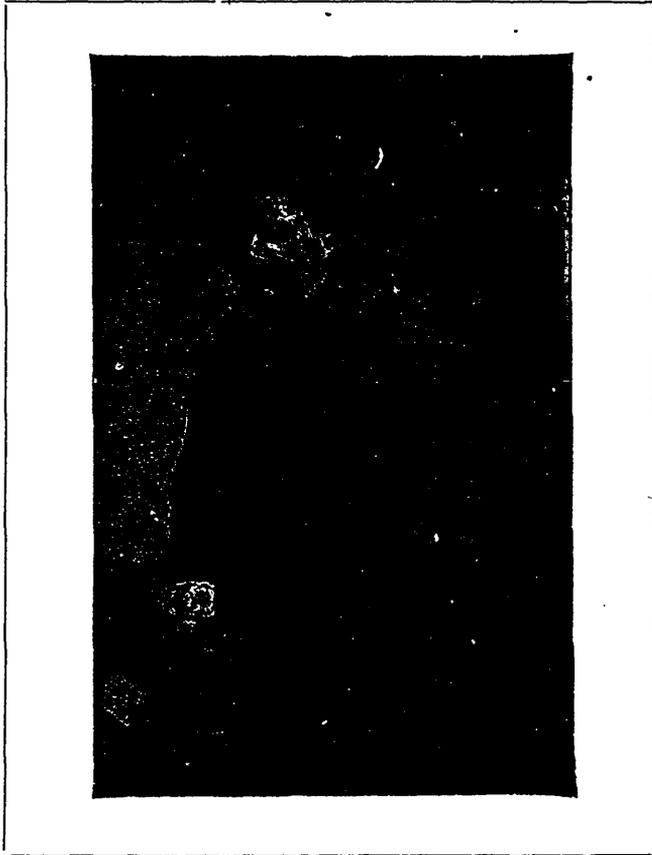
But there is a greater quality in these early temples than those that are purely architectural; they are full of a spiritual import that is quite overpowering. They breathe mysticism and abstraction, they are dreamlike and visionary. Under their shadows alone could one understand a little of Buddhism. In the vast lines of their sweeping roofs, in the ordered symmetry of their sword-like curves, in the ma-

jesty of their lines, the solemn harmony of their composition, there is so much of the dim and occult East that they seize upon the imagination like some subtle enchantment. It is not until we come to the temples of a later date that we find the wonderful interiors, dim and silent, sweet with incense and splendid with the glory of cinnabar lacquer and beaten gold. These early temples within are homely and barren, gray plaster spotted with ancient Indian frescoes fading softly away, and round columns of bare, unpolished wood.

The hand that takes the crown must ache with many a cross ;
 Yet he who hath never a conflict hath never a victor's palm,
 And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and calm.

—*Hævergal.*

THE SAILOR'S SISTER.—MISS AGNES WESTON, LL.D.



MISS AGNES E. WESTON, LL.D.

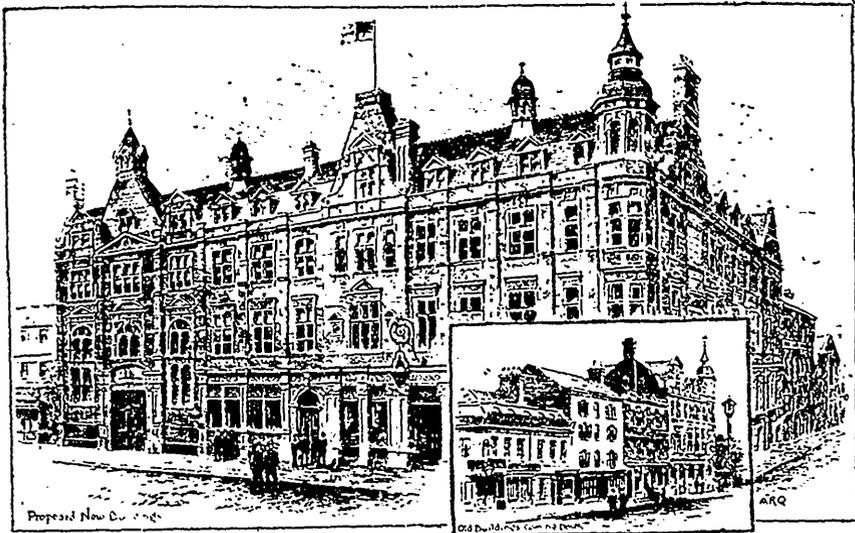


ONE of the best known women in England, writes John Bailey in *The Aldersgate Magazine*, is Agnes Weston. Indeed, she is known and loved all over the world; at any rate, throughout the British dominions. Wherever British "bluejackets," are—and our warships are to be found in almost all waters—there she is known as "our mother."

"For over thirty years Miss

Weston, together with her friend and companion, Miss Wintz, have been carrying on their self-appointed task of 'mothering' the sailors of the English Royal Navy. The task of these noble, self-denying women is of so delicate a nature, socially and morally, that it is safe to say not one woman in ten thousand could have achieved the success which they have done.

"Plenty of officers now serving as senior lieutenants can recall the day when the bluejacket was too often a drunken, dissolute fellow, who could not be trusted to set foot



SAILORS' REST, LIVERPOOL.

ashore without producing an uproar. He returned to his ship with grave reluctance after his drinking bouts, and gave infinite trouble to his officers in many ways.

“There are several fine buildings, with almost numberless societies, clubs and institutions associated therewith, under Miss Weston's wing and management. These magnificent buildings are situated at Portsmouth, Devonport, and Keyham.

“They are provided with up-to-date restaurants for the general public as well as for ‘Jack.’ These, being situated in leading thoroughfares, where there is much traffic, are largely patronized, and do an immense business. Several hundreds of beds are occupied by sailors every night, and an enormous quantity of provisions is consumed.

“Jack's mental and spiritual needs are by no means neglected. Miss Wintz, assisted by Mrs. Grosver Hurd, edits *Ashore and Afloat*, a bright, racy paper, which had a circulation of 617,451 during last year, and Miss Weston's *Monthly Letters*

had a circulation of 670,000, making in all the grand total of 1,287,450 messengers for God, temperance, and purity, going all over the world—to the Royal Navy, the Merchant Service, United States Navy, fishermen and boatmen, etc. There were sent out from the offices of the Rests last year no less than 142,668 parcels, weighing nearly thirty-seven tons.

“Nearly every night in the week meetings of one sort or another are held, and on Sundays regular services are held at 11, 3, and 7 o'clock. These services are conducted generally by the lay preachers of the different Free Churches, not a few being Methodist local preachers.

“A sailor's wife a sailor's star should be”

runs the old sea-song. Men in the Royal Navy are mostly married, and many of them marry very young. Jack goes off on his three years' commission, and he, of course, leaves the young wife behind. If she has children, God be thanked, for she has her hands, interest, and heart occupied. A great part allotted to

the Sailors' Rests is to take care of the sailors' wives, to make friends with them, by getting them to the meetings and socials, outings in the summer, mothers' meetings, to help them in the time of need, and in many ways to throw sunshine into their lonely lives.

"Miss Weston's work has been keenly appreciated, and her methods practically adopted by other nations, proving once more the trite saying, that 'Imitation is the highest form of flattery.' A naval officer of high rank was sent from Germany to make inquiries as to the mode of working the Sailors' Rests, and Prince Henry of Prussia pronounced them to be 'truly imperial institutions.' And as a matter of fact a very similar institution stands to-day at Kiel. The naval attache of the United States Navy came to Portsmouth to ascertain the plan adopted, and to look over the buildings. An envoy from Japan did the same thing some time ago. A commission from the British Admiralty visited Miss Weston with a view of obtaining information as to how the Rests were worked so successfully. A very kind letter was subsequently sent saying that 'the visit had been an education to them.'

"More than once this estimable lady received a royal command to visit the Queen at Windsor and Osborne, when she received the personal thanks of her Sovereign, who with tears in her eyes embraced Miss Weston and said, 'God bless you! How can I ever thank you enough for the good you are doing for my poor sailors?'

"My correspondence, says Miss Weston, 'is immense, and it increases yearly. Jack writes to me in all his troubles and difficulties. His letters are, of course, sacred; but I know that the answers cheer and help him.'

"Afloat Jack rides the waves, 'his country's bulwark, hope, and pride.'

Ashore he now visits, in large numbers, the Rests. It is no wonder that Jack has paid over a million visits to Miss Weston's homes alone. How vastly the scene has changed from the olden times, which some of our elderly friends still persist in calling 'the good old times.' In old days, when a ship was paid off, Jack ashore would eat five-pound notes between his bread and butter; he would hire all the cabs in the town, get on the top of the leading ones, with a few fiddlers, a jar of rum, visit all the public-houses en route, drink, of course at each, until, returning to town, the horses would be the only sober creatures in the strange procession. Now, when a battleship pays off, the men rush to the Sailors' Rests, enjoy a hearty meal, a wash and brush up, secure their railway tickets, often on the premises, and seven hundred men are soon switched off into all parts of the country to 'Home, Sweet Home.'

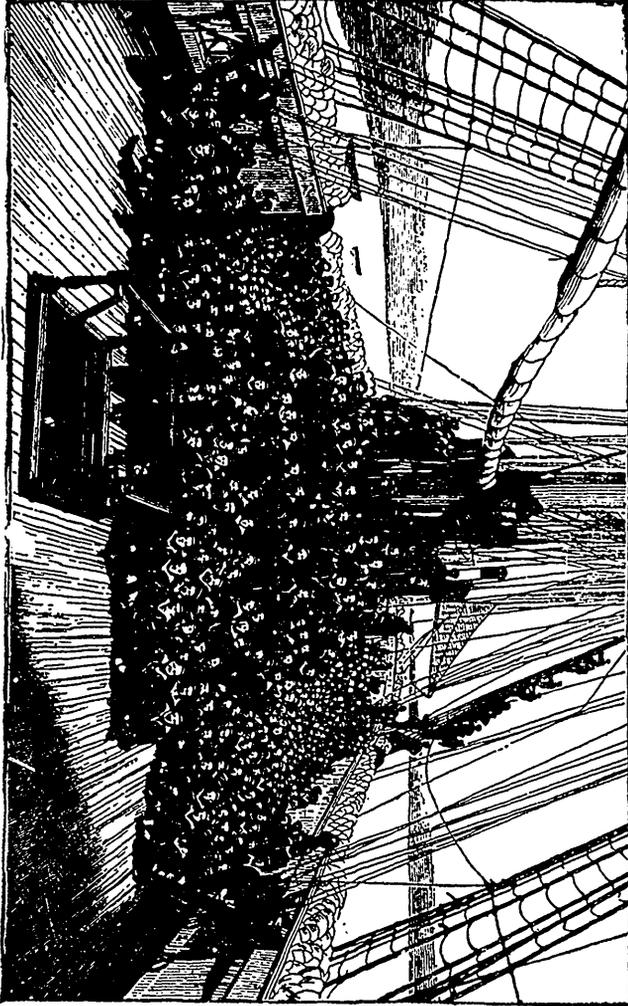
"Here is a very fair specimen of what often occurs at the Rests. A bluejacket staggers through the doorway with a heavy load upon his back, it might be a sack of flour or a very heavy bundle of clothes. He makes for the reading-room, and when he emerges, wiping the perspiration from his brow, he encounters Miss Weston, who asks him, 'Well, Jack, are you tired?' 'Pretty well,' he replies, and then in sailor language he tells his story. The sack of flour is his chum, whose money had burned in his pocket, and who had drunk not wisely but too well. Quarrelling with the barman, he had been ejected into the gutter, and there he lay a helpless log until his chum came by. 'I got poor Tom on his legs,' he says, 'but he couldn't stand. All he said as he got out of the wet was "I've been sleeping in damp sheets."' Jack had no money to pay for a cab, so he thought of Miss Weston, and carried his shipmate to the Rest.

'Twas hard work,' he said. 'The police stopped me once, and said that they would run in Tom because he was drunk and disorderly. I set him up against the wall, and I said, "Drunk he is, but disorderly he

my chum to the Sailors' Rest, to Miss Weston; she'll take care of him, and perhaps she'll make a man of him.'"

"The names of Miss Weston and Miss Wintz, and their fellow-help-

THE CREW OF A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR ASSEMBLED TO HEAR MISS WESTON.



ain't, and I'll fight any two of you for him!" Then the patrol came along, and they poked at the bundle, and said I was carrying away Government stores. "Yes, I am," I said, "but I ain't stealing, I'm carrying

ers in this noble work, we are sure, will rank with those of Florence Nightingale, and Grace Darling, and Miss Marsh, and Elizabeth Fry; and their deeds will be held in everlasting remembrance."

The following is an account by David Williamson of an interview with Miss Weston: On a hot July afternoon I had the pleasure of a chat with Miss Agnes Weston at the Sailors' Rest, Devonport, which is one of the monuments of her life of benevolent interest in the British sailor. There is, as our readers probably remember, an equally fine institution of the same type at Portsmouth, but I felt a special appropriateness in meeting Miss Weston on the very spot where her great work was born. They are pulling down the house where about thirty years ago Miss Weston commenced what has now developed into the magnificent set of buildings which form the great dock-yard at Devonport. It is the strategic point of the situation, this proximity to the docks, for the bluejackets cannot help seeing the attractive bar of the Sailors' Rest through the wide-open doors as soon as they step outside the yard.

Miss Weston said to me, "People engaged in work like this court failure if they start institutes or coffee-taverns in back streets. The temperance cause has suffered as much, if not more, from a want of business-like astuteness as from opposition. We resolved to be as up-to-date in our methods and as smart and attractive in appearance as the publicans make their premises. It is fatal to the success of a temperance place, though you cover it with texts, if a man cannot get first-rate food and clean surroundings—in a word, better value for his money than in a public-house." When I had been taken over the Sailors' Rest, from the top floor of cabins to the basement, where kitchen arrangements would do credit to the finest club in London, I realized how thoroughly Miss Weston had carried out her own doctrine.

But before I had the pleasure of

inspecting the various parts of this great organization, my talk with Miss Weston took place in her drawing-room on the premises. To be strictly correct, one ought to write and speak of Dr. Agnes Weston, since she has received the honorary LL.D. degree from Glasgow University. But there is a pleasant, familiar sound about Miss Agnes Weston, and, after all, there is nothing of the grave and reverend doctor in this genial philanthropist, with her winning smiles, her keen appreciation of humour, and her rapid translation of thought into action. Now if universities conferred degrees of Doctor of Humanity, it would be difficult to find any one in the kingdom who would be described by such a title more accurately than Miss Weston, for not only does she know human nature in all its phases, but she has been doctoring it in the highest and best sense all her life.

"What would you say, Miss Weston, were the first qualifications for engaging in such a work as yours?"

"First and foremost, you must be called by God to do it. Lacking that call, the ablest people will fail. I have had, I suppose, quite two hundred offers of service from ladies who have felt attracted by the work, but ever so many of these good women have had no real qualifications for undertaking duties which require much more than a merely romantic interest in sailors. The lady who feels it to be a divine vocation will be ready to do the most humdrum work, and to continue at it—ah, what a splendid virtue that is, the grace to continue!—year after year, because she feels she is a co-worker with God. Then, having made sure of being called by God, I should say, the next qualification was that uncommon possession, common-sense. There

are plenty of good Christian people, as you know, whose zeal outruns their discretion, with the result that they fail to accomplish half the work they might do.

"I will give you an instance. A lady who was helping me was most anxious to give away tracts on every possible, and impossible, occasion. I recognized her absolutely good intentions, but I told her she must not disturb the men at their meals and when they were reading, for we ourselves should not welcome such inopportune attentions at such times. Ultimately, she placed her tracts in a box, and did a nicely illuminated card with the words, 'Please take one,' and placed it over the box. Well, some wag among the men quietly transferred the card to a plate of tarts, with the speedy result that the dish was cleared in a very short time!

"We must learn wisdom in our methods, and allow ourselves to be guided by the Spirit, if we are to say a word in season. Just as in a Christian home there is a tone which does not need to be accentuated incessantly in order to be appreciated, so we have aimed at creating a definite Christian atmosphere which is pervasive rather than obtrusive. Sailors have said to us again and again how much they were helped by merely a brief stay in the Rest, although perhaps no one spoke specially to them. We cannot realize what it means to them to be under the influences of a Christian institution, even from the negative side as well as from the positive side. Think of the dirty, bad dens which aim at injuring sailors as soon as they land; and then contrast them with the bright, clean rooms of our Rest, the comfortable cabins with everything to remind them of the kind thought of others for their welfare, the wholesome food, the absence of

intoxicating drink. Quite apart from religious meetings and Bible classes, which are always open to them without compulsion of any sort, the Sailors' Rest does a work in this way which influences the men for good.

"And yet another qualification I must mention is that of business-like habits. It is not enough to be enthusiastic in a work like ours; you must be as methodical as in a great business establishment, for, after all, a large part of our success depends on the proper management of every detail of our work. If you want an example of the value of business-like qualities, take my friend Miss Wintz. Neither she nor I had any idea of how the modest beginning of our work twenty-six years ago would develop. But as the extension went on, I realized what magnificent gifts of organization she possessed, without which our present work could never have been carried on. It is a rare thing to find ladies who are business-like by instinct, and some of them find it very difficult to be business-like even when trained. But Miss Wintz is one of those who by instinct as well as by experience are splendidly business-like. We make about £3,000 a year profits by what might be termed the "hotel" side of the Rest, and that sum is spent on the spiritual work. So you see, if the workers were not business-like, the most important part of the work would suffer. Ah, if only temperance folks had understood the need of astute management, the coffee taverns and temperance hotels in this country would be far better than they are. Houses in back streets, dirty marble-top tables with reminiscences of the last meal upon them, a one-armed ex-scripture reader behind the counter—no, no, these never will attract men away from public-houses."

"From the first, Miss Weston, I believe you have emphasized temperance in your work among sailors?"

"Yes, and it needs to be brought to the front to-day as much as ever. Some of the old homes for sailors were not run on temperance principles, but I have found that the sailors themselves are the first to appreciate the entire absence of alcohol. We supplanted three public-houses when we built this Sailors' Rest, and it has been on out-and-out temperance lines that all our work has been conducted. We have Rechabite Lodges meeting here weekly, and a Band of Hope attended by about four hundred children. When I was honoured by an audience of Queen Victoria she was specially interested in that aspect of the work. I remember that when the Court Newsman brought her in the evening the usual report for the Court Circular, she said to him: 'Oh, but you've not mentioned Miss Weston's temperance work,' and she wrote in her bold handwriting the word 'Temperance' on the report."

Miss Weston then took me into the "picture gallery" of the Rest, and on its walls I saw a series of fine portraits of various members of the Royal Family. There was King Edward VII., who as Prince

of Wales visited the Institute and wrote his high appreciation of it; and the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who when he was stationed at Devonport took a very practical interest in the work. The Duchess and her daughters have written their autographs, and so has the present Prince of Wales.

Then I was taken over the Sailors' Rest by one who has been a zealous worker there for a quarter of a century. The cabins which bear the names of donors were of special interest, and No. 113, which was endowed by Queen Victoria, was particularly worthy of attention. In it I saw not only a splendid portrait of the Queen, but also three pictures which Her Majesty selected for its decoration.

On the walls I noticed various mottoes, and highest of all I discovered what, I am sure, is the mainspring of all this beautiful work. It was "Live for others." In another hall, provided with a bar from which refreshments are served, these words were painted on the beams:

"The heads of the steady are always found ready."

"The more you think, the less you'll drink."

"Imitate the best, not the worst."

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

I'm sittin' in my li'll boat ;
The lines is to the stern ;
And all my thoughts are full of 'ee
Whichever way I turn.

If you was this here li'll boat
And I was but the sea,
Aw, my dear life, I tell 'ee, though,
It should be fine for thee.

My curling waves around the keel
Should dance with happy light ;
I'd bear 'ee past the sunken rocks
And bring 'ee home all right.

I'm sittin' in my li'll boat ;
The gulls is in the sky ;
Aw, dear, if I was one of they,
I know which way I'd fly.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CONDITION OF RUSSIA.*

BY GEORGE KENNAN.



IN its possible influence upon the outcome of a long war with Japan, the social and political condition of Russia is hardly less important than her financial and economic status. The burdens imposed by modern warfare are so heavy, and the sacrifices that it demands are so great, that unless the population which furnishes the troops and pays the expenses is loyal, patriotic, and united in its support of the government and the war, there is great danger of internal disorder serious enough to weaken the national power, if not completely to break down the prestige and undermine the authority of the ruling class.

The autocratic form of Russia's administration makes her government less dependent upon the people than are the governments of constitutional and parliamentary countries; but, on the other hand, the bureaucracy, which practically rules Russia, has to deal with a strong popular feeling of discontent and hostility which does not exist elsewhere, and which a war is almost certain to intensify. In some parts of western Europe an unpopular and long-continued war might cause great national dissatisfaction, and might possibly give rise to a dangerous revolutionary movement; but such conditions would be consequences of the war and would not

precede it. In Russia, however, the anti-government feeling is of long standing; it has already menaced the authority of the ruling class, if not the very existence of the State in its present form; and it will develop and grow more threatening as war adds new causes of discontent to those already present, and gives fresh intensity to the long-smouldering fire of revolutionary activity.

Popular dissatisfaction in Russia is based upon a great variety and an immense number of grievances, most of which are little known to the American reading public. Some of these grievances affect particular nationalities or racial components of the population, such as the Finns, the Armenians, the Poles, and the Jews; some bear most heavily upon particular social classes or groups, such as the peasants, the university students, the factory operatives, the journalists, and the members of the *zemstvos*; while some are directly related to the welfare and happiness of the population as a whole. Anything like an adequate presentation of these grievances would fill a dozen numbers of *The Outlook*, if not a whole volume; but brief reference to a few of them may serve to show what reasons the Russian people have for discontent and disloyalty.

Take first, for example, the matter of personal security. It is the primary duty of every government to protect the persons and the property of its citizens. If it does not give them some assurance that they shall not be arrested, imprisoned, flogged, or

* This tremendous indictment of Russian polity, by one who has studied it thoroughly at short range, will be read with peculiar interest at the present juncture. It is abridged from *The Outlook*.

deprived of their property without due process of law, it fails in the most important and most fundamental of its obligations. To a large class of its people the Russian Government does not give such protection, and never has given it. Now, as in the past, its "politically untrustworthy" subjects may be arrested without a warrant, imprisoned without a trial, deprived of property without judicial procedure, and banished to remote parts of the country without even so much as a hearing.

This lack of personal security is felt as deeply in Russia as it would be in the United States. If the Secretary of the Interior in Washington, by and with the consent of the President, should suddenly suppress the *New York Evening Post* because he disapproved of its political "tendency," the owners or stockholders of that periodical would certainly think that they had a very serious and substantial grievance; and yet that has happened in Russia, of late years, to *The Golos*, and twenty-one other newspapers and magazines. Meanwhile, there have been inflicted on other periodicals five hundred and eighty-one administrative punishments less severe than absolute suppression, including suspensions that amount in the aggregate to forty-nine years and four months. If the newspapers of the United States had been punished five hundred and eighty-one times with prohibition of street sales, deprivation of the right to print advertisements, etc., and had been administratively "held up" by the Secretary of the Interior for periods that amounted in the aggregate to nearly half a century, the Government certainly could not count on very enthusiastic support from the press either in an aggressive foreign war or in local disturbances to which such a war might give rise.

If, to take another illustration, Secretary Hitchcock, by and with the consent of President Roosevelt, should suddenly notify W. D. Howells, Richard Watson Gilder, George H. Putnam, Professor Van Dyke, and John Burroughs, that they must abandon their business, leave their homes, and live for three years under police surveillance in North Dakota, Oklahoma, or Alaska, these gentlemen and their friends—if they had no power to resist and no redress in the courts—would probably become revolutionists of a very active type; and yet their case would be no worse than that of twenty or thirty Russian authors, editors, and publishers, of substantially the same social and literary class, who have been banished from St. Petersburg in the course of the past three years.

In every case, the decree of banishment was pronounced by the Minister of the Interior without the observance of any form of judicial procedure, and in most cases without the assignment of any reason. The same fate may befall any citizen of Russia who happens to be regarded by the Minister of the Interior as "politically untrustworthy," or who renders himself obnoxious to the Government by his actions, his criticisms, or his expressions of opinion.

In its dealings with the peasants the Government manifests even less regard for justice and law than it shows in its treatment of the educated class. After the agrarian disorder in the Province of Poltava, in the spring of 1902, the Governor, Belgardt, caused more than four hundred peasants to be flogged with whips, each of the victims receiving from 120 to 170 blows. For this form of punishment there was no warrant of law whatever. Most of the arrested peasants had behaved in a disorderly manner; many of them, doubtless, had been

guilty of offences described in the Russian penal code; but they were entitled to a hearing and a judicial trial, and Governor Belgardt had not the shadow of a right to flog them indiscriminately before they had been found guilty of the offences charged against them.

On the 1st of May, 1902, Governor von Wahl caused to be flogged, in the same way, sixteen peasants—mostly factory operatives—who had taken part in a "labor-day" parade and demonstration in the city of Wilna.

The disregard of justice and law shown in the administrative banishment of educated people, and the administrative flogging of peasants who have not been tried, is thoroughly characteristic of the present Russian Government, and in one form or another, it is manifested almost daily in all parts of the Empire.

Lack of personal security, however, is only one of the Russian citizen's many grievances. He resents almost as deeply the authority given police officers to make searches in private houses without legal warrant (in St. Petersburg 600 such searches are sometimes made in a single night); the virtual prohibition of all suits for damages against Government officials; the interference of the executive power with the courts; the withdrawal of large classes of cases from jury trial; the administrative punishment of accused persons whom the courts have acquitted; the hearing of important public cases with closed doors; the trial of political and other civil offenders by courts martial; the denial of the right of public assembly, as well as the right of collective petition; the universal system of espionage; the vexatious restriction of personal movement and freedom by means of the passport system; and finally, the rigorous censorship of the press, which makes it almost impossible to criti-

cise governmental action or freely to discuss public affairs.

Most of these grievances are due, primarily, to a desire and a determination on the part of the bureaucracy to control and regulate matters of public concern at its own discretion, and to treat the citizen as if he were a minor ward subject to the authority of a guardian. A Russian who had been a sufferer from this bureaucratic regulation once said bitterly, "In Russia nothing is permitted; everything is either ordered or forbidden." The Government compels peasants whose houses have burned down to wait months for official permission to rebuild; it reprimands citizens who unite in a joint telegram to the Minister of Public Instruction, on the ground that collective action of that kind is strictly forbidden; it will not allow school-teachers to give to the press any information with regard to schools, education, or the economic condition of the peasants; it prohibits everywhere public celebrations of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs; it will not permit university students to celebrate anything, nor to participate in public testimonials to esteemed persons; it draws up the programme for, and superintends the proceedings of, every convention of business men who meet to consider and discuss their own interests; it will not permit the executive boards of the zemstvos to consult one another, nor to establish a periodical devoted to their collective interests; it has taken away from these organizations the right to care for the people in time of famine; and it has just stopped all the statistical work of the zemstvos in twelve provinces, and given governors discretionary power to stop it in twenty-two more.

Such "regulation" as this is manifestly oppressive and vexatious in the highest degree; and it touches

so many interests and affects the lives of so many people that it has created a strong anti-government feeling in almost all classes of society, from the nobles to the peasants. The general prevalence and the great intensity of this feeling are clearly shown in the recent revival of revolutionary activity in all parts of the Empire.

In April, 1902, the Ministry of Justice asked the Council of State for an extra appropriation of 229,000 roubles and an extra force of 79 procureurs (prosecuting officers), to enable it to deal effectively with the rapidly increasing number of political offenders. 5,748 persons were arrested in 1901, and 2,953 in the first fourteen weeks of 1902. In the first five years of the last decade the number of political offenders actually sentenced was 2,089; while in the second five-year period the number increased to 7,729. The arrests for political crime between January 1st and April 12th, 1902, were 2,953, or at the rate of about 11,000 per year. These figures show that "the number of cases of political crime, as well as the number of persons implicated therein, are increasing generally, and with incredible swiftness."

But these facts, serious as they are, do not present the case in what, perhaps, is its most serious aspect. Political dissatisfaction seems now to be making progress, for the first time, in the Russian army. There is an "Army League" and an "Army Revolutionary Society;" printed addresses and appeals to officers and soldiers are found by the secret police in dozens of barracks and encampments.

When people protest and demand personal security, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and political freedom, the Czar's Government rides them down with Cossack horses, shoots them, and convinces them with exile.

Still another military group, which calls itself a "League for Carrying on a Propaganda among the Troops," says: "The Russian muzhik groans everywhere under the burdens of intolerable taxation and chronic hunger; factory operatives groan everywhere after the labour of an eleven-hour working day; and every thinking person groans in his heart under the oppression of the bureaucracy and unlimited autocratic power."

The Russian Liberal party is opposed to war, for the reason that it would necessarily involve the sacrifice of interests in European Russia that outweigh any possible advantages to be gained in Eastern Asia. The liberals think that the education of the Russian people and the improvement of their economic condition are much more important than the acquisition of additional territory on the coast of the Pacific.

The Outlook adds—"Russian talk of 'Christianity versus heathendom' especially arouses Japanese ire. Japan may not be a Christian nation in the narrower sense in which that expression is used, but Japan is a Christian nation in a wide sense. Many Japanese, distinguished public men as well as private individuals, are professing Christians. The Japanese Constitution guarantees absolute freedom of religious belief, and the Gospel of Christ is preached from one end of the Empire to the other. The Japanese once proposed to adopt a State religion, Christian in name, but afterwards realized that 'Christianity made to order' does not present a particularly commendable aspect. A comparison between Japan's 'heathenism,' as shown in educational, political, and religious liberty, and Russia's Christianity as shown on the Amur in 1900, and since then in Finland and Transcaucasia, might result in a decision not wholly unfavourable to the Japanese side.

THE BIBLE AND THE MISSIONARY.

BY J. T. GRACEY, D.D.



THE Bible is, in a strict sense, the only universal book in the world; the only ecumenical one of all human history; the only one with a world *motif*. Thus it is a sort of dynamic force operating on all men, in all the world, containing within itself the power of propulsion over all peoples of all time.

It is the *motif* of the Bible that within the past century has expanded the translations of the Bible from fifty to four hundred, till all the great languages of the world have the whole Bible, defining "a great language," as Canon Edmonds does, as one spoken by not less than ten millions of people.

It is remarkable that this dynamic force should create literatures in which these translations should find a channel. Considerably more than one-half of the languages into which the Bible has been translated within a century were reduced to writing for the purpose of the translation of this Book into them. Canon Edmonds formulated the underlying base and inspiration, the *motif*, if one may once more style it so, when he wrote: "To give men the message of God on lips touched with a live coal from the altar of God is the first true greeting of the ideal missionary as he lays the foundation of a living Church." This, he asserts, was the policy of Christianity from the start.

The indebtedness of science, of philology, of commerce, of governments to the impulse that precipi-

tated these translations is a quite too extended theme, however fascinating, to touch on in this connection. It is far from our heart not to emphasize the work of the great universities and learned societies in this linguistic expansion of literature, but for most of what we know of the two thousand or more forms of human speech we are plainly indebted to the missionary impulse. This does not ignore the initial literatures produced by commercial agencies, such as the East India companies, but even there the inspiration of the men who did the stoutest service was evangelistic. Marshman and Morrison were dominated by the missionary idea.

The Bible translations were, with rare exceptions, made by missionaries. It was with them, in most cases, original work. They endured conditions which required the spirit which martyrs exhibit to effect this result. It was not to win money, nor distinction, nor place. At risk of too great length this quotation from Mr. Cust must be suffered:

Who were the translators? No university, no State Department, no learned society could have supplied men willing to conduct such operations or capable of doing so. It was not abstract knowledge heaped up in the study that was required, but the gift of conversing with and understanding the people; it was not a city of Europe or North America in which such work could be done, but the mission stations in the midst of half-covered natives; it was not earthly honour or high remuneration that would tempt capable men to dwell in noxious climates, even far from the civilized comforts of the age, but the wondrous desire to save souls, the entire consecration of talents, health, and life to the spiritual welfare of their fellow creatures. . . . The work when done "might be rugged, be

unpolished, but it must be intelligible and real."

In many cases they proved their work on the spot; the natives who were to use it stood at the compositor's desk and operated the hand-press to produce it, and native pastors or a native Christian flock put it to practical test on the spot. Some of the best translations are entirely indigenous productions.

There has been scant courtesy shown to popes or parliaments in much of this work. It was simply done, and there was no power that could undo it. A Madagascar king fulminates against it, but it is hidden in caves and survives the king and all his edicts. In Tahiti, in Mexico, in Peru, priests have tried to banish, have burned, and anathematized it, but hid in the hearts of the people they preserved the letter of it at the peril of their lives, till, as Mr. Cust says: "It is beyond the power of a Cæsar or a pope to arrest the magnificent progress of the Bible over the world; they might as well try to stop the sun in midheaven. This unequalled Book will roll on in its majesty until earthly tongues cease and language has had its day."

Throughout the thousand-tongued Babel of the earth at this hour, to seven out of every ten persons the Scriptures in whole or in portions are available in speech which they can articulate and comprehend. The American Bible Society alone, which dates its beginning more than a decade later than the British and Foreign Bible Society, has kept tally on its circulation till it enumerates within a fraction of seventy-one millions of its issues. Half of the intelligent readers of its report would be puzzled to tell the meaning of all of the very language-titles given without delving into those of Oceania and Africa. How many, for instance, are familiar with the terms: "Lettish," "Lithu-

anian," "Reval Esthonian," "Biscol," or "Arrawak"?

A remarkable feature of this work of Bible translation is its democracy. It literally expunges race and sex, as well as literary distinction; black or yellow or white, living in hut or palace, with a coat of heraldry or unable to name his grandfather, bond or free, male or female, the one standard to which the person is amenable is the efficiency of the work done in bringing others into touch with this Book. Mr. Cust renders tribute to the women who have contributed to this great world-work. He says:

It is also a subject of fervent rejoicing that women have not been behindhand in this work of love. . . . It has come under my knowledge, and it gladdens my heart to record it, that the Bible societies have instances of the sweet yoke-fellowship of the son and the widowed mother, the father and the daughter, the husband and the wife, in this most precious consecration of intellectual capacity united with spiritual devotion. Single ladies and widow ladies have not been slack in seeking a blessing by being zealous in this service, and at their death they leave behind something more precious than the garments which Dorcas left behind to her weeping friends, inasmuch as they have helped to clothe the Word of Life in a new vesture of words and sentences which will never wax old, nor require change, nor perish, but will be fresh and profitable to generations still unborn.

Of the uplifting force of these many-tongued Scriptures none but a master may write. They purify the very language which they preserve. They constitute the strongest earthly bond of a brotherhood, the existence of which they irresistibly furnish a proof. Stronger than any political or commercial forces to establish a universal fraternity is the giving of this one Book to the whole human race. "So deep a Book, and yet so simple; so human, and yet so Divine; so localized, and yet so world-embracing." It proves, as Dr. Charles

Cuthbert Hall says, that there is no such diversity of races as prevents a heart-to-heart talk among all peoples and tongues. Its very divinity is proven by the fact that Hindu or Hottentot, Eskimo or Fijian finds here a revelation each of himself to himself, a prophecy written ages ago of what he would be and think and long for—"the law of his present life, the hope of his future life."

There have been those who questioned the self-interpretive power of the Bible to the human heart. But instances can be multiplied to fill scores of volumes in which the Book, without the aid of any expositor, has proven to be a key fitted to all the wards of the human heart. The late Bishop E. W. Parker, of India, was wont to illustrate this by an instance of a young Mohammedan teacher in a government school in India, who, feeling "out of sorts," said to a fellow Mohammedan teacher: "I wish I had something to do or something to read." His Moslem companion said: "Read this; this is the Christian's Bible; perhaps this will do you good." That young Mohammedan teacher took the Book and began to read it. He got over his dull feeling, and read all night. The result, Bishop Parker said, was that "he stands among the leading preachers of the Methodist Church of North India."

Numerous cases are recorded where a stray volume found its way into remote regions, or communities, where it was read, and years later a missionary found in the place a quite considerable community who had met regularly to hear it read, and studiously endeavoured to govern their lives by its precepts as best they understood them. These

cases are not confined to any class or clime.

It was accidentally that Joseph Neesima, in Japan, read in a Chinese Bible: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," which led him to say: "This is the God I must know."

It was an English New Testament, accidentally found floating in the Bay of Nagasaki, that led Wasaka to search for its Chinese counterpart, and led him to Christ and baptism by Verbeck. This Book has won its way to influence, to recognition, and to power, where prejudice awakened abhorrence to the missionary and the organized forms of the Christian Church.

The very literary currents of the world have been reversed in its interest, and largely through the forces which itself created. A hundred years ago the flow of literature was from Ispahan to Calcutta, now it is from Bombay to Bagdad, and the Bible moves along channels itself has dug.

What the Bible is to the missionary and what the missionary has been to the Bible would furnish a theme for a masterful symposium, with contributors from pole to pole.

The Protestant Christian world will observe with gratitude the one hundredth anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The American and the Scotch younger sisters will clap their hands, but all will recognize what the venerable Dr. Gilman wrote for the Ecumenical Conference in New York:

"The Bible work of the nineteenth century is but a beginning, and it would be disastrous to suspend it at the point now reached.

. . . Let the twentieth century carry it on to perfection."—*Missionary Review of the World*.

Must I go—and empty-handed?
Must I meet my Saviour so?

Not one soul with which to greet Him?
Must I empty-handed go?

THE OUTLOOK IN CHINA.

BY HENRY S. FERGUSON,

Missionary of the China Inland Mission.



LOOKING out upon China as it is, we see the great mass of the people now, as always, engaged in a hard struggle for a mere existence — a struggle which, in most cases, absorbs all their energy and all their thought. “What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Where-withal shall we be clothed?” After all these things do the heathen seek, and these pressing present necessities overshadow in their minds the affairs of the nation and the infinitely weightier matters of the life to come. Now, as always, they are exposed to calamities which sweep multitudes of them into untimely graves—flood, famine, pestilence, disorder. They are, however, a people of very great capabilities, tremendous endurance, and tremendous patience; wonderful power of recuperation, and of making the best of untoward circumstances; splendid working power, both physical and mental, and, withal, remarkable for courtesy. Yet through lack of enlightened direction they have not realized their capabilities, neither are they now doing so. This physical and mental stamina is their greatest national asset.

We see also the Government weak, discredited, and bewildered. Scorning to receive enlightenment from abroad, it has striven to maintain the traditions of the past, and every effort has ended in total collapse, making its weakness and insufficiency more apparent to the nation and to the world. Its military

power and prestige have been shattered, and parts of the national inheritance have passed into the hands of strangers. The army is great only on paper, its administration is thoroughly corrupt, and it has very little either of courage or patriotism. It is of little use either for aggressive warfare, for defence, or for the maintenance of order at home, and is often itself an element of public danger and public dread.

So great is the distraction of the Government that Manchuria, the ancestral home of the dynasty, containing the ancestral tombs, is being allowed to slip from its grasp without an effort to retain it and with scarcely a protest. The Empress Dowager and her advisers were so ignorant and superstitious as to believe in the Boxers, and, confident in their invulnerability, they defied the world. The collapse of the Boxer hope only added to their bewilderment. But though the Government is discredited, there is no present alternative. Its overthrow would mean anarchy and foreign interference. What the people most desire is peace, in order that they may devote themselves to their struggle for existence without distraction. So the Government is tolerated, and even maintained, and it clings to power, concerned far more for its own continuance than for the country's good.

Also the gods of China are discredited. The Boxer movement was an appeal to the gods, particularly to the spirits of departed generations, revered in ancestral worship. The movement was idolatrous throughout; its votaries looked to the spirits whom they worshipped to

make them invulnerable. Its defeat may have far-reaching effects, although the Chinese mind but slowly responds to the stern logic of facts.

China is, moreover, a nation drugged. The use of opium has spread to all parts with the most direful results. It is undermining and threatening to destroy that physical and mental stamina which is the greatest asset of the nation. It intensifies the struggle for existence by undermining the working power of millions of workers, transforming productive labourers into indolent, self-indulgent parasites, much more inclined to encroach upon the labour of others than to labour for the benefit of others. Through this habit, multitudes of bread-winners gradually cease to be bread-winners, shirk responsibility, become burdens to the families to which they belong, often abandoning wife and children to shift for themselves, or, in the extreme of poverty to which the vice brings them, even selling them to procure the means to assuage the insatiable craving which relentlessly drags them down to ruin. This also diverts much land from the production of foodstuffs, in a country much afflicted by famine, to the production of poison. It is doing more than any other cause to weaken and destroy the nation.

The present helpless condition of China and indifference to her fate are, without doubt, largely due to the effect of the drug through the great multitude of officials, high and low, civil and military, as well as common people, addicted to its use. One effect of opium is to take the reliability out of a man, making him like a wooden pillar which has been infested by white ants: it retains its form, and may retain an appearance of strength, but no dependence can be placed upon it. As the malaria germs in the blood, through unfitting many corpuscles for the

duty they have to perform in the body, make the body weak and unable to bear its burdens, notwithstanding the greater number left unimpaired, so the opium in the nation, by destroying or curtailing the usefulness of a multitude of individuals, makes the whole body weak and unable to perform the functions of a nation. There are no signs of this evil abating.

The form of national pride prevailing in China, especially in Government and official circles, has proved a most serious and ever-present obstacle to China's betterment. She has been the proudest of the nations, accustomed to look upon herself as the height of perfection in government, in doctrine and morality, in literature, and culture, in customs and manners. So far from having anything to learn from foreign nations, she considers herself fit to teach the world the principles of right and decorous conduct. Unlike Japan, scarcely less proud, she has never humbled herself to take the learner's place. Though compelled outwardly to lower her lofty pretensions toward other nations, in her heart she retains them still. Her unreasoning pride has led her to the fatal mistake of closing doors and windows against the entrance of light, while making no effective effort to prevent the diffusion of moral pestilence. But God, in His all-wise providence, has brought China down into the valley of humiliation; she is descending deeper; humiliations are being heaped upon her. Yet she is still unhumbled, so may have to dwell long in the valley, until she learns the lesson of her experience, and comes up out of it, perhaps by the way of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, a regenerated nation.

The Chinese nation, in its attitude toward progress, may very fitly be symbolized by a locomotive with its boilers filled with tepid water.

There is great latent power if only heat can be applied ; the locomotive, symbolizing the nation, and the water the mind of the nation, thought, which is a movement of mind as heat is a movement of the particles of matter, is the heat required. The Chinese, as we find them, are not progressive, because not a thinking people. But through contact with the West, especially with the heralds of the Gospel, thought-heat is being communicated to the cold, inert mass, and a pressure is being created which tends to movement. As the application of heat continues the pressure increases, and there is a possibility that it may become strong enough to move the engine, causing it to go forward.

But that is not the desire of those who have their hands on the throttle—the rulers of China ; they wish to keep it standing still. As they are powerless to prevent the application of heat and its gradual dissemination throughout the mass, they endeavour to prevent its effect by refusing to open the throttle, and by steadily holding down the safety-valve, to prevent any expression of the gathering pressure within. (To this end the Government has recently evinced a very strong desire to get its hands on certain native newspaper editors.) What will be the result ? Will the restraining force be thrown off, or will the engine go to pieces, or will it be taken control of by outsiders ? The Chinese mind is a slow conductor of thought-heat, yet this heat is slowly permeating the mass and opening the eyes of the people to the possibility of better things, and creating desire therefor.

While the nation pursues its chosen course, and difficulties and dangers thicken about her, a sovereign remedy is being applied. That remedy is the truth—primarily, the truth of God as revealed through Jesus Christ, and, secondarily, that

emancipation of mind which knowledge of God accomplishes, leading to the recognition of God's ways in the world of men and matter. It is through poverty of truth that China is weak and distressed. China is now in contact with the nations of the West, who are, in a sense, the repositories of the truth that China needs. But that contact has not been an unmixed blessing ; for while she has been exerting herself to make it ineffective, her efforts have been more successful against good than against evil. While she has received and applied but little of profitable knowledge, the opium habit, under foreign pressure, has spread to every corner of the Empire, and tens of thousands of her sons have been corrupted and tens of thousands of her daughters sacrificed in palaces of sin and dens of iniquity that flourish under foreign license in Shanghai. It is not truth alone that Western nations bring. To depraved minds our boasted liberty is an opportunity to plunge headlong into sin.

When will China have her "senses exercised to discern both good and evil ?" And when will she "know to refuse the evil and choose the good ?" But the truth is God's remedy for a sinful world. In His hand it is a force that never ceases to operate. Though refused and thwarted a thousand times, it still persists. "The eternal years of God are hers," and the truth of God in Christ shall conquer even in China. Already it has penetrated far. Those who have received Christ are a goodly company, though few compared with the great mass of the population. But they do not represent the whole result of missionary effort. The seed of truth has been very widely sown where no fruit is yet apparent. The essential truths of the Gospel have been planted in minds hostile or indifferent, where curiosity, or a desire (they know

not for what) has led the individual to listen to the preacher or read the printed page. The Spirit of God watches over the buried seed. He will cause the living truth to triumph in the coming conflict, when China is aroused, over the dead traditions of the past. Very wide doors of opportunity now stand open before the Lord's servants, and the cry for more labourers to enter these doors continually reaches our ears. The present is a critical time, fraught with tremendous possibilities. Who will go ?

What answer must we give to the question as to the present outlook in China ? The prospect is bright only to the eye of faith which looks beyond the present. The present "vision is to them that hate her and the interpretation thereof to her

enemies." China is still in the wilderness, wounded, helpless, bewildered, drugged, surrounded by enemies, and doubtful friends, and failing to recognize her true friends. She needs help from beyond herself, help which is available in God, but she does not yet recognize her need. In the truth of God we have the assurance of the final triumph of righteousness. Whatever vicissitudes the nation may still be called upon to pass through, the hand of God will not be withdrawn. He turns not aside from His purpose of grace. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and China shall not be lacking among the number.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*



SLOW THROUGH THE DARK.

Slow moves the pageant of a climbing race ;
 Their footsteps drag far, far below the height,
 And unprevailing by their utmost might,
 Seem faltering downward from each hard-won place.

No strange, swift-sprung exception we ; we trace
 A devious way through dim, uncertain light—
 Our hope through the long vistaed years, a sight
 Of that our Captain's soul sees face to face.

Who, faithless, faltering, that the road is steep,
 Now raiseth us his drear insistant cry ?
 Who stoopeth here to spend a while in sleep
 Or curseth that the storm obscures the sky ?
 Heed not the darkness round you dull and deep ;
 The clouds grow thickest when the summit's nigh.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

—Jesus Christ.

X.

"Mother sent me!—I came down for her and father!" began Helen Carruth abruptly. Then she thought how that sounded—as if she need be supposed to apologize for or explain the circumstance that she happened to find one of her father's old students sunning himself upon a given portion of the New England coast; and she blushed again. When she saw the sudden, upward motion of Bayard's heavy eyelids, she could have set her pretty teeth through her tongue, for vexation at her little *faux pas*. From sheer embarrassment, she laughed it off.

"I haven't heard anybody laugh like that since I came to Windover," said Bayard, drawing a long breath. "Do give me an encore!"

"Now, then, you are laughing at me!"

"Upon the word of a poor parson—no. You can't think how it sounds. It sinks in—like the sun."

"But I don't feel like laughing any more. I've got all over it. I'm afraid I can't oblige you."

"Why not? You used to be good-natured, I thought—in Cesarea, ages ago."

"You are enough to drive the laugh out of a faun," said the young lady soberly. "Pray sit down again on your sand sofa. I did not know you had been ill. Put on your hat, Mr. Bayard. Good society does not require ghosts to stand bareheaded at the seacoast in April."

"I don't move in good society any longer. I am not expected to know anything about its customs. Sit down beside me, a minute—and I will. No—stay. Perhaps you will take cold? I wish I had some wraps. My coat—"

"When I take your coat—" began the healthy girl. He had already flung his overcoat upon the dry, warm sand. She gave it back to him. Then she saw the colour start into his pale face.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said quickly. I did not mean—Mr. Bayard, I never was ill in my life."

"Nor I, either, before now," pleaded Bayard rather piteously.

"Who called it the 'insolence of

health'? I did not mean to be impudent, if you will take the trouble to believe me. I fail to grasp the situation, that's all. I am simply obtuse—blunt—blunt as a clam."

"The amount of it is," went on Miss Carruth, more in her usual manner, "that I was taken a little by surprise. You used to look so—different. You are greatly changed, Mr. Bayard."

"I have had a little touch of something they call pneumonia down here," observed Bayard carelessly. "I've been out only a few days."

"You have not asked me what I came to Windover for."

"Windover does not belong to me, Miss Carruth; nor"—a ray of disused mischief sprang to his eyes. Did he start to say, "Nor you"?

"Why now," she laughed, "I think I could recognize you without an introduction."

"But you haven't told me why you did come to Windover."

"It doesn't signify. You exhibit no interest in the subject, sir."

"You are here," he answered, looking at her. "That fact preoccupied me."

"I came down to engage our rooms," she said lightly. "We are coming here, you know, this summer. We board at the 'Mainsail.' You understand," she added, with something of unnecessary emphasis, "we always come here summers. Father likes it above everything. I wonder father never told you we always come to Windover. We have the 'Flying Jib' to ourselves—that little green cottage, you know, on the rocks. What! Never heard of the 'Flying Jib'? You don't know the summer Windover, do you?"

"Only the winter Windover, you see."

"Nor the summer people, I suppose?"

"Only the winter people."

"Father's hired that old fish-house for a study," continued Helen, with some abruptness. "He says he can't stand the women on the 'Mainsail' piazzas; you can hear them over at the 'Flying Jib' when the wind sets our way; they discuss the desserts,

and pick each other's characters to pieces, and compare Kensington stitches, and neuralgia."

He looked at her; as any other man might—like those students who used to come so often, and who suddenly called no more. Helen had never seen that expression in his eyes. She dropped her own. She dug little wells in the fine, white sand with her sun-umbrella before she said,—

"I have to get the six o'clock train; you know I haven't come to stay, yet."
"But you are coming!" he exclaimed with irrepressible joyousness.

She made no answer, and Bayard's sensitive colour changed.

"I saw you with that drunken man; he had his arms about you," said Helen, with charming irrelevance. Her untroubled brows still held that little knot, half of perplexity, half of annoyance. It became her, for she looked the more of a woman for it.

"Job Slip? Oh, in Boston that day; yes. I got him home to his wife all right that night. He was sober after that for—for quite a while. I wish you had seen that woman!" he said earnestly. "Mari is the most miserable—and the most grateful—person that I know. I never knew what a woman could suffer till I got acquainted with that family. They have a dear little boy. His father used to beat him over the head with a shovel. Joey comes over to see me sometimes, and goes to sleep on my lounge. We're great chums."

"You do like it," said Helen slowly. She had raised her brown eyes while he was speaking, and watched his face with a veiled look. "Yes; there's no doubt about it. You do."

"Wouldn't you?" asked Bayard, smiling.

"I don't know but I should like to see that little boy," answered Helen, reluctantly; "and Mari—if she had on a clean apron."

"She doesn't very often. But it might happen. Why, you might go over there with me—sometime—this summer, and see them?" suggested Bayard eagerly.

She laughed.

Helen's voice had not been as light as her laugh; and her bright face was grave when he turned and regarded it. Her eyes, for the first time, now, it seemed, intentionally studied him. She took in the least detail of his changed appearance: the shabby coat, the patch on his boot, his linen worn and darned, the fading colour of his

hat. She remembered him as the best-dressed man in Cesarea Seminary; nothing but rude, real poverty could have so changed that fashionable and easy student into this country parson, rusting and mended and out-of-the-mode, and conscious of it to the last sense, as only the town-bred man of luxurious antecedents can be of the novel deprivation that might have been another's native air.

"I don't know that it is necessary to look so pale," was all she said. "I should think you'd tan here in this glare. I do. See!"

She held out her bare hands, and doubled them up, putting them together to scrutinize the delicate backs of them for the effect of an hour's Windover sun. Her dark purple gloves and the saxifrage lay in her lap. Bayard held the sun-umbrella over her. It gave him a curious sense of event to perform this little courtesy; it was so long since he had been among ladies, and lived like other gentlemen; he felt as if he had been upon a journey in strange lands and were coming home again. A blossom of the saxifrage fell to the hem of her dress, and over upon the sand. He delicately touched and took it, saying nothing.

"Does Mr. Hermon Worcester come and pour pitch and things on the bonfire?" asked Helen suddenly.

"I thought you knew," said Bayard, "my uncle has disinherited me. He is not pleased with what I have done."

"Ah! I did not know. Doesn't he—excuse me, Mr. Bayard. It is no; my business."

"He writes to me," said Bayard. "He sent me things when I was sick. He was very kind then. We have not quarrelled at all. But it is some time since I have seen him. I am very fond of my uncle. He is an old man, you know. He was brought up so—We mustn't blame him. He doesn't come to Windover."

"I see," said Helen. She leaned her head back against the boulder and looked through half-shut lids at the dashing sea. The wind was rising.

"I must go," she said abruptly.

"May I take you over to the station?" he asked with boyish anxiety.

"Mr. Salt is going to harness old Pepper," she answered. Bayard said nothing. He remembered that he could not afford to drive a lady to the station; he could not offer to "take" her in the electric conveyance of the great American people. He might have spent at least three-quarters of an hour

more beside her. It seemed to him that he had not experienced poverty till now. The exquisite outline of his lip trembled for the instant with that pathos which would have smitten a woman to the heart if she had loved him. Helen was preoccupied with her saxifrage and her purple gloves. She did not, to all appearance, see his face at all, and he was glad of it.

He rose in silence, and walked beside her to the beach and towards the town.

"Mr. Bayard," said Helen, with her pleasant unexpectedness, "I owe you something."

All this while she had not mentioned the wreck or the rescue; she alone, of all people whom he had seen since he came out of his sick-room, had not inquired, nor exclaimed, nor commended, nor admired. Something in her manner—it could hardly be said what—reminded him now of this omission; he had not thought of it before.

"I owe you a recognition," she said. "I cancel the debt," he answered, smiling.

"You cannot. I owe you the recognition—of a friend—for that brave and noble deed you did. Accept it, sir!"

She spread out her hands with a pretty gesture, as if she gave him something; she moved her head with a commanding and royal turn, as if her gift had value. He lifted his hat.

"I could have done no less then; but I might do more—now."

His worn face had lightened delicately. He looked hopeful and happy.

"A man doesn't put himself where I am, to complain," he added. "But I don't suppose you could even guess how solitary my position is. The right thing said in the right way gives me more courage than—people who say it can possibly understand. I have so few friends—now. If you allow me to count you among them, you do me a very womanly kindness; so then I shall owe you"—

"I cancel the debt!" she interrupted, laughing. "Didn't father write to you?" she hurried on, "when you were so ill?"

"Oh, yes. The Professor's note was the first I was allowed to read. He said all sorts of things that I didn't deserve. He said that I had done honour to the old Seminary."

"Really? Father will wear a crown and a harp for that concession. Did

he give you any message from me, I wonder?"

"He said the ladies sent their regards."

"Oh! Was that all?"

"That was all."

"It was not quite all," said Helen, after a moment's rather grave reflection. "But never mind. Probably father thought the exegesis incorrect somewhere."

"Perhaps he objected to the context?" asked Bayard mischievously.

"More likely he had a quarrel in the faculty on his mind and forgot it."

"If you had written it yourself"—suggested Bayard humbly. "But of course you had other things to do."

Helen gave him an inscrutable look. She made no reply. They passed the fish-house, and the old clam-digger, who was sitting on his overturned basket in the sun, opening clams with a blunt knife, and singing hoarsely.

"There is Mr. Salt," said Helen; for the two had come slowly up in silence to the old gate, (fastened with a rope tied in a sailor's knot), that gave the short cut across the meadow to the "Mainsail" summer hotel.

"He is watching for me. How sober he looks! Perhaps something dreadful has happened to Mrs. Salt. Wait a minute. Let me run in!"

She tossed her sun-umbrella, gloves, and saxifrage in a heap across Bayard's arm, and ran like a girl or a collie swaying across the meadow in the wind. In a few minutes she walked back, flushed and laughing.

"Pepper can't go!" she cried. "I must go right along and catch the car."

"You have eight minutes yet," said Bayard joyously, "and I can go too!"

The car filled up rapidly; they chatted of little things, or sat in silence. Jane Granite came aboard as they passed her mother's door. Bayard lifted his hat to her cordially; she was at the further end of the car; she got off at a grocery store, to buy prunes, and did not look back. She had only glanced at Helen Carruth. Bayard did not notice when Jane left.

The train came in and went out. Helen stood on the platform leaning over to take her saxifrage; a royal vision, blurring and melting in purple and gold before his eyes.

The train came in and went out; her laughing eyes looked back from the frame of the car window. The train went out. He turned away and went slowly home.

Jane had not returned, and Mrs. Granite was away. The house was deserted, and the evening was coming on cold. He climbed the steep stairs wearily to his rooms, and lighted a fire, for he coughed a good deal. He had to go down into the shed and bring up the wood and coal. He was so tired when this was done that he flung himself upon the old lounge. He took something from his vest-pocket, and looked at it gently, twisting it about in his thin hands. It was a sprig of saxifrage, whose white blossom was hanging its head over upon the dry, succulent stem. Bayard got up suddenly, and put the flower in a book upon his study-table.

As he did so, a short, soft, broken sound pattered up the stairs. The door opened without the preliminary of a knock, and little Joey Slip walked seriously in. He said he had come to see the minister. He sat down sedately and ceremoniously upon the carpet-lounge. He said Marm said to say Father's home from Georges' drunk as a fish. He put out his little fingers and patted Bayard on the cheek, as if the minister had been the child, and Joey the old, old man.

XI.

It was night, and it was Angel Alley. One of the caprices of New England spring had taken the weather, and it had suddenly turned cold. The wind blew straight from the sea. It was going to rain. The inner harbour was full; in the dark, thick air bowsprits nodded and swung sleepily, black outlines against little glimmering swathes of grayish-yellow cut by the headlights of anchored vessels. Dorries put out now and then from the schooners, and rowed lustily to the docks; these were packed with sailors or fishermen who leaped up the sides of the wharves like cats, tied the painter to invisible rings in black, slimy places, and scrambled off, leaving the dory to bob and hit the piers; or they cast the painter to the solitary oarsman, who rowed back silently to the vessel, while his gayer shipmates reeled, singing, over the wharves, and disappeared in the direction of the town.

The sky was heavily clouded, and fog was stealing stealthily off the Point.

Angel Alley was full, that night. Half a dozen large fishermen were just

in from Georges'; these had made their trip to Boston to sell their cargoes of halibut, haddock, or cod, and had run home quickly on a stiff sou'-easter, or were unloading direct at their native wharves. The town overflowed with men of unmistakably nautical callings, red of face, strong of hand, unsteady of step; men with the homeless eye and the roving heart of the sea: Americans, Scotch, Swedes, Portuguese, Italians, Irish, and Finns swung up together from the wharves and swarmed over the alley, ready for a song, a laugh, or a blow, as the case might be; equally prepared to smoke, to love, to quarrel, or to drink, liable to drift into a prayer-room or a bar-room, just as it happened, and there was small space to doubt which would happen; men whose highest aspiration was to find the barber and the bootblack; men who steered steadily home, thinking of their baby's laugh, and the wife's kiss; and men who turned neither to the right nor to the left, who lingered for neither men nor gods nor women, but pushed, with head thrust out like a dog's on the scent, straight on to the first saloon that gaped at them.

Open and secret, lawful and unlawful, these were of an incredible number, if one should estimate the size of the short street. Angel Alley overflowed with abomination, as the tides, befouled by the town, overflowed the reeking piers of the docks. In sailors' boarding-houses, in open bars, in hidden cellars, in billiard-rooms, in shooting-galleries, in dance-halls, and in worse, whiskey ran in rivers. At the banks of those black streams men and some women crawled and drank, flaunting or hiding their fiery thirst as the mood took them, and preying upon one another, each according to his power or his choice, as the chance of an evil hour decreed.

Men went into open doors with their full trips' earnings in their pockets, and staggered out without a penny to their shameful names. Fifty, seventy, a hundred dollars, vanished in the carouse of a single hour. One man, a foreigner, of some nationality unknown, ran up and down, wildly calling for the police. He had been robbed of two hundred dollars in a drunken bout, last night; he had but just come to such senses as nature may have given him, and to the discovery of his loss. His wife, he said, lived over in West Windover; she warn't well when he shipped; there was another baby—seven young ones

already—and she couldn't get trust at the stores, the bills had run up so long.

"Lord!" he said stupidly; "s'pose I find 'em layin' round starved?"

He stoutly refused to go home. He swore he'd rather go to jail than face her. He sat down on the steps of old Trawl's, sobbing openly, like a child. A little crowd gathered, one or two voices jeered at him, and some one scolded him smartly, for no one moralizes more glibly than the sot in his intervals of sobriety.

"Oh, shut up there!" cried the girl Lena. "Ain't he miserable enough already? Ain't all of us that much?—Go home, Jean!" she urged kindly; "go home to Marie. She won't cuss you."

"She never cussed me yet," answered Jean doubtfully.

He got up and reeled away, wringing his stubbed hands. Lena walked up the alley, alone; her eyes were on the ground; she did not answer when one of the girls called her; she strolled on aimlessly, and one might almost say, thoughtfully.

"Better come in, Lena," said a voice above her. She looked up. The beautiful new transparency, which was still the wonder and admiration of the fishermen coming home from Georges' or the Banks, flashed out in strong white and scarlet lights the strange words, now grown familiar to Angel Alley:

"The Church of the Love of Christ."

Beneath, in the broken, moving colour stood the minister; his foot was on the topmost step of the long flight; he looked pale and tired.

"Isn't it better for you in here, than out there?" he asked gently. Lena gave one glance at his pitying eyes; then she followed that brilliance like a moth.

He stepped back and allowed her to precede him, as if she had been any other woman, the only difference being one which the girl was not likely to notice; the minister did not lift his hat to Lena. She hung her head and went in.

"They are singing to-night—practising for their concert," he said. "Perhaps they might like the help of your voice."

She made no answer, and the preacher and the street girl entered the bright hall together.

It was well filled with well-behaved and decently dressed groups of men and women; these were informally scattered about the main room and the

ante-rooms, for no service was in progress; the whole bore the appearance of a people's club, or social entertainment, whose members read or chatted, played games, or sang, as the mood took them.

A bowling-alley and a smoking-room adjoined; these last were often quite full and busy with fishermen and sailors; but that night the most of the people were listening to the singing. Music, Bayard had already learned, would lead them anywhere. At the first sound of the poor and pathetic melodeon, they had begun to collect around the net of harmony like mackerel round a weir.

Down the dark throat of Angel Alley a man, that night, was doing a singular thing. He was a fisherman, plainly one of the recent arrivals of the anchored fleet; he was a sturdily built fellow with a well-shaped head; he had the naturally open face and attractive bearing often to be found among drinking men; at his best he must have been a handsome, graceful fellow, lovable perhaps, and loving. At his worst, he was a cringing sot. He wore, over his faded dark-red flannel shirt, the gingham jumper favoured by his class; and it seemed he had lost his hat. This man was monotonously moving to and fro, covering a given portion of Angel Alley over and again, retracing his unsteady footsteps from point to point, and repeating his course with mysterious regularity. His beat covered the space between the saloon of old Trawl (which stood about midway of the alley) and the scarlet and white transparency whose strange and sacred heraldry blazed, held straight out, an arm of fire, across the mouth of the street. Angel Alley, as we have explained, had, at the first, inclined to call the mission Christ's Rest, for reasons of its own; but even that half-godless reminder of a history better forgotten was growing out of date. The people's name for Emanuel Bayard's house of worship and of welcome was fast settling into one beautiful word—Christlove.

The fisherman in the jumper wavered to and fro between Christlove and the ancient grog-shop. In the dark weather the figure of the man seemed to swing from this to that like a pendulum; at moments he seemed to have no more sense or sentience. He was hurled as if he were forced by invisible machinery; he recoiled as if wound by unseen springs; now his steps quickened into a run, as he

wrenched himself away from the saloon, and faced the prayer-room; then they lagged, and he crawled like a crab to the rum-shop door. His hands were clenched together. Long before it began to rain his hatless forehead was wet.

His eyes stared straight before him. He seemed to see nothing but the two open doors between which he was vibrating. No one had happened to notice him, or, if so, his movements were taken for the vagaries of intoxication. A nerve of God knows what, in his diseased will, began to throb, and he made a leap away from the saloon, and ran heavily towards the white and scarlet lights of the transparency; at the steps he fell, and lay grovelling; he could hear the singing overhead. He tried to climb up; but something refused him, and he did not get beyond the second stair. Slowly, reluctantly, mysteriously, his feet seemed to be dragged back. He put out his hands, as if to push at an invisible foe; he leaned over backwards, planting his great oiled boots firmly in the ground, as if resisting unseen force; but slowly, reluctantly, mysteriously, he was pulled back. At the steps of the saloon, in a blot of darkness, on the shadowed side, he sank; he got to his hands and knees like an animal, and there he crawled. If any one had been listening, the man might have been heard to sob:

"It's me and the rum—God and the devil. Now we'll see!"

He rose more feebly this time, and struggled over toward the prayer-room; he wavered, and turned before he had got there, and made weakly back. Panting heavily, he crawled up the steps of the saloon, and then lurched over, and fell down into the blot whence he had come. There he lay, crying, with the arm of his browningham jumper before his eyes.

"Look up, Job!" said a low voice in the shadow at his side. Job Slip lifted his sodden face, swollen, red, and stained with tears. Instinctively he stretched out his hands.

"Oh, sir!" was all he said.

Bayard stood towering above him; he had his grand Saint Michael look, half of scorn and half of pity.

Job had not seen his face before since the night when it suddenly rose on a great wave, like that of another drowning man, making towards him in the undertow off Ragged Rock. Job put up his hands now, before his own face. He told Mari, long afterwards, that the minister blinded him.

"Get up!" said Bayard, much in the tone in which he had said it the day he knocked Job down.

Job crawled up.

"Come here!" said the preacher sternly. He held out his white band; Job put his wet and fishy palm into it; Bayard drew that through his own arm, and led him away without another word. Old Trawl came muttering to the door, and stood with his hand over his eyes, shutting out the glare of the bar-room within, to watch them. Ben looked over his shoulder, scowling. Father and son muttered unpleasantly together, as the minister and the drunkard moved off, and melted into the fine, dark rain.

Bayard led his man down towards the wharves. It was dark there, and still; there was a secluded spot, which he knew of, under a salt-house at the head of a long pier but seldom used at night. The fine rain was uncertain, and took moods. As the two came down the Alley, the drizzle had dripped off into a soft mist. Bayard heard Captain Hap across the street giving utterance to his favourite phrase:

"It's comin' on thick; so thick it has stems to it."

The captain looked after the minister and the drunkard with disapproval in his keen, dark eyes.

"Better look out, Mr. Bayard!" he called, with the freedom of a nurse too recently dismissed not to feel responsible for his patient. "It ain't no night for you to be settin' round on the docks. You cough, sir! Him you've got in tow ain't worth it—no, nor twenty like him!"

"That's a fact," said Job humbly, stopping short.

"Come on, Job," Bayard answered decidedly.

So they came under the salt-house, and sat down. Both were silent at first. Job looked down into the black water. He was man enough still to estimate what he had done, and miserable enough to quench the shame and fire in him together by a leap. Job said nothing. Bayard watched him closely.

"Well, Job," he said, at last; not sternly, as he had spoken at Trawl's door.

"I haven't touched it before, sir, not a drop till last night," said Job with sullen dreariness. "I was countin' on it how I should see you the first time since—I thought of it all the way home from Georges'. I was so set to see you I couldn't wait to get ashore

to see you. I took a clean jump from the dory to the landin'. I upshot the dory and two men. . . . Mr. Bayard, sir, the cap'n's right. I ain't wuth it. You'd better let me drowned off the 'Clara Em.'"

"Tell me how it happened," said Bayard, gently. Job shook his head.

"You know's well's I, sir. We come ashore, and Trawl, he had one of his — runners to the wharf. Ben was there, bossin' the — job."

The minister listened to this profanity without proffering a rebuke. His teeth were set; he looked as if he would have liked to say as much himself.

"There was a fellar there had made two hundred dollars to his trip. He treated. So I said I didn't want any. But I hankered for it till it seemed I'd die there on the spot before 'em. Ben, he sent a bar-boy after me come to say I needn't drink unless I pleased, but not to be onsocial, and to come along with the crowd. So I said, No, I was a-goin' home to my wife and kid. When the fellar was gone, I see he'd slipped a bottle into my coat pocket. It was a pint bottle XXX. The cork was loose and it leaked. So I put it back, for I swore I wouldn't touch it, and I got a little on my fingers. I put 'em in my mouth to lick 'em off—and, sir, before God, that's all I know—till I come to, today. The hanker got me, and that's all I know. I must ha' ben at it all night. Seems to me I went home an' licked my wife, and come away ag'in, but I ain't sure. I must ha' ben on a reg'lar toot. I'm a drunken fool, and the quicker you let me go to hell the better."

Job leaned over and gazed at the water quietly. There was a look about his jaw which Bayard did not like.

"What were you doing when I found you? I've been looking for you everywhere—last night, and all day."

"I was havin' it out," said Job, doggedly.

"Having—?"

"It lays between me and the rum, God and the devil. I was set to see which would beat."

"Why didn't you come straight over to see me?"

"I couldn't."

"Couldn't you put your feet up those steps and walk in?"

"No, sir. I couldn't do it. I come over twenty times. I couldn't get no further. I had to come back to Trawl's. I had to do it!"

Job brought his clenched hand down heavily on his knee.

"You can't onderstand, sir," he said drearily. "You ain't a drinkin' man."

"I sometimes wish I had been," said the minister, unexpectedly. "I must understand these things."

"God forbid!" said Job solemnly. He stretched his shaking arm out with a beautiful gesture, and put it around Bayard, as if he were shielding from taint a woman or some pure being from an unknown world.

Tears sprang to the minister's eyes. He took the drunkard's dirty hand, and clasped it warmly. The two men sat in silence. Job looked at the water. Bayard looked steadily at Job.

"Come," he said at length, in his usual tone. "It is beginning to rain in earnest. I'm not quite strong yet. I suppose I must not sit here. Take my arm, and come home to Mari and Joey."

Job acquiesced hopelessly. He knew that it would happen all over again.

Suddenly, Bayard dropped Job's hand, and spoke in a ringing voice:

"Job Slip, get down upon your knees—just where you stand!"

Job hesitated.

"Down!" cried Bayard.

Job obeyed, as if he had been a dog.

"Now, lift up your hands—so—to the sky."

As if the minister had been a cut-throat, Job obeyed again.

"Now pray," commanded Bayard.

"I don't know—how to," stammered Job.

"Pray! Pray!" repeated Bayard.

"I've forgot the way you do it, sir!"

"No matter how other people do it! This is your affair. Pray your own way. Pray anyhow. But pray!"

"I haven't done such a thing since I was—since I used to say: 'Now I lay me.' But that don't seem appropriate to the circumstances, sir."

"Try again, Job."

"Tain't no use, Mr. Bayard, I'm a goner. If I couldn't keep sober for you, I ain't ergointer for no Creetur I never see nor spoke to—nor no man ever see nor spoke to—a thousand fathoms up overhead."

Job lifted his trembling arms high and higher towards the dark sky.

"Pray!" reiterated Bayard.

"I can't do it, sir!"

"Pray!" commanded Bayard.

"Oh—God!" gasped Job.

Bayard took off his hat. Job's arms

fell; his face dropped into them; he shook from head to foot.

"There!" he cried, "I done it. . . . I'll do it again. God! God! God!"

Bayard bowed his head. Moments passed before he said, solemnly,—

"Job Slip, I saved your life, didn't I?"

"You committed that mistake, sir."

"It belongs to me, then. You belong to me. I take you. I give you to God."

He dropped upon his knees beside the drunkard in the rain.

"Lord," he said, in a tone of infinite sweetness, "here is a poor perishing man. Save him! He has given himself to Thee."

"The parson did that, Lord," sobbed Job. "Don't give me no credit for it!"

"Save him!" continued Bayard, who seemed hardly to have heard the drunkard's interruption. "Save me this one man! I have tried, and failed, and I am discouraged to the bottom of my heart. But I cannot give him up. I will never give him up till he is dead, or I am. If I cannot do any other thing in Windover, for Christ's sake, save me this one drunken man!"

Bayard lifted his face in a noble agony. Job hid his own before that Gethsemane.

"Does the parson care so much—as that?" thought the fisherman.

The rain dashed on Bayard's white face. He rose from his knees.

"Job Slip," he said, "you have

signed a contract which you can never break. Your vow lies between God and you. I am the witness. I have bound you over to clean life. Go and sin no more.—I'll risk you now," added Bayard, quietly. "I shall not even walk in with you. You have fifteen rum-shops to meet before you get back to your wife and child. Pass them! They all stand with open doors, and the men you know are around these doors. You will not enter one of them. You will go straight home; and tomorrow you will send me written testimony from Mari, your wife—I want her to write it, Job—that you did as I bade you, and came home sober. Now go, and God go with you."

As Bayard turned to give the drunkard his hand, he stumbled a little over something on the dark pier. Job had not risen from his knees, but stooped, and put his lips to the minister's patched shoe.

"This is to certify that my Husband come home last nite sober, and haint ben on a Bat sence, god bless you ennyhow. "Maria Slip."

This legend, written in a laborious chirography on a leaf torn from a grocer's pass-book, was put into Bayard's hand at noon of the next day. Joey brought it; he had counted upon a nap on the study lounge, and was rather disappointed to find it occupied. Mrs. Granite said she had sent for Cap'n Hap; she said the minister's temperature had gone up to a hundred and twenty, and she should think it would.

(To be continued.)

IN SILENCE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

I will wait in silence before Thee,
When no power for prayer is mine,
And strength, through the hushed communion,

To my spirit shall come from Thine.

I will hold me still in Thy presence,
Till the sense of its nearness grows
To a deep soul-calm that shall rest me
With an infinite repose.

I will open my heart to my Saviour,
So within it may naught remain
Toronto.

That the touch of the Hand with the nail-prints
Hath not cleansed from dark sin's sad stain.

For Thou—Thou art all-sufficient!
While I—I have need of all!
And the needy it is, and the helpless,
Whom to Thee Thou for succour dost call.

And so, Lord, the silence about me
As a temple of worship shall be,
Wherein, with no words for petition,
I yet may draw nigh unto Thee.

THE SUPERNUMERARY'S NEW CIRCUIT.

BY T. SHARPER KNOWLSON.



THE afternoon train had just steamed out of Arlesboro' Station, leaving two solitary passengers on the platform. They were evidently man and wife. He was old and white-haired, and, although looking weak and frail, it was easy to see that he had once been a man of powerful physique, but his strength, like the antiquated style of his clerical garments, was now out of date. Still, there was an undying fire in his eye, and one could see it flashing as he stood to watch the train curving up the valley, as if in true sympathy with steam and movement, and as though he had made a mistake in getting out at Arlesboro'.

His wife was a prim little woman several years his junior, and belonged to the class of much-serving Marthas. Her husband's imagination had followed the train, but her imagination followed the two tin trunks which were being wheeled into the luggage-room. Then she followed them in person, and, after a long talk about the date of calling and the name of the carrier, she joined her husband, and they commenced to ascend the hill into the village.

"Them's new-comers," said one of the porters to the signalman. "He's an owd Wesleyan minister ut's past wark like, and he's gooin' to live in a larl hoose on t' hillside. Come for t' fresh air."

The signalman went to the window of his cabin, and looked at the aged couple slowly walking up the hill.

"He hez been a man, hez yon noo," he said, "a reight man wi' muscle, but he walks laame and leuks done up. Whose hoose is he goin' to live in?"

"Nay, thoo's fixed me noo. I couldn't say for me life. I did hear ut t' rent's been reduced lately."

Ting! Ting! Ting!

The bell for the down train rang sharply and abruptly terminated the conversation.

Rev. Jonathan Grant felt the pull

of the hill and of his seventy years. At one time he could have scaled a hillside like that without a pause, but things were different now; he must rest occasionally for his wife's sake as well as his own. They turned round to look at the scenery.

On each side of the valley were high hills with wooded slopes, and the river Nidd flowed gently in the depths below. In the distance beyond there was a small cataract over which the water foamed and boiled; but where they stood the river crept slowly round the hill as if recovering its breath after being tossed over the rocks. The declining sun was mirrored in its silver sheen; the rooks cawed in some high trees above; there was a feeling that Nature was glad, and every worshipper caught the joyous contagion.

For a time the supernumerary escaped from the grip of his great life principle embodied in the words: "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day," and rested his soul in the all-pervading calm. Was it not sweet to be released from exhausting labours? And did not forty-two years of circuit life entitle him to the quiet he was now to enjoy?

Forty-two years!

It was a long story.

The spectres of past events rose up before him one by one; the struggles of his youth, the death of a widowed mother, and thoughts of a great revival. But as he looked back over the busy years there was much for which he could be thankful. No man had ever questioned his fidelity to the doctrines of his Church, and he had passed every character inquisition without the slightest breath of suspicion. Perhaps his circuits were not of the first order, but the long list of "threes" was unbroken from the beginning to the end. He had never known crowded congregations, but there were homes where his name was treasured up among the things that were precious. Yes; he ought to be thankful.

They turned away from the lovely scene before them and walked on.

Still, there was no denying it; the story of his life was coming to an end. Then sorrowful emotions began to ex-

pel the calm in which for a time he had bathed his ardent soul, and he felt a kind of humiliation in putting the armour off. It was harder to bear than he had thought. Up to a week or two ago he was superintendent of a circuit, with colleagues under him. Now he was a—Ah, well! many before him had passed through the same experience. They had been compelled to graduate in the university of Time and must wear that degree which few hold to be a distinction—"supernumerary." There had been a time when his physique was a duet in which flesh and spirit blended in harmony of a vigorous activity; but the flesh had failed now, and dragging wearily behind had sometimes to bear the reproaches of the spirit. Once more he began to cast about in search of consolation.

By a natural telepathy Mrs. Grant caught the touch of her husband's sorrow, but in her case it was coloured by feminine fancy, and the pictures evolved were domestic in their setting. If she had only a son or daughter to comfort her old age! And if she fell ill who could attend to Jonathan? And who could understand him as she did, and bear with his increasing whims, and the gloom of his unwelcome retirement?

By this time they had reached the house which was to be their future home. It was an unpretentious dwelling, and although too good for the ordinary cottager, was not good enough for the village elite. But the position was all-compensating. There was a fine view of Haley's Wood across the river, and the white-faced houses peeped pleasantly from between the trees. A few minutes' walk would bring them to the top of the hill where away to the north-west could be seen the broken outline of Brimham Rocks. As to the house itself, they had lived in many a better one, but they tried to look pleased and happy when the woman from a neighbouring cottage brought the keys to open the door. The yellow jessamine which entwined itself about the rustic porch moved in the breeze and waved them a welcome.

"You're lookin' sad and tired, sir," said the woman, when the few rooms had been inspected.

"Yes; I am indeed," rejoined the minister, as he opened the parlour door and peeped into its staring emptiness, "and I was thinking—that it was rather late in life—for us to begin furnishing a house."

He tried to laugh to hide emotions of another kind, and Mrs. Grant turned her face another way.

"You see," he continued, facing the cottager and using his pointed finger, pulpit fashion, "ministers never have a home to call their own. We are here, there, and everywhere. Arabs! arabs!" He suddenly felt as if he had said too much. In this Bedouin comparison might there not lurk a spirit of irreverence towards the itinerant system? And he believed that system was divine almost as a ritualist believes in the divinity of episcopacy.

"Not that I am a thankless man," he went on to say in brightened tones, "for Methodism is a grand Church raised up by God Himself. If I could have my life over again I would be a Methodist preacher. Are you a Methodist, my good woman?"

"Well, ye see, sir," replied that mortal, "I hev a lot o' milkin' to do on Sundays, and ma husband will hev his Sundays off, and there's a heap o' little 'uns, soa what with t' coos and childer I can't say ut I could call myself a Methody."

The supernumerary, ever ready for a discussion with a practical issue, warmed up and prepared to ague the theology of the situation by proving that "coos and childer" need be no obstacle in the way of religion, but she closed the matter by adroitly adding—

"Ye must be thirsty, sir, and 'pecially you, mum. Come and I'll make ye a cup o' tea."

This was an effectual appeal. But Mrs. Grant had not recovered from the shock she experienced when first entering the destitute and unfurnished house.

"It seems—so strange," she said, "to find no circuit stewards—or their wives to welcome us. Everything—is so dreary—you know how I feel, dear."

"I know quite well," he replied, "but let us bear it."

With him the forthcoming was the best, and an old habit of moralizing saved him from many a misery. At least he thought it did, but that was an illusion, for, as a matter of fact, his homilies on fate and fortune were far more helpful to others than to himself, though he did not know it.

"Changes will come," he said, "and we must get used to them. If we lose in one way we shall gain in another. The chapel friends here are very kind

in offering to entertain us until our house is ready. Providence hems us in on every side. We'll try to be thankful."

In this spirit they commenced their new life; and after a week's sojourn with friends, the yellow jessamine tendrils waved them a second welcome, this time as permanent tenants possessed of the true consolation.

Three years had almost passed away since Rev. Jonathan Grant and his wife came to live in the "larl hoose" on the Arlesboro' hillside. The chapel people looked upon him as one divinely sent to assist them. And for a time he was able to do so in a feeble sort of way, sometimes, indeed, doing more than he ought to have done; and the people pitied him when they saw he wanted to do so much and yet could do so little. The fire of his spirit still burned brightly, but the earthen vessel which contained it became weaker, until his attendance at meetings was almost nil. There was a return of the old lamentation, aggravated by the ill-natured remark of a member of society that "Mr. Grant might dew more if he liked."

Such was the story of two years and a half, and now Mrs. Grant noticed a pallor on his cheek accompanied by a restlessness as if vaguely yearning for something he had not. It distressed her greatly. What could be the cause of it? Was it the first touch of death? There were several facts which conspired together to produce a melancholy in the mind of the supernumerary. He was made for activity, and rest had a tendency to make him morbid. Then the itinerancy fitted in with the disposition Nature had given him, and itinerancy was a Divine element in a Divine Church. Behind him was the force of a forty-two years' habit of moving from place to place, and all this agitation was going on within a shattered constitution.

"What is the matter, dear?" his wife asked one day, "are you more ill than usual?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "but I've been wondering——"

"Well, what is it now, Jonathan?" she asked.

"Do you think—that I ought—to have become a supernumerary after all?"

Mrs. Grant felt more anxious than impatient.

"I am sure you are not as well as

you have been," she answered, "and you are thinking those thoughts just because we, in the old order of things, should have been thinking of packing."

The old man fixed his eyes on the plate before him.

"I think—we must move somewhere else. It doesn't seem right to stay here," he said, looking around drearily.

To Mrs. Grant these sayings were dangerous symptoms of some disorder. Was his mind giving way? and were these the signs of mental dissolution? They were not rich, it was true, but they could live; why was he not content—nay, glad to rest in ease? Perhaps these symptoms were only irritating editions of feelings she felt herself; it did seem strange not to be speaking of a new circuit, and making preparations for a departure and an advent. But there was a weird light in his eyes; the anxious expression on his face troubled her, as well as a certain far-away tone in his voice. When he prayed it was with exhausting earnestness. Sometimes, too, she overheard him talking to himself, and in these soliloquies he repeated his old lament. Mrs. Grant felt sure some great illusion was about to invade his brain.

The weeks passed, and July, the Conference month, drew near. The supernumerary began to lose his sleep.

"No invitation yet," he murmured one morning, as the postman passed the door without knocking, "and the Stationing Committee meets next week."

"Oh, Jonathan, dear," said his wife from a corner of the room, "you don't want an invitation, you are a supernumerary now."

"Ah! love, I did not know you were there," he replied gently, "I was thinking of the old days—the old, old days—broken now. But supernumeraries are wanted for light work—you know."

Mrs. Grant urged her usual pleas against his seeming discontent and insane desires. It was her last remonstrance, for that afternoon he was taken ill and never rallied. The doctor said there was no disease—it was natural decay—weakness, and perhaps a little wandering.

Late in the evening Mrs. Grant was going upstairs and heard him praying.

She stopped to listen.

"O Lord—great and mighty—Thou hast mercy—mercy on thy suffering children—like Elijah—thy servant—fled from his work. Thou sayest: What doest thru here? The flesh—Lord—is weak—but call me again—again—to work."

The rest of the prayer was inarticulate, and then the voice ceased. When she entered the room she found him sleeping.

For a fortnight loving hands ministered to the sufferer's needs as he alternated between states of consciousness and semi-coma. One day about noon he asked the nurse for a pen and a certain book. When he had with great effort written a word or two in it, he lay down again and made an attempt to sing. At that moment Mrs. Grant entered the room.

"You seem happy to-day, dear," she said, with some surprise.

"I have—got an—in—invitation at last," he answered. She looked at him with that affectionate pity which relatives have when they behold the wandering intellect of one whom they love.

"Why the postman never called this morning," she argued, with a smile and a tear.

"Oh! yes—you didn't—see him—stood there—in white. New circuit—in the world—far off. Here—I have—written it."

He held Hill's Arrangement in his

hand, and looking at the last few entries under the name "Jonathan Grant," she found in addition two new ones in scrawling MS.

Monksboro'3
Charleswich3
Gatston:3
Arlesbro'Sup. 3
Heaven " Eternity

She sank into a chair quite overcome. He looked at her half curiously at first. Eager spirits full of activity do sometimes forget the chain which binds other souls to them.

"We can't—go together—this time—dear wife." She wept aloud, but he was too near the Eternal for tears. "It is hard."

Towards midnight he fell into a state of unconsciousness, broken here and there by wandering references to his new sphere. The air outside was soft and balmy; the firs on each side of the river chanted their evening vespers to each other, and these notes, borne along on the breeze, moaned as they passed the window of the dying man. It was like a funeral dirge, and he seemed to hear it; the once strong frame quivered; his lips moved as if in speech. Then all was still, save for the sound of sobbing by the bedside.

The supernumerary had entered his new circuit.—Methodist Recorder.

THE SPHINX AND I.

I stand besides the stolid, couchant Sphinx,
Among the desert's undulating hills.

He lies—a monument of centuries,
With scars of ages on his giant cheek.

I am the brief creature of an instant,
A bubble on the yeasty sea of life.

He looks with sleepless, staring, tireless eyes
Upon the march-past of generations.

My weary, blinded, burning eyes are tired
With gazing at the pageant of a day.

He—the symbol of calm and changeless strength;
And I—a buffet of the winds of fate.

And yet he thinks not, grieves not, love not, feels
No pulsing thrill of life and longings vast.

I throb with thoughts too big for bound or limit,
And beat against the bars I cannot pass.

Ah, yes, thou solemn, stately, sculptured stone,
Unchanging, strong, abiding through the years,

Thou art the lesser of us two—Time's child;
And I, the child of Immortality.

—Rev. Lucius H. Bugbee.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

BY NATHANIEL BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,

• Chancellor Victoria University.

In first appearance this is a much more substantial volume than most modern works on Apologetics. A study of its contents, however, reveals the fact that the author has chosen a distinct line of work, and has carefully followed it throughout. He deals only with the New Testament as history, and he maintains its historical testimony by historical evidences. Little or no attention is paid to theories of the unhistorical origin of the Gospels and Acts. Mythical, legendary, or tendency theories to account for the books are simply laid aside, and the author proceeds to consider the great facts set forth in the documents. In doing this he gives, first of all, a critical examination to the testimony itself, removing seeming discrepancies and difficulties, and bringing out the internal strength of the testimony given, testing it by the ordinary legal rules or principles which jurists apply to evidence in a court of law. He then brings out the collateral or corroborative testimony from contemporaneous or subsequent historical writers, both sacred and profane, and applies this testimony with great force as confirming the truth of the New Testament history.

On the general question of the trustworthy character of our New Testament history, he cites at the opening the critical judgments of a

* "Historical Evidences of the New Testament." By the Rev. S. L. Bowman, A.M., S.T.D. Pp. 732. Svo. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains.

number of eminent men who are not supposed to be prejudiced in this direction.

The work before us thus marks a return to a method of treatment which of late has too largely fallen into disuse. We remember in our own youthful studies how completely the great work of Lardner so fixed our conviction of the truth of the Gospel history that no subsequent study of merely speculative objections was ever able to raise a doubt in our minds. The work before us is Lardner condensed, brought up to date, and applied with strong common-sense and historical insight. As a practical book, it ought to answer and settle for ever the question of any honestly inquiring mind, Is the New Testament true history?

We could only wish that there were compiled from this book a volume of about half the size which could be placed in the hands of the busy young man who meets with popular objections, proposed with a show of profound learning, and who needs just such an answer as this book affords. Of course, in this respect the work itself is an improvement on Lardner, being about one-third the size, but a still further condensation would largely extend its usefulness. As it is, we can commend it heartily to the student as setting before him a method of treatment of this subject, which can never become obsolete so long as man must depend upon the testimony of his fellowman for a large part of the information on which he acts in the affairs of every-day life.

THE ONLY ONE.

BY IDELL ROGERS.

Soul of my soul, the Only One,
As face to face, I stand with Thee;
And Thou, the infinitely far,
Become the intimately near,
No stranger God, dost then appear.

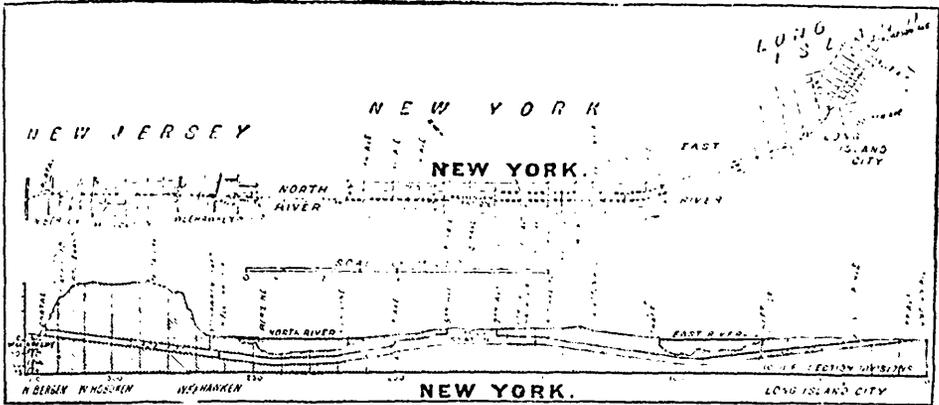
Soul of my soul, the Only One,
The answer to my deepest need
Thou, Lord, who stood by Galilee,
And called by name Thy friends to Thee,
Speak now and bid me follow Thee.

Cobourg, Ont.

Soul of my soul, the Only One,
The Only One, and yet unseen,
And yet alone reality
I utter now myself to Thee,
And gladly pledge Thee fealty.

Soul of my soul, the Only One,
Be merciful if it should be,
That I should some day go astray.
And miss the vision of to day;
And call me back into Thy way.

RE-MAKING NEW YORK.



New York has many wonders, says Harper's Weekly, but none are so marvellous as the innumerable transformation scenes that are daily taking place within her borders. At the present time there are great stretches of barrenness and desolation on the west and east side of the island where once stood the finest and first houses in the land. This part of the city is in a state of commercial siege. Two mighty corporations have within their grasps the withering remains of the old city. On the West Side is one company preparing for the erection of its gigantic passenger station on the line of the great tunnel to be cut across the width of Manhattan from New Jersey to Long Island; and on the East Side is the other corporation making ready for its towering terminal railway station, depress its tracks, and revolutionize the handling of through and suburban transportation.

With the crumbling walls fortunes have melted away at the mere wave of the hand of the wrecking boss. Dwellings costing from \$20,000 to \$50,000—once the pride of old New York—have been razed to the ground without a thought of sentiment for their passing. Modern apartment-houses, built within the year for sums ranging from \$150,000 to \$250,000, have been ruthlessly cast into the general ruins. One asylum worth three-quarters of a million; another costing one-quarter of a million, and three

churches of historic memory—all these, too, have been levelled to the dust.

Something like \$5,000,000 worth of buildings have been torn down in these two districts of the city. One may learn that the value of the land to be occupied by these two projects is about \$22,000,000; that the excavations will cost in the neighbourhood of \$11,000,000, requiring the work of four thousand or more men for fully two years.

Thus \$52,000,000 must be outlaid in the unmaking of a city. Untold millions will be required in its making. Three hundred and fifty buildings have been jumbled into a promiscuous mass of brick and stone and mortar. On their sites will arise magnificent structures of granite and steel and marble. Where once the roses bloomed will be broad streets. New people and new life will make the new city. It will be as if Aladdin had rubbed his lamp again.

From the great waste on the West Side will arise a stupendous building, ten, twelve, perhaps fourteen, stories high. Below the building will be a subway from forty to fifty feet deep, to be used for trains conveying passengers through the tunnels from Jersey City to Long Island City. Busy throngs of shoppers will fill the streets, and to meet the new demand a new shopping district will have its growth. The department stores to be erected in this new quarter, it is be-

lieved, will be the finest in New York. In order to keep pace with the sudden growth, here and there on the side streets will be erected tall and stately apartment-hotels and restaurants.

On the East Side of the island there will also be a metamorphosis. There a great terminal station, reaching up twelve stories, will stand out like a monument with all the modern beauties of the architect's creation. All tracks will be depressed, and streets, which are now cut off by unsightly railroad yards, will run directly across the regular grade. Along Park Avenue will be ornamental walls. There will be no smoke, for electricity is to be the motive power in trains. Tall apartment-houses will be erected in the vicinity, and plans are already being made to construct one or more hotels, the cost of which will run high into the millions.

Our diagram shows a plan and section of the new tunnel of the Pennsylvania Railway under the heights of Hoboken, the Hudson or North River, the island of Manhattan, the East River, and part of Brooklyn, a dis-

tance in all of over six miles. In passing beneath the North River it is carried in two great iron tubes. As the bed of the river is of silt, not strong enough for the enormous concentrated weight of passing trains, the tubes are supported by a row of tubular iron piling filled with cement which reaches down to rock and directly supports the track.

The enormous underground station in New York, described in our article, is shown in both plan and section. It will save much time and inconvenience of ferry transfer across the often stormy Hudson, and greatly facilitate travel.

New York is one of the most crowded centres of population in the world. Its position on a long, narrow island makes expansion possible only towards the north—except vertically in the case of sky-scrapers. One of these is contemplated forty stories high; higher than aught else erected on the face of the earth save the phenomenal Eiffel Tower, which, on account of its instability will shortly be removed.

BALLADE FOR THE THIRD HOUR.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

Good masters of the marketplace,
I pray you cease your cries and hear :
A pilgrim's messages of grace
From holy lands I bring your ear.
Nay, pass not so fair cavalier,
Nor thou, my lady in thy pride—
No alms I ask beyond a tear—
For such as ye my Saviour died.

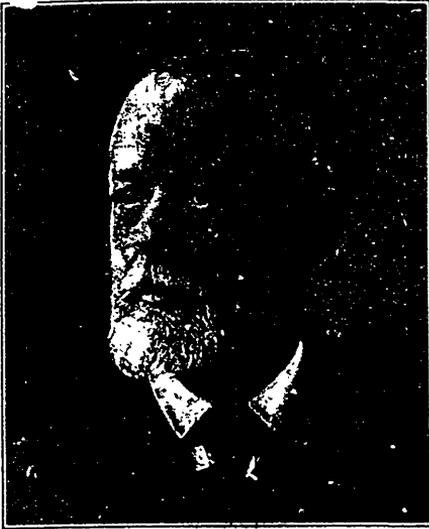
Yea, pause and hear me, woman frail
Whose jewels have the gleam of shame ;
Thou crone in rags, for thee my tale,
And thee, poor foundling without name ;
And unto ye, proud priests, the same.
Halt, clown and courtier ! ere you ride,
I pray ye answer was it blame
For such as ye my Saviour died ?

What ? Tears before the minster gate,
Ye blind, ye aged, and ye sore ?
Nay, 'tis your festival of state,
So get ye in the sacred door.
And join my cry until it roar,
By every strand and mountain side,
From turret unto dungeon's core,
For such as ye my Saviour died.

Prince—from thy galleries look down,
I prithee, on our ribald tide,
And hear me—spite thy haughty frown—
For such as ye my Saviour died.

—*The Independent.*

CHRISTIAN FAITH IN AN AGE OF SCIENCE.*



PROF. WM. NORTH RICE, PH.D., LL.D.

Many persons have been much concerned at the apparent conflict between God's two revelations of science and religion. There have been many attempted reconciliations between these two. But none of them were adequate and satisfactory. Professor Rice, an accomplished scientist of Wesleyan University, upon the ground that the purpose of the Bible is moral and spiritual edification, and not scientific instruction, which would be incomprehensible by the successive ages through which God's Word has been a beacon of light and hope, shows the changes of interpretation necessary to make certain passages of Scripture and Christian doctrines correspond with God's revelation of Himself in the realm of science.

The principles of the unity in constitution of the universe, the conservation of energy, and the theory of Evolution, by which all nature reached its present degree of development, are clearly in the first part of this book set forth. Chapters are devoted to the antiquity of man, genesis and geology, nebular theory, origin of

"Christian Faith in an Age of Science."
By William North Rice, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Geology at Wesleyan University.
New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Svo. Pp. 425. Price, \$1.50.

species and origin of life, and theological bearings of evolution. This book meets frankly and fairly, in our judgment, the difficulties of literal interpretation of the creation story of Genesis, the temptation and fall of our first parents. The argument along this line is analogous to that of Professor Drummond in his "Ascent of Man," though fortified, we judge, with fuller scientific treatment.

The second part discusses Christian doctrines of the personality of man and of God, of law, nature, providence, prayer, miracle, revelation, and the Bible, and finally the general studies of Christian evidences.

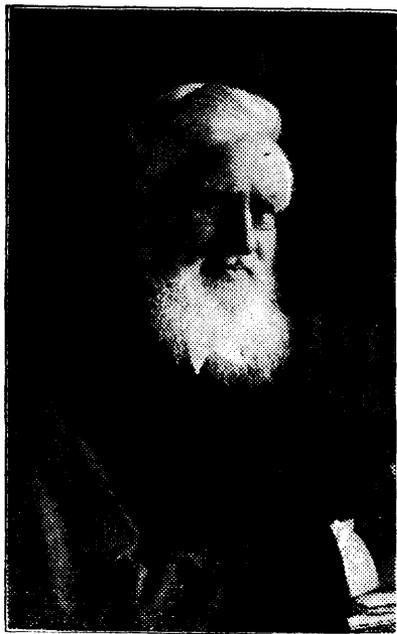
Our ministers and thoughtful laymen will find this book exceedingly helpful in meeting many of the difficulties which concern them in the interpretation of the will of God.

On the subject of the Fall, Professor Rice agrees with Drummond that the Fall was not the precipitation of man from a condition of supernal intellectual and moral elevation into abysmal degradation, but there was, with the first act of sin, a potential fall absolutely measureless in the forfeiture of possibilities inconceivably glorious. It is sin, and sin alone, that has forfeited that possibility of boundless glory.

"To this conception of the Fall," continues Professor Rice, "the soteriology of the New Testament adjusts itself without difficulty. Christ came, not to make man what Adam was, but to make man what Adam might have become if he had not sinned; not to restore a Paradise once possessed, but to create a Paradise whose boundless possibilities of glory had been forfeited through sin."

"In the relation of prayer to the laws of the moral universe," he writes, "we recognize the ground of the omnipotence of prayer in a certain sphere of our life." When we pray for the forgiveness of sin we are warranted in the faith that the specific thing asked for will be granted. To doubt such prayers would be to doubt the faithfulness of God and the words of Jesus, "Ask and it shall be given you." Outside the supreme sphere all petitions must be offered in the spirit of submission." Answers to prayer come to us, not contrary to law, but in harmony with law, and in the very course of the operation of law."

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNIVERSE.*



ALFRED R. WALLACE, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

About a year ago, it will be remembered, Dr. Wallace published an article on this subject in *The Contemporary and Independent*, which attracted very widespread attention, and called forth much animated discussion. Dr. Wallace has enlarged his argument into a goodly octavo volume, and has treated his subject in a very lucid and luminous manner. This is one of the most fascinating books on the science of astro-physics and the problems of the universe that we have ever read.

Dr. Wallace, it will be remembered, anticipated Darwin by some years in his announcement of the theory of Evolution, but each of these scientists gives the other gracious acknowledgment of his share in this epoch-marking discovery. Dr. Wallace is, of course, au courant in the progress of physical science—astronomical, geo-

logical, and biological. The purpose of his book is to show the remarkable adaptation and balance of conditions which conduce to the possibilities of life as we now see it on the earth. In discussing this he lays all the sciences, especially the new astronomy, under tribute. The physical conditions essential to organic life and its development and maintenance, the distribution of land and water, the constitution of the atmosphere, the thousand other delicate adjustments are all strikingly set forth.

The stupendous figures of astronomy dealing with thousands of light-years—a light-year being the distance which light, travelling at the rate of about eleven and a half millions of miles per minute, would reach—fairly stagger the imagination. Dr. Wallace, to make us realize what a million is, asks us to imagine a room thirty feet square, twenty feet high, whose walls should be divided into quarter of an inch squares. This surface would have about a million of these squares. A book the size of the bound volume of this magazine would have about a million letters, or each number about two hundred thousand.

It is estimated that there are about ten million stars of the same type as our sun, each of which may have its solar system. Whether one agrees with Dr. Wallace's argument or not, the book is one that lifts us to the loftiest plane of thinking, and ennobles and dignifies this life of ours. The book is reverent and devout.

Dr. Wallace presents cogent reasons for doubting the nebular theory of La Place, and substitutes for it one of the aggregation of meteorites into suns, worlds, stars, and systems. This theory avoids many of the difficulties inevitable in the nebular fire-myth, and explains many things which by it are inexplicable. The new astronomy contends that there may be many more dark stars and binary systems than bright and single stars.

The author quotes as the expression of his creed the words of Professor Proctor: "Science is in presence of the old, old mystery; the old, old questions are asked of her—'Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? And

* "Man's Place in the Universe." A Study of the Results of Scientific Research in Relation to the Unity or Plurality of Worlds. By Alfred R. Wallace, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. viii-326. Price, \$2.50 net.

science answers these questions as they were answered of old—'As touching the Almighty we cannot find Him out.'"

These studies give new meaning to the words of the Psalmist, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which

thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Yet God is mindful of us and doth visits us; he hath remembered our low estate, and visited us with his great salvation.

Science Notes.

TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.

The method by which Commander Peary undertook to reach the Pole seems to have commended itself to the public as ensuring ultimate success. Ever since his return, prominent newspapers have been urging that another expedition be equipped and sent forth under his leadership. Peary himself says the Pole can be reached at a cost of \$200,000. He was within 350 miles of attaining his ambition in the previous expedition. With this sum he believes a party could be maintained in the North for ten years, and the Pole be reached by marching in stages. But he declines to undertake the journey. In speaking of his last expedition, he says, "Possibly had I covered the 350 miles between where I turned back and the Pole, I might have added nothing to our information as to extreme polar conditions. We can very well conjecture conditions surrounding the Pole. I am confident it is in the ocean; that is, that no land is there."

THE TELEPHONOGRAPH.

An invention which is expected to greatly increase the utility of the telephone has been devised at Copenhagen by a Dane named Paulsen. Its purpose is to register a message when no one is present to receive it, so that it can be repeated afterwards by the instrument to which it is sent. The person to whom the message is sent has only to hold the instrument to his ear upon returning to the office, even after an absence of days, to receive the message. Many previous efforts had been made to accomplish the same result, but all failed on account of transferring the message on to a wax cylinder. In his invention Paulsen used a flexible steel band, which is wound on two spools and moves quickly from one to the other and coming in contact with a

very small electro-magnet, switched into the circuit, which affects the steel band in such a way as to record on it any sounds that may penetrate to the phonograph. It is only necessary to cause the steel band to repass the magnet in order to have the sounds repeated. Each vibration of the electro-magnet produces a corresponding vibration of the steel band. In order to remove a message from the steel band a magnet is passed over the surface on which the message was recorded.

FOR GOOD ROADS.

Peace hath her triumphs, no less than war; and one of the greatest triumphs of peace, albeit a thing equally useful in war, is a good road.

Major Meigs, of Iowa, explains a new method for repairing bad roads by saturating them with crude petroleum, which forms a waterproof crust at the top of the soil, and thus prevents the formation of mudholes. Many experiments, he said, had been carried on by him in the development of this method, and they had all proved satisfactory. This use of coal oil may be placed alongside of another which is employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on its track between Philadelphia and New York. Crude petroleum has for two successive seasons been used as a dust annihilator with complete success. It was found that it was necessary to saturate the tracks only once with the oil, in order to settle the dust effectually for a period of two months in the hottest and most dusty season. Two applications sufficed to make the road practically dust-free for the whole summer. It is interesting to put these two new applications of petroleum side by side and note that the oil accomplishes two widely different things—dries up the mud, and settles the dust.—Zion's Herald.

SCIENCE BREVITIES.

HOW TO REST.—To understand how to rest is of more importance than to know how to work. The latter can be learnt easily; the former it takes years to learn, and some people never learn the art of resting. It is simple, a change of scenes and activities. Loafing may not be resting. Sleeping is not always resting. Sitting down for days with nothing to do is not restful. A change is needed to bring into play a different set of faculties, and to turn the life into a new channel. The man who works hard finds his best rest in playing hard. The man who is burdened with care finds relief in something that is active, yet free from responsibility. —Science News.

“One of the varied applications of wireless telegraphy received an interesting illustration at the Kingstown regatta,” says *The Electrician*, London, “when Signor Marconi demonstrated the adaptability of his system to the transmission of press intelligence from a steam launch in motion. The yachting expert on deck dictated his account of the races while in progress, and a stream of dictated ‘copy’ descended below deck to Signor Marconi, who sat in the cabin working his transmitter, whence the ether waves carried the news with a minimum loss of time to a fixed receiving-station on shore. Arrived at this point, the news was forwarded to the press offices by telephone. It is stated that one edition of the local *Evening Mail* contained two whole columns of news despatched entirely by wireless telegraphy. This notable event is undoubtedly the germ of an important development of wireless telegraphy in the near future.”

Professor Dewar, whose recent success in liquefying hydrogen astonishes the world, expects that it will produce remarkable results. A company has been formed with a capital of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to ascertain whether steel can be cast in a vacuum. If the plan is successful the air bubbles that now cause flaws and weakness will not occur, and a metal such as the world has never seen, and which may revolutionize the steel trade, will result. Professor Dewar is sanguine, and is preparing tests for the practicability of the scheme.

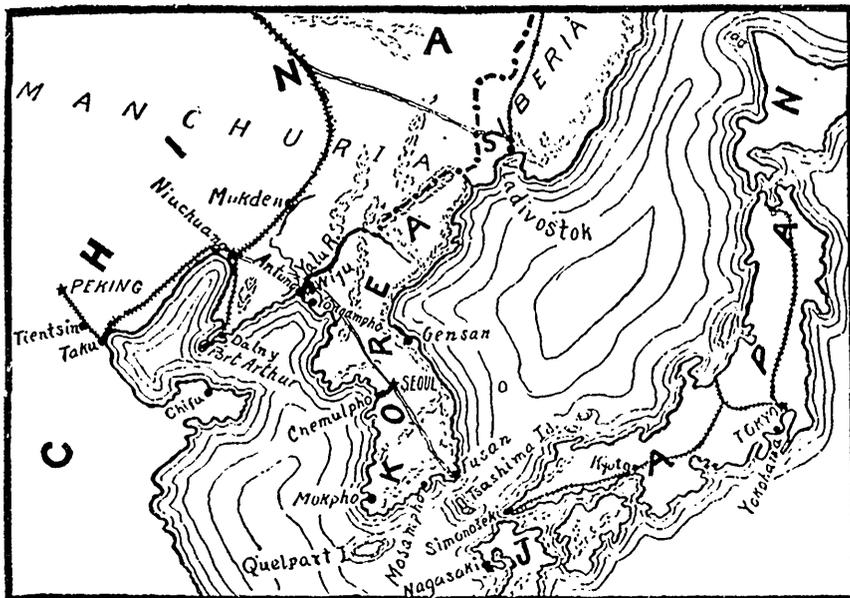
Professor Wolny, of Munich, Germany, has conducted some experiment to ascertain in what was the influence earth worms had on vegetation. He found that their presence was extremely favourable, the produce of the several plants below being increased as follows: Peas gave 25 per cent. more fruit, 25 per cent. more stalks, etc.; beans gave 69 per cent. more seeds in the pod and 47 per cent. more stalks, etc.; while potatoes yielded 136 per cent. more. “This favourable effect,” says Professor Wolny, is probably due to the ventilation of the earth by the holes dug by the worms.

NEW USES FOR PAPER.—A method has recently been invented for making strong and reliable telegraph and telephone poles of paper. They are said to be impervious to the weather and very durable. Water-pipes are also made of paper in England, and are said to be a success. A chimney has been built of paper at Breslau which is said to be absolutely fireproof. It is the only chimney of the kind known.

The Russian newspaper, *Siberskoy Listok*, states that the great Siberian railway is an absolute failure, and will have to be rebuilt at a cost of at least fifteen million rubles. “In the haste,” says the article, “to finish the railway, and also, perhaps, from economical ideas, the whole roadbed has been furnished with such light crossties and rails, and also, where it was possible, with bridges constructed of wood, that when the first freight trains, with their heavy compound engines, commenced to run, the rails spread and accidents repeatedly occurred.”

STEAM IN PLACE OF GUNPOWDER.—Major-General Schaw has suggested, before the Institution of Mining Engineers in London, the substitution of water for gunpowder in blasting cartridges used in coal mines. His plan is to fill the cartridge with pure water, insert it in the drill-hole, and then turn the water into high-pressure steam by means of an electric current of low tension. A cartridge made to resist a pressure of 150 pounds per square inch could be caused to burst, according to General Schaw’s calculations, within about one minute after the turning on of the current.

Current Topics and Events.



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

SYMPATHY WITH JAPAN.

So far as we have been able to observe, the sentiment of practically the whole civilized world, save Russia itself and a part of Germany, is with the plucky little empire of Japan in her present conflict with the Colossus of the north. In this Russia will be greatly disappointed, especially that her dearly-beloved friend, the United States, for whom she claims such marked affection, should give its sympathies to a heathen instead of a Christian nation.

On the ethical aspects of this question The Commercial Advertiser, of New York, has the following :

"First, as to the nature of the 'casus belli.' Russia has deliberately chosen to display herself as a breaker of the most solemn pledges. Her rulers make no concealment of the fact. The promises to which her ministers have set their seals are absolutely worthless. Cynicism, insolence, and violated faith are the marks of recent Russian policy in its dealings alike with China, with Great Britain, with the United States, and with Japan. China is helpless. Great Britain and the United States

have no such interests at stake as to justify a war. But Japan must fight or else be slowly stifled; and in the last resort she is not afraid to fight. Eight years ago she won the right to that foothold upon the Asiatic mainland which is vital to her natural growth, and in the very hour of victory, the harsh order of the Czar, backed up by France and Germany, turned her triumph into failure and humiliation. To-day she sees the author of that successful plot refusing to withdraw from the great province of Manchuria, and at the same time, with equal disregard of treaties, menacing the rights which Japan has for so long a time enjoyed in the kingdom of Korea. Swiftly and surely, by lying promises and stealthily craft, the coast of Asia opposite Japan is being lined with Russian fortresses and dotted with naval stations and huge armed camps. If only another year goes by Japan is doomed to be shut out for ever from her one chance to develop and attain the full measure of her greatness. On one side is arrayed a nation struggling for existence; on the other a brutal, greedy, and unscrupulous power which does



THE SLIGHTEST PRICK WILL SPOIL IT.

not even make a faint pretence of appealing to anything save might.

"But above and beyond all this, how do these nations stand at the world's judgment bar? Japan, in our own times, has passed out of semi-feudal barbarism to the enlightenment which makes her the peer and ally of one of the greatest Christian powers. She has shown a marvellous capacity for assimilating the best of what we westerners have so slowly and so enduringly evolved. Japan is a land of liberal institutions, of ordered justice, of a rule that is at once wise and merciful. How stands the case with Russia? Her centuries of contact with the West have left her still but superficially affected—cosmopolitan to the eye, but Tartar in her soul, ruthless, savage, treacherous, and devoid of shame. And a long reckoning is hers to pay. The horrors of Poland, the extinction of Finland, and the brutalities of the Caucasus are still unexpiated, as are the nameless cruelties which every 'ostrog' in Siberia has witnessed for uncounted years. And, last of all, the blood which ran in the gutter of Kishineff is scarcely dried, but still bears witness to a crime that does not stand alone, and the taint of which rests on the Czar himself.

"No nation, however powerful it be, can go on through the ages defying at once the laws of God and the

elemental instincts of humanity. If Russia fights, she fights in a cause that is bad all through. She fights with all the enlightened sentiment of the world against her. And, worst of all, she fights while thousands upon thousands of her own subjects are praying for disaster and disgrace to smite her armies and destroy the bulwarks of her sceptred despotism."

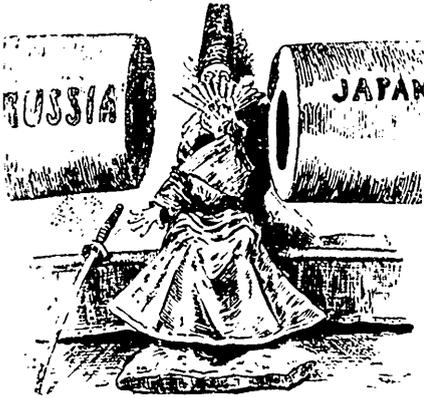
Russia claims to have been most desirous for peace, though all the while preparing for war. A clever cartoonist represents the Czar as sedulously inflating the bubble, whose fragile structure may yield to the least pin-prick or jar. If he be Czar in deed as well as in name, he could, we believe, restrain his underlings who are egging him on to war. The true interests of Russia are involved in peace, and so are the strong desires of its people. But the oppressive bureaucracy that persecutes alike Pole and Finn, Jew and Doukhobor, is making peace impossible. We believe a fearful retribution will follow their cynical indifference to the popular opinion of the civilized world.

For many months Russian duplicity and tergiversation has kept the world in doubt as to what its real purposes are in Manchuria and Korea. The artist has well illustrated this by an



THE RUSSIAN BAROMETER.

—Minneapolis Journal.



THE KING OF KOREA AND HIS PROTECTORS.
—New York World.

adaptation from the mechanical barometers we see in Switzerland, in which figures garbed for either sunshine or shower appear and disappear with the changes of the weather. So

in the Russia barometer, white-winged peace and stern-visaged war have alternately appeared and disappeared to the bewilderment of the anxious little Japanese. But Japan has not been altogether hoodwinked, although exhibiting an exemplary patience and forbearance, while every day's delay increased the strength of her colossal foe. Yet she has not neglected to make as ample preparations as possible.

Japan, weary with the delays of Russia's tricky policy, has broken off the profitless negotiations. She has shown exemplary patience, and the moral guilt for the rupture rests on Russia, not Japan. If appeal should be made to the dread arbitrament of war, we can only pray, May God defend the right, and bring the war to a speedy and righteous end.

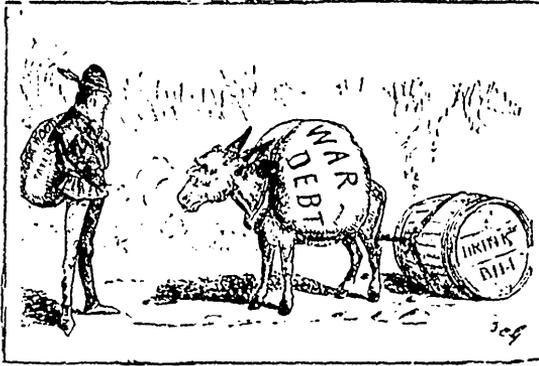
It seems the very irony of fate that the peace-loving Czar of Russia, who conceived the plan of the Hague Peace Conference, should be the embodied



GOOD FOR THE OTHER FELLOW.

Dr. Sam: "Just the thing for your case, Nicholas."

Dr. Nicholas: "You can't expect me to take my own medicine, can you?"



A FISCAL FABLE.

A Bagman, meeting a heavily laden Ass, said to it, "My friend, let me get up on your back, and then we shall both of us find it much easier." The Ass replied, "You should rather seek to relieve me of some of my incubus than to increase my burden, much of which you yourself helped to put on me."

menace of the peace of the world by the attitude of his Government toward Japan. He does not at all seem to relish the dose he has been prescribing for others.

The independent existence of Korea as a nation seems pretty sure to disappear between the pressure of her colossal neighbour on the north and the aggressive Japan on the east. It surely is a strange travesty of nineteenth century civilization that all its resources cannot bring about a more just and Christian solution of the Eastern question than by the appeal to the "brutum fulmen" of war.

The initial success of Japan strikes the world with amazement. Russia affects horror at the attack without declaration of war. But she had already invaded Korea with 15,000 Cossacks, as flagrant an act of war. Her delays and evasions while rushing men and ships to the East is a war-concocted measure. We hope the conflict will be as short and decisive as that of Japan with China. Again a colossus may be beaten by a striding—a Goliath by a David!

IS PROHIBITION PRACTICABLE?

His Honour Judge Dean has had large experience with the administration of justice in Ontario, and in his article in this Magazine speaks out of a fulness of knowledge which very few possess. Nevertheless we can-

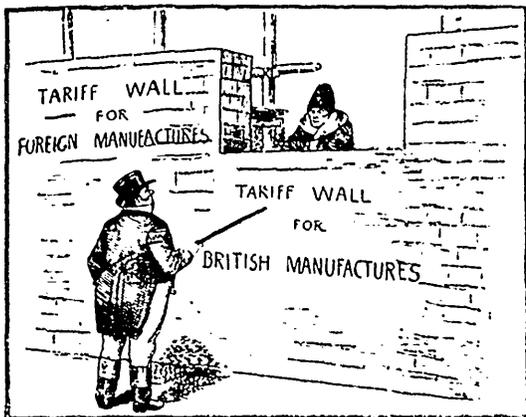
not agree with his conviction that in the present state of popular sentiment prohibition is not practicable. It might be difficult in such centres as Toronto and Hamilton, the seat of the organized liquor trade, and in some lawless regions of foreign operatives, as Copper Cliff and some others. But throughout by far the greater part of the province the temperance sentiment is strongly predominant; indeed, large sections of the country are already under local prohibition, and the experience of such cities as Harvard, Brockton, and other places in Massachusetts, show year after year that practical prohibition may be maintained.

If, therefore, the temperance people were armed with the tremendous weapon of having a moiety of the fines for violation of the liquor law made applicable for its detection and punishment, we think that even in Toronto, where Satan's seat is, so far as the liquor traffic is concerned, it could be maintained. Certainly, if the bar can be abolished, or the pernicious practice of treating can be prevented, it will be a step toward that total prohibition which is "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

We may be sure that nearly the whole strength of the liquor vote was polled in the referendum, but the whole strength of the temperance vote was not polled. For various reasons there was a great unpolled reserve vote, which might have secured the prohibition measure had the vote been taken on the municipal election day.

THE FISCAL FIGHT.

Now that Parliament has assembled, we are likely to learn more as to the balance of parties on the fiscal question before the British public. Cheers and counter-cheers at a political meeting are no good criterion of public opinion. The little fable from the Westminster Gazette shows the real burdens under which that patient animal, the British public, groans—the war debt piled up by the long struggle against Napoleon in the early decades of the last century, increased notably by the Crimean and Boer wars, and, above all, the dreadful drink bill



A COMPARATIVE ALTERATION.

John Bull: "I say, my Colonial friend, are you going to lower this wall?"

Colonist: "Well, not exactly lower it, but I'm going to raise the other part, so that this will be comparatively lower."

John Bull: "Humph! I'll want the same length of ladder as before."

Were Britain freed from the latter self-imposed tax alone, she could bear the other right manfully. Even as it is, the expansion of her trade under these burdens is the marvel alike of her friends and her enemies.

Never was the cartoonist so employed in a political propaganda as at present. Innumerable post-cards have been issued to help or hinder the drift towards protection. A couple of these we reproduce to show the way in which John Bull is said to well-nigh have been crowded out of house and home by his foreign rivals. Other cartoons show him as pushed off a bench in front of his village ale-



John Bull: "If you please, gentlemen, may I sit down somewhere?"
Chorus of Foreigners: "Yes--try the corner."

house by his rivals, saying, "Move up, John." Another still shows him as fairly crowded off the tight little island by foreigners in varied garbs, and standing mid-leg deep in the sea. He is saying, "It is my own island, you know, gentlemen." Chorus of foreigners: "Can't help it, John, we must live, and you invited us."

Nevertheless John Bull's business and prosperity increase year by year, quite to the confounding of the prophets of evil at home and abroad who talk of his decline.

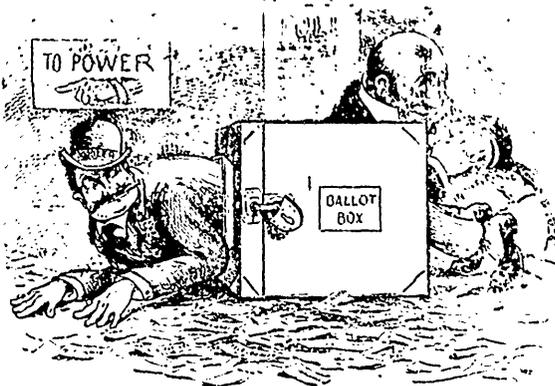
The Canadian preference hardly gets fair play in the accompanying cartoon. Canada has positively, and not "comparatively," lowered by one-third the tariff against Great Britain as compared with other countries, and we may not unreasonably expect

corresponding preference in the British markets. Our Canadian loyalty does not depend, however, on such a bread-and-butter argument.

The state of affairs revealed in connection with the civic elections in Toronto are a portent of ill-omen for our whole country. They are the symbol of what is, we fear, too widely prevalent, corruption.

The kingliest act, the crowning fact
Of freedom is the freeman's vote.

Yet this high privilege has, there is reason to believe, for years been basely bought and sold at contested elections throughout the land. Nothing so saps the foundations of our institutions as such venality and fraud. Our cartoon shows how vulgar scoundrelism is crawling through the ballot-box to power while public indifference sensibly slumbers instead of sacredly guarding the palladium of our liberties. We hope that without fear or favour this corruption will be exposed, and its perpetrators visited with condign punishment. If it should be found that a great corporation, as was



PUBLIC NOTICE.

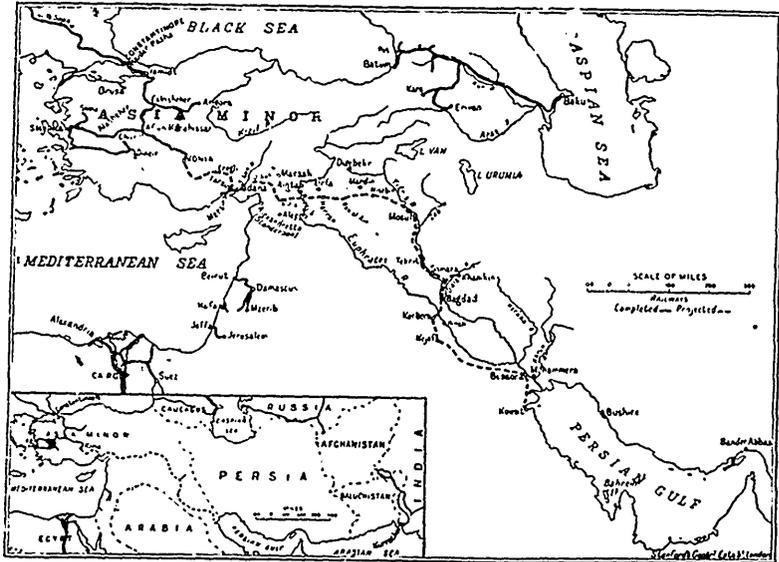
suspected in the Sunday-car vote; or the liquor interest, as was certain in the referendum; or the criminality of individual electors, are the sources of this crime against the commonwealth, we trust that the wrath of an outraged people may vindicate their sacred rights and liberties.

THE BAGDAD RAILWAY.

It may not be altogether true that the Bagdad railway has been abandoned by Germany for the present, but this seems most probable. The

explanation of the temporary suspension of the project is that funds are not forthcoming. Not unrelated to the abandonment of the Bagdad road is the announcement made in the House of Lords last week by Lord Lansdowne that "we should regard the establishment of a naval base or a fortified port on the Persian Gulf by any other power as a very grave menace to British interests, and we should certainly resist it with all the means at our disposal."

Here we have England's Monroe doctrine as applied to her route to India and the East generally. Probably she does not care especially about the territorial integrity of Persia, but she is resolved to keep other powers out of the Persian Gulf. The principles involved in the Monroe and Lansdowne doctrines are precisely the same. Incidentally the latter announcement will give pause to Russian and German encroachments in Persia, and may check the railroad project indefinitely; Germany is not likely to undertake the expense, if she is not allowed to fortify its terminus.



THE BAGDAD RAILWAY.

Religious Intelligence.

METHODISM AND PHILANTHROPY.

Says The Christian Advocate, referring to the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States:

"Methodism has been put before the world so prominently and so deservedly as an evangelizing agency that the great philanthropic work in which it is engaged is in danger of being comparatively overlooked by the public. Its home and foreign missions are in reality great philanthropies in the broadest significance of the term; also its work in church-building, its educational work in the South, and, indeed its whole educational efforts, at home and abroad, through college and seminary.

"But when we consider its Deaconess Homes, scattered everywhere, its City Mission Homes, its Training-schools for Nurses and Deaconesses, its Medical Missions, its Work among Immigrants, its twenty-five Hospitals, its fourteen Orphanages and Institutions for Children, its nine Homes for the Aged—we see that it is taking its due part in the helpful, practical humanitarian activities of the age."

Canadian Methodism, too, has her works of which her children may be justly proud. Besides her efforts in the foreign field, she is playing an important part in the development of our great North-West, with its population speaking twenty-five different tongues. Its missionaries are also preaching the Gospel of good tidings in the outposts of New Ontario and of the far West.

But, besides this evangelical work, Canadian Methodism has her works of a more philanthropic nature, such as that of our beloved deaconesses among the sick, the strangers, the poor, and the needy in spirit, whether rich or poor; also our Deaconess Training-school a noble institution. We have, too, our Fred Victor Mission, where people are not only helped, but taught to help themselves. Strangers from across the line have marvelled at our splendid, well-equipped mission. Few, if any, of the larger cities of the neighbouring country can boast such an institution. Our Deaconess Hospital, too, it is hoped, will be a fact of the near future.

In the establishing of institutional churches, of public playgrounds in our crowded cities, in the forming of clubs for the development, physical, mental, and spiritual, of our young men and women, in these and many other ways Methodism is proving her practical worth in our own land.

CHURCH STATISTICS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Dr. H. K. Carroll, who had charge of the Government census of the churches for 1890, has compiled a table of Church statistics in the United States for the year 1903.

The net gains of all denominations in 1903 were 2,340 ministers, 2,647 churches, and 482,459 communicants. The gains of communicants are much smaller than those for 1902. The corrected net gains of 1902 were 555,414, showing a difference of 72,955.

This does not, however, afford the ground for pessimistic fears that one might at first suppose. The difference is largely due to the enormous gain claimed by the Roman Catholic Church in the year 1902.

The gains of all Methodist bodies in the United States for the year were 112,946, or about twenty-three per cent. of the grand total. This surely is encouraging. The Baptists of all names increased 61,146, the Lutherans (all bodies), 36,567, and the Presbyterians (all branches), 25,506. The Protestant Episcopal Church shows an advance of 15,209. The smaller denominations also report an increase. Numerically, Methodism leads the Protestant denominations of the United States, having 6,192,494 communicants. The Baptist Church follows with 4,725,775.

A fact somewhat hard to account for is that while the gains in communicants are smaller for 1903 than for 1902, nevertheless the increase in ministers is over fifty per cent. in advance of that of the previous year, and the increase in churches over a hundred per cent. in advance.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

During the year 1903 the Young Men's Christian Association in North America has added to its equipment a new building every six days. It

also paid \$500,000 debts on property, and has \$4,000,000 pledged for more new buildings. The membership has so increased in Buffalo, Newark, and many other cities as to necessitate the erection of larger buildings as well as large branch buildings.

The association has taken its industrial work into the factories and industrial plants. Street railway association buildings have been opened at Brooklyn, a quarrymen's association at Proctor, Vt., miners' in Mexico, and coloured coal-miners' in Iowa, and in new lumber-towns in Arkansas and Mississippi. In one new railroad association in the south-west, ninety per cent. of the male population are members.

The work of missions, too, has flourished greatly during the past year. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions reports an increase of income in the United States and Great Britain of \$2,000,000 over the previous year.

TWENTY-FIVE MILLION PEOPLE TO CHRISTIANIZE.

Since the British troops have succeeded in occupying Kano and Sokoto, there is open to the world for evangelization a native population of 25,000,000. The British arms have now been carried to the most northern point of the West African protectorate. The conquered people are divided into two classes, Fulanis or dominant class, numbering about ten millions; and the Haussas, or partially enslaved class, of about fifteen millions.

It is said the Fulanis have tyrannized over the Haussas with a cruelty that is unsurpassed in the annals of barbarism. The Fulanis sometimes destroyed whole tribes, or burned a score or more of villages, when a thirst for excitement seized them.

Both peoples are mostly Moham-medans, but the oppressed class are only half-hearted proselytes, and it is hoped that here will be an encouraging field for missionary effort. Hitherto the missionaries have been unable to advance in this territory because of the fierceness of the tribes, but now, under the protection of the British flag, both Catholic and Protestant societies are preparing to occupy the field. It is the old story of British arms and the Bible that has made Britain great.

A NEW METHOD OF INTERPRETATION.

The visit of Dr. R. G. Moulton, of Chicago University, to Toronto was an event of more than ordinary importance. To an attractive, magnetic personality he adds rare critical insight and dramatic power. He brings a new element to biblical criticism, that of the study of literary form, method, and principle.

"In answer to the question how it comes that the literary study of the Bible is still a new study," says *The Globe*, "he describes the difficulties created by the prevalent mode of dividing it into 'chapters' and 'verses,' maintaining that the study would continue to be needlessly difficult until the arrangement of the printed page makes as clear as possible to the eye the relations of the various parts of the literary structure. Pending this reform in printing, the ordinary reader may do something to help himself by reading according to the book unit instead of the verse unit, and by taking a book at a sitting, reading it through continuously for a general view, and rereading it again and again for mastery of details. This is obtaining what may be called 'interpretational perspective,' as distinguished from what is ordinarily called exegesis. He contended that one can never reach a true conception of the whole by a study of details, or by the help of a commentary, for it is the business of the commentator to be faithful in matters of detail."

A CHINESE VICEROY'S OPINION OF OUR MISSIONS.

Ts'en Ch'en Shuen, who has lately been appointed viceroy of the two Cantonese provinces, is said to be the coming man of China. This viceroyalty is in many respects the most important in the country. During the last six years Ts'en Ch'en Shuen has held important posts in five different provinces in the interior of China. On account of the Boxer outbreak, last September, he was sent to the province of Sz-Chuan, where our missionaries are labouring. The Boxers vanished; dishonest officials were dismissed, and numerous reforms were instituted. Ts'en Ch'en Shuen is well known in the interior of China as a progressive man—a man of indomitable will, the foe of corruption, and a far-sighted reformer. In spite

of his progressive ideas, he is a great favourite of the Empress-Dowager. It is interesting to note the light in which a man of his position and attainments views Christianity. In reply to an appreciative letter from our missionaries in Sz-Chuan, he speaks with humility of the work he himself has done, but says :

"Nevertheless I steal some pleasure from the thought that the people and the Church at present are on very friendly terms. The officials of China are gradually acquiring a knowledge of the great principles of the religions of Europe and America, and the Churches are also labouring day and night in order to readjust their methods and to make known to the public their aims in the propagation of religion ; consequently Chinese and foreigners are coming more and more into cordial relations, and the country enjoys a lasting peace. This fills me with joy and hopefulness."

Though the ignorant are so numerous, he adds :

"My hope is that the teachers, male and female of both countries, will widely spread the Gospel more than ever, that hatred may be banished and disputes dispelled, and that the influences of the Gospel may create boundless happiness for my people of China."

Those who doubt the worth of mission work in China would do well to read his words. Ts'en Ch'ên Shuen has also established a Christian college, for the support of which 50,000 taels is apportioned annually from the provincial funds.

THE BIBLE IN UGANDA.

The love for the Bible is one of the most marked traits of the people of Uganda. A missionary writes : "A chief who has gone to build a church in a distant part of the land, where one is much needed, will receive no earthly reward for his labour, but I promised him that when he had finished I would give him a Bible, the better to teach his people, and he was overcome with joy. Friends at home would be surprised to know how much they deny themselves clothes and other things that they may get books. Two of the porters who were with us on a recent itineration, when they received their well-earned wage, returned the whole of it to me, that they might buy a Testament, prayer-book, etc.; and this is no uncommon case'

On the railroads alone of the United States, says Zion's Herald, 38,890 people have been killed and 253,823 injured during the last five years. On an average 21 persons have been killed and 139 injured every day. The casualties are steadily on the increase, and Dr. Strong calculates that unless the tendency to accidents is checked by intelligent foresight and the adoption of heroic measures, no less than 51,382 persons are destined to lose their lives on the railroads during the next five years. If complete statistics exhibiting the loss of life for every industry in the country could be gathered and published, the number of needlessly killed or injured would be seen to be so great that public opinion would be at once mightily aroused to the taking of proper precautions to prevent so wanton a waste of life.

Annie M. Taylor writes from Thibet: "I thank God that He has enabled me to live here in this little corner of Thibet, and has brought to naught all the endeavours of those in Chinese employ to have me turned out. The Thibetans trust me and want me. They do not want Russian rule. Pray that wisdom may be given to our rulers in connection with the Thibetan question. God will do great things for this dark land if we only trust Him, and go right through with Him whatever comes."

It appears that of the net increase of the Methodist Episcopal Church in full members and probationers, amounting to over 50,000, a full fourth, or 12,899, is found in heathen lands. In Bombay Conference, more than 10 Christians were added for every day of 1902 ; in North-West India Conference, nearly 8 ; in Malaysia, including the Philippines, more than 4 ; in Korea, the newest of foreign missions, 3. In all India the net increase was 25 every day.

Large gifts for missions will soon be the order of the day to a far greater extent than obtains at present. It is stated in the English papers that Mr. Robert Davies, of Menai Bridge, who is one of the most generous contributors toward various Calvinistic Methodist causes, last week promised £150,000 toward the foreign missionary society of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists.

Book Notices.

"Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena with General Baron Gourgaud, Together with the Journal kept by Gourgaud on their Journey from Waterloo to St. Helena." Translated, and with notes, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxi-292.

A pathetic interest attaches to this book from the fact that it was the last completed work from the pen of its accomplished author. Mrs. Latimer died at her home in Baltimore, Md., on January 4, in her eighty-second year. Her husband died only last Christmas Eve. It seemed as if his companion of many years could not linger in the world without him. She wrote some successful novels in her early life, but not till about five-and-thirty years after her marriage, when she was nearly seventy years of age, did she take up the most important literary work of her life, her series of stately octavo volumes on the different nations of Europe in the nineteenth century—England, France, Russia, Turkey, Italy, and Spain—a book on the French Revolution and one on Judea, and lastly the volume under review. At the time of her death she had about half finished an historical book on Germany.

Mrs. Latimer saw the return of Napoleon's body from St. Helena, and the coronation of Queen Victoria. She was an accomplished linguist, a writer of wide learning, keen observation, and marked literary grace in narration. What a rebuke to the foolish daughters of fashion are such high-minded woman as Mrs. Latimer, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Susan B. Antony, Mrs. Somerville, and others, who found in strenuous work, even in the advanced years of life, a supreme delight.

Mrs. Latimer's latest book throws much light on the character of the arch-despot of Europe during the first decade and a half of the last century. The man thoroughly revealed himself in his familiar table talk to the faithful officer who shared his exile. His colossal egotism, his intense selfishness, his bald atheism, his lack of reverence for woman, and other aspects of his character, are here self-recorded. We quote here and there

at random. When in Egypt he raised a company of mounted dromedaries to see if he could not by such means reach India, a march of three thousand miles. "I should have founded an empire like Alexander. I would have undertaken a pilgrimage to Mecca and have made prayers before the tomb of the prophet. I should have been emperor of the Orient." It was the good discipline of the English, he says, that gained Waterloo. "Poor France, to have been beaten by these English scoundrels! . . . After Waterloo, every one abandoned me. Some say I might have raised the populace of Paris, and have set up the guillotine; for that—if I may say the word—I had not the courage."

His domestic relations reveal the base character of the man. "In spite of Josephine's tears, I said to her, 'Will you submit willingly, or must I use force—my mind is made up.'" But his new wife brought him ill-fortune. "It was my having wedded a princess of Austria that ruined me. . . . Maria Louise was innocency itself. She was opposite in that to Josephine."

He had little regard for religion of any sort. "My own opinion is made up," he says; "I do not think Jesus Christ ever existed. . . . Moses was an able man. The Jews were a cowardly and cruel people. . . . What makes me think that there is not a God who can take vengeance is to see that good people seem always unfortunate in this world and rascals lucky." The cynical shrewdness of the man is seen in some of his maxims: "Men are never attached to you by benefits." "To promise and not to keep your promise is the way to get on in this world." The book has eight excellent portraits.

"Wesley and His Preachers: Their Conquest of Britain." By G. Holden Pike. Author of "Oliver Cromwell and His Times," etc. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-310.

There is a martial ring about the sub-title of this book that admirably describes its character. It was indeed the heroic age of Methodism. The writer has made a thorough study of Wesley's Journals and other contem-

porary records. The book is specially valuable for the side-lights thrown upon the condition of England, physical and moral—travelling and travellers, the bad roads and worse inns, phases of town and village life, the isolation of the latter from the busy life of London, and the outer world. The studies of the people, both gentle and simple, are full of instruction. Puritanism had gone out of fashion with the revolution of 1688, and England was fast sinking into a slough of formalism, indifference and immorality. The condition of the prisons and prisoners is a revelation of horrors that astounds our souls. The moral heroism of Silas Told, the prisoners' friend, the Wesleys and their helpers in this prison world is an inspiring chapter.

The belief in the supernatural is illustrated with many stories which "even a credulous reader of the twentieth century," says our author, "may be excused for accepting 'cum grano salis.'" In Scotland Wesley met with slight success. In England he had to battle with ignorance, in Scotland with prejudice. The people were creed-ridden. In Ireland he met at first with much opposition and persecution, but he won some of his grandest triumphs among the warm-hearted Irish people. The memorials of Wesley's Chapel have many features of curious and striking interest. The whole book is an important contribution to the literary and social history of England in the eighteenth century.

"The Castle of Twilight." By Margaret Horton Potter. With six illustrations by Charles Weber. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 429.

We have had enough and more than enough of the strenuous fighting novels of battle and bloodshed, recalling Shakespeare's description of life as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Life even in the Middle Ages was not all fighting. As the author says in her charming foreword, "Even in the days of never-ending wars, there dwelt still a few who took no part in the moid of life, but lived with gentle pleasures and unvoiced sorrows somewhat as you and I." It is such a study that Miss Potter presents in this prose poem. While the men rode afield with piercing lance and glittering shield, the women often

watched bitterly day after day for the unreturning brave, and told their rosary with their tears. Yet there were human interests, high as heaven, deep as a woman's heart, to be cherished; and affection that hopes and endures and is patient to be nourished; high honour and fidelity unto the uttermost to be maintained. This story of the Chateau de Crepuscule, or the Castle of Twilight, brings vividly before us one side often forgotten of that old life of chivalry and romance. The very phrasing of the book has an old-world air, and across the gap of six long centuries we feel the throb of human passion and devotion.

"The Peril and Preservation of the Home." Being the William L. Bull Lecture for the Year 1903. By Jacob A. Riis. Author of "The Battle with the Slum," etc. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 190. Price, \$1.00 net.

Jacob Riis, the sturdy Dane who fought such a battle with the slum in New York, has about him much of the old Hebrew prophet. He denounces wrong in high places and in low, shows up the crime against the poor and the peril to the rich in tolerating city slums, and points out the more excellent way of achieving civic righteousness. This book, with its striking pictures, should be a textbook for mission workers, and all who desire the betterment of the people. It discusses our Sins in the Past, our Fight for the Home, our Plight in the Present, our Grip on the To-morrow. Riis is a born fighter against the world, the flesh and the devil, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, a man of valour and fidelity. He writes as strongly as he fights, and his book is as fascinating as it is inspiring.

"The Russian Advance." By Albert J. Beveridge. With Maps. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. v-486. Price, \$2.50 net.

Nothing could be more opportune than this book. It treats with illuminating information the great subject which is prominent before the mind of the world. It gives the personal experiences of an intelligent observer, Senator Beveridge, who, by the way, is a leading Methodist, on his journey in the Far East in 1901. Senator

Beveridge contends that the Russian advance, like that of the British, is an inevitable movement. He takes a favourable view of Russian administration as he saw it. A Russian officer apparently treats his soldiers more as a father treats his children, instead of in the martinet and oppressive manner of the German officers. The development of the vast region of Siberia will be a surprise to many readers. Irkutsk, for instance, has a splendid museum and opera-house. The numerous maps in the book enable us to better understand the enormous expansion of Russia from decade to decade. The growth of Russian railways is almost as remarkable as its territorial extension. Till it reached Port Arthur, Russia had no seaport open throughout the year, and even at Dalny, where at vast expense a port has been created, the breakwater has facilitated the freezing up of the port, which even the ice-breakers can scarce prevent. This is a book of such importance that we shall take an opportunity to give it further notice.

"Waiting upon God." By the late A. B. Davidson, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Edited by J. A. Paterson, D.D., Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-378. Price, \$1.75.

The death of Dr. Davidson was an irreparable loss, not merely to the Presbyterian Church, but to Protestant Christendom. These sermons reveal anew the greatness of the man. The exegetical element "pervades them all but burdens none." As his colleague, Dr. Paterson, remarks, "The manifold practical applications, the suggestive illustrations from nature, and the subtle analysis of human character and motive, prove that this scholar, at least, walked through the world open-eyed." We commend the book not merely to preacher and teacher, but also to people immersed in the business of life.

"Paterson's Guide to Switzerland" and "Guide to the Rhine and its Provinces." With Maps and Plans. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-162; xiv-174. Price, 1s. 6d. net, each.

We have used many tourist guides,

but are not acquainted with any so concise, yet so accurate and sufficiently full, as those under review. They are inexpensive, of neat pocket size, with excellent coloured maps and plans, with just the information that tourists need—steamer and carriage rates, historical and other information. It adds immensely to an intelligent enjoyment of foreign travel to possess a good guide-book. Such, indeed, we conceive to be absolutely indispensable. There is an education in travel which nothing else can give, and Paterson's Guides go far to make that education more comprehensive and thorough.

"The Great Portraits of the Bible." By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., Author of "The Great Sinners of the Bible," etc. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 351. Price, \$1.50.

Dr. Banks adds another to his many books of fresh and vigorous sermons. They are short and, unlike most sermons, very readable, abounding in illustration and incident. They are, in this sense, like the sermons of the Master Himself, for "without a parable spake he not unto the people."

"Imperial Preferential Trade from a Canadian Point of View." By Adam Shortt, M.A., Professor of Political Science, Queen's University, Kingston. Toronto: Morang & Co., Ltd. Pp. 62. Price, 25c.

It is gratifying to find a Canadian professor dealing in such lucid and luminous method with such a practical subject. It demonstrates that political economy is not the "dismal science" it has been called. This is not an academical discussion, but one which comes home to every man's business and bosom. It is a contribution of much importance to the fiscal discussion now in progress on both sides of the sea.

"History of the Christian Church." By George H. Dryer, D.D. Five volumes. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs.

Reserved for further notice.