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CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

# THE Methodist Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.

*THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.*



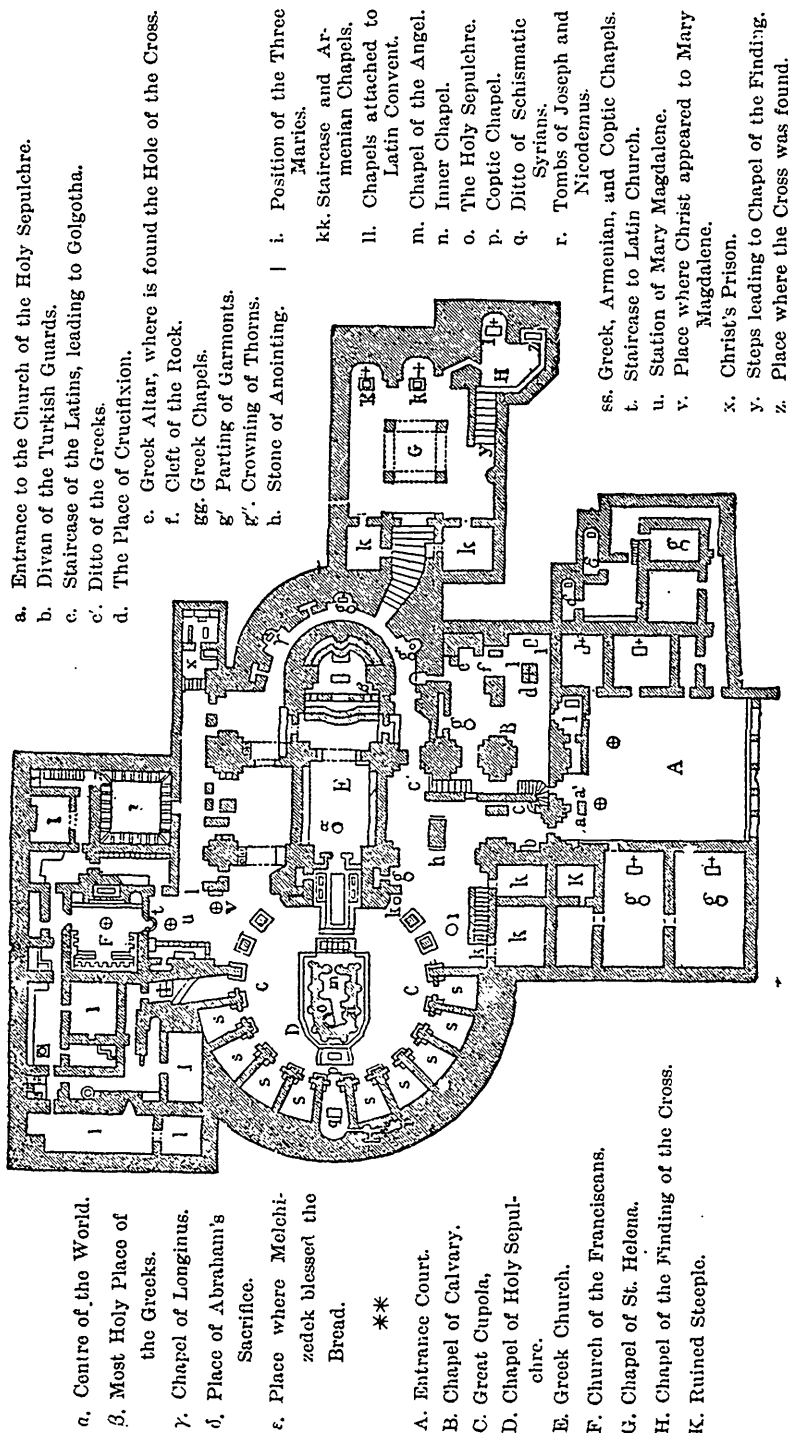
VIA DOLOROSA.

THE most sacred spot on earth, in the apprehension of millions, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. About it cluster the most tender associations. To this hallowed spot for long centuries pilgrims from all parts of Christendom have thronged. The indignities which these pilgrims endured at the hands of the Moslem keepers of the sacred site fired the eloquence of Peter the Hermit, and led to that great movement in

which in the words of the Byzantine princess, Anna Comnena, "all Europe was hurled upon Asia."

For the custody of the Holy Sepulchre for two long centuries the crusades were waged and a Latin kingdom was set up in the Holy Land. The effects of this movement have been felt in art, architecture and literature, by every nation in Europe, from Sicily to Norway. This august theme has been embalmed in

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 5.



PLAN OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

- a. Entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.  
 b. Divan of the Turkish Guards.  
 c. Staircase of the Latins, leading to Golgotha.  
 c'. Ditto of the Greeks.  
 d. The Place of Crucifixion.

- e. Greek Altar, where is found the Hole of the Cross.  
 f. Cleft of the Rock.  
 gg. Greek Chapels.  
 g' Parting of Garments.  
 g'' Crowning of Thorns.  
 h. Stone of Anointing.

- i. Position of the Three Maries.  
 kk. Staircase and Armenian Chapels.  
 ll. Chapels attached to Latin Convent.  
 m. Chapel of the Angel.  
 n. Inner Chapel.  
 o. The Holy Sepulchre.  
 p. Coptic Chapel.  
 q. Ditto of Schismatic Syrians.  
 r. Tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus.

- ss. Greek, Armenian, and Coptic Chapels.  
 t. Staircase to Latin Church.  
 u. Station of Mary Magdalene.  
 v. Place where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene.  
 x. Christ's Prison.  
 y. Steps leading to Chapel of the Finding.  
 z. Place where the Cross was found.

- a. Centre of the World.  
 β. Most Holy Place of the Greeks.  
 γ. Chapel of Longinus.  
 δ. Place of Abraham's Sacrifice.  
 ε. Place where Melchizedek blessed the Bread.

\*\*

- A. Entrance Court.  
 B. Chapel of Calvary.  
 C. Great Cupola,  
 D. Chapel of Holy Sepulchre.  
 E. Greek Church.  
 F. Church of the Franciscans.  
 G. Chapel of St. Helena.  
 H. Chapel of the Finding of the Cross.  
 K. Ruined Steeple.



immortal verse in Tasso's classic poem, "Gerusalemme Liberata." To the present day thousands of pilgrims annually visit this holy spot, to offer their prayers and adoration at the empty sepulchre of the risen Lord.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the vexed question as to the site of Calvary. That will be done in these pages by an accomplished scholar who has made a special study of the subject. Our object shall be to describe the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as it is and the religious rites observed thereat.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is reached from the Jaffa Gate, through the narrow Christian Street and David Street, lined on either side with small shops or stalls, in many of which large and small painted wax candles, incense, rosaries, images, pictures, and other "articles of religion" are sold. In front of the building is the court, shown in our frontispiece, and in the plan at *A*, the pavement of which is generally crowded with dealers of curios, selling rosaries, crosses of olive wood and mother-of-pearl, religious pictures, and other sacred *souvenirs*.

Before us rises the façade of the venerable church which has over and over been destroyed and rebuilt. The present structure was built by the Crusaders early in the twelfth century, though much changed by subsequent additions.

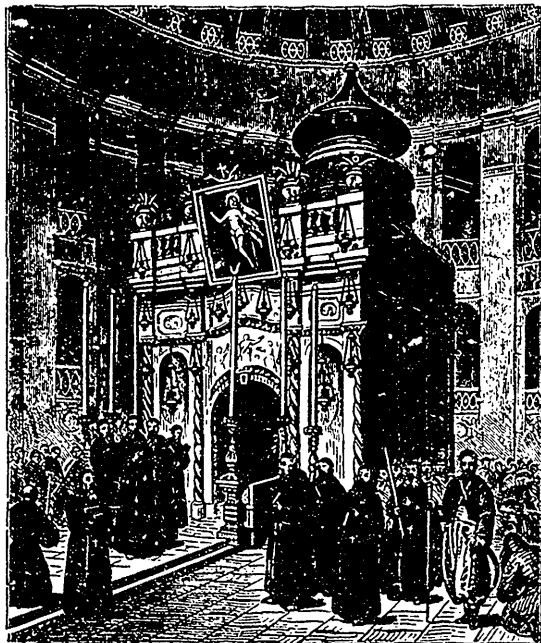
On either side are ancient chapels of small interest, the one to the extreme right being that of Mary of Egypt, a converted Magdalene, whose knees "became hard as a camel's" from her perpetual kneeling in penance and prayer. Of the two main doorways one has been long walled up. Over the portals are ancient bas-reliefs of the "Raising of Lazarus," "Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem" and allegorical details. On the ledge above the portals are some flowering plants in earthen pots.

On entering the portal the first thing one notices is a raised platform, on which the Moslem custodians of the Holy Sepulchre (whose presence is necessary to prevent the jealousy and rivalry of the sects from breaking out into open quarrel) recline, regaling themselves with coffee and pipes.

This venerable pile is a complex mass of chapels and chambers of various size and structure, on different levels, many of them dim and shadowy, where the feeble daylight struggles with that of many lamps and tall candelabra kept perpetually burning before the sacred shrines. Near the entrance is the large stone of unction, *H* in the plan, where tradition avers the body of Jesus was anointed. At *I* in the picture is shown the place where the three Maries stood and witnessed the anointing.

Immediately to the right of this is the entrance to the rotunda

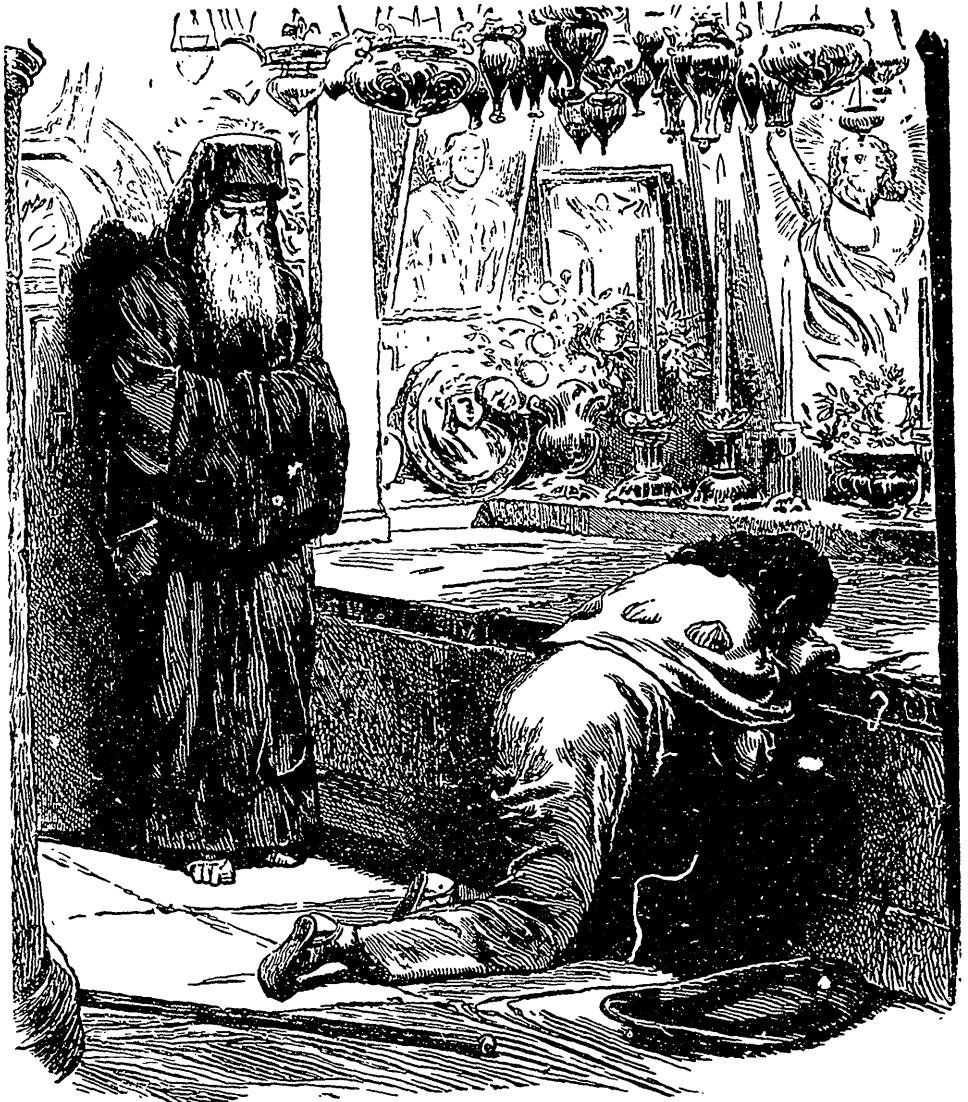
of the sepulchre, in the centre of which is the sepulchre itself. This rotunda, sixty-five feet in diameter, is surmounted by a graceful dome supported by eighteen piers, over which run two rows of arches. Beneath this dome is the supreme object of veneration, the Holy Sepulchre itself, a small marble structure, twenty feet long and seventeen and a half feet wide, surmounted by an Oriental-looking crown or dome. The chapel in its present form is quite modern, dating from 1810. In 1808, in a disastrous fire, the dome fell in and crushed the pre-existing chapel.



CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

We enter first the vestibule, or Chapel of the Angels, sixteen feet long and ten feet wide, incrustated with marble within and without. In the centre is a stone said to be that which the angel rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre and on which he afterwards sat. Through a low door we enter the sepulchre itself, a very small chamber, only six and a half feet long, by six feet wide, furnishing space for not more than three or four persons. From the ceiling hang forty-three precious lamps of the different sects perpetually burning. On the right hand is the marble slab, beneath which, the pilgrims devoutly believe, the body of our Lord was laid. It is impossible to enter this spot and to see the

pilgrims passionately kissing the stone slab and laying their offerings thereon without emotion. A priest of one of the communions



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

is almost constantly in attendance, and in the picture before us is one of the Greek Church, wearing his characteristic headdress and gown. Here mass is daily said, upon this most sacred altar in the world.

The different sects possess chapels around this rotunda. Immediately behind the Holy Sepulchre is the Coptic Chapel, *Q* in the plan, and behind that the Syrian or Jacobite Chapel. A short and narrow passage leads to a rocky chamber where we are shown the empty tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and of Nicodemus. At *U* is shown the station of Mary Magdalene, and at *V* that where Christ appeared to her in the garden. In the Latin sacristy we are shown the sword, spear and cross of Godfrey de Bouillon, the first Christian king of Jerusalem.

Directly opposite the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the large and sumptuous chapel of the Greeks, called the Catholicon, one hundred and twenty feet in length, and lavishly decorated with gilding and paintings. At *R*, in the middle of the floor, is a short column which is said to mark the centre of the world. Over and over again have I seen pilgrims devoutly prostrating themselves on the floor and kissing this stone. Behind a carved screen is the most holy place of the Greeks, adorned with jewelled altars and sacred pictures.

We attended a very high<sup>l</sup> function in this Catholicon, when the church was densely crowded, but places were reserved for us close beside the throne of the patriarch. A peculiarity of the Greek Church is that no woman's voice is heard in its music nor are any bells rung. The calls to prayer are made by beating on sonorous wooden boards, in a quick throbbing time, extremely musical and impressive. In the solemn litany the patriarch prayed by name for all the sovereigns of Europe.

Other chapels are that of "Longinus," the Chapel of "The Desecration," and that of "The Parting of Christ's Raiment."

Descending twenty-nine steps we reach a large chapel (*G*, to the extreme right of the plan), the Chapel of St. Helena, sixty-two feet long and forty-two feet wide, dating from the seventh century, with strongly marked Byzantine architecture. Descending thirteen steps more we reached the dark and very ancient crypt (*H*), a rude cave in the rock, described as the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross. This chapel is twenty-four feet square. A life-size statue of the Empress represents her holding the cross.

The tradition is that this British-born empress, the mother of Constantine, prompted by a divine vision undertook the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where she discovered, not only the Holy Sepulchre, but also the cross of Christ; in fact, three crosses were found, those of the two thieves as well. The true cross of Calvary was identified by a miracle which was wrought in restoring to life a dead man. The cross was hewn in pieces and the precious fragments divided among the many churches of Christendom; indeed,

it has been affirmed that there are fragments enough in existence to load a ship.



GROTTO OF ST. HELENA, UNDER CHURCH.

Another very sacred spot is Golgotha, or, the Chapel of the Crucifixion (*B*). To reach it we return to the body of the church and ascend to "Mount Calvary," a small and jewelled

chapel, fifteen feet above the level of the church. Here one may stoop down beneath an altar and examine the silver-faced opening where the Cross is said to have been set into the rock, and about five feet distant on either side the site of the crosses of the thieves. Here, too, one is shown the very cleft in the rock wrought by the earthquake, which is said by tradition to extend to the centre of the world. The chapel is sumptuously embellished with paintings, costly mosaics and icons of the Virgin, surrounded with silver nimbus. The life-sized image of the Virgin was bedecked with costly jewels and a number of gold watches and other votive offerings were lying at her feet. Near the Chapel of the Cross is the so-called Chapel of Adam, where tradition affirms that the first father of mankind was buried, and that the blood of Christ falling on his head restored him to life.

The following is a curious tradition about this true cross :

"According to this legend, Adam when sick sent Seth to the gate of Eden to ask for the healing balm of the Tree of Life ; but the guarding angel replied that ages must pass before that boon could be conferred on man. Seth received, however, three seeds, which he planted by his father's grave, situated on the site of Golgotha. From these sprang the rod of Aaron, and the tree which gave its mysterious virtue to the pool of Bethesda, and rising to the surface at the hour of the Passion, became the instrument of the crucifixion of our Lord. After that momentous event it was thrown into the town ditch with the crosses of the two thieves, and covered with rubbish ; but at the intercession of Helena the earth opened, divine odours breathed forth, the three crosses were discovered, and that of our Lord was revealed by its curing an inveterate disease and raising a dead man to life."\*

Near by is the so-called tomb of Melchizedek. We were shown, too, the tomb of De Bouillon and Baldwin I., Christian kings of Jerusalem.

The mere descriptions of these sacred shrines, however, gives no conception of the thrilling interest that is felt in visiting their

\* Milman's "History of Christianity," book IV., c. 4, and Withrow's "Catacombs of Rome," pp. 272-73.

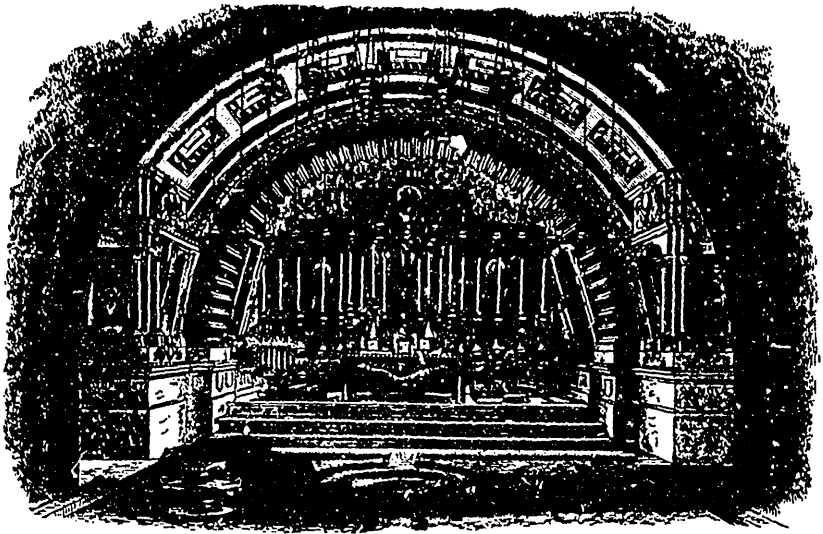
See "Legenda Aurea, de Inventione et Exaltatione Sanctæ Crucis."

The material of the cross is described in the following distich :

Pes crucis est cedrus, corpus tenet alta cupressus,  
Palma manus retinet titulo lætabor oliva.

"The foot is cedar, a lofty cypress bears the body, the arms are palm, the title olive bears."

According to legend Helena calmed the Adriatic with one of the nails of the cross ; of another Constantine made a bit for his horse ; of another the iron crown of Lombardy with which Napoleon was crowned was made.



TRADITIONAL SITE OF CALVARY.

hallowed sites, witnessing the devotion of the pilgrims, and realizing the time-hallowed associations so dear to the heart of Christendom. During the Easter festival the church is crowded with pilgrims of every nationality, and the ecclesiastical ceremonies are of splendidly spectacular character. On Easter Sunday, specially, the disgraceful spectacle of the so-called miracle of the holy fire takes place. This has thus been described by Dean Stanley :

“Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and Abyssinians take part in the ceremony. The wild and noisy scene begins on Good Friday. The crowd passes the night in the church in order to secure places, some of them attaching themselves by cords to the sepulchre, while others run round it in anything but a reverential manner. On Easter Eve, about two p.m., a procession of the superior clergy moves round the sepulchre, all lamps having been carefully extinguished in view of the crowd. The patriarch enters the Chapel of the Sepulchre, while the priests pray and the people are in the utmost suspense. At length the fire, which it is alleged has come down from heaven, gleams from the sepulchre, the priests emerge with a bundle of burning tapers, and there now follows an indescribable tumult, everyone endeavouring to be the first to get his taper lighted. Even from the gallery tapers are let down to be lighted, and in a few seconds the whole church is illuminated. This, however, never happens without fighting, and accidents generally occur owing to the crush. The spectators do not appear to take warning from the terrible catastrophe of 1834. On that occasion there were upwards of 6,000 persons in the church when a riot suddenly broke out. The Turkish guards, thinking they were attacked, used their weapons against the pilgrims, and in the scuffle that followed about three hundred pilgrims were suffocated or trampled to death.”

This semi-pagan festival we did not see, but we studied very thoroughly the more pleasing and not less sumptuous ceremonies of Palm Sunday.

About nine o'clock in the morning the *kawass* of the consulate called for us by appointment at our hotel. He was a stately-looking fellow in Turkish dress, carrying a huge curved cimeter and a silver-topped staff of office like that of a drum-major. We felt quite outshone by his magnificence. We went through the narrow "Christian Street," lined with stalls, where the principal

articles for sale seemed to be enormous wax candles, painted with religious pictures, and lovely palm branches plaited in graceful designs.

The approach to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was crowded with pilgrims, chiefly Russians of the old Greek Church, among whom our *kawass* unceremoniously forced his way, we closely following him. Places had been reserved for us in the great gallery, which looks through open arches into the circular area beneath the dome; but how to get there—that was the question, every place being filled with crowding, jostling pilgrims. We were led



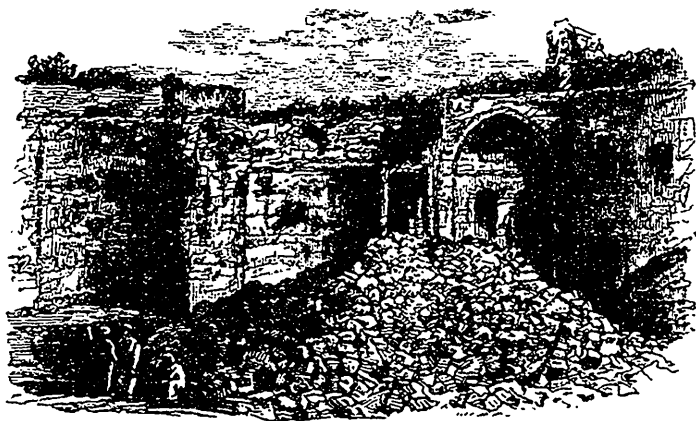
PRIEST OF GREEK CHURCH.

through dark corridors and narrow passages, through the sacristy of the Latin monks, who were robing in their sacred vestments, and up a steep stairway in the thickness of the wall.

Here we were confronted with a new difficulty. This gallery was so sacred that within its precincts no woman's foot could tread. If it could the place would be a good deal cleaner—it was abominably dusty and unkempt. So for Madame some other place must be found. Our faithful Abdallah was equal to the occasion. He procured for her an admirable position in a gallery overlooking both the Greek Chapel and the rotunda, where she witnessed both the high functions of which we saw only one.



The rotunda of the Holy Sepulchre is some sixty-five feet in diameter. Over this rises the lofty dome. In the centre is the Chapel of the Sepulchre, a small marble structure, shown in cut on page 438. Inside of this is, first, the "Chapel of the Angels," and then the Holy Sepulchre proper, which is very small, holding only about three or four persons at once. The whole area of the rotunda was completely filled with pilgrims of many lands and many tongues—dark-faced Copts, olived-skinned Cypristes, Greeks, Syrians, swarthy Abyssinians, and European and American tourists, besides a number of Turkish officials. Conspicuous among the pilgrims, by their white, shroud-like mantles, were a number of sweet-faced, dark-eyed Syrian women, with Madonna-like expression of countenance. Beneath the white mantle they



EXCAVATIONS AT THE MURISTAN.

wore bright-coloured silken gowns—pink, pale blue, bright red, or cream-coloured, and gold-embroidered vests and a profusion of jewellery. Their ceaseless motion made them look not unlike a swarm of white butterflies; or, as Canon Farrar has compared them to, a great flower-bed waving in the breeze. Most of them were sitting on the marble pavement; some of them had been waiting there since early dawn. Every coign of vantage, the bases of pillars, and every ledge, where man or boy could cling, held its living burden. With the women were a number of children, playing around as in a pleasant picnic. A buzz and confused noise of many voices arose like the din of the Stock Exchange at Paris or New York.

Presently was heard the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of feet, and some two or three hundred Turkish soldiers with muskets and

side-arms marched in, hustling the pilgrims to either side and crowding the women and children to the wall. The boys climbed higher wherever clinging space was possible. Now the double line of soldiers divided, and standing shoulder to shoulder, formed a living lane, leaving space for the religious processions. The soldiers did not hesitate to shove back with their elbows the crowding pilgrims behind, nor to drop their muskets on the toes of any trespassing beyond the prescribed limit. If some *laggard* failed to get out of the way, he was seized by the collar and hustled ignominiously out of the building, perhaps after waiting for hours to see the spectacle.

When a kind of quiet and order had been secured, a brilliant procession emerged from the Greek chapel and marched round and round the sepulchre many times. At its head were white-robed boys singing in a high, sustained note bearing palm branches in their hands. Jewelled banners were borne aloft, embroidered and painted with religious pictures. The clergy were gorgeously dressed in white silk vestments embroidered in red and gold. Thurifers swung silver censers from which strong aromatic incense rose. Bells rung and swung and almost made the solid walls to rock. A large gold cross was borne in the procession, a very stout ecclesiastic carried a jewelled mitre on a silver tray, and surpliced boys strewed flowers before his eminence.

Then came the Patriarch in a robe ablaze with gems, wearing a Greek mitre adorned with jewels to the value, we were told, of seventy thousand pounds. About one hundred and twenty clergy walked in procession, chanting with deep bass voices, while the thin treble of the boys rose high over all. On either side of this procession stretched the dull red line of fezzes and sombre uniforms and stolid faces of the Turkish guard.

So dense was the crowd that, as my Greek neighbour expressed it, "if one of them moved a finger, the whole mass swayed like the waves of the sea." I saw one Turkish officer rudely slap a pilgrim several times in the face. He took it submissively, showing no resentment, and I thought of the meek Christ who was buffeted and spat upon near this spot so many centuries ago.

The Greek Patriarch was a tall, dark, handsome man, exceedingly dignified in demeanour. He was continually making the Greek sign of benediction and gently waving a crucifix which he carried in one hand. After marching around the Holy Sepulchre several times, the Greek procession re-entered the chapel. The sepulchre was ablaze with candles and lamps within and without, and standing in front of it were large silver candelabra with enormous wax candles.

After the service of the Greek Church was over, a similar procession of the Latin clergy took place. Then followed the service of the minor sects, Armenians, Syrians, Copts and Abyssinians together. Each of these communions has its own chapel near the Holy Sepulchre. The latter are much less numerous than the Greeks and

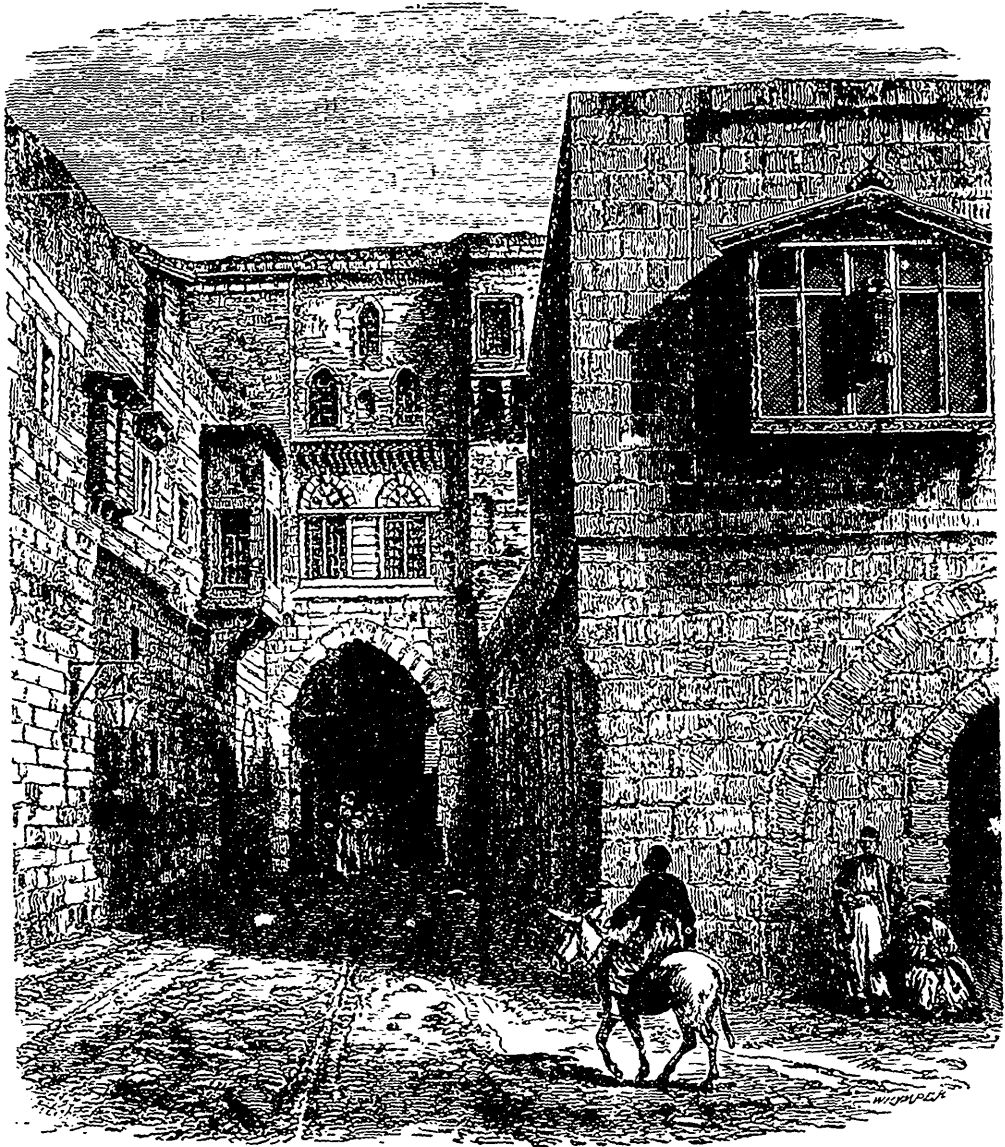
Latins, and exhibit evidence of a much inferior wealth. The Armenian patriarch, a venerable old man with white flowing beard, feebly tottered along, supported on either side by two priests, waving a crucifix in his hands. As I gazed upon the strange pageant I felt to the full the spell of that sorcery which from the time of Constantine had compelled the homage of mankind.

The Holy Sepulchre is surrounded by, and almost embedded in, the many buildings of the Greek, Abyssinian and Coptic monasteries. The Greek monastery

is a vast structure capable of entertaining a couple of thousand pilgrims. We climbed to its flat roof, a large area where the monks pass much of their time enjoying the fresh air. The Abyssinian and Coptic monasteries are very poor, and we saw some wild-looking pilgrims in sheepskin clothing in their monastery chapels, while scarce less wild-looking priests were ministering at their poverty-stricken altars.



VIA DOLOROSA.



HOUSE OF "THE RICH MAN," JERUSALEM.

I climbed also to the flat roof of the Abyssinian monastery where I found quite a colony of pilgrims squatting around their fires, cooking their meagre meals, and lodging in about seventy or eighty miserable stone huts, almost like a Kaffir kraal in the heart of Africa. They were all negroes and very black ones at that. One sable brother pointed out an olive tree in which he declared

Abram found the goat (not ram) which he sacrificed instead of Isaac. He recounted the story with very dramatic effect in broken English. "God said, 'What for kill the boy?' Abram said, 'Well, what shall I kill for sacrifice?' And God showed Abram goat caught in this very tree." And the old fellow seemed to believe it very devoutly and expected me to believe it too. It was a strange spectacle, the blending of such abject superstition with the most venerable beliefs of Christendom, on the site of that most sacred and venerable shrine in the world.

Near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the large area known as the Muristan, about 170 yards square, the site of an ancient church and monastery, now the property of Prussia. It was founded, tradition avers, by Charlemagne and enlarged by the Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, who devoted themselves to the care of pilgrims. The Hospice was a magnificent building, supported by 178 columns and pillars. Its ruins are exceedingly impressive. The open grass-covered court is surrounded by lovely cloisters. Several very deep, and finely-vaulted cisterns, with arches forty-eight feet high may be discerned through openings in the ground, through which we threw down stones to hear the echo returned.

The *Via Dolorosa*, or, "Street of Pain," the route by which Christ is said to have borne His Cross to Golgotha, is marked by the fourteen stations of the Cross. Roman barracks now occupy the traditional Pretorium, the residence of Pilate. Multitudes of pilgrims devoutly follow this route, praying at the different stations; one of these, the Ecce Homo Arch, where Pilate presented our Lord to the multitude, saying, "Behold the Man," is often illustrated. On this road, too, is the traditional house of the poor man Lazarus, and near it that of Dives. Here, too, is the tomb of St. Veronica, the pious matron who is said to have wiped the sweat from the Saviour's brow at this spot, whereupon his image was imprinted upon her handkerchief, which is still exhibited at Rome.

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"It may be in the evening, when the work of the day is done,  
 And you have time to sit in the twilight, and watch the sinking sun,  
 While the long, bright day dies slowly over the sea,  
 And the hour grows quiet and holy with thoughts of Me.  
 As you hear the village children passing along the street,  
 Among those thronging footsteps may come the sound of My feet ;  
 Therefore I tell you watch, let the door be on the latch in your room,  
 For it may be in the evening I will come."

## HOW I MADE MY PICTURES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.\*

BY W. E. H. MASSEY.

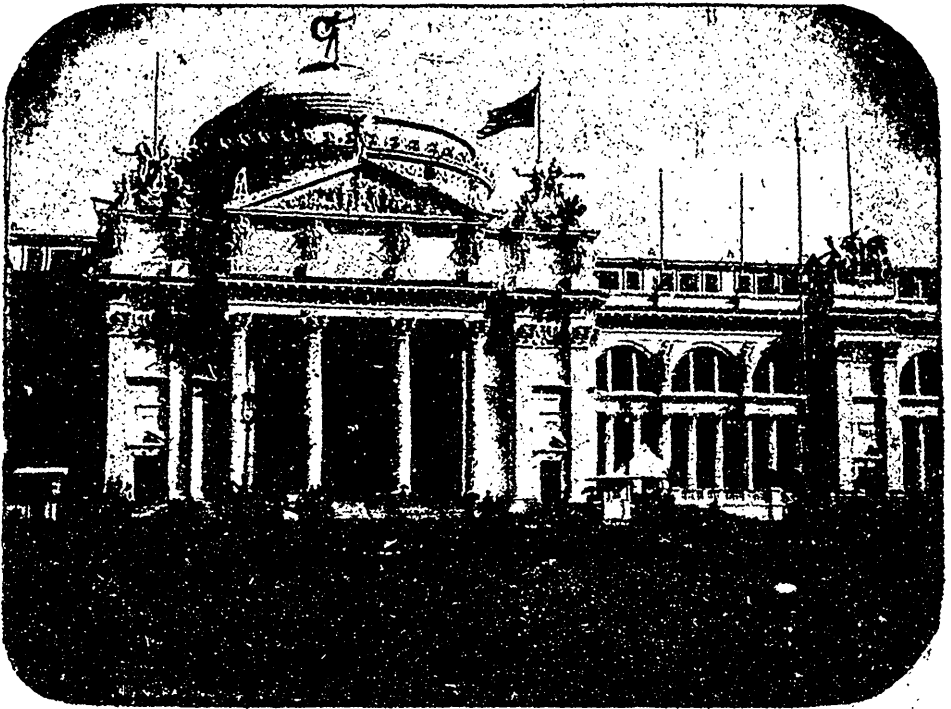


BRITISH BUILDING.

ONE day last summer, while out in the country, I was walking along a small village street with my camera in hand ready to make an exposure, when a small boy came running up saying, "Mister, give us a tune on that, please." I have had some amusing experiences while out picture-making, but never before had I been accredited with carrying about a concertina, for which my innocent photographic instrument was evidently mistaken.

However, the World's Fair camera detectives, of whom there are several stationed at every entrance, are not so easily deceived in the outward appearances of cunningly devised and carefully concealed picture-taking apparatus; and though modern cameras scarcely look like photographic instruments at all, it is next to impossible to get through the gates with

\* Reprinted, by Mr. W. E. H. Massey's kind permission, from *Massey's Illustrated*. The engravings are specially made for that periodical after photos taken by Mr. W. E. H. Massey.—ED.

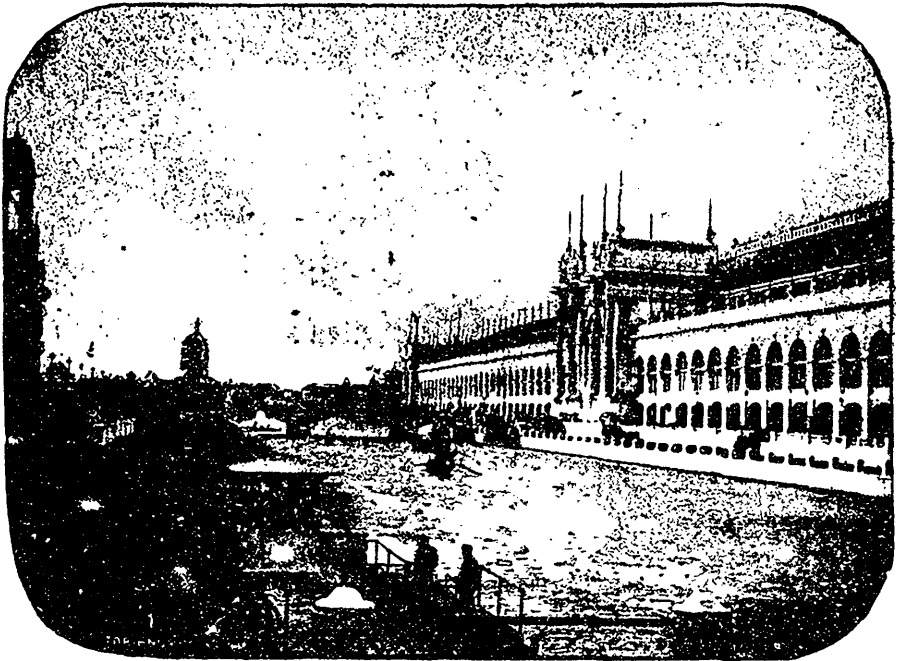


GRAND ENTRANCE AND DOME OF THE AGRICULTURAL PALACE.

any kind of a camera without being stopped, and many a fellow has had to open his box of lunch to prove that it was not a camera. I had heard that the way of the amateur photographer at the World's Fair was hard, and that he was not held in very high esteem. This I realized to be a fact all too soon. Of course an enthusiastic amateur, such as I must confess I am, would have no more thought of going to the World's Fair without a camera than he would think of starting off without a reasonably well-filled purse. Therefore the morning after my arrival in Chicago the latter part of May last—it being a delightfully clear and bright day—found me at the World's Columbian Exhibition gates with a camera "loaded" and ready for business.

Scarcely had I passed the turnstile when two men, noticing the black case in my hand—at once suspecting it to be a camera—demanded to know if it were. On my answering in the affirmative a fee of \$2.00 was ordered to be paid, this fee entitling me to the use of the camera for one day, and that, too, under rigid restrictions. Among other things no camera is allowed which takes a view over 4 x 5 inches (which was the size of the instru-

ment I had with me). No pictures can be taken in the Art Gallery, and none of individual exhibits without the exhibitor's consent, and worst of all, no "tripod" or stand can be used. This last restriction confines the amateur to the use of what is known as the "hand" camera, which practically means that what photographs he does take will be "snap" shots—that is, made instantaneously—for it is not possible to hold a camera sufficiently steady to make "time" exposures. True, one can occasionally find a railing, a chair, or a box to rest the camera upon for the



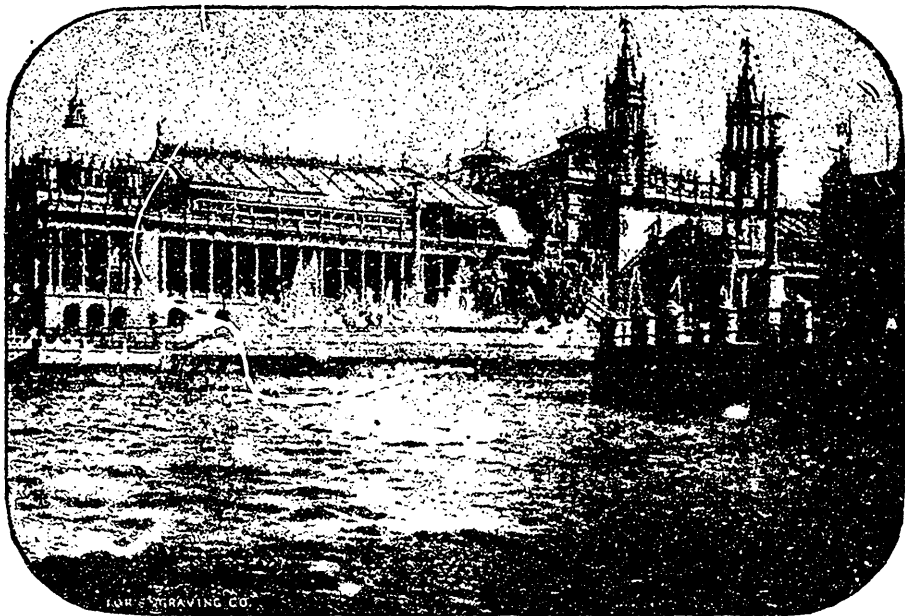
VIEW ALONG THE GRAND CANAL, BETWEEN THE MANUFACTURES AND ELECTRICITY BUILDINGS. ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING DOME IN THE DISTANCE.

purpose of focusing with greater care and making a longer exposure, but opportunities of this kind are rare, and seldom admit of taking a picture from the most desirable point of view. "Instantaneous" or "snap" shot exposures require the strongest light, hence, the photographer who visits the Fair is really limited to out-of-door work except in a few instances, as the interiors of the buildings are not light enough for "snap" shots. Therefore, as the best photographs cannot be produced without the use of a tripod to admit of accurate focusing, and further, as explained, it



being possible to photograph only such objects as are in the strongest light without giving lengthened exposures, it will be seen that the amateur photographer at the World's Fair is pretty badly handicapped.

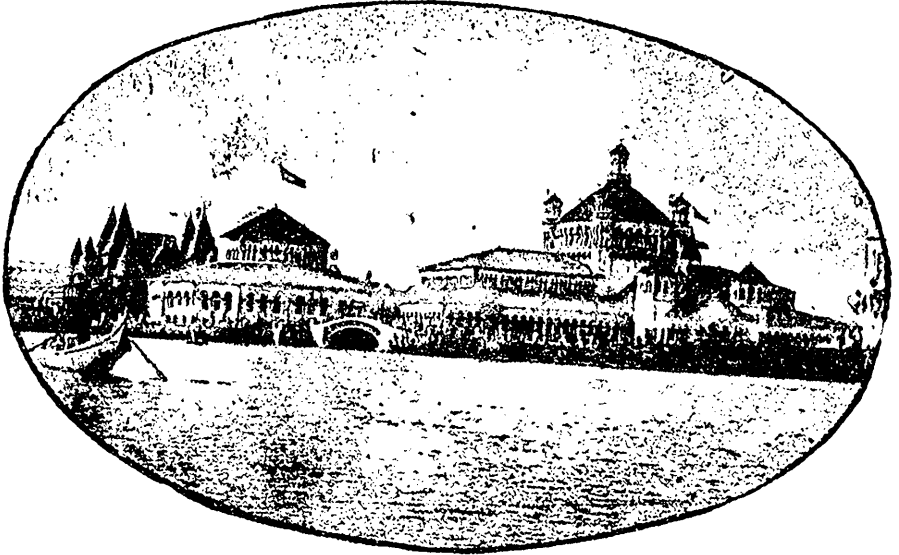
All these restrictions are made by the Exposition authorities to protect a "concession." This concession is an exclusive right to make and sell pictures in and about the Exhibition grounds and buildings, which concession has been sold for a large sum of money. At first it was determined to shut out amateurs altogether and allow no artist within the gates except the official photo-



MACMONNIES' FOUNTAIN IN FULL PLAY—MACHINERY HALL  
IN THE BACKGROUND.

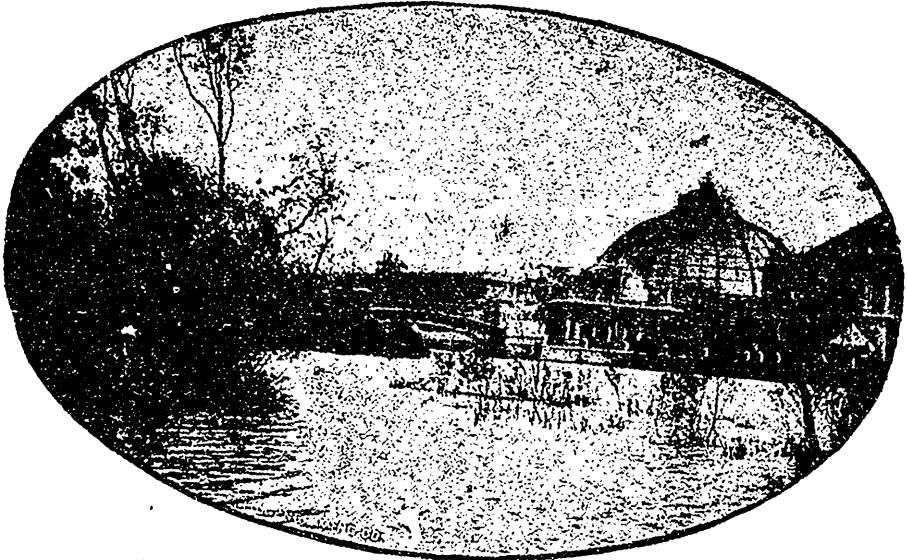
graphers. Such an indignation was awakened, however, from one end of the United States to the other that the restricted privileges mentioned above were finally granted, but were, nevertheless so unsatisfactory the war was waged further, and other privileges were granted, and still further modifications are likely to be made. Meantime, however, the camera "fiends" have had to make the best of the situation.

Most amateurs are more interested in photographing the handsome exteriors of the buildings and the pretty bits of landscape surrounding them, than they are the interiors. While they must

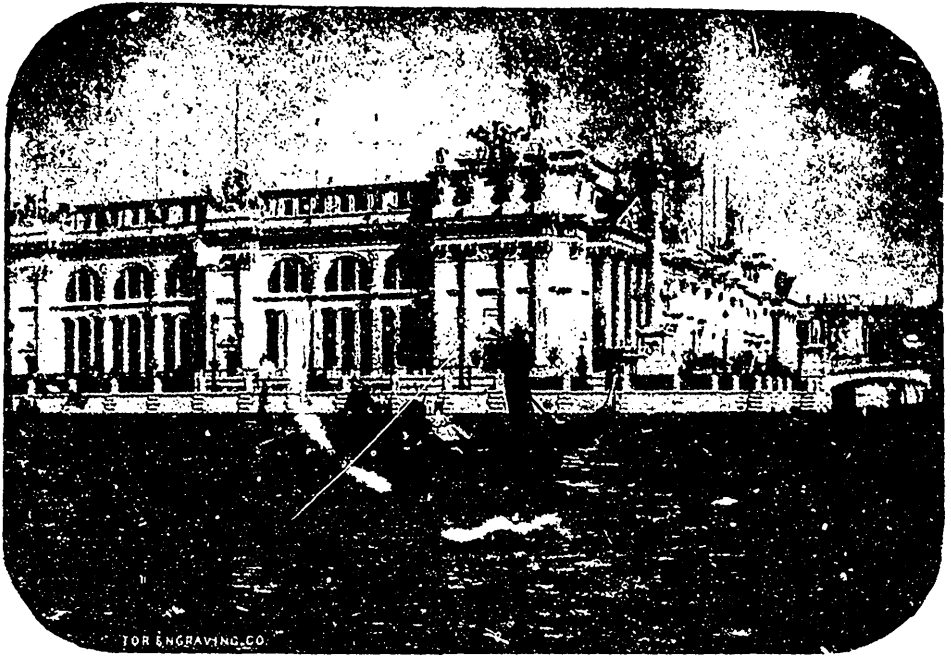


THE FISHERIES BUILDING.

forego the much desired opportunity of using a regular view camera with a tripod, it is nevertheless quite possible to obtain passable pictures with a hand camera which will constitute most interesting souvenirs. The buildings being constructed largely



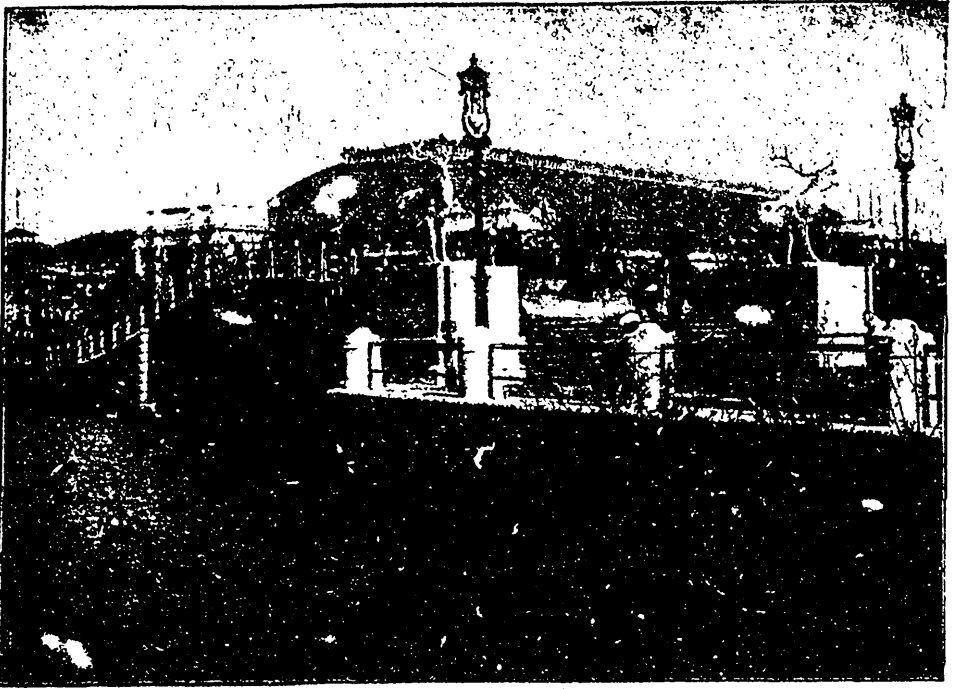
VISTA LOOKING TOWARDS THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.



FOR ENGRAVING CO.

VIEW ON THE GRAND BASIN, SHOWING WEST CORNER OF THE AGRICULTURAL PALACE.

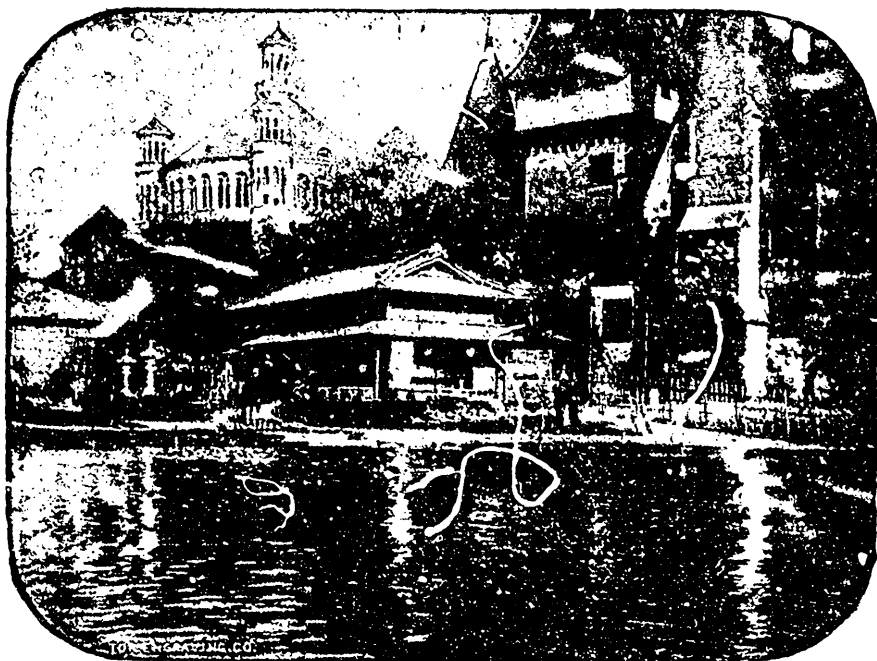
of the wonderful white "staff," very readily admit of making instantaneous exposure. Having, therefore, obtained my "permit" and signed the pledge of obedience to the rules, I set out to get my two dollars' worth of views. Having made one exposure, while focusing for the second I was startled by a tap on the shoulder and a uniformed Columbian guard demanded: "Is that a camera, sir? Show your permit." A little surprised I produced the special pass, which being satisfactory we parted company. A little later I started across the Art Gallery, as it was the most convenient route to the point I wished to reach. When but a short distance inside the entrance a guard very politely offered me free storage for my instrument. I showed the permit. "That don't matter," said he. "No camera allowed here under any circumstances" (of which I was not aware up to this time). An explanation that I just merely wanted to pass through the building did not satisfy him, but while the argument was in progress we had gotten half-way across, so he concluded it was about as well to let me go to the opposite entrance as to make me return to one I came in at. A few views in the vicinity of the State and Foreign Buildings were then taken without interruption.



VIEW IN THE PARK LOOKING TOWARDS THE MANUFACTURES  
BUILDING.

Soon, however, another guard, some distance off, espied me in the act of getting the German Building on the focusing-glass. As he hurried to me in apparent good-nature I held up the invaluable permit and shouted to him to stand still and have his picture taken. It worked like magic—the smile depicted in that countenance would have cured a bad case of dyspepsia. His features, though, assumed normal conditions when he learned that his order for one would have to be filled from Toronto and that the picture would not be finished (developed) for some weeks.

The Columbian guards are for the most part a decent lot of young fellows—quite unsophisticated, and many of them from the back country districts—who have been clad in gay uniforms and endowed with sufficient authority to make them feel—some of them, at least—as though a good deal of the World's Fair belonged to them. The poor, much-used “permit” (which I at last tied to the camera handle that, if possible, all the world might know I was not a thief and a robber) had to be produced no less than eight or ten times that day, if not more. Sometimes a guard who challenged my right to be making photographs



JAPANESE TEA HOUSE, SWEDISH RESTAURANT AND FISHERIES  
TOWER IN BACKGROUND.

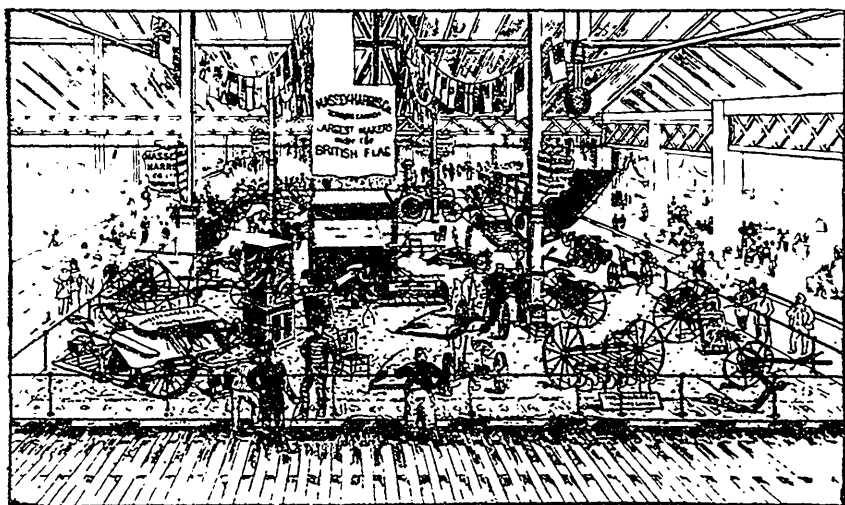
would walk away as though really disappointed at being unable to exercise the full extent of his authority—that is, to make an arrest.

Any person who manages to smuggle in a camera without paying the regular fee is destined to be “run in,” and even some dignitaries and newspaper correspondents who have been given permits (not on the usual forms) granted possibly by letter from the Director-General, or even the president himself, have been given a free ride in a patrol waggon—all for the dreadful crime of taking a few photographs at the World's Fair.

Such are some of the annoyances the poor afflicted amateur photographer has to put up with at the World's Fair.

But if he can only succeed in capturing some of the hundreds of fascinating scenes which win his admiration he will feel repaid for all his trouble. Photographs can be purchased, of course, but there are always some special pictures or particular points of view which we cannot obtain, and which we must make for ourselves; and further, in the very act of taking a photograph of a view we study it and become the more interested in its preservation.

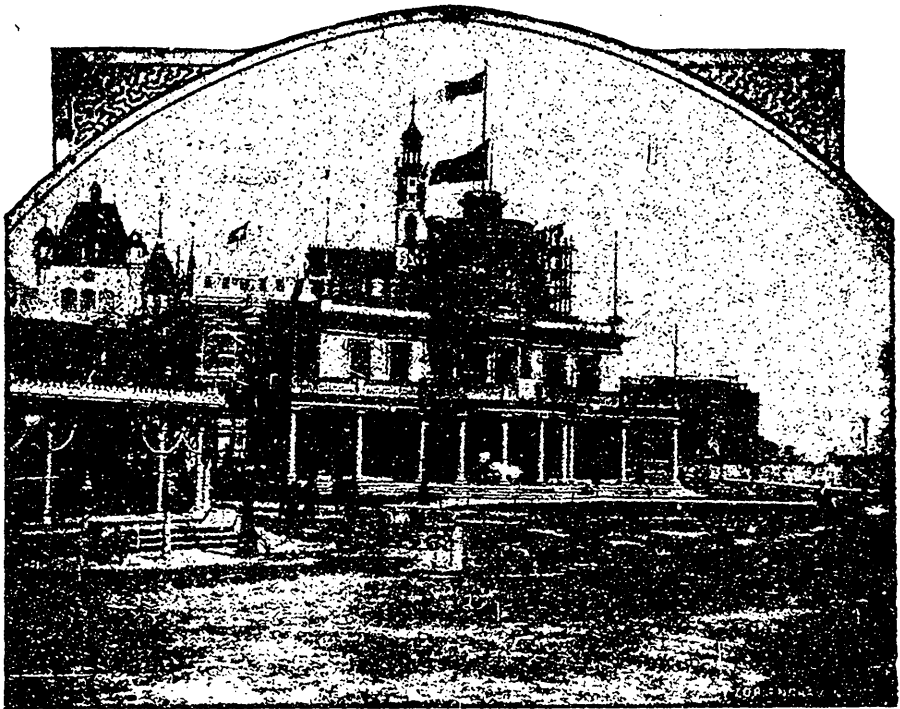
By far the most interesting feature of the World's Fair is the buildings themselves and their charming surroundings. I do not mean to under-estimate the magnificent exhibits, which in all the departments I fully believe have never before been excelled (and I have seen many of the great exhibitions of recent years); but the admirable grouping of the splendid structures in which the exhibits are placed, and the beauty of the park, surpass anything I have ever been privileged to see. As to the buildings, one hears so much of their enormous size (which is all quite true) that they little think of them as great works of art, which they really are. They are just as artistic as they are big, and must be seen and studied to be appreciated. These magnificent white buildings have been grouped with the greatest care, and with the



THE MASSEY-HARRIS CO. EXHIBIT, IN AGRICULTURAL PALACE.

surrounding landscape—which is like a fairyland, beautified with artificial lakes and canals, the latter spanned here and there with handsome white bridges—combine to make up a veritable paradise. I was simply charmed with the Exhibition Park, and found my greatest pleasure in wandering about the buildings and studying the beautiful vistas from various points of view. Under the varying conditions of sunshine and shadow, there seemed to be an unending beauty in this marvellous creation of man.

Naturally enough, such a place would delight the amateur photographer's heart, and it was with the hope of preserving some of these charming views as souvenirs, that I used my camera while there.



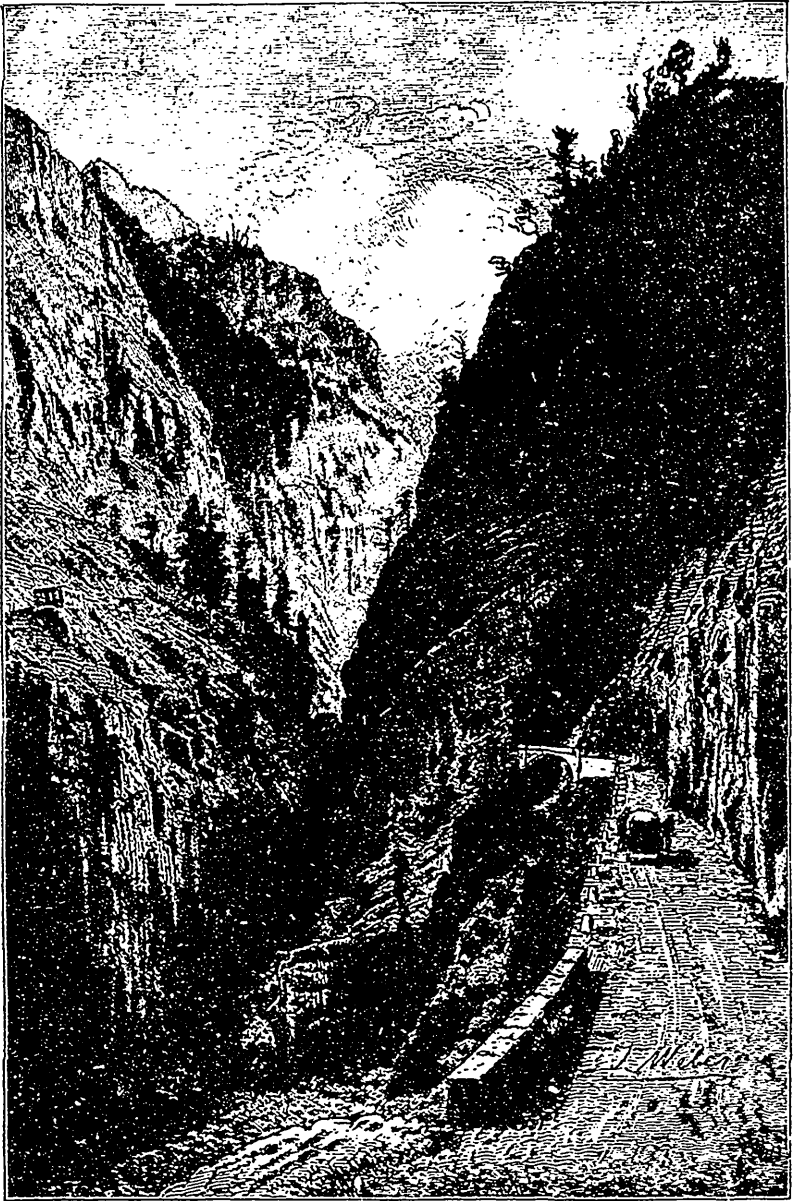
CANADIAN BUILDING—GERMAN BUILDING IN BACKGROUND.

While my pictures are but meagre representations of the beauty of the original, they may perhaps convey an idea at least. Most of the views which accompany this article, and which have been reproduced by the photogravure process, were taken from a gondola or an electric launch going at full speed. It is needless to say that under these circumstances one has to work pretty dexterously and watch very closely to get the picture correctly located on the film or plate. The fact that this can be accomplished even with a measure of success indicates the wonderful strides in advance which the photographic art has made in recent years.

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AND having strown the violets, reap the corn,  
And having reaped and garnered, bring the plough  
And draw new furrows 'neath the healthy morn,  
And plant the great Hereafter in this Now.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



THE DEFILE NEAR GONDO.



## WITH THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

BY S. H. M. BYERS.



SIMPLON HOSPICE.

THE great Simplon road exceeds in beauty and picturesque charms all other mountain highways, and will bear comparison with most them in respect to the grandeur of its surroundings. Its construction constituted one of the greatest triumphs achieved by man over natural obstacles; in point of time it

was the first of modern Alpine highways which connect North and South, and it formed the model for later undertakings of the same kind—Napoleon's decree had broken the ancient spell! Already the iron horse transports us with lightning speed to the foot of the Simplon, and in a few years will have made its way through the heart of the mountains.

Along the slopes, in wide loops and intricate windings, now over meadow-land, now through woods, runs the boldly-planned mountain-road, which our eye can follow as far as the summit of the pass. When thunder-storms break over us and grey clouds glide ghost-like along the cliffy steeps, only here and there a huge rocky peak is seen rising above the sea of mist. At such a time the aspect presented by this mountainous landscape has a charm of its own; especially if the traveller is fortunate enough to see his shadow, surrounded by a many-coloured halo and enlarged to gigantic proportions, cast upon the storm-clouds in front of him by the sun in his rear.

In winter passengers and luggage are transferred from the unwieldy diligence into little sledges, each seating but one person. When the weather is fine the journey is really a most enjoyable one. It is otherwise after a fresh fall of snow, or when the cold north wind is blowing, and avalanches are descending from the barren mountain-sides, threatening to smother the traveller in their chill embraces. At such time the cavalcade is headed by the triangular snow plough drawn by five or six horses. From time to time it happens that one such caravan is snowed up for one or

more days, either in the hospice on the summit or in one of the shelter-houses, which are placed at much shorter intervals apart in the dangerous region.



THE "WILD SUN" SEEN FROM THE CHAPEL "IN DER BLEICHEN," SIMPLON ROAD.

It was in the middle of May, 1800, that Napoleon crossed the Great St. Bernard with his army. The hardships and dangers which the troops encountered were innumerable, and extraordinary

obstacles had to be overcome in order to cross the lofty pass, which, being more than 8,000 feet in altitude, is not free from snow until late in the summer. Owing to the difficulties experienced, the First Consul resolved to take in hand at once the construction of a carriage-road across the Simplon. In 1801 five thousand labourers were set to work on either side of the mountain, and by dint of indomitable courage and extraordinary exertions they overcame every obstacle and completed their task



THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

in the course of five summers. The expenses of the undertaking amounted to £280,000; 250 tons of powder were employed in blasting the galleries, which had a total length of 1,720 feet; 611 bridges had to be constructed.

Napoleon's plan embraced the erection upon the summit of the Simplon of a hospice, which might in case of necessity serve as barracks. At present four of the brethren from the St. Bernard reside constantly in this desolate spot as delegates of the convent and devote themselves, like their fellows, to the relief of travellers

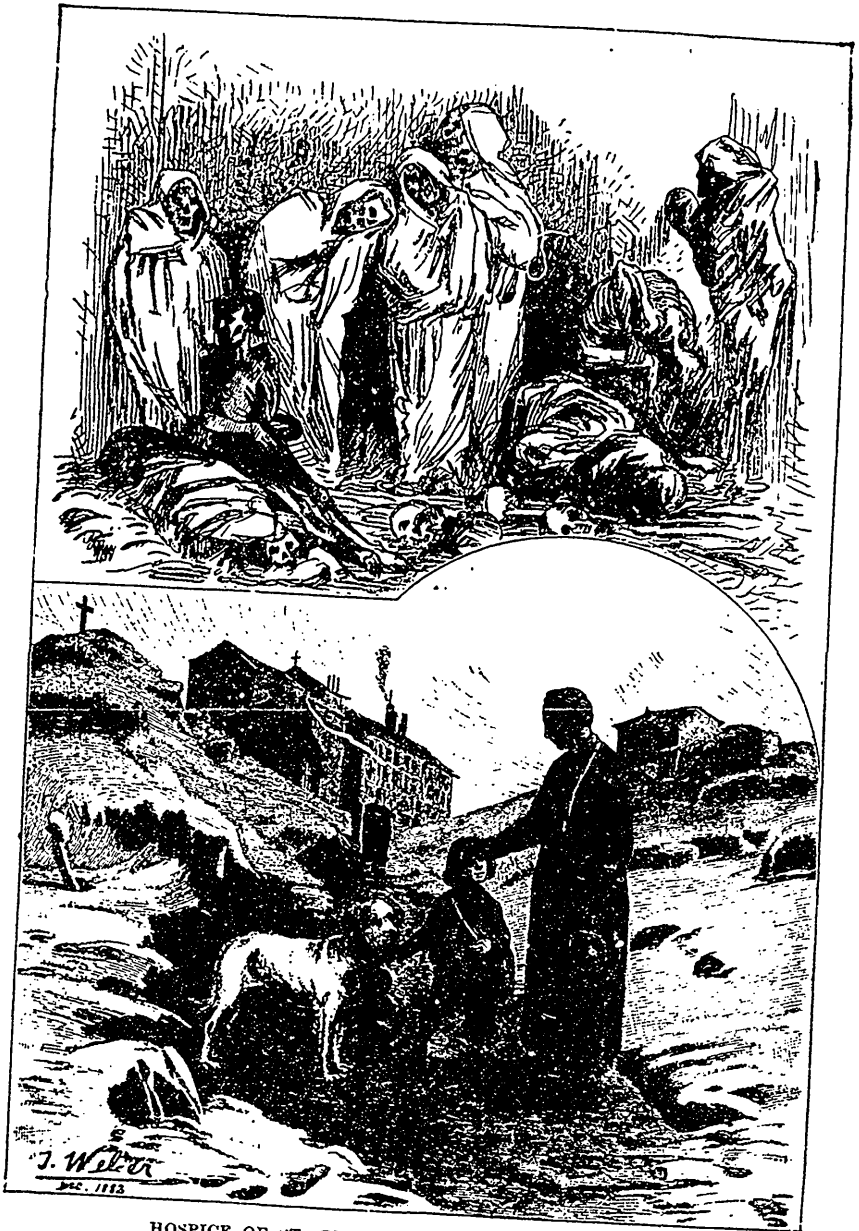
in distress. Every year ten or twelve thousand strangers are supplied with food and lodging free of charge. Numerous dogs of the St. Bernard breed, really magnificent animals, are kept, and are sent out daily in winter during stormy weather in search of travellers needing assistance.

At the highest elevation of the St. Bernard Pass, near the line of perpetual snow, is the Hospice or Monastery of St. Bernard, the highest dwelling in Europe. Here dwell a number of Augustinian monks assisted by lay brethren, celebrated with their dogs for rescuing travellers. In their hospice, at times, as many as five hundred or six hundred travellers have been accommodated at once. The snow around the hospice averages seven to eight feet in depth, and the drifts sometimes rest against it and accumulate to the height of about forty feet. The severest cold recorded is about twenty-nine degrees below zero, and the greatest heat sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. The route over the Pennine Alps, by the Great St. Bernard, was traversed by Roman armies under Charlemagne and Frederick Barbarossa, and as we have seen, in 1800, by a French army under Napoleon.

In 962, St. Bernard de Menthon founded the monastery here. The inmates now consist of ten or fifteen Augustinian monks and seven attendants, whose office it is to receive and lodge strangers gratuitously, and to render assistance to travellers in danger during the snowy season, which here lasts nearly nine months. In this work of benevolence they are aided by the famous St. Bernard dogs whose kennels are well worth visiting. Their keen sense of smell enables them to track and discover travellers buried in the snow, numbers of whom have been rescued by these noble and sagacious animals. The stock is said to have come originally from the Spanish Pyrenees, but the genuine old breed is extinct.

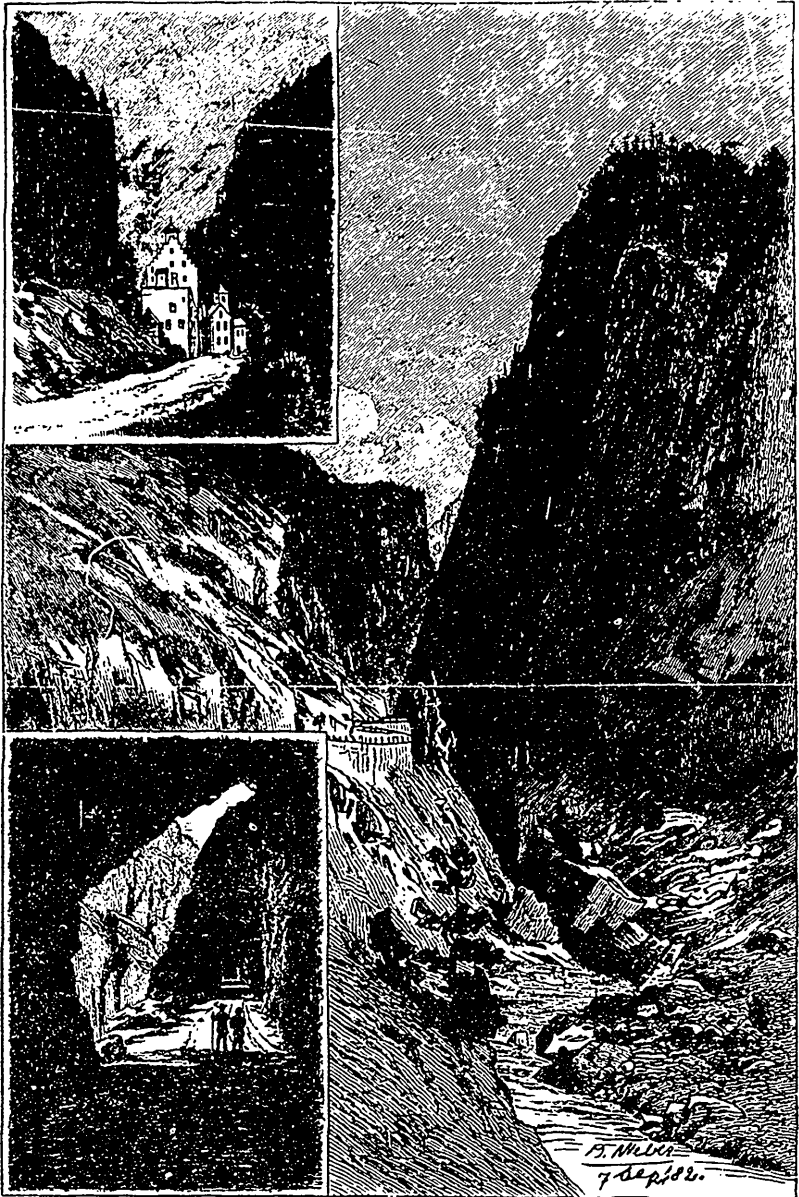
Of late years from 16,000 to 20,000 travellers have been annually accommodated, while the sum they have contributed barely amounts to what would be a moderate hotel-charge for a thousand guests. The expenses of the establishment are increasing. Provisions are generally brought from Aosta, and in July, August and September about twenty horses are employed daily in the transport of fuel from the Val Ferret, four hours distant.

No reward but consciousness of their Christian duty nobly done could induce the self-sacrificing monks to stop in this desolation of the clouds and storm, to minister to the lost and worn-out traveller. At the mountain top, where the hospice stands, it is always, even in summer-time, cold and dreary and desolate. The monks go up in youth, but seldom withstand the severity of the



HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD AND CHARNEL HOUSE.

climate beyond a few years, when they come down to the mild valley of the Rhone, to recuperate or die. The strange attractions at the hospice are the charnel house and the dogs of the St. Bernard. The charnel house, or morgue, is filled with the dried-



1. GONDO. 2. RAVINE OF GONDO. 3. INTERIOR OF THE GONDO GALLERY.

up remains, or the bleached bones of poor mortals who have frozen to death in attempting to cross the pass. The bodies are piled into the morgue just as they were found, and the frozen

flesh and features tell the awful struggle between life and death. Some are recognized by friends and are taken away for burial, but many of the unfortunates were wandering workmen who, in daring the dread storm and the desolate pass, seeking something to do, have perished, leaving no trace as to who they were, or whether any friends in all the wide world would miss them at all. Some of the frozen figures lean against the walls of the little stone morgue like black statues, and retain the clenched hands, the back bowed to the storm, and the face of agony they bore when yielding to pain, exhaustion, and death—just when the lights of the Christian hospice shone too late across their hopeless way. A man, groping in the snow and dark, stands frozen stiff, with bowed head and extended arms. A mother clasps her child to her bosom in a frozen embrace of years, for both are dead and their stiffened bodies still pressed together will long haunt the memories of those who have ever entered this tomb of the frozen dead.

Amid the pleasure and novelty of the scene, the traveller is too apt to forget the dreariness of the eight or nine months of winter, when all the wayfarers are poor, when the cold is intense, the snow of great depth, and the dangers from storms frequent and imminent. It is then that the privations of the monks are most severe, and their services to their fellow-creatures are most invaluable.

The faithful dogs are still on duty at the St. Bernard, but like the monks, they are changing too, and Newfoundland dogs are gradually taking their place. It would be a wonder if any of the St. Bernard dogs were left; for dog-traders all over Europe sell genuine dogs of St. Bernard, and are inclined to frown, should any one suggest that a hundred thousand pups or so is a large breed from a dozen dogs.\*

At the commencement of the Ravine of Gondo, the wildest of all the Alpine defiles, Napoleon designed to erect a powerful fortress to maintain its neutrality. Ever wider grows the scene; ever steeper rise the granite walls, attaining a dizzy height; ever louder roars the tumultuous mountain-torrent in the depths of its rocky channel, as it forces its way with resistless vehemence through the boulders that impede its course. Terrific indeed is this ravine, and impressive in its savage grandeur: a symbol of the ceaseless struggles, never-resting energies, and tumultuous

\* The Rev. E. R. Young had a magnificent specimen procured for him by the Hon. Senator Sanford, of Hamilton. This intelligent and faithful animal more than once saved the life of the missionary by his fidelity and endurance.



SWISS GOAT-HERDS.

passions of the human heart! The celebrated Gallery of Gondo, a tunnel 19 feet in breadth and 15 feet in height, has been excavated for a distance of 683 feet through the stubbornest of rocks. During eight months a thousand men were employed on it night and day. For some distance the road is now excavated in the



living rock, and our wonder is excited by the boldness of its conception, the regularity of the lines, the massive stone walls, with their pillars and buttresses—a perfect and complete work of art in the midst of this stony wilderness!

One hour's walk below Gondo lies Isella, the Italian customs station. Midway between these two places, on an open, elevated spot, stands a little pillar, the boundary stone between Switzerland and Italy. With anxious longing our eyes follow the dusty road to a land

“Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie.”

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### SHELTERED.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

“Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my weakness, that the strength of Christ may cover me.”—2. Cor. xii., 9. R. V. (margin).

DEAR Lord, I lie still in the shelter  
Which Thy strength spreads over me;  
For I cannot go forth as others go,  
And share in their work for Thee.  
I am all too weak to take my part  
As one of the busy throng;  
And even the voice that would sound Thy praise  
Has grown too feeble for song.

But I can lie still in the shelter  
Of the strength which covers me;  
And I can rejoice in the weaknesses  
That draw me more close to Thee,—  
For I know so well that Thou art near,  
Though veiled from my mortal eyes,  
And I surely know that Thy choice for me  
Is kind and loving and wise.

So I'll lie quite still in the shelter  
Which Thy strength spreads over me,  
Till Thou biddest me leave my weaknesses  
And arise to dwell with Thee.  
Oh, then I shall serve Thee tirelessly,  
For they weary not above;  
Oh, then shall my voice untiringly sing  
The praise of Thy wondrous love!

TORONTO.

## MEDICAL MISSIONS.—DR. JOHN KENNETH MACKENZIE.

BY THE REV. J. V. SMITH, D.D.

MEDICAL missions are the picture language of the Church militant. The rudest and roughest, the simplest and most uneducated can understand the language of Christian love, kindness and charity. Though comparatively modern in conception, nevertheless, such missions have proved themselves to be a mighty power for good, and have often been the key to unlock doors of usefulness hitherto barred against the ordinary missionary. This sketch, however, is not so much to discuss the importance and value of medical missions as to give the outlines of a brief and beautiful life spent in this Christ-like work.

It is an old saying that "no mother knows whom she has in her cradle." On the 25th August, 1850, a child was born in the old town of Yarmouth, who was destined in the providence of God to leave behind him a record of which the Christian Church feels justly proud to-day. Little did Magaret MacKenzie dream as she rocked the cradle of her boy, on the banks of the Yare, that in the brief space of less than two score years he would carry health and healing to the homes and hearts of thousands in the Flowery Land of China; and that ere he had reached the meridian of life he would accomplish a work the influence of which on the cause of missions in that land no human sagacity could possibly estimate. Little did she think that "the boy of her tenderest care" would, in the course of thirty-eight fleeting years, find his grave in a foreign land, and "return no more nor see his native country." Yet such was to be the tale of the young child's life.

Young MacKenzie is spoken of as being of a reserved, retiring disposition. Although not without faults of temper, he had a very tender and sympathizing heart. He was usually ready to defend any position he took up with chivalrous vigour, for his mind was not of that type which finds yielding easy.

As the years went on under the constraining love of Christ he became fully consecrated to the Master's service. The graces of the Spirit blossomed out in his life in rarest beauty. Few men have lived a life of such practical holiness, such unworldliness of spirit and such entire consecration to the well-being of his fellow men. The ideal of the poet found delightful expression in the life of "our beloved physician."

O God, that I could waste my life for others,  
With no ends of my own!

That I could pour myself into my brothers,  
And live for them alone !

Active service for Christ, in whatever sphere our lot may be cast, is unquestionably the blessed secret of growth in the Christian life; a secret which our hero was not long in finding out, for at the very outset of his Christian discipleship, he lost no opportunity of inducing others to share the joy which filled his own heart. Such opportunities of service increased rapidly, as is invariably the case when heart and hands are alike ready to do the Master's will.

Eager to gain proficiency in public speaking, with the hope of making himself meet for the Master's use, he with several others decided to meet together for mutual improvement in this respect. The place chosen for the gathering of the little company was a broken-down cow-shed about two miles away from the town of Yarmouth, and the hour *five o'clock in the morning*. A youth who is willing to subject himself to such discipline as that, has in him the stuff out of which heroes are made. From the earliest days of his realization of life in Christ, MacKenzie's one idea had been to follow the Master closely.

The steps which led to his becoming a medical missionary in China are graphically described by his charming biographer; but let us lift the curtain upon the scene of his initial labours—Hankow—a field large and grand enough for the ambition of any man whose heart is fired with an intense desire to help his fellow-men to Christ and heaven. Hankow is known in the language of the Flowery Land as the "Heart of the Empire." It is the Liverpool of Central China.

Upon arriving in a foreign land it is often a great trial to the young missionary to feel how complete is the barrier formed by his ignorance of the language between himself and the people to whom he longs to proclaim the glad news of salvation through a risen and glorified Saviour; MacKenzie was no exception to this experience, but with characteristic energy he set himself to overcome this great difficulty. In his diary he somewhat quaintly tells us how he began the task :

" I had my first lesson in Chinese this afternoon. My teacher, Yang by name, is a very happy, light-hearted fellow, a Christian ; I like him exceedingly. He assists Dr. Reid in the hospital, so that we are brother medicals, he teaches me thus : we sit down together with the same book, he calls over a word and I try to imitate him, my mouth is forced into all sorts of odd shapes, and I struggle on. The idea is first to get the proper sound, the meaning afterwards, and then, the most difficult of all, to learn the characters. We go on for about three hours until I am tired of repeating sounds after him."

Notwithstanding the formidable character of the task, he soon overcame it; for not many months pass by until we find him speaking to the people in their own tongue of the glorious Gospel of Christ.

It is not possible to give any detailed account of the good work which, with God's blessing, Dr. MacKenzie was able to perform in alleviating suffering in the wards of the Hankow hospital. Suffice it to say that he always made medicine the hand-maid of the Gospel, seeking, through the administration of medical relief, to advance the cause of Christ, and thereby carrying out to the very letter the words of Scripture. "And He sent them to preach the Gospel and to heal the sick." During the first year of his labours a total of one thousand, one hundred and thirty-seven patients were treated in the wards of the hospital, while nearly twelve thousand out-patients attended the dispensary. It is not to be wondered at that his fame as a physician, and especially as a surgeon, spread throughout the entire city, affording him at times exceptional opportunities for putting in a word for the Christ he loved and served so well.

The results of Dr. MacKenzie's labours in this city, both physically and spiritually, were all that could be desired, and to human eyes it seemed as if a future of happy and successful labour lay before him in the field which he had chosen; but God's ways are not as our ways, and daily the angels of Providence are saying to His children, "arise and depart, for this is not your rest."

Life is full of sorrows and mysteries, but sometimes "our Father" allows His perplexed children to see, even in this world, how He can "turn life's sore riddle to our good." He shows us how His plan of a man's life is far nobler and higher than ours can be, and that He can make the disappointments that shatter our programmes the stepping stones to higher service.

So it was with Dr. MacKenzie; to his mind there appeared clear indications that God had work for him to do in another part of the Celestial Empire. In a brief article like this there is no time to follow the steps by which he came to that conclusion. After pathetic touches relating to his departure from Hankow, and some breezy passages concerning his journey to his "Northern Home," we find him settled in Tien-Tsin, which was to be the scene of his most remarkable achievements both as a physician and as a missionary.

There was nothing very encouraging in this field of toil when he arrived; the outlook was anything but hopeful. The institution, *i.e.* the medical dispensary, was destitute of funds and things generally were in a very depressed condition. "We prayed much

about it. I was brought to feel that there was no help in man, but that God would open a way," says Dr. MacKenzie.

A petition was drawn up to the Viceroy, setting forth the advantages of establishing an hospital for the Chinese, telling him what had been done elsewhere, in medical missionary enterprises, and soliciting his aid. The memorial was drawn up in Chinese, and through the courtesy of a consular friend, was presented directly to the Viceroy with many kindly words of support. The Viceroy here referred to was none other than the famous Li Hung-Chang, the ruler of the metropolitan province, and one of the guardians of the young Emperor while under age. It is he who orders iron-clads from England, and Krupp's heavy guns from Germany. He has almost despotic power, and is looked upon as one of the most enlightened of Chinese statesmen, and stands in the very front rank of the Party of Progress.

Nearly two months passed away before any definite reply came to the petition, and then it came in a way that they knew not. During these weary weeks of waiting, many earnest prayers went up to heaven, till at last the answer came in an unexpected fashion. The record is simple but very suggestive.

"It was August 1st, and the day of our weekly prayer-meeting, when the missionaries and native helpers met for prayer and consultation. Our subject that morning was the words of the Lord, "Ask and it shall be given you." And again we pleaded for an answer to the memorial, and that God would remember our medical mission needs. While we were praying, the Lord was already answering. That same morning a member of the English Legation, closeted with the Viceroy, observed that he was very sad; on asking the reason, the reply was, 'My wife is seriously ill—dying; the doctors have told me this morning she cannot live,' 'Well,' said the Englishman, why don't you get the help of the foreign doctors in Tien-Tsin, they may be able to do something even yet.' At first the Viceroy objected that it would be quite impossible for a Chinese lady of rank to be attended by a foreigner; but by-and-bye his own good sense, led by God's spirit, triumphed, and he sent down a courier for Dr. Irwin and for me. It was just as the prayer-meeting was breaking up that the courier arrived with his message. Here was the answer to our prayers."

The case was a very serious one, but through the medical skill of Dr. MacKenzie and his colleague, attended with the blessing of God, in answer to the unceasing prayer of God's people, the wife of the Viceroy recovered. After this it is needless to say that the "memorial" received the most favourable consideration of Li Hung-Chang. He was so much impressed with the importance of their work that he set apart an entire quadrangle of one of the finest buildings in Tien-Tsin for dispensary work and, if necessary, for the reception of in-patients. He also put over the

entrance of the building a tablet with his three titles, and beneath them the words "Free Hospital."

"In thus giving me the use of his name, and taking upon himself the support of the work, His Excellency knows that I am a Christian missionary, and will make use of every opportunity for the furtherance of the Gospel,"—noble words from a noble man! But the work did not stop here, day after day it grew upon the hands of our indefatigable missionary and his faithful coadjutors, until it became evident to all that a new hospital, thoroughly equipped in all its departments, was absolutely necessary to meet the growing requirements of the work.

Once more Dr. MacKenzie and his little band gather around the mercy seat and spread their wants before God. What was the result? Subscriptions, almost entirely from Chinese sources, came pouring in upon them, and in a short while they were in a position to "go forward." A splendid hospital was built, every way adapted for their work, supplied, through the liberality of the Viceroy, with an abundance of drugs, surgical instruments, appliances, etc., rivalling in the completeness of its equipment the famous hospitals of Europe and America. "God gave it to us," was the invariable remark which Dr. MacKenzie used to make to all who came to visit the place, or examine the work they were doing. To a man like MacKenzie, whose heart was thoroughly intent on the conversion of the soul, as well as the healing of the body, what splendid opportunities were put within his reach for circulating the Gospel throughout the length and breadth of the land; nor were these opportunities ever allowed to pass unimproved. The missionary was never lost in the physician. The surgeon was never allowed to over-shadow the Saviour. His personal conviction of the importance and value of medical missions, is very strongly and clearly put.

"It seems to me," he says, "with my experience of missions, to be a very foolish thing that the churches at home do not take up more earnestly the subject of medical missions. In a land like China there should be a medical missionary in every station, particularly for pioneer work in the interior. I believe I could go and settle anywhere, acting cautiously and wisely, and be undisturbed by the people; and so could any medical missionary after some experience. And yet they have a bare handful of qualified men in China in the various missions."

Dr. MacKenzie was not only a medical missionary, but he was an enthusiastic evangelist in the best and broadest sense of the word. He was not satisfied with ministering to the crowds which flocked to the hospital. He felt there was work to be done for

Christ outside the hospital, and as far as opportunity offered, he esteemed it an honour to go and do it. "What a glorious thing" he exclaims, "it is to be engaged in such a service! Spiritual results can never die, but must go on to eternity."

Subsequently a medical college was established in connection with the hospital over which Dr. MacKenzie had the oversight. His responsibilities, already large, were now much increased. He was probably the busiest man in China. Not only had he the sole care of the hospital, and the after-strain of watching over numberless cases when serious operations had been performed, he was also a whole medical faculty in himself, teaching anatomy, physiology, medicine, surgery, and other allied branches of study. Yet he says, "I was never better than I am at present. I attribute it largely to rising early and taking active exercise on horseback, this is my only recreation." Thereby illustrating Lauder Brunton's famous saying, "the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse." There is lots of sound philosophy in the remark, as hundreds can testify from experience.

In recognition of the valuable services rendered by Dr. MacKenzie to the students of the medical school, the Viceroy mentioned the matter in a memorial to the throne, and the Emperor was pleased to confer on Dr. MacKenzie an Imperial decoration, "The Star of the Order of the Double Dragon." This decoration speaks volumes of the high appreciation in which our beloved missionary was held, and in Chinese official society it gave him a standing which greatly increased his influence.

Spiritually he was always at high-water mark, and that saved him from falling into many a hurtful snare. He was willing to become a fool for Christ's sake, and many of the world so regarded him. They could not understand why a man endowed with such marvellous skill in his profession, and having so many opportunities for making a fortune, should so calmly throw such splendid chances away. If ever a man, by the force of a divine life within, was lifted out of the mire of selfishness, that man was Dr. MacKenzie. It was not merely an enthusiasm for humanity that made him willing to give up his life and worldly prospects for the benefit of the millions of China. The motive that impelled him, amid labours abundant, was nothing less than a consuming love for his divine Master.

The influence of a life like his does not end when the grave covers him from sight; such lives "create an epidemic for nobleness," and make us press our fellow-men all the more closely to our hearts because such men have lived.

It was his meat and drink to work for Christ. Writing to his father, he says:

“It is a great privilege to serve the Lord in China. I feel so thankful to God for giving me this honour. In our hospital work we are daily meeting with men who have never heard of the way of salvation, and it is our delightful privilege to tell them of a Saviour, mighty to save. It is our joy to see from among these lifeless souls men truly born again. It is a wonderful sight to see a dead soul come to life again; no wonder there is joy in heaven.”

And so this noble life ran on from year to year, filling its busy hours with divinest service, and when climbing up to the bright meridian of almost unparalleled usefulness and success, when to mortal eyes it seemed as if he was the last man that China could spare, God whispered to His faithful servant, “Come up higher.”

Fever laid its burning hand upon him, and in less than a week he was not, for God took him. Among his last words we hear him saying, “Oh, it’s all right; I am quite ready to go.” “Yes, I am quite ready, whichever way it is. I only want the Lord’s will to be done.” Turning over on his side he remarked, “Oh, this is so restful, I feel as if I could sleep so well for such a long time,” and so he seemed to peacefully rest till “the weary wheels of life stood still.”

“There seemed to be something specially beautiful,” says his biographer, “in the time of his release.” “Very early in the morning, while it was yet dark,” on Easter Day, 1888, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, “God’s finger touched him, and he slept” in Jesus. The funeral took place on the afternoon of the day following his death. It was a lovely afternoon, the air balmy and fragrant with the breath of peach blossoms. Large crowds of Chinese, whose special friend he was, thronged the road to the cemetery, and on many a face were marks of deep and heartfelt sorrow, as they stood by Dr. MacKenzie’s open grave. There in the quiet churchyard, in the land of his adoption, among the people whom he loved and lived for, the tired body lies sleeping, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

“Sleep on beloved, sleep, and take thy rest,  
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour’s breast;  
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best,  
Good-night.

“Until the shadows from this earth are cast,  
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,



Until the twilight gloom is over-past,  
Good-night.

“Until the Easter glory lights the skies,  
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,  
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,  
Good-night.

“Only ‘Good-night,’ beloved, not ‘Farewell’ ;  
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell  
In hallowed union indivisible,  
Good-night.

“Until we meet again before the throne,  
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,—  
Until we know even as we are known,  
Good-night.”

TORONTO.

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THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

THEY do neither plight nor wed  
In the city of the dead,  
In the city where they sleep away the hours ;  
But they lie, while o'er them range  
Winter blight and summer change,  
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers,  
No, they neither wed nor plight,  
And the day is like the night,  
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh  
In the burgh of by-and-bye,  
Where the streets have grasses growing, cool and long ;  
But they rest within their bed,  
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,  
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.  
No, they neither sigh nor sing,  
Though the robin be a-wing,  
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace  
In the city of surcease ;  
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun ;  
And the wings of the swift years  
Beat but gently o'er the biers,  
Making music to the sleepers, everyone.  
There is only peace and rest ;  
But to them it seemeth best,  
For they lie at ease, and know that life is done.

## THE VOICE OF HISTORY.

BY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,

*Archdeacon of Westminster Abbey.*

“That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him.”—Acts xvii. 27.

It seems to me of especial importance, in days of decaying faith, to point out the many voices in which God speaks to us. The great lessons in His sacred Book do not stand alone; they are illustrated and reinforced by His lessons in other and widely different books.

I will speak of the voice of history, of God as manifested in His dealings with the race of men. But let me from the first entreat you to believe that now and always it will be my desire to preach not a scholastic sermon, or a fanciful sermon, or any sermon but such as may, by God's grace helping my feebleness, help us in the endeavour to be better men, and, therefore, also better citizens, profitable members of the Church and commonwealth, and hereafter partakers of the immortal glory of the resurrection.

And where, let me pause to ask, could history be more fitly spoken of as the source of divine teaching than in this Minster, which is the most historical church in the world? You are gathered here to-day at the very centre of the history of the English people, a history as sacred and as instructive as any other in the world. For eleven centuries at least, have our annals been more or less closely connected with the sacredness of the spot. No building in the world—not St. Peter's at Rome, nor the cathedrals of Florence or of Milan, or of France; not the Kremlin at Moscow, not the Escorial in Spain, nor the Kaaba at Mecca, can show us such a succession of historic scenes so rich in interest and pathos. Nowhere has human sympathy been poured forth in such torrents, in ways so great and various and over so vast an epoch of time. In yonder chapel you have the bones of the Sainted Confessor, the tombs of kings and queens which were venerable when Shakespeare wrote. Yonder is the helmet that shone at Agincourt, and the sword that conquered France; there is the first contemporary portrait of any English sovereign, of Richard II., baptized, crowned, wedded, buried in this Abbey, and in part its builder. On the walls of yonder aisle are sculptured the scenes of Barbarossa, of Saint Louis, of Simon de Montfort. On that spot has every English sovereign since the days of

William the Conqueror been crowned. There Plantagenets and Tudors were anointed; there sat, clothed in white satin, the king whose head fell from the scaffold; there the weight of the crown left a red scar on the forehead of Queen Anne; there fifty years ago sat the young girl who since has reigned longer than any of our sovereigns except Henry III. and George III., and, by God's blessing, far more happily than they. Your feet are on an empire's dust. On all sides of you are memorials of the statesmen, the soldiers, the sailors, the musicians, the poets, the orators who have made the kingdom great and kept it so.

All this magnificent pageant, starting as it were into life from the consecrated dust around us—does it mean nothing? Is it only a vast phantasmagoria of meaningless shadows? God forbid, and if not, I ask again, could there be a more fitting place wherein to speak of history as a teacher of mankind. You might say, perhaps, that history is a phenomenon so vast, so complicated, that we can make nothing of it, that our knowledge of it is at the best fragmentary, and that even of that very partial knowledge, much is imperfect and much uncertain. There are whole nations, whole races, whole dynasties of kings over which the iniquity of oblivion has scattered blindly her poppies. "What is history," asked Napoleon I., "but a fiction agreed upon?" "Don't read me history," said Sir Robert Walpole, for twenty-one years Prime Minister of England, "for I know that cannot be true." The answer to such remarks is, that history might be uncertain in thousands of minor details, but it is not uncertain in its wider issues. History is like a battle; it sways to and fro; it is full of shocks and flank movements, retreats and advances, rout and resistance, utterly confusing to those who take part in it. Nevertheless, we know in the evening which side has won or lost. It is like the sea upon the shore; you can scarcely tell at first while you look what each wave is doing; but wait for a moment and you will not fail to recognize whether the tide be in ebb or flood. So is it with the annals of mankind. We are each of us units in an immense procession passing for a brief moment between the darkness of birth and the darkness of the grave; we do not emerge for one gleaming instant between the two eternities of our way from God to God; but as surely as the changes of this planet are chronicled upon its tablets of rock, so surely does each generation leave behind it traces of its thoughts and words and deeds, and these, too, are written for our learning. Much in the Bible is simply history, and all history is the open Bible of God.

Of the many attempts to read aright the meaning of history, some have naturally been partial or erroneous, and of those I

may mention two. Fifteen hundred years ago, when the flood of barbarous nations was surging around the Roman Empire and had burst itself upon the gates of Rome, there lived a great father of the Church who was bishop of the African town of Hippo. The Vandals had been introduced into Africa by Count Boniface; they had sacked Carthage, and were besieging the town of which Augustine was bishop. To a desponding mind it might well have seemed as though Christianity itself had failed, as though the cross would be over-borne by floods of heresy and heathenism; nay, even as if in the wreck of civilization and of social institutions, the end of the world had come. But the faith of Augustine was not shaken. He wrote his famous "City of God" to prove even in those gloomy times that the world and man are governed by a Divine Providence. But he looked upon mankind throughout that book as falling into two irreconcilably hostile camps—the city of God and the city of Satan; the one destined to endless glory, the other mere fuel for the flame. The view is at best but one-sided. With far larger insight and loftier philosophy had St. Paul taught the philosophers of Athens that God had made of one flesh all nations, and appointed to each their times, and made them all His common care. The lines drawn by Augustine were too hard and too fast. He held the narrow and unscriptural maxim that outside the Church there is no salvation. He saw that in mankind there is a solidarity of guilt; but he failed to see that there is also a solidarity of redemption. The history of nations is not the mere story of a handful saved from universal deluge, any more than it is the chaos of madness and the tissue of absurdities which Goethe saw in it. God is not the Father of the elect only, but He is the Father after whom all fatherhood is named; and the Saviour of mankind said to His disciples: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

Again, if Augustine, perhaps still unconsciously influenced by the deep seated Manicheism of his early days, saw in mankind only an elect few and a ruined multitude, a cynical and stormy gospel of modern days, which is no Gospel, looks on mankind as only noticeable for the sake of its great men. This was the teaching of Carlyle. "Two hundred thousand men," said Napoleon to Prince Metternich; "what are two hundred thousand men to me?" This view, if certainly false, is also ignoble. Some men are but the children of their times, influenced by the spirits of millions of their unknown contemporaries. The multitude are not mere ciphers, the counters of the tyrant or the despot's slaves. The work of God in history is not to elevate this or that man like a Colossus, and leave all the

rest of us to peep about and find ourselves dishonourable graves, but it is to bless and ennoble the whole family of man. Mankind has but one single object—mankind itself; and that object has but one single instrument—mankind again. Alone of all religions, the Gospel which has given to mankind a nobler destiny than to be the footstool of a few is also infinitely tender to the individual even in his deepest feebleness. He who has made all nations is “not far from every one of us.” God does not care, Christ did not die for great men only. Their greatness may be no greatness at all to God. We weigh men by the dust grains of rank, or measure them by the molehill altitudes of human distinction; He, weighing in the balances of the sanctuary the eternal differences of holiness and vice, calls not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble: “He putteth down the mighty from their seat, and exalteth the humble and meek.”

God cares, then, for all mankind, but He cares for each individual man, however low and however poor. What lessons may all nations, and each man, learn from God’s dealings with them as recorded in the history of mankind. We may learn, first, surely, the refutation of the fool when he hath said in his heart, “There is no God.” The blind man might as well assert that there is no sun. All history, all Scripture, all nature, all experience refutes him. How can any man of ordinary intelligence study history and not see and hear God in it, whether in the hurricane, or in the fire, or in the earthquake, or in the still small voice. When Frederick William of Prussia ordered his chaplain to prove, in one sentence, the truth of religion, he answered, and the answer is full of meaning, “The Jews, your Majesty.”

But God was not more in the history of ancient Palestine than He is in the history of modern Europe. Take but a single proof which was alone sufficient to convince a great German historian. Nearly nineteen centuries ago, in an obscure corner of Asia, in the most despised province of a most despised and conquered land, lived one who said to His few disciples: “I am the Son of God.” For thirty years, for nearly His whole life, He was a carpenter of Nazareth; for three years only He lived and taught, mostly in poor and narrow Galilee, and for one of those years at least He was a hunted fugitive in half heathen countries with a price upon His head. Priests, Pharisees, the nobles and the masses, Jews and Gentiles, combined to slander, to scourge, to buffet, and at last to put Him to a death of shame. He left but an obscure handful of frightened Galilean followers. Is any man so senseless as to believe that without the manifest aid of God those few poor, ignorant provincial peasants could have imposed upon the scornful

and majestic world the endless adoration of One who had been crucified by a Roman official as a Jewish malefactor? The followers were a paltry band of fishermen and publicans, with all the intellect, all the culture of the world against them. Rank spat on them; intellect disdained them; the mob roared to fling them to the lions; the swords of thirty legions were bared to smite them to the dust; without art, without science, without force, without wealth, their faith grovelled and smouldered for two centuries amongst slaves and artisans, and more than one emperor thought and boasted that he had trampled them out forever; and yet before three centuries were over since Christ had died emperors had assumed the hated cross, armies had laid their weapons at its foot, and the most majestic of empires arrayed in the plenitude of worldly power had bowed upon its knees to worship Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Well might the baffled and dying Julian exclaim, if he ever did exclaim, "O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" Could there be two more stupendous proofs of the presence of God in history than Christianity and Christendom. What can account for so superb a triumph of the merest weakness? One fact and one only, the power of Christ's resurrection. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

And history, which is the preacher of God, is also a preacher of judgment. I know not whether the tale be true or false that when, after the bloody days of the Revolution, the spell of terror was broken which had paralyzed the energies of France, and Robespierre was being dragged on the tumbril to the guillotine, his jaws shattered by a pistol shot—I know not whether it be true that an old man, approaching the tumbril, said sadly, to the miserable tyrant: "Robespierre, there is a God," but certainly all history reverberates as in the thunders of Sinai. "Verily there is a God that judgeth the earth." How often has God confounded the Babels and dashed in pieces the invincible despotisms of the world. Read again the insolent words of Sennacherib when he threatened Judah with his immense array, and how Isaiah defied him, and how the Lord withered his arm in a single night with one blast of the Simoon. Read of the terror of that youth when the hosts of Syria encompassed Dothan, and how Elisha opening his eyes showed him the hills around the city crowded with chariots and horses of fire. Read on the medal which commemorated the destruction of the Spanish Armada the words: "He sent forth His wind and scattered them." "You trust," said Oliver Cromwell, "to the ditch that guards your coast. I tell you that if you break God's laws, it is not your ditch that will save you,"

and that was an infinitely wiser saying than the sneer of Napoleon, when he said : " I observe that God is usually on the side of the biggest battalions." How did God answer that taunt? In the year 1812 with bursts of cheering, the glittering files of France, and of her tributary kings to the number of 600,000 men, crossed the Nieman to invade Russia. They took Smolensk ; they won the bloody battle of Borodina ; they captured Moscow. The armies of Russia had to retire before him. Then God sent down upon them His soft, feathering flakes of feeble innocent snow, and the snows of God, the soft snows which a breath can melt, were too much for the strongest battalions. The French troops perished by myriads, and the Cossacks with their lances thrust out the miserable, frozen, famine-stricken remnant whom the northern winter had not slain. God was not that time on the side of the biggest battalions. Alexander, the Czar of Russia, understood the truth if Napoleon did not, and on his commemorative medal was carved the words : " Not to me, not to us, but unto Thy name."

Once more, history, the revealer of God, the revealer of judgment, is also the preacher of great moral verities. Apply the test to any nation you like, in any age you like, and you will find invariably that the strength of nations depends neither on their gold, nor on their iron, nor on their multitudes, nor on their armies, nor on their ironclads and forts, nor on their trade, nor on anything but the faithfulness of their sons to justice and the moral law. A nation morally corrupt is invariably a nation physically weak. Nay, more, the change may come in a few years. When, for instance, was England at the nadir of her degradation? Was it not when she was at the very nadir of her morals? Was it not in the days of the Stuart restoration? Harlots toyed with her crown in the gilded chambers of Whitehall ; her dissolute king was the perjured pensioner of France. A few years earlier it seemed as if under the stern and righteous rule of Puritanism the unclean spirit had been cast out, but now that unclean spirit returned upon England with seven other spirits more wicked than himself. Under Charles II., the name of England became a proverb and a hissing, as under the Puritans the name of England had been feared and honoured in every land. In 1652 Blake began to found our naval supremacy ; in 1653 he won against the Dutch the great battle of Portland ; in 1655 he crushed the pirates of Tunis and Algiers ; in 1656 he destroyed the fleets of Spain at Teneriffe. He was buried in Westminster Abbey by Cromwell. In 1661 his body was dug up by Charles II. A few years later under such a king, and amid

that foul orgie of national reaction upon Puritan morality, the Dutch, whom Blake swept into darkness, were burning our English shipping in the very mouth of the river Thames.

Yes, national crime is a thing that God will reckon with. Did not God tell the Jews five thousand years ago, that if they committed iniquity ten thousand of them should flee at the rebuke of ten—at the rebuke of one should they flee? Take one other instance. Why did a mere handful of English traders, fugitives from the tyranny of kings and priests, face and overthrow in America the mighty feudalism of France and the brutal bigotry of Spain? Because God had reserved the New World for a better destiny than the tender mercies of tyrants and inquisitors. History, then, is, as a living historian has told us, a voice ever sounding across the centuries the eternal distinctions of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on tablets of eternity. For every false word and unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid in the end. Justice and truth alone can endure and live; injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but Doomsday comes to them at last.

To conclude, then, history is an unbroken continuity of causes and effects, and to those causes and effects every one of you, every man and woman among you, contributes. Good and bad results are not matters of accident. Two and two make four in history and experience fully as much as they do in arithmetic. The results of history are the necessary consequence of obeying or of breaking the great laws of life which are the great laws of God. Social wrongs end in social revolutions. National iniquity means national decay. Nudity and rags come not of chance. They mean indolence and vice. Disease is, in large measure, intemperance and impurity taken at later stages of their career. Man is born for holiness as the trees of the forest for light, and if he breaks the law of his being, he must take the consequences. The history of the world is, as Schiller says, the judgment of the world. It is God's constant decision between His will and our will; it is God's continuous condemnation of human egotism, of drunkenness, and theft, and hatred, and lust, and crime.

And if all this be so, if history be indeed a constant inflow of God on all human affairs, if it be a civil theology of Divine Providence, we, here in England, have much to fear and much to do. There is an awful accumulation of poverty and pauperism, there is an ever-growing mass of dark, subterranean, impenetrable blackguardism, there is the ever-deepening misery of multitudes crushed into filthy streets under a foul air, in a condition which



has been described by a living philosopher as being cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more squalid than that of a South Sea Islander. In the upper classes there is too much of lax morals, gilded frivolity, voluptuous self-indulgence, callous selfishness, and at the other extreme there are slums where men kick their wives, and women starve and strangle their babes, and both of them alike never use the name of God but to give emphasis to a curse, or to gain credence for a lie. In these slums breeds the triple-headed monster of infidelity, impurity and death.

It is little that any one of us may seem to be able to do against these growing evils, and yet not one of us can evade the responsibilities which God has laid upon us. Every one of you, as well as any minister of religion, every one of you, if the New Testament be true, is a priest of God; every one of you is in his measure accountable to God for his neighbour and his brother; every one of you, the boy at school, the clerk in his office, the employer of labour, the youth in the shop, the father of a family, is helping either to wreck others upon the reef or to steer them to port. Which is each of you—a priest of God or a priest of evil? The cruel man who lives in the spirit of hatred and malice is a priest, not of God but of Moloch; the base, greedy, dishonest man who only lives to scrape up money is a priest, not of God but of Mammon; the corrupt, unclean, dissolute man is a priest, not of God but of Beelzebub, the god of filth.

Every one among you who is a bettor, or a gambler, or a cheat, or a drunkard, or a liar, or a corruptor of others, is hastening the ruin of England as surely as he is consummating his own. He is a curse to the world as well as to himself. It is the devil's saying which says of any one that he is no man's enemy but his own, for if he be his own enemy he is the enemy of others. His bad example is a spiritual empoisonment, it is the teaching of a sacrilege, it is the worship of a demon. Vice is not only an evil to the strong, it is also a crime against the feeble whom it helps to corrupt. We live in a dangerous time, and it may be too late if we have not known the day of our visitation, to avert those dangers. Blinded by passion, steeped in ignorance, having lost or rendered flaccid the moral fibre of older days, we may with a light heart ruin kingdoms and barter away the inheritance of ages. England may become the worst bane of England's greatness, and

Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,  
Do shameful execution on herself.

But whatever may be coming upon us, whatever be right, what ever be wrong, we may take this comfort, that if we still are, if

we continue to be, a righteous and God-fearing nation, we may commit error, but in that case we can never be wholly cast down. In any case the best Christian is the best citizen. He who does his duty from day to day as under a sovereign law and an all-seeing eye to the best of his power as he can understand it; he who has a strong will, the servant of a tender conscience; he who, in a pure and manly life of such services as he has it in his power to render to his fellow-men, strives always and with all his might to do justly and love mercy and to walk humbly with his God, that man, as he is a true Christian, so also is he the best of patriots, the best supporter and defender of his country. Such a man need fear nothing. God will guard him from all evil in this life, or overrule it to his deeper blessedness in the life beyond, and when the last wave of death's river has closed over him he shall hear the voice of the Saviour saying to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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THE MEASURE.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"He comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure."—ISAIAH xl. 12.

"Thou givest them tears to drink in great measure."—PSALM lxxx. 5.

GOD the Creator, with a pulseless hand  
 Of unoriginated power, hath weighed  
 The dust of earth and tears of man in one  
     Measure, and by one weight,  
 So saith His Holy Book.

Shall we, then, who have issued from the dust,  
 And there return,—shall we, who toil for dust,  
 And wrap our winnings in this dusty life,  
     Say, "No more tears, Lord God!  
 The measure runneth o'er?"

O holder of the balance, laughest thou?  
 Nay, Lord! be gentler to our foolishness,  
 For His sake who assumed our dust and turns  
     On Thee pathetic eyes  
 Still moistened with our tears.

And teach us, O our Father, while we weep,  
 To look in patience upon earth and learn—  
 Waiting in that meek gesture, till at last  
     These tearful eyes be filled  
 With the dry dust of death.

A CHEQUERED LIFE.—THOMAS COOPER, CHARTIST  
AND POET.

BY THE EDITOR.



THOMAS COOPER.

THE story of almost any human life, if it be truly told, cannot fail to be of deep, of thrilling interest. What momentous issues, what tremendous consequences of endless weal or woe, does it not involve! But there are some lives, which, by reason of their striking influence upon others, and their originative powers for good or ill, especially deserve a thoughtful study. Such a life was that of the late Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, poet,

sceptic, and Christian philosopher. Cooper has given us ample material for the investigation of his character in his admirable autobiography, one of the most remarkable books of recent times, of which we shall freely avail ourself.\* Only in the England of the Chartist period, we think, could such a life be lived; for there, and there alone, did the social forces exist which could develop such a character.

Cooper's father was a Yorkshire Quaker, who, after a voyage to India and back, made his living as an itinerant dyer. His mother was Lincolnshire born, and from the period of her widowhood, which occurred when her son was four years old, dwelt in the pleasant town of Gainsborough, on the winding river Trent. Here young Cooper lived from his fourth to his twenty-ninth year. He was born in 1805, and died this year in his 87th year. Among his early comrades were Thomas Miller, who lightened a life of lowly toil with prose and poetical composition, subsequently addicting himself to literature; and our own late Dr. Enoch Wood, to whom Cooper makes loving reference in his autobiography. The two boyhood friends, whose lives have lain so far

\* *The Life of Thomas Cooper, Written by Himself.* Fifth Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 12mo., pp. 400. The substance of this article appeared in the *New York Christian Advocate.*

asunder, maintained, in their latter years, an intimate correspondence, and renewed the memories of their youthful days beside the meandering Trent.

Cooper was indebted for much of his early religious instruction to the Gainsborough Methodist Sunday-school and chapel. Among his boyish recollections were those of the stirring victories of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, and Vittoria; and the more sorrowful ones of the hard struggle of his widowed mother for a living, oppressed by the heavy war taxes and the high price of food. Bunyan's immortal dream, the grand old ballad of "Chevy Chase," and Byron's "Childe Harold" first awakened his literary taste; and he became a Chartist in sympathy at twelve, through reading the Radical press of the day. In his fourteenth year he became deeply convinced of sin through the street preaching of the Primitive Methodists, and joined the Society, but without experiencing the change of heart he sought. At fifteen he began to work at shoemaking, and for eight years devoted most of his waking hours to that employment, never earning more than ten shillings a week. But they were glorious years of mental toil, self-denial, and earnest self-improvement.

His Methodist associations helped to make a man of him; but the writings of Volney and Voltaire, for he was an omnivorous reader, poured their leprous distilment in his ear, and, for a time, tinctured his mind with their specious scepticism. A settled plan of self-education now possessed his soul. About his twentieth year he began the study of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French without a master; rising at three or four in the morning, repeating his declensions and conjugations while working at his shoemaker's bench, not even pausing during his meals. He worked till eight or nine at night, and then studied till he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Too poor to have a fire, he wrapped himself in his mother's cloak and kept shuffling his feet while he read, to keep off cold and drowsiness. He mastered the controversial works of Paley, Sherlock, Butler, Stillingfleet, and Warburton; completed an extensive course of historical and poetical reading; devoured the volumes of Scott and Irving as they came from the press; and had learned by heart the whole of "Hamlet" and four books of "Paradise Lost," when outraged nature revolted against the strain of excessive toil of body and mind on insufficient and innutritious food, and the overwrought youth fell from his chair and for nine weeks lay in utter lassitude on his lowly couch of pain and poverty.

On his recovery Cooper started a school, devoting himself with the utmost enthusiasm to the work, and often spending from five in the morning till nine at night in the school-room. Now came

a critical era in his religious history. He attended sedulously the Independent chapel and the parish church, and partook of the Lord's Supper; but the peace of mind he sought for came not. He resolved to go to the Methodists and try if he could find among them a cure for his heart-ache. Four months of deep penitence passed away before he could rest upon the atonement of Christ.

The "Life of Bramwell" kindled his soul into a flame to seek the blessing of entire sanctification. He read it on his knees at three o'clock in the morning. He studied the writings of Wesley and Fletcher, and Methodist biography—true *vita sanctorum* as pure and lofty as the world has ever seen. While on his knees in a cottage prayer-meeting, singing with rapt fervour the sublime hymn, "Come, O thou Traveller unknown" he entered into the liberty of the higher Christian life. The example was infectious. Hundreds of the circuit sought and many found the like blessing. For months he walked in spiritual ecstasy, beneath the shadow of the Almighty's wing. He could conceive no higher beatitude in heaven itself. He had prayer in school four times a day, and for months never struck a lad; but tenderly and lovingly reformed the erring into wistful submission. One day, when weak in body and weary in mind, under great provocation he struck a disobedient boy. The school seemed horror-stricken, and gazed on him with astonished commiseration as if on a fallen angel. He was choking with tears and felt heart-broken. He tried to recover his lost holiness, but with only partial and transient success. He had been already employed as local preacher. He threw himself into the work with characteristic zeal, often walking home six or eight miles on Sunday night. Frequently shouts of praise and sobs and tears interrupted the service, and not a few attributed their conversion to his labours.

Cooper somewhat summarily dismisses the subject of his courtship and marriage in fifteen lines. His new passion effloresced into poetry which died almost with the hour that gave it birth; but his good Methodist wife proved a true helpmeet during a chequered career of many years.

The active part taken by Cooper in opposing the return of an inefficient, not to say unworthy, minister, led to what he considered his persecution by the latter, and to his estrangement from Methodism, and weak and wicked alienation from the faith of Christ. Thus from want of tact and conciliation a noble heart and mind were lost to the Church of his choice, and sent wandering into the mazes of infidelity.

He now threw himself into secular pursuits; studied with avidity French, Italian, German, chemistry, and music; and organized a choral society which rendered the principal oratorios

as they were never before heard in the cathedral city of Lincoln, where he now lived.

About his thirtieth year Cooper formed his first connection with the press, which he was so largely to use during the rest of his busy life. His newspaper career, he confesses, became to him "the cause of real corruption of heart and hardening of the feelings." He became a literary Bohemian and ardent politician, throwing up an engagement worth £300 a year. He was soon drawn into the great vortex of London life. Here he spent two years, eagerly scanning the daily advertisements for employment, copying in the British Museum, or cataloguing for the publishers, writing tales and sketches for the magazines, and keeping up his linguistic studies till every grammar, dictionary, and other book, and every spare article of apparel or furniture was pawned. Meantime he heard all the great London preachers, and used to visit *in the dusk* (for his clothes would not bear the daylight) its parks and gardens.

He now moved to Leicester, where the miseries of the "stockingers," starving on four-and-sixpence a week, made him a Chartist. He espoused with enthusiasm the cause of the poor and oppressed, became the editor of the "Chartist Rushlight," at a salary of thirty shillings a week, and a political agent in their interest. During the stormy elections of the Anti-Corn Law agitation he "drank the joy of battle with his peers" in political contest. After one flaming speech he was ignominiously "snuffed out" by a huge tin extinguisher dropped over his head. With a good conscience apparently, he distributed the gold, intended to bribe the electors, among the poor, starving, voteless stockingers.

The following are specimens of the often spirit-stirring hymns wrung from the hearts of free-born Englishmen by the hunger-pangs of wife and babes:

"Britannia's sons, though slaves ye be,  
God, your Creator, made you free ;  
He, life and thought and being gave,  
But never, never made a slave !"

"Sons of poverty assemble,  
Ye whose hearts with woe are riven,  
Let the guilty tyrants tremble,  
Who your hearts such pain have given ;  
We will never from the shrine of truth be driven.

"Rouse them from their silken slumbers,  
Trouble them amidst their pride :  
Swell your ranks, augment your numbers,  
Spread the Charter far and wide :  
Truth is for us : God Himself is on our side."

“God of the earth, and sea, and sky,  
To Thee Thy mournful children cry ;  
Sadness and gloom pervade the land ;  
Death, famine, glare on either hand.

“Father our frames are sinking fast ;  
Hast Thou our names behind Thee cast ?  
Our sinless babes with hunger die ;  
. Our hearts are hardening !—Hear our cry !”

In the following touching lines Cooper records the death of his venerated mother, about the period now referred to :

“I laid her near the dust  
Of her oppressor ; but no gilded verse  
Tells how she toiled to win her child a crust,  
And, fasting, still toiled on ; no rhymes rehearse  
How tenderly she strove to be the nurse  
Of truth and nobleness in her loved boy,  
Spite of his rags.”

He organized a Chartist religious association, and a Sunday-school for men and boys, whose classes bore the heroic names of Sidney, Marvel, Hampden, Milton, Tell, Washington, Cobbett, and other historic lovers of liberty. He gave Sunday evening addresses and published a Chartist hymn-book, partly of his own composition. His schemes for the mental improvement of the poor weavers failed. “What do we care for reading,” they said, “if we can get nowt to eat?” Five hundred starving men paraded the town, chanting a litany of sorrow and begging for bread. Babes died on their mothers’ withered breasts, and men were nerved to desperation by hunger. “I wish they would hang me,” said one ; “for two days I have lived on cold potatoes, and to-day have eaten one raw.”

“Let us be patient, lads,” said a pious stockinger, “surely God Almighty will help us soon.”

“Don’t talk about thy Goddle Mighty,” was the sneering rejoinder, “there isn’t any, or he wouldn’t let us suffer as we do.”

Cooper’s Sunday evening discourses became more fierce and bitter. He drifted more and more towards Socialism. Let us not blame him too harshly. His soul yearned for the suffering poor. The workhouses were crowded with paupers, while the British Bread Tax, the hated Corn Laws, enriched the landowners at the expense of the very flesh and blood of the British serfs. Cooper became a preacher of the People’s Charter, the granting of which it was fondly hoped would bring political and social regeneration; and above all cheap bread to the starving multitudes. He was elected delegate to the great Chartist Convention at Manchester in 1842. A “sacred month” was proclaimed, during which no

work should be done, in the hope that the social cataclysm would wrest the Charter from the governing classes. The country was convulsed. Soon for fifty miles around Manchester not a loom was at work. The Staffordshire colliers were on strike. Wild torchlight processions and tumultuous gatherings made hideous the night; and in the agricultural counties the midnight glare of burning ricks told that the demon of destruction was abroad. Armed collision between Chartists and the authorities took place. Cavalry and artillery patrolled the streets. A reign of terror prevailed. Many innocent persons were slain. Birmingham, after a riot, resembled a city sacked by a merciless foe.\* A monster petition, bearing over three millions of signatures, was carried on the shoulders of a dozen men, and presented to the House of Commons. Menacing processions were formed. Such at length was the terror that in 1848, when the throes of the French Revolution were shaking every throne in Europe, London was almost in a state of siege. Plans were formed for firing the city—conspiracies rivalling in atrocity the famous Rye House, or Meal Tub plots. One hundred and seventy thousand special constables were sworn in, among them Prince Louis Napoleon. The Tower guns were mounted. The Bank of England and Post Office were filled with soldiers. Troops were posted, cannon planted, and barricades formed in the streets. By a merciful Providence an insurrection was averted, and the repeal of the odious Corn Laws brought peace and plenty and contentment to the famishing population.†

Cooper was implicated in the Hanley riot, although taking no personal part in it. He was arrested, manacled, and with eight hundred others imprisoned in Stafford Gaol. He was tried for arson, a capital offence, but ably defended himself, and was acquitted and freed after eleven weeks' imprisonment.

Undaunted in his advocacy of the people's rights, he plunged again into Chartist agitation; and, his affairs being greatly in-

\* "The Duke of Wellington stated in his place in the House of Lords, that in all his military experience, he had never known a town taken by storm to be worse treated by the troops than Birmingham had been by the mob."—*Molesworth's History of England*. Vol. ii., pp. 280-281.

† The Anti-Corn Law League spent nearly a million of money in agitating the great Free Trade Reform which is the cause of England's present commercial greatness. At one meeting £60,000 were contributed, forty-eight persons giving £35,000. One bazaar resulted in £25,000. Cobden himself lost £20,000 in the advocacy of the Repeal; but he lives forever in the memory of a grateful nation. It is by such efforts as these that great reforms are accomplished.—See *Molesworth, passim*.



volved, raised money for the expenses of his trial by a performance of the play "Hamlet," himself taking the title *role*,—a curious illustration of his versatility of talent. His second trial, before Judge Erskine and Sergeant Talfourd, lasted eight days, and his defence of himself occupied ten hours. He was found guilty of sedition and conspiracy, but escaped transportation, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Stafford Gaol. The whole story is a remarkable parallel to that of "Alton Locke" in Kingsley's tale, and is not a whit less fascinating, but it had doubtless numerous counterparts, for over three hundred Chartist editors or leaders were languishing in English prisons. Thrust into a narrow tomb-like vault, denied the privilege of communication with his sick wife, and supplied with innutritious food, Cooper's health failed; but his dogged English pertinacity enabled him to get a petition sent to the House of Commons which procured him better food, the use of his books and papers, the right of correspondence with his wife, and the privilege of receiving three visitors in two years. He had already composed and committed to memory above thirty Spencerian stanzas of his remarkable prison rhymes, "The Purgatory of Suicides," and now he applied himself to its completion; and also finished a romance, previously begun. He read thoroughly Gibbon, Prideaux, Milner, and in three months went through about two-thirds of his Hebrew Bible.

During his gaol-life his mind grew morbid, and his sceptical sentiments rapidly developed and were confirmed by Strauss's pernicious "Life of Christ." On his release from prison, impoverished and infirm, his poem and romance were all his stock-in-trade. Disraeli, Jerrold, and Dickens kindly aided in procuring him a publisher; but hope deferred often made his heart sick. His books at last saw the light, and procured him, if little money, at least high recognition and the friendship of Carlyle, Wordsworth, Howitt, Kingsley, De Quincy, Massey, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and other distinguished writers.

Besides doing chance literary work, Cooper became a Socialist lecturer in London and throughout the kingdom. His range of subjects was very remarkable, comprising history, philosophy, poetry, painting, politics, science, religion, and criticism; but all were tinged with his now prevailing scepticism. He also wrote during this period several successful novels.

Another turning point in this remarkable career was at hand. On one Sunday in January, 1856, he was to lecture in London on Sweden and the Swedes. But he could not utter a word. He looked pale as a ghost. When he recovered speech, he acknowledged to his audience his cardinal error in lecturing on morals while ignoring their true foundation, the existence of a Divine

Moral Governor and our accountability to Him. A storm of infidel opposition was instantly raised. Cooper forthwith became the champion of that Christianity from which he had been so long estranged, but of which he now felt the imperious need,

Immediately, for conscience sake, he abandoned his lectureship, and, at the age of fifty-three, became a copyist in the cellar of the London Board of Health, at the rate of seventy words for a penny. His conviction of personal sin deepened to such an extent that he dared not pray. "For six months," said his wife, "he never smiled." "I told my dear friend Dr. Jobson," (then Book Steward of the Wesleyan Conference Office,) he writes, "who was ever trying to strengthen and help me, that I believed God would shut me up in judicial darkness; that He would never suffer me to live in the light of His countenance again, as a penalty for my great sin in deserting Him. 'No, no!' said my dear friend; 'I don't believe it; God will bring you to the light yet, and fill your soul with it.'"

Under the guidance of Dr. Jobson, of Charles Kingsley, and, above all, of the good Spirit of God, his wandering feet were led back to the solid ground of Christian faith and hope. He became a Baptist from conviction, and for the rest of his life was connected with that Church. He forthwith began peregrinating the kingdom as a preacher and lecturer on Christian Evidences. In eight years and a half he preached 1169 times and lectured 2204 times—an average of about eight addresses per week. Under the strain his health gave way. At the age of seventy years he restricted himself to two sermons on Sunday and three or four lectures per week. He published a valuable work on Christian Evidences, which reached its ninth thousand; a volume of sermons, and a Spencerian Poem, "The Paradise of Martyrs," a sort of palinodia to his "Purgatory of Suicides."

Cooper's prose style is singularly pure, limpid, idiomatic, and vigorous Saxon. The chief value of his labour, we conceive, as he himself judges, will be in offering an antidote to the incipient scepticism in the minds of young men, often of religious families and regular attendants on public worship. In the present state of society this is a work of no ordinary importance. It is in some sort the bounden duty of those who, having themselves escaped the toils of scepticism, may help to extricate others who are entangled by them. We have no space left, nor is there need, for comment. The lessons of this remarkable life lie on the surface. We have told its story to little purpose if they are not already impressed on the mind of every reader, and so striking are they that they can receive no additional weight from any enforcement of ours.

## THE EVOLUTION OF MRS. THOMAS.

## A CHAUTAUQUA STORY.

BY MRS. MARY H. FIELD.

THE whistles blew vigorously for noon in the little city where Mrs. Thomas lived. Noon to her meant, chiefly, dinner-time. In just ten minutes there would be an irruption into her dining-room of six hungry boys and girls with their father, who, if not equally hungry, was sure to be in as great a hurry for his mid-day meal. Mrs. Thomas therefore made haste to take up her dinner. She was a slight, active woman, with capable, energetic movements and with a pleasant, matronly face, lit by a pair of fine eyes. Lines of care and toil marked her forehead, for the half-dozen expected young people were all her own, and one doesn't have such possessions without paying the cost, especially where there has not been a full purse to make some of the burdens lighter.

The dining-room was simply furnished, and its clean, painted floor uncarpeted; but the table was nicely spread, and as the food was brought in from the adjoining kitchen it looked inviting indeed—roast lamb, with potatoes and turnips, white and brown bread, cabbage salad, and a great dish of fruit for dessert. It was scarcely on the table when in streamed the young folks, ranging downward in ages from eighteen to eight—noisy, happy, overflowing with young life.

"Hello, mamma!" shouted little Dick, the youngest and most uproarious—"Is dinner ready? I'm starved to death."

"Don't say 'hello' to mamma," said sixteen-year-old Mary; "it isn't polite."

"Run out and wash, boys, before you set down," said the mother—a command which she had issued at least ten thousand times before—and as the younger boys reluctantly filed out the oldest of them, a young grammarian of twelve, fired back a parting shot: "It isn't *set* down, it's *sit*." There was evidently a little insubordination in the house, or at least a lack of deference, for a moment afterward, when the mother said to the eldest boy, "Albert, you'd better carve the meat, pa ain't in sight yet," she was again set right by a young critic—"Pa *isn't* in sight, you mean." Then, as the good daughter Mary saw a little flush run over her mother's patient face, she came to the rescue. "Who care whether mamma says isn't or ain't? She cooks the best dinners in this town. Look at this lovely bread!"

"Fact," said Albert, sententiously; "pass it this way, will you? Good bread's better than grammar any day."

The father came in—a quiet, gray-eyed man, with an absorbed, reflective manner. His presence was not the slightest check upon the gay talk of the children, although they made place for him with affectionate eagerness. "You are late, papa," said Mary. "Is everything right at the office?"

"Well, not exactly," he answered. "A few of the men are making a great ado about our giving a job to some Chinamen."

"The selfish, mean things!" cried Mary.

"The wise, far-seeing, hard-working men," retorted Albert.

"I can't get along at all with our work," said the mother, "if the Chinese laundry has to go. I believe in 'living and letting live.'"

"You haven't read history," said Albert, "nor political economy. You might think as men do if you had;" and the young lord of creation helped himself again to the delicately browned meat and perfectly cooked vegetables.

Mr. Thomas seemed too keenly appreciative of the dinner, and too far off in thought, to notice his wife's discomfiture. But he came back to present company and conversation with some animation when Mary said, appealingly, "Papa, I'm going to bring my arithmetic home to-night, and get you to show me about some points in percentage."

"All right, Molly, I'll do it," he said, cheerfully, for if there was anything Mr. Thomas liked it was "figuring." He had a natural taste for it, and his long experience as book-keeper for a lumber firm had kept him in practice.

When evening came the Thomas household settled down to work in very pleasant fashion. It was December, and the rain was pattering down outside in a soft and steady way, making the cheerful firelight and lamplight within seem all the more delightful. The three little boys, Frank and James and Dick, had a new paper, and put their eager young heads together to look at the "Young Folks' Column," as it lay spread out on the table. Albert and Mary were working with pencils and note-books, appealing occasionally to their father, whose opinions and explanations they received with great confidence. Albert was in the intricacies of book-keeping, and they talked about "balancing," and "debtor side" and "credit side," "single entry" and "double entry," with a knowledge which seemed to Mrs. Thomas simply wonderful. Mary propounded her knotty arithmetic questions to her father now and then, while Amy, a fourteen-year-old girl, was busily diagramming sentences from her Lessons in Language. Poor Mrs. Thomas, diligently darning stockings, felt strangely lonely and shut out.

The boys, Frank and James, now clamoured for Amy to join them in a game of authors.

"Well, who'll be the fourth one?" she said. "Dick can't play; he is too little, and it's his bedtime, too," she added, as she saw his injured look.

"I should think ma might," said Frank, in a reflective tone, "even if she has not read the books."

"No," said James, "she'd make as big mistakes as Dick. Let's wait for Mary."

Mrs. Thomas set her work-basket hastily aside. "Come, Dick," she said, "I'll go up-stairs with you," and when Dick was tucked up in bed she stooped over him to kiss him good-night.

"Why, ma," he said, "your cheeks is wet; you ain't crying, are you, ma?"

"Never mind, Dick," she answered; "go to sleep." Then she went into her own room for a few moments and "had it out" in a burst of bitter tears. She thought of her youth with its scanty opportunities, so well appreciated and used; of her love of books and intellectual things, which had only been put aside and smothered by the pressing necessities of her married life. She thought how she had gradually suffered herself to lapse into ignorance, scarcely taking time to read the weekly religious paper—and that only because on Sunday the mending-basket couldn't be brought out, and so there was an hour or two of time which that blessed newspaper filled. And now her children were getting far beyond her in book knowledge, and in their heedless young fashion they had to-day shown in so many ways their perception of this fact. Was there no help for it? Must she just stay in the kitchen and drudge away her life, and let the children drift beyond her because she could not be a companion for them? Mrs. Thomas was a clear-headed little woman, not at all given to the blues or to useless tears. She had a way of arriving at conclusions. So she said to herself: "I believe there is no need of this; I am forty years old, to be sure, but I have good eyes and a good head! I'll see what I can do. These children shall respect their mother for something besides her cookery."

The lines on her face looked very resolute as she brushed away the tears and picked up her little well-worn Bible to get a few words of solace before she went down-stairs to spend the last hour of the evening in an entirely new way. She opened very naturally at her favourite Sermon on the Mount, and read with new appreciation: "Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?"

She bowed her head down over the book a little while, and then she went down-stairs with an air of cheerful resolution. She went straight towards her work-basket, gathered up and arranged its contents, and put the basket away in its place.

"Going to bed, mamma?" said Mary.

"No, my dear; I'm going to read awhile, like the rest of you."

There was a general looking up, and then an outburst of question and congratulation. Albert was on the point of making an ironical remark, but Mary checked him with an eager, "That's too nice to believe. Here is the best place, mamma. Albert, bring mamma's chair right here. Now what are you going to read, mamma? Let me get the book—or is it a magazine or paper?"

"I guess the *Journal* will do for to-night," answered the mother, smiling. "I don't think I'll attack anything very deep just yet."

Mary looked puzzled, and even Mr. Thomas seemed aware of something peculiar in the atmosphere as Mary brought her mother the good old *Church Journal*.

Nothing more was said, however, and the family went back to their previous occupations. Not one of them happened to see the mother's sudden start and change of colour as she came upon and began to read an article headed with the mysterious initials C. L. S. C.

If an audible voice from heaven had fallen upon the ear of the sad and troubled mother of the Thomas household it could hardly have brought more surprise. She believed in a special Providence in a vague, general way, but nothing in her experience had ever seemed so direct and personal, so fatherly-kind, as this. The letters had caught her attention, and then she had read a dozen lines before she could quite take in the idea, a dozen more before she could believe her eyes. Why, here was a plan exactly fitted to her needs! There were other souls, then, as hungry and thirsty as her own, and here was the manna dropping from the sky, the water gushing from the rock, in response to their famished cry. Some women would have had doubts and fears lest this curriculum of scientific and historical and literary study might prove too long and difficult for their tired feet; but our heroine had a dauntless spirit. She was used to hard work. The discipline of all these years of toil had not only hardened her muscles, but strengthened her will. She slowly re-read the whole article, thanked God, and took courage. Should she keep her thoughts and plans to herself? she queried silently, or should she talk it over with them all and ask their help and sympathy? The younger boys had gone to bed, so there was only Albert and the girls to be confronted with the scheme; but the poor mother felt strangely shy before these young scholars. She made up her mind, however, to take them into the council, and so struck womanfully into the subject.

"Here's something in the paper that interests me very much," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "and as you all seem to be about through with your lessons I guess I'll read it aloud."

"Yes," assented Mary, just a trifle slowly, lest the interesting matter should prove rather dull to youthful listeners.

"It is about a new society—a sort of school for old folks; this is what it says," and Mrs. Thomas read the clear prefatory explanation, and then the aim and method and proposed plan of study for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

The children took it in silence, very much as they would have taken a short sermon, and then Albert said, jocosely, "Well, what does it prove?"

"It proves," said his mother, "that everybody isn't satisfied with the book-learning they have when they're twenty years old" (here Amy gave Albert a significant nudge with her elbow), "and that there is a chance for them to do some more studying even after they are forty; and," she slowly added, "I'm one of the people that feel so."

Mary drew her chair close beside her mother and took her toil-worn hand. "You dear old mamma," she said, "you know more than forty girls and boys, books or no books."

"That's all very well for you to say, Mary, but there's another side to it, and I'm going to be a—a—" she couldn't quite trust herself with the new word which she had skipped each time in reading—"I'm going to join."

Mr. Thomas, who was warming his feet at the grate, suddenly woke up. "Join what?" he asked.

"Mother is going to college," said Albert.

"Mamma is going to stop working for us every blessed minute, morning, noon and night," said Mary, "and going to do what she has a mind to forty minutes every single day, and I'm going to help her! Here, mamma, let's have the paper. Now, papa, you listen." Again the C. L. S. C. article was read, and this time with all the vigour that Miss Mary's elocutionary training could bring to bear upon it.

Mr. Thomas seemed considerably dazed, but made no comments or objections.

"Mamma shall belong, shan't she, papa?" said Mary. "And what's this first book?" ran on her voluble young tongue. "*Green's Short History of the English People?* Why, that's the very book they've just bought for our school library, and I'll bring it home to-morrow!"

"Well, I guess you and mother will run it without my help," said Mr. Thomas, "judging by the way you go on."

"I'm going help 'run it,' too," said Amy, kissing her mother good-night.

"And I speak for a professorship in the new college," said Albert.

"For my part," said Mr. Thomas, "I'll try and foot the bills."

And so it came about that before New Year's Day, 1880, Mrs. Richard Thomas became a Chautauquan, and was duly enrolled as such upon the secretary's books.

Mary brought home the *Green's History*, as she promised, but ere many days elapsed she and her father had a whispered consultation, and a copy was ordered, which in due time arrived and was formally presented to our Chautauquan. Mrs. Thomas had thought when she was young that she did not like history. Its cruelties and barbarisms shocked her gentle heart. It seemed to her that it was simply a record of man's fierce greed and selfishness, with scarcely a gleam of noble feeling to redeem it.

"Right forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne."

So she had almost utterly neglected it in her limited school days, and since then she had really never opened an historical book. It had not been an alluring prospect to her, therefore, to see a history as the very first book she was to read in her new course. But our heroine fell resolutely to work. She did not see at first just where she was to find the required forty minutes for the daily reading. It seemed as if she never had a spare moment, and a leisure hour was just a figure of speech to the busy house-mother; but the time must be found, if not in one entire period

then in odd minutes. There was usually a little time for sitting down in the afternoon, after the dinner work was cleared away, which had been wholly given to sewing. Out of this Mrs. Thomas tried to get her Chautauqua hour, but often there would be interruptions, or some stress of work, so that the reading was put off till evening. Often there would be too much sociability in the evening to admit of much concentrated attention, but she persevered. The long-unused mental faculties were a little rusty, of course, and names and dates were more easily forgotten than learned; but she did not give up. Ere long she began to reap her reward. She had not read fifty pages in Green's History before she became so interested she could scarcely lay her book down. No romance could have charmed her so much. She found herself looking at history in an entirely new light; no longer was it the story of one tyrant succeeding another by virtue of wielding a strong battle-axe, of using baser perfidy, but instead the record of the slow but steady uplifting of a great people.

Mrs. Thomas found herself thinking of it as she went about her daily round of housework. Much of her cooking and clearing away she had done so often that it was almost a mechanical process, and now she found great advantage in the perfect familiarity with her duties. She cooked and washed dishes and swept and dusted, but her heart was far off in "Merrie England," with her ancestors of one thousand years ago. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and it followed very naturally that at the table or by the evening fireside she would open a conversation with the novel preface, "I have been reading," and then tell the children of the way in which the English people grew through fierce struggles, lighted by heroic deeds and lives. Even Albert and Mary had not read much English history, and they soon grew to depend on these intelligent bits of talk. The end of it was that the mother read with redoubled interest for the sake of telling it to her children, and thereby fastened the story in her own mind. The whole family grew interested. When the mother took up her book in the evening, if there was not the greatest need of other study, she was besieged to read aloud, and then, when she had read awhile, Albert or Mary would take a turn at reading, and the father listened to it with as keen zest as if he, too, were a Chautauquan.

Did the mending-basket heap up and overflow upon the shelves and into drawers? Not to any distressing degree. The daughters of the house nobly redeemed their promise. When Mrs. Thomas read aloud in the evening they plied their needles, if not with their mother's speed and dexterity, at least with very passable results, and every Saturday morning saw two extremely energetic young ladies take hold of sweeping, cleaning, baking and cooking of all sorts. They had always been good girls to help, but now they felt pledged to see their mother through with her undertaking. She often looked at them through happy, grateful tears,



as they merrily drove her out of the kitchen and declared it was her school time and she must not be tardy.

Mary had a great knack also in the management of that most untractable being—the small boy. In the Thomas household each boy had an ostensible amount of “chores” to do, but it by no means followed that he did them day by day of his own free will and choice. On the contrary, it was a notorious fact that it took far more energy on the part of some older member of the family to look after these boys and get the work out of them than to do it one’s self. Mr. Thomas was not particularly successful as an overseer, and Mrs. Thomas had a way of doing altogether too many of these “chores” herself; but Mary was blessed with a sort of cheerful and contagious energy, which, when backed by the mother’s and father’s authority, was quite successful. She put it to good use now, and every morning she devoted a few moments to “cheering her band,” like Marco Bozzaris.

Thus a sweet spirit of helpfulness spread in the household, blessing both giver and receiver with a heavenly benediction.

By the time our heroine had finished Green’s History, the “Chautauqua idea” had taken root in the minds of all the Thomas household. From the reticent and undemonstrative head of the family down to the obstreperous little Dick, all held their mother’s new departure in tacit or outspoken approval. Mr. Thomas was a man of sterling worth, if he was a little oblivious to things present. No one thought more highly than he of education. He was as ambitious for his children as every other true man. He was quite a bachelor when he first met Mary Rivers, and she was a good many years his junior, but they were speedily married, and he had always been of one opinion regarding her—that she was the best and “smartest” of women. Very naturally he had grown to think book-knowledge of not much consequence to a woman. Could any amount of such learning make his wife any better mother or housekeeper? Impossible. Yet when he saw her now quietly bending her energies to self-culture, with a fixed determination to bring herself to a higher intellectual level, he secretly resolved to help her all in his power. It was not his way to put his thoughts into words, but the whole family recognized his attitude and his good wife was infinitely encouraged by it.

They were all quite enthusiastic over each new Chautauqua book. Even little Dick enjoyed Old Greek Life. A very few words of explanation enabled him to get an understanding of old customs and ideas which made his conversation for a few days seem quite classical to his small-boy friends. One of his teachers overheard him discoursing about the Olympian games, out on the school playground, and remarked afterward to Albert, “That is a bright little brother of yours. He shows that he comes from an intelligent home,” and Albert felt not a little pleased and complimented. Indeed, the whole family almost unconsciously began to feel that they were an exceptionally literary and intellectual household, so much did the home reading help on school work. Some fact in history, a great epoch or revolution, would be read

about and talked over at the table or fireside, and within a day or two an allusion to the same subject would appear in a reading or geography lesson at school, and a teacher's question would follow, which would bring a prompt response from some member of the Thomas family. They all had a fair record at school before, but now their reputation began to grow rapidly. Albert and Mary had essays to write requiring considerable general information, and it was both delightful and rewardful to their mother to have them begin to call upon her for help. With a happy heart she carried her Chautauqua text-books into the kitchen and stole many a glance into them as she watched her oven or had a moment's respite from housework. When she sat down to her afternoon's sewing there was always one of these same little text-books in her work-basket, and by dint of conning them over and over she became quite an authority on dates and names, not only in English, but in Greek history and literature. Nor was she satisfied with mere outlines; it was her nature to be thorough, and her mental appetite "grew by what it fed on."

There drifted in her way an advertisement of some cheap reprints of standard and classical books. It was quite wonderful how many things "drifted" in her way. She seemed to have helping hands reached out to her from every side, and she took the proffered aid with a happy and grateful heart. These little volumes of the classics were not beyond her slender purse, and she indulged in several. She found Plato not beyond her grasp, and very delightful; yet it cost her only fifteen cents. In the same frugal way she flavoured a good deal of homely fare with Attic salt. An investment of a dollar gave her a choice selection of the most famous English poems, an equal amount brought to her growing library some of the prose masterpieces of the best English and American authors.

When the minister called to see her one day he caught a glimpse of the little text book, *Studies of the Stars*, lying open on the mantelpiece, and was at once astonished and delighted to find his parishioner, whom he knew only as a model housewife and good church worker, evidently studying the science which to him was like a gateway to heaven. He turned to her with a beaming countenance: "Are you really interested in astronomy, Mrs. Thomas?" he asked.

And when she assured him that not only herself but her whole family were reading Bishop Warren's "Recreations in Astronomy," and enjoying it as if it were a story, he insisted upon shaking hands over the discovery.

"You make me very happy," he said. "I shall venture now to give a little series of lectures I have prepared upon astronomy, but have never offered to our people lest they should lack popularity. I have quite a collection of astronomical works which I shall be very glad to lend you. Have you read *Ecce Cœlum*?"

And so the Thomases read *Ecce Cœlum* on Sunday afternoons during the next month, and were lifted into a celestial atmosphere of which they had never dreamed. As they together trod the

starry highway and with almost breathless awe followed their guide in his lofty descriptions and imaginations, their very faces took on new lines of refinement and spiritual culture. The higher education to which the mother was now leading them had its beneficent influence in many ways. A sort of toning-down went on by slow and wholesome processes; voices grew softer; manners more courteous; a growing reverence for the mother's opinions brought a quicker deference to her feelings and a prompter obedience to her authority. This did not come about in a day or a year. It was a gracious and beautiful growth, like any of the developments of nature.

We may not in this brief space attempt even to outline all the influences which came to this household through the mother's uplifting. A whole book could not do justice to the theme. A lifetime, an eternity, can only reveal it all. But we may be sure this light was not hidden under a bushel. "It gave light unto all that were in the house." Nay, this little candle shed its beams much farther than that. The neighbours began to wonder what was the secret of the Thomas family's growing power in the community. The boys were so fond and proud of their home and their mother; the girls so sensible and intelligent; Mrs. Thomas and the minister were so often heard speaking of books and magazine articles of which other people had not heard. An explanation came one day, less than two years from the date of our story's opening. The minister proposed to his congregation to meet at his house for the purpose of forming a literary society, and those who responded to the call found Mrs. Thomas there—shy little Mrs. Thomas, who had never spoken a word in public in her life, and whose face glowed with blushes when the good pastor told them that she would tell them about a new society which was having a wonderful growth, which was called the Chautauqua Circle. With a voice that shook so she could hardly control it, and a heart whose throbs she thought must be audible to all present, our heroine told the story of her own experience, and with eyes which threatened to overflow she closed by saying: "Only my Heavenly Father knows how thankful I am that I have had just the help and inspiration which this course of study is bringing to me."

As a result of this meeting a little Chautauqua circle was started, with the minister for president and Mrs. Thomas for secretary. Thus the good seed grew and multiplied. Not long since the general secretary received a letter from this same minister saying that he had never found anything so helpful to his work in the community as this Chautauqua Circle. "It has given me a hold upon the members such as I could have obtained in no other way. In helping them intellectually there has come to me an influence over them morally and spiritually. Besides, the course of reading itself seems all-embracing. It reaches all sides of human nature and need, intellectual, physical, spiritual. Neither does it fail to bring to my own mind a refreshment in many lines of thought which repays me a hundredfold."

Half a dozen years have gone by. Mrs. Thomas finished the Chautauqua course in good season. She was not able to go to the Chautauqua Assembly to graduate, for every dollar was needed to help Mary through the Normal, and the mother was only too happy to deny herself for the sake of her good daughter. But the diploma came with the signatures upon it, which, to Mrs. Thomas represented the grandest and best of men. The family grew fairly jubilant over the arrival of that diploma; the boys gave it the benefit of "three cheers and a tiger;" Mary got up on a chair and presented it, with a speech which, to say the least, was highly rhetorical, while Amy conducted her mother to "the platform" to receive it. Finally Mr. Thomas bore it off in triumph to be suitably framed, and to-day it hangs upon their parlour wall, its proudest ornament. Each year the back of the frame has been carefully removed and the diploma taken out to have one or more "seals" added to it. Soon there will be a "rainbow" of them, Amy says.

In the corner of the parlour are some beautiful home-made book-shelves, the work of the younger boys' scroll-saw, a Christmas present to "mother" for her Chautauqua library; and here are gathered her beloved books and her nicely-bound "Chautauquans." The way in which the whole family regards them reminds one of the old Penates, while to Mrs. Thomas they stand for more than words can represent; help, comfort, inspiration—these only partially tell the tale. She stands before them sometimes and loses herself in a happy reverie, which ends not infrequently in clasped hands and uplifted face.

A few weeks since the Chautauqua Circle gave a reception to their little community, and Mrs. Thomas was the essayist of the evening. As she came quietly forward upon the platform of the town hall, and with perfect self-possession bowed to the full house, her sweet, matronly face looked so thoughtful and cultured, so pure and intellectual, that an old-time friend would hardly have recognized her. She had chosen for her theme "A Roman Matron," and her paper showed so much acquaintance with Roman customs, such familiarity with their history and modes of life, and yet such appreciation of the fact that the Roman woman had a human heart beneath her sternly-dignified exterior, that her audience were instructed and pleased, yet moved to deep sympathy. She told the story of a woman's life in that far-off and cruel age, from the cradle to the grave, stirring every mother's heart as she pictured the poor heathen woman in times of bereavement and trouble—"Christless, lifting up blind eyes to the silence of the skies."

At the close she pictured her death and burial, without a gleam of hope for the future lighting the pitiful darkness of the grave.

"Over her," she wrote, "creeps the tender grass; above her bloom the sweet wild flowers;

" 'Is the unseen with the seen at odds,  
Nature's pity more than God's?'"

A hush of solemn thought filled the room as the sweet, womanly voice ceased to speak.

A stranger present walked home with the minister.

"Who is this Mrs. Thomas?" he asked.

"One of the best and noblest women I know," answered the clergyman. "Yet you would hardly believe me if I were to tell you how she has developed since I first knew her. She proves a pet theory of mine, that the powers of the mind and spirit strengthen with our strength, and that the mature mind is better capable of growth than that of a child. Just by virtue of its developed power it can grasp ideas with more force, and is infinitely superior in appreciation and resolute perseverance. In short, we are *immortal*. As to Mrs. Thomas, my friend—ah, it is a wonderful case of Evolution!"\*

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## THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

MEEK and sweet in the sun he stands,  
Drinking the cool of his Syrian skies ;  
Lifting to heaven toil-wearied hands,  
Seeing his Father with those pure eyes.

Gazing from trestle, and bench, and saw  
To the kingdom kept for His rule above ;  
O Jesus, Lord ! we look with awe !  
O Mary's Son ! we look with love !

We know what message that eventide  
Bore, when it painted the Roman cross,  
And the purple of nightfall prophesied  
The hyssop to Him, and to us the loss.

The crown which the Magi brought to her,  
It made a vision of brows that bleed ;  
And the censer, with spikenard, and balm, and myrrh,  
It lay on the wall like the sponge and reed.

But now Thou art in the shadowless land,  
Behind the light of the setting sun ;  
And the worst is forgotten which evil planned,  
And the best that love's glory could win, is won.

\* For information concerning the CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE address either of the following : John H. Vincent, Buffalo, N. Y., Chancellor ; Miss J. A. Munro, Thorold, Ont., or, Mr. J. H. Fryer, Galt, Secretaries for Canada.

## LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

*UP SLAUGHTER ALLEY; OR, LIFE IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE.*

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

WHY "Slaughter" Alley, who shall say, since among its inhabitants not one can tell. No map of New York holds the name, but from the fact that one of the oldest inhabitants reports that it was once Butcher Alley one may conclude two things: either that more than one murder done at this point has given it right to the name, or that it has arisen from the slaughter of the innocents,—the babies, who die here in summer like rats in a hole. And in the old days, when this whole seething, turbulent spot was quiet meadows sloping to the East River, there may have been, as vague tradition indicates, an actual slaughter-house, cleaner, we will warrant, than any successor found to-day.

Be this as it may, the name has established its right to permanence, and the alley shall make its revelation of what one form of tenement-house has for its occupants.

To one familiar with the story of old New York, Roosevelt Street, through which we pass, is itself a bit of history, the name belonging to one of the old Dutch families whose houses once covered this favourite site. Who owns the tall tenement-houses that have taken their place it is not always easy to tell, since many owners hide behind an agent who must shoulder the responsibility of the hideous conditions to be found in most of them. They are chiefly five-storey buildings, run up with the one object of getting as many rooms into the space as it will hold, and with an absolute ignoring of the means by which light, air, and sunshine are to enter. Half-way up the street there opens suddenly from it a narrow alley ending in a blank wall. If the houses are no higher, they seem so here, for outstretched arms can touch the walls on either side; and, even as we go, a voice behind, rich in brogue and thick with the first stages of whiskey's effects, is saying to a companion,—

"Shure, thin, an' I wouldn't be livin' anywhere else at all, for whin wan is a bit unstiddy, an' there's no knowin' where the feet'll be landin' him, shure its the walls that holds ye, an' there's no fallin'. Long life to the alley, an' bad 'cess to thin that talks o' layin' its walls low, sez I."

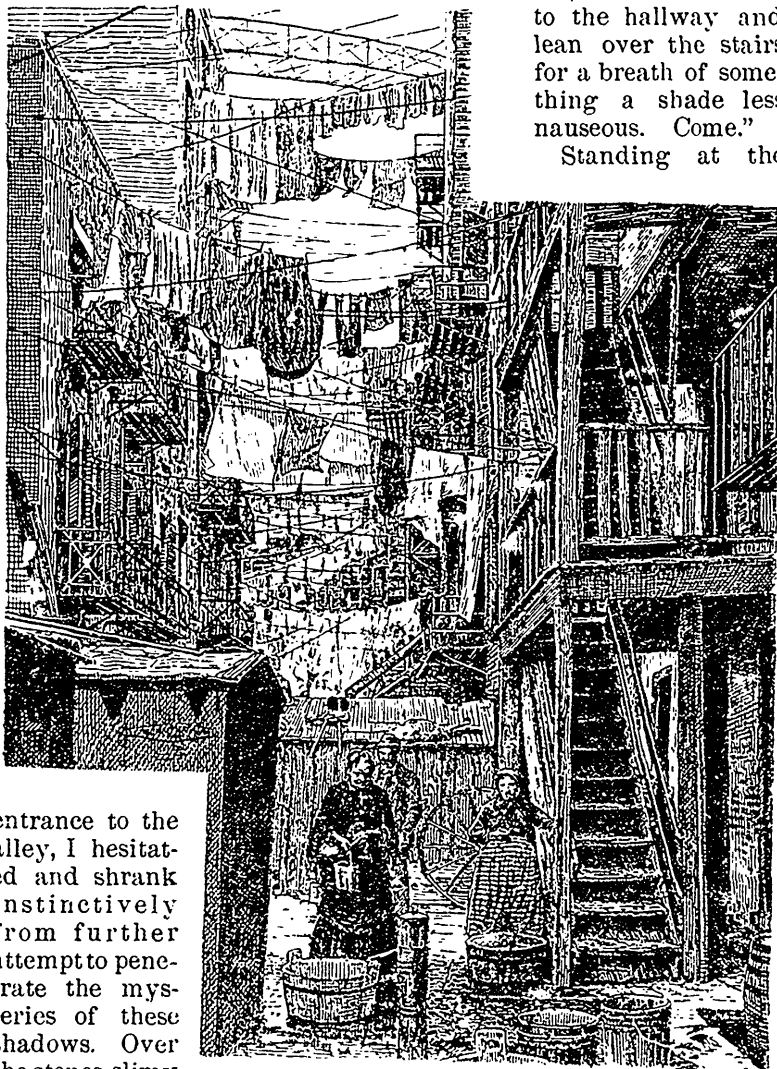
The doctor who comes to the Mission once or twice weekly is a gentle-looking woman, a little beyond middle life, who devotes a large share of her time and professional service to the poor of this wretched locality without the least expectation of reward save the approbation of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

"If you want to know how some of the poor souls in the alley have to live and die, come with me," she said to me one day. "It

is safe enough now, but ten years ago not the bravest would have gone up that alley alone. Even now they sometimes kick a missionary downstairs, or you encounter a drunken pair clinching and rolling at their leisure from top to bottom. But we can go up safely, though I warn you beforehand of the smells. Often,

well-seasoned as I am, I have to run out to the hallway and lean over the stairs for a breath of something a shade less nauseous. Come."

Standing at the



entrance to the alley, I hesitated and shrank instinctively from further attempt to penetrate the mysteries of these shadows. Over the stones, slimy with indescribable filth, we picked our way

AMONG THE TENEMENTS IN THE REAR OF MULBERRY STREET.

through garbage and refuse of every order. Above, a frowsy woman looked out with an oath, followed by more as a neigh-

bour's head emerged from the window below and tossed back a reply which evidently meant the re-opening of old hostilities. The voices had risen to a shriek as we entered the low door at the end of the alley and began the ascent of the stairs, on which something moved, shrinking close to the wall, damp with the exhalations from cess-pit and sewer.

On the next flight—darker, if that were possible, than the last—three or four children were quarrelling, with oaths caught from their elders and used with a horrible fluency. One of them caught at the doctor's hand as she passed.

"Mammy's lookin' for you," she said. "She's crazy 'most, an' I've been watchin' for you."

"Who wouldn't be crazy in such a hole?" another voice answered out of the darkness, and another form appeared from above and felt its way toward us.

"Who, indeed?" the doctor murmured under her breath, but made no pause. Our eyes, which had gradually accustomed themselves to the darkness, could now dimly make out doors here and there, one of which the doctor opened and passed through. A dim light came from windows crusted with dirt. It fell on little save walls in the same dirty condition, and a mattress black with age in one corner on the floor; a tiny cooking-stove, one leg gone and its place supplied by a brick; a table propped against the wall for the same reason; and a single rickety chair. On a shelf were a few dishes, and on the stove an old tomato-can held water. No wild beast's den could offer a more hopeless prospect for a human being, yet on this mattress a human being lay, and turned heavy eyes toward the doctor, who tenderly took the bony hand for a moment, feeling the pulse mechanically.

"He's been at it again," the husky voice whispered. "He went off with the saucepan and one of the coverlets this morning, an' by this time they're drunk up. It don't make any matter. I'll be done in a day or two now."

The fact was so evident that no comment was possible, nor did the doctor make any. The child who had followed us brought some water in a tin basin, and watched while the pain-drawn, pallid face was sponged off. But even alleviation was impossible in such surroundings, and death was too near for any attempt to better things. An old Irishwoman, bent and twisted with rheumatism, hobbled in, and nodded with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Shure, an' it's a beautiful breakfast she's afther atin', an' I makin' it wid me own hands. A bit o' ilegant beef, an' tay strong enough to float an egg. That'll kape her up an' take her through the day, but she's set as ever, she won't go to hospital, an' small blame to her. Ye needn't worry, doctor dear. Me eye is on her, an' on that murtherin' villain of a Dinnis, that's dhrunk up every stick o' furniture, an' may it choke him unbeknownst an' stick forever in the evil throat of him. Take a peep at Tim as you go by, doctor dear, an' all the saints make your bed for it. It's naught else I've got but a wish, an' thim's plenty in a hole like this, though there's little in 'em that's fillin'."



The voice rambled on as we passed again into the hall and opened the door into another room, a trifle cleaner, but hardly less bare. Tim, a stalwart Irishman, asleep on the bed in one corner, was, so far as one could judge, simply in a drunken stupor, for the smell of stale beer was in the air, its pungency dominating other unsavouriness. In the back room three lads, also asleep, lay across a bed, and on the floor was stretched a woman, her sodden face, with a great bruise over one eye, indicating what kind of orgie had been held there. The doctor closed the door.

At the top of the house we entered a low and narrow room under the eaves; the bed was pushed as far as it would go against the sloping wall; a chair or two, a small table, and a tiny cooking-stove, over which a man bent stirring something in a saucepan, made up the furniture of the room. So deadly and heavy was the smell, as the door opened, that a mighty effort was necessary before I could enter at all.

"She's a grain easier, but only a grain," said the man, coming forward and addressing the doctor. "She's been prayin' to be released, if it's the Lord's will, an' I've come to be willin'. Look at her."

The bandages had been removed, and I saw a painful sight; cancer of the face and head; yet life enough in the poor lips to smile in the doctor's face.

"I'm most through, ain't I?" she whispered. "Oh, I hope so; I want to go, but I'm willin' to wait."

"Yes, you are almost through," answered the kind voice of the doctor. "You have only a day or two longer."

The man knelt by the bed, shaking with sobs, and the doctor prayed for release, for patience and strength to bear whatever pain must still be borne.

"That does me good," the dying woman whispered. "Come to-morrow an' every day till I'm gone."

With a pressure of the wasted hand we hurried down the stairs.

"I thought you would faint," the doctor said, as we reached the street and the wind blew up cool from the river. "Stand still a minute. You're trembling."

"Why does not such a case as that go to the hospital?" I asked, when the fresh air had brought back colour and voice. "She could at least have decent comfort there."

"We wanted her to, but her husband wouldn't hear of it. He wanted to be near the Mission, and so did she, and she said she'd got to die anyway, so that there was no use in going away. They were both converted there, and he's been tender as a woman with her. He's tended her all night, sleeping when he could, after working all day on the dock, and it breaks his heart to think she's going."

The next place, a six-storey tenement-house, while less shaky than the one we had just left, was equally odourous; and how human beings lived through such pulling upon all the vital forces I could not see. We passed familiar faces on two of the landings, and I found that this house had gradually been filled

up by "regular" attendants at the Water Street Mission, and though a liquor-saloon still flourished below, the building had lost its former character as one of the most brawling, disorderly houses in the block.

We climbed up to the fourth floor and entered a front room overlooking the street; a room of tolerable size, but intolerable dirt, where four little children sat on the floor eating bread and molasses, while a man sat in the corner smoking. He nodded surlily but said nothing, and I followed the doctor into an inner room; a dark bedroom, where no sunshine could ever reach, and which had the same heavy, oppressive smell I had noticed in the other house,—a fog of human exhalations. Propped up in bed, for easier breathing, was a woman in the last stages of consumption; a deep red spot on each cheek, and her frame the merest skeleton. I returned to the larger room, and tried to talk to the children, but they were absorbed in their bread and molasses, and the man eyed me so suspiciously that I sat silent, looking about. An old mattress was in one corner, evidently the children's bed at night; a few chairs; a closet, whose open door showed some broken crockery and one or two cooking utensils.

"I'll come round to-morrow, Patsy, and straighten up a bit," said a neighbour who had unceremoniously entered. "It's pretty hard on you, trying to do all yourself." The man grunted, and in a moment left the room.

"Come here, you poor, sticky little things," she went on, "and have your faces washed." Turning to me she said, "They can't see out o' their eyes for dirt. Their mother kept round till a month ago, but she can't help herself a stroke now."

The oldest child, only five, but preternaturally old, and with a business-like expression, laughed.

"I washed yesterday," she said; "I borried a little tub, an' I let Molly rub her own apron. It ain't dry yet. An' to-morry I'm goin' to scrub mother's floor with Mrs. O'Rafferty's brush."

"I'll be here," said the kind-hearted neighbour, who had already transformed the two youngest into very lovely-looking children, whose dark curls and clear blue eyes were the best type of Celtic beauty. "You ought to wash 'em more, Bridget. You're old enough."

"They doesn't like it," said Bridget. "They hollers, an' that plagues mother. I can't make 'em be still for it, savin' sometimes."

The doctor's work was over; the bed freshly made, and the sick woman rendered as comfortable as possible, and after a prayer from this true ministering spirit we went out. Children looked from every door—it seemed to me—by dozens; they swarmed on the stairs and in the halls.

"All just as usual," the doctor said, turning to me. "This floor—for you see there are doors on the other side of the hall—has nothing better to offer. In that room opposite you eleven people sleep at night; father, mother, two daughters who work in a bag-factory intermittenly, and the rest boarders. My coming here is quite useless save that this dying woman craves it. She refused

to go to hospital because she thought she could perhaps keep her husband from drinking himself to death if she stayed on, and she has the prejudice of her class against hospitals. On the two floors below are families, three of which take boarders, each of whom has a certain portion of floor space and that is all. They are of the worst order of tenants. Some of the men work along the docks at odd jobs, laying off for a spree at least once a week, and always more or less full of liquor. Three of the women scrub office floors, and one takes in washing. The girls are in some of the various factories about here; those, at least, who make some show of earning an honest living. But you see for yourself how much chance there is for any life born in a house like this. Take it all in, for it belongs to one of the rich men of New York."

Such scenes may be witnessed in New York every day. There are men and women who lie and die day by day in these wretched tenement-house rooms, sharing in their weakness all the family trouble, enduring the hunger and the cold, and waiting, without hope, for a single ray of comfort, until God curtains their staring eyes with the merciful film of death.

We made our way slowly down the stairs, pausing for a minute as the doctor pointed out the sink at the end of each hall.

"That is a concession to popular prejudice," she said. "At first there was water only in the yard, and I am not certain but that they were as well off, since the sink is always stopped with filth. The Board of Health! What could the Board of Health do in a house like this? Disinfect it as they might; order cleaning and new plumbing; but what good, when these human beasts flock here, with no chance of being anything but beasts so long as they have no desire to improve? It is a case of reflex action. The tenement pulls them down, but they also pull down the tenement. Let us try the one on the other side of the alley and see if it is an improvement."

Even the foulness of the alley seemed pure after the sickening passage down and out. On the step sat a little cripple, his crutches lying beside him, and another child, a hunchback, playing "toss-up" with him. Children were playing in the gutter, down which a foul stream of dirty suds was running languidly, but which served to carry the boats they had made from bits of wood, and thus to give a hint of play. On the opposite side the story repeated itself, but with a difference. In the first there had been at least fairly sound floors and stairways. In the second, great gaps were in both. The stair-rail had given way at several points, and even for the sure-footed there was danger all the way. How drunken man or woman reached top or bottom without broken limbs was a question. The smell was unbearable. One sickened and grew faint in this atmosphere in which babies were growing up and human beings living on contentedly a life hardly above that of the maggot in a festering carcass.

"Stop a moment," the doctor said, when breath had been taken. "You have not seen the lowest depth. Turn around. There is a door at your left."

The door showed itself as she spoke. There was a step leading down into a narrow cellar-room lighted only by one dirt-encrusted window, and containing a dirty bed in one corner, a broken-backed chair, a three-legged table, and a rickety stove. In the chair was seated a crying woman, with a deep cut across her cheek; a baby lay in her lap and five children huddled about her. In a corner, on some rags, groaning and telling her beads, lay an old woman, while across the bed was thrown the body of a man who breathed heavily in a drunken sleep. It is a frequent story, and he who runs may read. First, a carouse in any saloon of the neighbourhood; then, on getting home, the agreeable pastime of beating his wife and children, throwing the few remaining dishes at the old grandmother, one of them taking the wife's cheek in its flight, and then tumbling on to the bed to sleep off the effects of the debauch, only to wake ready for another bout.

The doctor went quietly to work, washing the cut and plastering it from a roll she carried with her, while the woman told her tale.

"I wouldn't have yees see t' eye on me if I could help it, for Mike's as kind a cratur whin the dhrink's not in him as ye'd want to see. But he came in mad loike, an' the first thing was up wid his fist an' hittin' me. He'd worked nigh the whole week, an' there was good wages comin' to him, but the minute he'd his pocket full he wint to Jim's. I knowed he'd be there, an' I was on the watch for him, but he'd had more dhrink as he came along, an' was just full enough not to mind. I says to him, 'Mike, gim'me a dollar for the childer. We've none of us ate since mornin',' an' he swore and pushed me to wan side. Thin I begged him, and the saloon-keeper pushed me out, and said he wouldn't have no snivelin' women around. The baker wouldn't trust me, but wan o' me neighbours give me a quart o' male and let me cook it on her shtove, so they wint to slape with somethin' in their stomachs. Thin I wint round to-day, an' I says, "For the love o' God, Mike, don't let the childer starve," but he couldn't attind, bein' full o' the dhrink. I don't know what we'll be doin'. I've got wan day's washin' come Wednesday, but that won't kape us, an' what he hasn't swallyed they've tuk from him in the night. Oh, wurra! me heart's sick in me!"

This is one order of cellar homes, and in all this vicinity are others of the same sort, save that when the tide is high, the furniture is set afloat, and that rats swarm at every turn. They are all homes, however; homes of every vice known to the most degraded forms of human existence, and all parts of this tenement-house system which we are trying to understand.

Scene after scene is the same. Rags, dirt, filth, wretchedness, the same figures, the same faces, the same old story of one room unfit for habitation yet inhabited by a dozen people, the same complaint of a ruinous rent exacted by the merciless landlord, the same shameful neglect of all sanitary precautions, rotten floors, oozing walls, vermin everywhere, broken windows, crazy staircases—this is the picture of the homes of hundreds of people in the tenement districts of New York.

No one who has seen how the poor live can return from the journey with aught but an aching heart. He will be brought face to face with that dark side of life which the wearers of rose-coloured spectacles turn away from on principle. The worship of the beautiful is an excellent thing, but he who digs down deep in the mire to find the soul of goodness in things evil is a better Christian than he who shudders at the ugly and unclean and kicks it from his path.

Here as elsewhere, it is not necessary to enter a doorway to understand in part the awful meaning of tenement-house life.

Through the crowded streets the doctor made her round, preaching the gospel of cleanliness and decent living as she went, and here and there finding good ground on which the seed might bring forth fruit. But for the most part there seemed but one course that could mean any real good,—total destruction and a new start; like the summary proceedings in Glasgow in 1870, when by Act of Parliament ten thousand houses were torn down, and a new city arose on the spot; the result in two years being an extraordinary change for the better in health returns, prevention of crime, and the raising of a new standard of living. But, save for a model tenement here and there,—tenements, by the way, which have demonstrated that better things are as possible for New York as for Glasgow,—the ward is given over to this order of home for its inhabitants. Not one day's visit, but many, were needed to take in all features of evil possibility. There are grades of degradation and misery with which we have yet to deal, but chiefest of all sources of misery and infamy in the better order is the fact that well-nigh every family harbours from two to eight or ten additional inmates, and that life is as promiscuous as that of brutes. The saloon is a perpetual invitation to spend earnings, and the atmosphere of the ward is one not only of wretchedness but of crime of every order.

In one house are thirty-two dark rooms with no possibility of air or light except from the one into which they open. Whoever sleeps in a room like this awakens with a feeling as if an iron band were screwed about the head, and with a craving and sinking at the stomach that long ago they learned to quiet with whiskey. Small wonder that they drink. Small wonder that vice thrives and that prisons are full and asylums running over. From one block alone in this ward,—the old Gotham Court on Cherry Street,—hundreds of criminals have gone out, to be followed by other hundreds from other blocks close at hand.

The tall houses are packed from sub-cellar to attic. One may see on any summer night many a roof crowded with restless and uneasy tenants seeking relief from the sickening heat of their airless quarters. If one climbs the stairs of any of these wretched tenement-houses on a warm summer night, the whole population seems to have sought the roof, and lies upon it in every uncomfortable attitude,—men, women, and children huddled together, and all alike moaning in troubled sleep.

It is not always criminals and drunkards who house here. Often

respectable men and women out of work drift into the neighbourhood, falling always a little lower and lower, till the worst is reached in one of these houses given over to uncleanness. Sometimes, driven by despair, they take to drink and end in as wretched fashion as the original inhabitants, and sometimes, though rarely, better days come and they emerge from the dens where they have hidden and take their rightful place once more. To-day, in a fresh look at the familiar ground, there shambled along the street a man once hardworking and honest. Drink led him here, and a weak will and constant temptation made him powerless to reform. He married a woman in the ward, who, as he went lower and lower, took in washing and tried her best to give the children a chance. Eleven of these came into the world, each a little more burdened than the last with the inheritance of evil tendency. Five died before they were three weeks old, from want of proper food and from vitiated blood. Two were born idiots and are in an asylum. Two are in prison serving long terms, and one has disappeared. Those in prison are having their first chance to learn a trade, to eat wholesome food, and possibly turn into decent citizens.

Drink is the curse of these communities. Not only is the temptation to drink created by their fearful surroundings, but a positive craving for it is engendered by the foul and fetid atmosphere they continually breathe. Saloons flourish in these localities, and stale-beer dives are numerous. Drink is sustenance to these people; it dulls every sense of shame, takes the sharp edge from sorrow, leaves the drinkers for a while in a fool's paradise, and ultimately reduces them to the level of the brutes. To many of them the saloon is heaven compared to the hell of their miserable homes. A few cents often obtained by pawning the last decent rag that covers their shivering children will buy enough drink to make a father or a mother insensible to the wretchedness that awaits them at home. With these people to be drunk is to be happy.

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#### WORK.

LIKE coral insects multitudinous

The minutes are whereof our life is made,  
 They build it up as in the deep's blue shade  
 It grows, it comes to light, and then, and thus  
 For both there is an end. The populous  
 Sea-blossoms close, our minutes that have paid  
 Life's debt of work are spent; the work is laid  
 Before our feet that shall come after us.  
 We may not stay to watch if it will speed,  
 The bard if on some lute's string his song  
 Live sweetly yet; the hero if his star  
 Doth shine. Work is its own best earthly meed,  
 Else we have none more than the sea-born throng  
 Who wrought those marvellous isles that bloom afar.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

## THE LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"A wind came out of the sea,  
 And said, 'O mists! make room for me.'  
 It hailed the ships, and cried, 'Sail on,  
 Ye mariners, the night is gone!'  
 And hurried landward far away,  
 Crying, 'Awake! it is the day!'"

WHILE Bess and Tom slept, the thunder-storm wheeled down the distant skies, the heavens over the ship grew clearer, the wind settled itself in the southwest, and blew steady and strong; and by-and-bye stars trembled into the great dome that arched the ocean, and with their calm eyes reproached the angry waves.

On drove the *White Eagle*. He who "giveth His angels charge" may have sent some blessed one to lay a strong hand on the helm, and guide on its safest way that ship where His two children slumbered in His keeping. The sun rose fair and golden, and his first ray smote the faces of the sleepers, and awoke them to new life.

Already the decks were drying in the wind.

If this had been a ship in good condition, bound for Britain, nothing better could have been wished than this wind and sea.

Bess and Tom loosened themselves from the ropes, laid aside their life-preservers, and looked abroad. Tom went and gazed over the side of the vessel, then he reported: "She hasn't settled an inch more, lies easier than yesterday, and she's moving along some too." Then he looked aloft. "We've got no sails and no rigging, cap'n, that's a fact; but with this breeze we'd be bound to scud under bare poles anyhow. If this holds, we may bring her into port safe yet."

They both looked upward with hearts full of what God had wrought. Said Bess, "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion; which stilleth the noise of the seas, and the noise of their waves. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" And they were both silent, "giving thanks to God in their hearts."

Bess then brought her instruments to take an observation. After this she applied herself to her charts for some little time, and then, feeling that all was prospering as well as could be desired, she went to her state-room for dry clothing. Meanwhile, Tom was busy enough. The cabin was not fit to be in, but he got the famous little cooking apparatus of the stewardess, and made coffee; and then brought plenty of savoury viands from the pantry, and, spreading these on a safe corner of the quarter-deck, he had breakfast ready for his captain when she re-appeared. "Come and eat, Tom," said Bess. "I have made many a hearty meal with you on your *Dancer*."

"Take your breakfast, cap'n," responded Tom. "I've got to mind this helm."

When Bess had finished her morning meal, and went, for form's sake, to the helm, Tom found himself possessed of a noble appetite.

"Where do you make us out to be, cap'n?" asked Tom.

"Less than thirty miles from Plymouth," replied Bess; "and if all goes well, and with this breeze to help us there, we may get in sight and signal for help to take us in before dark."

"I wouldn't want to be rolling about in this craft, short-handed and dismantled, a-nigh Plymouth Hoe in the night," said Tom dubiously.

"We shall most probably see some ship to take us in," replied Bess. "We are just in the line of such assistance."

The wind held gloriously. Bess took every advantage that was left to her. Tom seemed a host of sailors in one; and at four o'clock they sighted a tug. They signalled immediately, and were answered.

The captain of the tug very promptly agreed to tow them into Plymouth, and before dark the dismantled *White Eagle* was anchored in Plymouth Harbour, and the wonderful story of the storm and the resolute Captain Bess was flying over the town. Bess made it her first care to telegraph to "Lloyd's," for the benefit of John Porter and the crew, and began at once to lay her plans for a refit.

Tom Epp felt that he beheld a wonderful succession of special providences at Plymouth. He declared that he never had seen ship-carpenters so easily obtained, so skilful, so reasonable; never were repairs so successfully carried on. What a wonderful thing it was to welcome the first and second officers, the stewardess, the fifteen men, not one missing, all standing in Plymouth as sound and happy as if they had never passed through that fierce storm!

A month passed, and things began to look like going to sea once more.

During all the bustle and business at Plymouth, Bess had not ceased to remember her lost brother, and to go into all likely and unlikely places to look for him. She thus one morning entered a police court, which was open for trials before a magistrate, and where people were idly lounging in and out.

She went in scarcely conscious of what the place was. She heard the words "charge of vagrancy," and saw before the magistrate in the box a young man, a lean, shabby, bowed figure, but with hair so like what had clustered about the heads of those twin brothers. She stepped hastily forward for a glance at the haggard face. There was Jim! There was no moment for delay. The magistrate was about to pass sentence on the prisoner, and Bess, darting to lay a hand on her brother's arm, exclaimed: "I claim this prisoner!" Jim's head dropped on his arms, rested on the front of the box, and his thin figure shook.

"Who is it that so interrupts the case?" asked the magistrate, moved to some deference by the stranger's appearance.

"Captain Bess Adams, of the *White Eagle* ship, of New York,



come into Plymouth for repairs," replied Bess quietly. "And this, sir, is not only one of my seamen, but my brother. I lost him from my vessel, and to find him was beyond my expectations."

At once those in court supposed that Jim had been lost off the vessel in the storm; and there was a very general feeling of sympathy for him. Bess saw that accidentally she had conveyed a false idea.

"Release the prisoner!" said the magistrate to the officer. This done, to Bess: "Were you so fortunate as to lose only this one man in the storm?"

"Sir," replied Bess gravely, drawing Jim's hand through her arm, "I did not lose my brother in the storm, but previously in a port of Italy. I have looked for him anxiously; for, among other claims, he is one of the minor heirs of my ship, and I am his legal guardian, appointed by our late father."

"Young man," said the magistrate, who had heard more than trifling charges against Jim, "take care in future that you do not disgrace so faithful a guardian." He bowed to Bess, and she turned with her brother to leave the court. All eyes were bent on the captain of the *White Eagle*, of whom lately the papers had had much to say; but Bess never noticed the gaze of eyes, curious, sympathetic, respectful. Her soul was singing its "Magnificat," and all her senses were absorbed by that glorious strain. Ah! how her heart rejoiced. For months had she not sought this one carefully and with tears? Here was her "brother who was dead and is alive again; was lost and is found."

She took him to her quiet lodging-house, where, with her younger brothers and Mrs. Wort, she lived while her ship was repairing.

It was the old, old, oft-repeated story of the "prodigal" retold again. He came to her ragged and dirty, destitute and half-starved. Her bounty put on him the best clothing, "and a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet;" for when he once more stood before her, clean and well clad, she took from her finger an agate seal-ring which her father had always worn, and put it on Jim, and bade him, wearing that, never to go in the ways of sin or in the drunkard's fatal path, but follow that good father toward the city of the King.

And yet, even while Jim wept in his repentance, while he reproached himself and blessed her for her forgiving love, Bess felt that he had not come to loathe the inebriating cup, the cause of his woe; that he mourned rather over the consequences of his sin than for the sin itself.

There is a good deal of this kind of repentance among men.

Bess, as she heard all the story of his wanderings, his constant misfortunes and miseries, felt that God had taken Jim's case into His own hand; that He had a thought of good toward the lad, and was leading him, in ways that they knew not, to better things. Her soul whispered, "I will wait, to see what God the Lord shall speak."

While Jim was thus clothed, but not entirely in his right mind,

with indeed, the same unsoundness about him which he had had before, the *White Eagle* was completely overhauled and refitted, and, perfect everywhere in hull and hold, in keel, masts, spars, and rigging, she made a gala day of getting out of Plymouth, with flags and streamers flying, and gladness on ship, and hats and kerchiefs waving, and good wishes shouted from the shore. In this jubilant fashion they passed the tremendous rock and its notable light, and were presently out of sight of the land which had sheltered their distress.

News of the safe arrival of the *White Eagle* to New York and of Jim was sent forthwith to the Cove, and, as soon as possible, Bess and her three brothers ran home for a little visit. It was a time of great happiness. The prodigal had been converted from the error of his ways, and during the visit at the Cove the good minister's heart was made glad by receiving both Jim and Henry into the church, of which Phil and David were already members.

Master Hastings was still hearty, and as much interested in the *White Eagle* and all her adventures as ever. The staunch way in which Bess had held by her ship in its distress filled his brave old soul with enthusiasm. Although all the villagers knew the story quite as well as he did, with the garrulity of age he would sit in the store or in the cosey room at Kate's thriving "Blue Mackerel," telling of the dismantled ship, the stormy sea, the departing boats, the staunch Captain Bess, who had cut the ropes to force her men away to safety, and how Tom Epp had cunningly stood by her, whether she would or no. "But I always knew how it would be; she showed her character from a little one, did my Bess," he would add, and, with the love of old age for earlier scenes and days, he would pass into long tales of the juvenile exploits of Rolf and Bess, and wander from that to all the history of Lucky Cove for fifty years back. But there was no one in the village who would not listen kindly to their oldest inhabitant, whose "hoary head was a crown of glory, found in the way of righteousness."

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#### CHAPTER XIV.—PORT AT LAST.

"Accomplishing great things by things deemed weak :  
 Subverting worldly strong and worldly wise  
 By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory,  
 And to the faithful death, the gate of life."

The prosperous years pass swiftly by for those whose fortunes we have been following. That salvage which Tom Epp looked for with so divided a mind was made at last. "The *White Eagle*, Captain Bess Adams, brought into harbour a ship found derelict. Salvage heavy." This is part of a paragraph which indicated the establishment of the Adams' fortunes on a much broader basis—so much broader that they could buy half of a new ship, and send young Phil, who had been first mate of the *Walrus*,

forth as captain of a ship. By this time John Porter had given up seafaring, and Jim was first and Henry second officer on the *White Eagle*. Robert was in college, the other boys were doing well, and Annie, a tall maiden, was the beauty of the Cove.

The day had come when Bess Adams might leave the sea. She had accomplished all that she had undertaken. Comfort had smiled on Lucy through many serene years. Her father had gone down to his grave in peace. All of those six brothers had been well provided for, and one was captain of his father's ship, and another of a vessel which would one day be his own.

Bess finished her last voyage in the *White Eagle*, and, as the ship would lie some while in port, her brothers accompanied her home. It was a grand and gala home-coming. As there had been a notable feast when Bess Adams received her name, now Lucy made a glorious festival in honour of Bess' coming home to end her days comfortably on shore.

By a good Providence all the family were at home. Phil's ship was lying at Boston, and Phil came; and it was vacation at college, and Robert came, and David from the shipping-office in Portsmouth, where he was one of the chief clerks, came on leave of absence; and Phil and David brought their wives with them.

If it had not been that the Adams' homestead had received many alterations and additions of late years, it could not have contained the guests; but there was now room for all.

The feast was not for Bess alone, but for the Dane as well; for 't was set upon the Master's ninetieth birthday, which Lucky Cove had united to celebrate. The Dane had the head of the table, and Bess the foot. The minister sat by Bess and Lucy by the Master. All the other Adams sons and daughters were there as well. John Porter and his wife, and Tom Epp, the faithful friend, were of the guests, and more than half of Lucky Cove besides. It was a very goodly gathering, and a very goodly feast was set before them; in fact, everything was so inspiring and jubilant that when the minister had finished saying grace, the old Dane could no longer contain himself, but then and there burst forth with—

“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,”

and all the company joined him in singing it.

The Master was a sight to do one's eyes good at that moment, singing with all his might, his hand keeping time to the grand notes of Old Hundred, while

“White as Mount Soracte  
When winter nights are long,  
His beard flowed down o'er chin and belt,  
But heart and arm were strong.”

It was a day to be remembered in Lucky Cove, and the children for a long time dated by it; as, “it was ‘before’ or ‘after’ the Adamses had the feast, and Captain Bess came home to stay.”

Here was Bess once more in the home of her childhood, she and

Lucy and Annie living together alone, except for the visits of the sons and the presence of their little serving-maid. Perhaps Annie's lot was the happiest of any in the family, for Lucy strove with a mother's devotion to bestow on her child all that she herself had lacked in early years of innocent pleasures and home comforts; and Bess, with a wistful tenderness, saw her own youthful and perished loves and hopes revived in this glad girl, who "walked like love" between these two mature women, who guarded her in a "land serene."

The minister was an old man now, thin, bent, and gray. He was yet going in and out in earnest labour before this little flock, which he had gathered and nourished as in a wilderness. The minister is not one of those elder men who are always telling how much better the world was in the days of their youth. He thinks the world is better now than it used to be, and will grow better still. He reasons that this *ought* to be so, because the Word of God has been longer and more widely preached, and that Word "shall not return unto Me void, but shall accomplish the thing whereunto I sent it." He shows that it is so by pointing out the good harvesting of the sown Word.

Bess and Lucy stood with the same thought in their minds. Presently Lucy spoke: "Dear Bess, there is a place left beside your father and beside Rolf; that is yours. You were always the one strong heart in which they both trusted. You and I are growing old together very contentedly, and by-and-bye, when I go to join our friends in the better country, I want you, who have for so many years secured my home and its comforts to me, to place my last home where I wish it, here between your mother's and mine. There was never a better mother, never a better friend, than they were to me. It is a very pleasant thought for me, to wait for the resurrection morning beside them."

We look once more at Lucky Cove. It is a bright morning, and Bess and her old friend, the minister, have gone out for a walk to the headland, where he preached and taught so many years ago. Tom Epp, who left the ship when Bess did, and established himself at the Cove to have quiet in his old age, meets and accompanies them. The three sit down on the very spot where so long time back they had the talk about the Nazarites. They were four then, but now Rolf has long been rejoicing in the city of his God.

"We have lived," says the minister, "to see great changes. More than thirty years ago we sat here speaking of temperance. In those days I was called a fanatic. Moderate drinking was the proper thing; total abstinence, in the view of most, was a chimera. In those days, even more than now, liquor makers, sellers, and drinkers had a wonderful number of rights to be protected—rights to ruin themselves and their fellows. Now the world is beginning to see that people have *no right* to spread desolation and ruin. Drunkenness has been found, in the dictionary of facts, to mean homicide, suicide, infanticide, human sacrifice to a horrible idol. People in this land may worship what and as they please, always provided they do not worship to the damage of the State;

but the god of the liquor-men is only to be worshipped in a way to injure the State. Therefore people are waking up to the fact that he is a god to be abolished. We shall none of us live long enough to see this idol utterly destroyed and his unhappy followers saved from themselves; but, thank God, we have lived to see very great things, and I believe we shall yet see greater things than these."

Yes, they had lived to see great things indeed. As then the summer morning was growing in its beauty above the sea to brighter and brighter day, so was the good work of the world's regeneration growing toward its eternal noontide splendour.

Yes, again we say, these our friends have lived to see great temperance societies over the land; the flower of the nation enlisted in the good cause; magistrates and judges and government officials defending and advancing it—to see the good day when in the courts of the land the baffled liquor-dealer learns that he has *not a right* to plunder wives and babes, and take the furniture and the homestead as the price of making the husband and father a demon. The citizens have learned that they can unite and banish the den of human wild beasts from their nearest corner, can cut away that net spread at the head of the street for their sons, can banish the high-priests of disorder from their midst:

Ay, more: they have lived to see the mighty wave of temperance revival sweeping over the land—to see prayer, the Michael of the soul, contending with Satan and his host, and rebuking them in the name of the Lord.

No railing accusation, no arm of flesh, no bloody sword, is carried to the contest. The daughters of the land have been called by some voice from heaven to go forward to the rescue; and when has there ever been a weapon so well fitted to a woman's hand as prayer? And so the wives and the daughters and the mothers have gathered together 'before the idol, and have cried unto the Lord of heaven, and before them has fallen down again and again, broken into fragments, the image of evil, as Dagon fell and was broken before the Ark of God.

THE END.

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“SEA-BIRD OF THE BROKEN WING.”

SEA-BIRD of the broken wing,  
For you no more wild wandering!  
Soaring heart and tameless eye  
Woo passionately wave and sky,  
Even as of old you long to fly:  
Ah, nevermore! O child of air  
And ocean, now let dim despair  
Close your lids; lie down and die!  
For what may homely Patience bring  
To soothe the bird of broken wing?

—*Roden Noel.*

## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY A. A. MACDONALD.

"And everything shall live whither the river cometh,—Ezek. xlvii., 9.

Down from the hills eterne of God,  
 It came a tiny stream,  
 A bar of silver through a world  
 Where darkest night did teem.

A faithful few, with loyal heart,  
 Its infancy did tend ;  
 Nor Baal's sons, nor idols false,  
 Their purpose true could bend.

Olympic bolts were shattered now,  
 Apollo's bow fell slack,  
 And all the pagan deities  
 Dropped helpless, driven back.

Its stream was fed by blood of Him  
 Who died upon the cross,  
 And hosts of martyrs' deathless fame,  
 Who counted life but loss.

From out the Mediæval gloom  
 It rushed a mighty flood,  
 While all the powers of unbelief  
 In silent wonder stood.

Where deep despair has shattered hope  
 Its gentle waters go,  
 Where sin has left a crimson stain,  
 It washes white as snow.

The mighty thoughts of master minds  
 That thrill throughout the world,  
 It kindles with a light divine,  
 A flag of fire unfurled.

Roll on, thou mighty river,  
 Make green earth's fainting sod,  
 Roll through the whole creation  
 Back to the hills of God.

TORONTO.

## CHRISTO-CENTRIC PREACHING.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE acceptance of the Copernican system of astronomy wrought a great revolution in that science. It shifted the centre of gravity of the universe. The solar system was no longer geocentric but heliocentric. The sun, not the earth, became the great central and controlling object and force.

An analogous shifting of the centre of attraction in the moral universe has taken place: not, however, the result of a sudden discovery, but by slow degrees, like the slow shifting of the centre of gravity of the earth by the gradual melting of the ice cap at the Pole.

So the thawing of frigid and benumbing and austere views of God, and the clearer and more genial views of the work and ministry of Christ are making modern theology more Christo-centric than ever since the earliest ages of the Church. In the dark Middle Ages a harsh and austere character was given to our Lord, both in art and dogma. He was enthroned in awful majesty as the dread Judge of mankind, removed from human sympathy, inspiring only terror to the soul. He was no longer Christ the consoler, but Christ the avenger. Religion was darkened by dismal forebodings of endless doom, and embittered by the fierceness of polemic strife. The moral atmosphere seemed lurid with the hurtling anathemas of rival sects.

With the decline of art and the corruption of Christianity the beautiful early type of Christ disappeared, and a more austere and solemn aspect was given Him in paintings and mosaic. In those vast and shadowy interiors of the stately basilicas, which were everywhere rising, the principal figure was that of Christ, surrounded by saints and angels, looking down upon the worshippers with awe-inspiring power, holding in His left hand the Book of Life, and raising His right in solemn menace.

The type became more and more rigid and austere as the gathering shadows of the dark ages mantled on the minds of men. The gloomy asceticism of the monastic orders also left its impress on the art of the period, especially in the east, where the Basilian monks too faithfully illustrated the stern, austere judgments of their founder concerning the person of Christ.

Towards the close of the tenth century art sank into its deepest degradation as the long night of the Dark Ages reached its densest gloom. The year one thousand was regarded in popular apprehension as the date of the end of time, and of the final conflagration of the world so intensely realized in the sublime hymn:

Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favilla.

The excited imagination of mankind, brooding upon the approaching terrors of the Last Day, found expression in the sombre character of the art of the period. The tender grace of the Good Shepherd of the Catacombs gave place to the stern, inexorable Judge, blasting the wicked with a glance

and treading down the nations in His fury. Christ was no longer the divine Orpheus, charming with the music of His lyre the souls of men, and breathing peace and benediction from His lips, but the "Rex Tremendæ Majestatis," a dread avenger striking the imagination with awe, and awakening alarm and remorse in the soul. All the stern denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, and the weird imagery of the Apocalypæ found intensely realistic treatment in art. Christ smites the earth with a curse, and consumes the wicked like stubble. "A fire goeth before Him, and burneth up His enemies round about." The great white throne is set, and from beneath it a flame bursts forth, devouring the guilty objects of His wrath. Like an angry Jove, He hurls the thunderbolts of His fury and blasts with the lightning of His power. The angels tremble in terror at His frown, and even the intercession of the Virgin Mother avails not to mitigate the dread displeasure of her divine Son. Down to the period of the Renaissance the tragic scenes of the Last Judgment continue to be favourite subjects of art treatment, and exhibit some of its most remarkable achievements. But not all the genius of Orcagna, or of Michael Angelo can reconcile our minds to the savage sternness and ferocity of the frescoes of the Campo Santo and the Sistine Chapel.

The theology of Augustine, and Dante, and Calvin, and Knox also bears this stern impress, and was formulated in the stern creeds and poetry and paintings of the age. The more joyous, filial and genial spirit of Luther, of Arminius, of Wesley, recoiled from that austerity and gloom, and the gospel of love, rather than the terrors of the law, was urged as the great religious incentive. But the rigours of winter yield slowly to the wooing of spring, and hard, cold creeds long retain their benumbing rigour. Yet they are thawing. The New Theology is largely modifying the teaching and preaching, even of those who reject it. The damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed have largely lost their force. We no longer hear in the pulpits the horrible decree—*decretum horribile*—of eternal reprobation and of infant damnation. The heathen are not regarded as inevitably swept by uncounted millions into perdition for the sin of the federal head of the race. Even within the experience of men not old a great change has taken place. The broadening sympathies of Christians are seen in the longing for Christian union and Christian co-operation.

After all, a life of love and sympathy and helpfulness is better than a rigid creed and a sour life. The development of Christly character is the great object of the Christian life. Unless men "quit their meanness and start their goodness" their religious profession will count for little at the Great Assize. It is being realized more than ever that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the Fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

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ENOUGH for thee to know  
 'Tis of His will that thou hast put aside  
 The thought of earthly joys and usefulness  
 To wait for those beyond. Thou art His child  
 And He thy loving Father. Who will choose  
 The best of all His children.

—Amy Parkinson.



PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH'S POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE  
UNITED STATES.\*

THIS is not, of course, a history in detail. It is a broad survey in which the great trends and tendencies of the times are discussed with philosophic insight and a skill in grouping and treatment which are so striking a characteristic of this master of historical research. No one could compress into three hundred pages the story of a continent for well-nigh four hundred years. This is rather a bird's-eye view of the broad field, in which the great features are shown. The book is marked by absolute fairness and by a judicial impartiality which will not please partisans on either side. It is marked, too, by that charm of diction and grace of style of which Professor Smith is so conspicuously a master.

We quote some of the more salient judgments and phrases of this philosophical book. The writer admits that the Northmen may have been the first European discoverers of America, but affirms that "nothing more came of their visit than of that of a flock of seagulls." Of Columbus he makes rather an unheroic figure, who was morally the outcome of the age which came between the fall of the Catholic and rise of the Protestant faith. Of the Virginia colony of broken-down gentlemen and convicts he says, "the convicts were offered their choice of the gallows or Virginia, and some, we are told, chose the gallows." For the Plymouth pilgrims he has words of highest commendation. "If Columbus discovered the new continent, they discovered the New World." Their persecution of the Quakers was without defence or excuse "but against it public sentiment revolted, while public sentiment in Spain did not revolt against the *autos-da-fé*." The Puritan use of the death penalty was sparing indeed, compared

with the use of it in the code of the mother-country, where there were 160 capital offences.

Life in New England was, of course, austere. "There were no Maypoles, nor Christmas pies. There was no drinking of healths and, of course, no cards nor dice. On the other hand, there was no bear-baiting, no cock-fighting, no cocking on Shrove Tuesday, no beastly drinking bouts, no beating of watchmen, no outrage of aristocratic Mohawks." Although the treatment of the Indians was severe, yet it would challenge comparison with the conduct of the Spanish Catholics with the far more civilized people of Mexico and South America. The missionary efforts of Eliot were fully as noble as those of Las Casas. "His Indian Bible was an almost superhuman monument of philanthropic labour. He strove to combine civilization with conversion, and aimed at making his converts men, not sheep."

The horrors of King Philip's war are briefly reviewed. In two years nearly two-thirds of the eighty or ninety towns of Massachusetts were raided by the savages.

Speaking of the witchcraft delusion in New England, Dr. Smith affirms that the belief in witchcraft was a hallucination of all the Churches. In the Church of Rome it had led to judicial murder on the largest scale.

His characterization of the planter aristocracy of Virginia is given in phrases which etch the picture like nitric acid on copper plate:—"Of course, living by the sweat of other men's brows, it was free from anything that was sordid in the industrial or commercial character. Not parsimony but prodigality was its fault, and while it was master of

\* *The United States: an Outline of Political History. 1492-1871.* By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-312, 8vo. Price \$2.00.

many slaves it was apt itself to be the slave of debt. . . . The slave in Virginia could hardly have risen morally or intellectually to a higher condition than that of a well-treated horse or dog. In other slave States he was treated as a beast of burden, to be used up without mercy." A royal governor of Virginia in 1670 could say, "I thank God there are no free schools or printing and I hope we shall not have them for a hundred years—God keep us from both."

As to the trade restrictions of the mother-country, Dr. Smith remarks, "So far from being the chiefest, Great Britain was the least of sinners in this respect, and Adam Smith might say with truth that her policy was less illiberal and oppressive than that of any other nation." Even the fair-minded Chatham proclaimed the right of the Imperial country to restrain the colonies from manufacturing even a horseshoe or a hobnail.

With stern impartiality, the historian, like the angel of the Apocalypse, pours out his vials of woe upon the leaders on both sides in producing the schism of the English-speaking race. "Woe to the arbitrary and bigoted king whose best excuse is that he had not made himself a ruler instead of what nature intended him to be, a ploughman. Woe to the parliament—a parliament, be it ever remembered, of rotten boroughs and of nominees not of the nation—which carelessly or insolently supported the evil resolution of the ministry and the court. Woe to the preachers of Boston, who whether from an exaggerated dread of prelacy, or to win the favour of the people, made themselves the trumpeters of discord, and perverted the Gospel into a message of civil war. Woe to all on either side who under the influence of passion, interest, or selfish ambition fomented the quarrel which rent asunder the English race."

The curse of slavery tainted even the patriotism of the fathers of the Revolution. Patrick Henry's famous speech against the tyranny of George III. is often cited:—"Is life so

dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death." Yet, says Prof. Smith, "from the beginning of his life he was a slave-holder, he bought slaves, he sold slaves, and by his will, with his cattle he bequeathed slaves."

The British commander-in-chief was sent forth "with a sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other, to the detriment alike of the olive branch and the sword." Tom Paine is well characterized as the "stormy petrel of three countries." Washington is the one heroic figure on the American side—"for the union of enterprise with prudence; for integrity and truthfulness; for simple dignity of character; for tact and forbearance in dealing with men; above all for serene fortitude in the darkest hour of his cause and under trials from the perversity, insubordination, jealousy, and perfidy of those around, to him severer than any defeat." On his death the flags of the British fleet were half-masted in respect.

The financial condition of the country during the war was frightful. The continental currency sunk about as low as that of the Confederacy eighty years later. A hotel bill of £700 was paid with £3 cash.

A glowing tribute is paid to the United Empire Loyalists who were exiled for conscience' sake and became the Pilgrim Fathers and founders of this great Northern Dominion.

The language of George III. to John Adams, the first American ambassador, expressed the better feeling of Great Britain, "I was the last to consent to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power."

The war of 1812, Dr. Smith considers utterly inexcusable. It was not national. It was made by the "war-hawks," as Clay and his party were called. On its declaration the

flags of Boston were hung at half-mast. The selfish and unrighteous Mexican war is strongly denounced. The vast area of Texas was re-annexed to slavery which had been abolished from the Mexican constitution.

A due tribute is paid to the ability of Daniel Webster, but his surrender to slavery condemned him to eternal infamy. "His character, to which friends of freedom in the North had long looked up, fell with a crash like that of a mighty tree, of a lofty pillar, of a rock that for ages had breasted the waves."

The causes leading to the Secession War are traced with the skill of the surgeon laying bare by the scalpel the motor nerves. Slavery was the root of the matter. The South was continually proclaiming that the slave was happy and contented. To this Dr. Smith pertinently retorts, "If the slave was happy, why those fetters, those bloodhounds, that hideous slave code? If he was contented, why those laws forbidding him to hold meetings, to move about freely, rendering him liable to summary arrest and to scourging if he was found wandering without a master? why was the Southern Legislation a code of terror?" "The slave's happiness at best was that of swine."

Another factor of much numerical importance was the "mean whites," who "disdaining industry as the lot of the slave, and full of insensate pride of colour, though the very negroes despised them, lived a half vagabond life as parasites of the slave system, farming but little and very poorly, slave-driving, slave-hunting, lounging and drinking, sponging on the great planters, whose dependents, socially and politically, they were."

The "Cotton Kingdom" was a barbarism thinly veiled and barely relieved by a few seats of commerce or mansions of private wealth. "The clergy were not only inferior in education, but degraded by the necessity of cringing to slavery, and of perverting scripture and paltering with conscience in that interest." Slavery also held in moral, or immoral, bondage the Northern mer-

chants by the ties of commercial interests, and a great debt due to them as providers of its capital.

The haughty South rashly and madly precipitated the war. "The Southern gentlemen thought that the 'greasy mechanic' would not fight, and they dared him to smell Southern powder, and taste Southern steel. They were fatally mistaken. The 'greasy mechanic' was of their own race, and though he clung to the Union, he would fight."

Then came the attack on Fort Sumpter, which electrified the North, and began the four years' fratricidal war. After years of bloody strife, followed Lincoln's memorable proclamation that, "On the first of January, 1863, all the slaves in the rebel states should be then, thenceforward and forever, free." Few sentences in any state paper express stronger moral feeling, akin to that of the old Hebrew prophet, than the following utterances of the great emancipator: "If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue till all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as it was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

The desolation of the rich and smiling valley of Shenandoah is described by the picturesque phrase, "A crow flying down it would have to carry his own rations." "Two thousand barns filled with wheat,

and hay, and farming implements, and seventy mills filled with flour and wheat, were among the things destroyed."

The history of this great conflict, in which over a million men lost their lives or were crippled, is succinctly traced. The coils of fate, like an anaconda, gathered round the struggling South despite unavailing valour. The saddest scene was the dreadful camp at Andersonville, "which nothing could excuse, which nothing except the temper bred of slave-owning, could explain. In a stockaded field, 1,540 feet long by 750 wide, were confined at least 31,693 prisoners. The death-rate reached eight and a half per hour. Whoever even put a hand over 'the dead line' was shot; not a few courted that fate in despair. Bloodhounds were kept to run down fugitives. Out of 44,882 prisoners, in the course of thirteen months 12,462 died. Wirz, the jailer of Andersonville, a foreign mercenary, was hanged by the North, not for rebellion, but for murder, a doom which the heads of the department, if they knew what was going on, deserved to share. Such was the exit of slavery from the civilized world."

The only relieving feature of this tragic drama was the Sanitary and Christian commission of the Federals, which ministered to the bodies and souls of the soldiers in blue and gray alike. "Over blood shed upon the field of battle," says Froude, "the grass soon grows, but blood shed upon the scaffold leaves an indelible stain." It is to the credit of the victorious North that no blood was shed upon the scaffold. The most chivalrous magnanimity was exhibited to the "erring brethren" of the South. Two of the most Radical abolitionists of the country, Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greeley, became personal

bail for "Jeff Davis," and within a quarter of a century the soldiers of the North and South bivouacked together upon the hard-fought field of Gettysburg, and soon after the Southern veterans were the guests of the Grand Army of the Republic on Boston Common.

Notwithstanding the Southern sympathies of part of the English aristocracy, the heart of the nation was with the North, and rejoiced at the overthrow of slavery. "That the British Government desired or connived at any breach of its neutrality," says Prof. Smith, "is absolutely untrue. From the shipyards and harbours of a nation, which, besides her own ports, has those of maritime dependencies all over the world, in the course of over four years' war, three Confederate privateers escaped." In the case of the *Alabama*, more than ample amends was made by the large award of the Washington Treaty. "Nor did the Canadian Government afford the slightest ground for the imputation that it fostered or failed to repress the machinations of Southerners who had gathered on its territory, and could not, without breach of law and hospitality, be expelled."

We have quoted sufficiently from this book to show its broad scope and the masterly way in which the history of the period it covers has been sketched. A coloured map enables the reader to trace the wonderful growth of the Republic, from a narrow strip on the Atlantic Coast, across the broad continent to the Pacific. The learned Professor gives us ground to hope that this work may be followed by a companion volume treating with the same succinctness the recent history of parties and questions of the present day. We shall await its appearance with the keenest interest.

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"HE forgot his own soul for others,  
Himself to his neighbour lending,  
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,  
And not in the clouds descending."

—*Whittier.*

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

President Pope has long been the efficient secretary of the Chapel Committee. He says that in thirty years \$45,000,000 have been added to the trust property of the Church, which now yields \$850,000 in the shape of pew rents.

A friend, writing respecting the long career of Dr. Gregory, late editor of the *Magazine*, says that from the date of the coronation of Queen Victoria, the doctor has not known a day of entire ease from physical pain. He further makes the startling statement that all the best intellectual work in the world is done by invalids.

Rev. Thomas Cook has been granted permission to spend a year in Australasia and India, in evangelistic work.

The Prince of Wales recently conferred the Order of St. John upon two Methodist Nurses in London—Sister Retura, lady superintendent of Wesley Deaconess Institute, and Sister Emma, sister in charge of the Children's Home Hospital.

The eighteenth annual report of the Sunday-school Union has been published. There is an increase of twenty-seven schools, 502 officers and teachers, 8,570 scholars, and of no less than 6,038 scholars meeting in society and junior classes. More than one-half of the church membership is connected with the Sunday schools. Including officers and teachers there are over one million of persons connected with the Sunday-schools. The annual cost is very near \$500,000.

Pasteur Hocart has lately supplied some interesting facts respecting Methodism in France. The members are very poor, many of them domestic servants, and yet one dollar

per member each quarter is a common subscription. English Methodism gives \$17,500 annually to help Methodism in France. At least 200 Protestant ministers have been brought to God by its instrumentality. Every year Protestant churches thus receive accessions to the ranks of the Reformed and other churches, besides largely supplying them with Bible-women, colporteurs and other lay agents who labour in hospitals and help the pastors in parish work. Pasteur Hocart, though eighty-one years of age, preaches three times on Sabbath and attends Sunday-school. He has been President of Conference fifteen times and has been French delegate to at least twelve English Conferences.

Mr. Hocart and his daughter have established a Children's Home similar to Dr. Stephenson's. Miss Hocart was for some years connected with the Children's Home in London. At first the Home was in Mr. Hocart's house and contained three orphan children. It now occupies a large house outside the city gates. The incidents connected with the Home are very affecting.

Rev. W. Darlow Sargeant, Birmingham, has for some time been engaged holding missions and Bible-readings. He is now stationed at Hinde Street circuit. There is one house of business near in which 1,200 young people are employed. For these young people Mr. Sargeant has commenced a 'Social Hour.' He has taken a house and hopes to secure the services of a few respectable young ladies who will by music and readings interest the young people and in this way draw them to church. Such methods have been adopted elsewhere with good results.

A valedictory service was recently

held in City Road Chapel, when Misses Tyler and Wells were designated as missionaries to Ceylon, Miss Walker to India, and Misses Eacott, Parker, Duncan and Minchin, to China.

Mr. and Mrs. Champness have given \$4,500 from their year's profits to the Joyful News Mission.

The publishers of the *Methodist Times* have donated \$1,850 to the Auxiliary Fund. The *Methodist Recorder* proprietors have also donated \$1,500 for the same object.

During the last twenty years not less than 80,000 of zealous Methodist workers have joined the Salvation Army. This secession has now ceased, and work is found in Methodism for all classes.

If the Wesleyans counted members as the Church of England does they would have at least 2,000,000 but as only class-meeting members are counted they report 450,000.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Milwaukee is to have a Methodist Home for Methodist working girls.

Seven new Methodist churches are under way, or to be built this season, in Cleveland, Ohio.

The Epworth League settlement at the North-end of Boston is practically a Primitive Methodist scheme of operation. A Gospel waggon holding eight singers and a few speakers, with a small organ, was driven every Sunday afternoon in summer to the public squares and tenement districts; crowds soon gathered and listened attentively to the 'Gospel Talk.' The addresses were delivered in various languages, and the greatest decorum was observed in all the services.

The Missionary Society is calling for not less than \$1,250,000 this year by collections only.

Our friend, Dr. Hugh Johnston, recently delivered an eloquent and appropriate address to the graduating class of Lucy Webb Bible School, Washington.

At the age of seventy-three Bishop Taylor says he would rather spend the next twenty years in Africa among the savages than in heaven

among the angels, so strong is his desire that the sable sons of Africa should be saved.

The Woman's Missionary Society has twelve hospitals and dispensaries in India, China, and Korea; during the past year, through the ministrations of these Christian women, about 40,000 women received care who otherwise would have been neglected.

The fall months find the bishops full employment, inasmuch as they were planned to hold thirty-seven Annual Conferences in September, and fifteen in October. Eleven were held in August. They were planned to preside over sixty-two conferences in three months.

The aggregate income of fifty-four educational institutions is \$1,018,054.85, while that of Harvard alone is \$1,076,902.42 or almost more per year than of all the Methodist put together. There are only three Methodist colleges whose annual income reaches \$100,000. More than half have less than \$10,000; ten have less than \$5,000; six do not exceed \$3,000; and six others do not seem to have any income at all. The North-Western has the largest income, \$200,000, but less than one-fifth of what Harvard has.

The new Book Concern building in Cincinnati will soon be completed. It will cost, without the ground, \$100,000, and will be one of the most imposing and substantial business houses in the city.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The Woman's Board of Missions has thirty-eight missionaries employed: that is—in China, sixteen; in Brazil, nine; in Mexico, thirteen; Indian Missions, four teachers. The treasurer reports an advance of over \$4,000 over last year's collections. Since the organization of the woman's work in 1878, \$722,604.80 has been collected.

The Jubilee of the Church is to be celebrated in 1894. June 8th will make fifty years since the adoption of "the plan of separation" by

which the M. E. Church South became a separate ecclesiastical body.

Bishop Galloway has accepted an invitation to lecture on topics of practical theology before the School of Theology of Boston University during the next academic year. This is an evidence that the spirit of brotherly kindness is increasing between the two Methodisms.

#### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The increase in missionary contributions for the year exceeds by \$1,500 the givings of the previous year.

The debt was also reduced \$6,500. It is hoped that by another year the balance of the debt, amounting to \$15,000, will be discharged.

Rev. G. T. Candlin, who has been fifteen years in China, has proved himself a valuable missionary. When asked when he would be ready to go to China his answer was, "I am ready now." He read a paper at the Religious Parliament at Chicago on "Christian Unity and the Work of Missions." Dr. Barrows said the paper was one of great eloquence and ability and one of the most powerful pleas for Christian Union and co-operation ever spoken.

#### PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH.

It is hoped that the amount proposed to be raised for the Jubilee Fund, £50,000, will all be gathered in by Conference.

Last year seventy-six new churches were built, the cost of which was \$350,000, about \$200,000 was raised.

The Van Mission which travels in the rural districts is doing much good.

The Theological Institute is to be enlarged at a cost of \$30,000.

During the past year, the students held 1,600 preaching appointments in fifty circuits.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. James Woodsworth, General Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba and the North-West, is calling for an increase of labourers. Settlements are filling up rapidly and

the heralds of salvation must follow them.

The British Columbia Conference embraces fifty-eight pastoral charges divided into four districts.

Chan Sing Kai is pastor of the Chinese Church in New Westminster. It is said that of the Chinese converts, notwithstanding the persecution to which they are subjected, ninety per cent. remain faithful. They average \$5 per member annually for missions, beside contributing to other benevolent objects.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

Professor John Allison, of St. Paul, Minn., died July 19th. He was formerly President of Mount Allison Female Seminary, at Sackville, N.B. He laboured in Buffalo and Milwaukee successively, and latterly at Minnesota, where he met with his death by falling from a street-car. He was a man of much ability, and when preaching was invariably listened to with pleasure.

Rev. James R. Narraway, M.A., of New Brunswick Conference, was called to his eternal home in August last. He has been in the Methodist ministry since 1841, though in 1869 he retired to the Superannuated list. He was an able minister of the New Testament, an eloquent lecturer, and could use the pen of a ready writer.

Rev. Jonathan Ayrton, Primitive Methodist in England, finished his course in August in the sixtieth year of his age. He was in the active work thirty-seven years, and retired in 1889. He was a faithful labourer and was more useful than brilliant.

Rev. Dr. Daniel, of New Brunswick Conference, died August, 1893. He was a Methodist of the fourth generation. His venerable father, a superannuated minister, still survives. The departed brother had been favoured with a good education, which he greatly improved to the last. He was only twenty-four years in the ministry when he was taken away.

## Book Notices.

*The Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy and Life.* By GEORGE A. GORDON, minister of the Old South Church, Boston. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

For two hundred years and more, the Old South Church has been a beacon of religious and intellectual light. The present volume treats with consummate skill one of the profoundest problems of the universe. It gathers from the past the testimony of the greatest spirits of the ages, to the doctrine of the immortality of man. In its pages "the divine voice is heard along the high-ways of history, caught by the loftiest spirits of the race, and passed onward through their resonant humanity, touching the individual soul with the original utterance of God all but completely blended with the grand responses and reverberations of the grateful heart of mankind."

Not everyone can range for himself through the almost boundless domain of literature. Hence the world owes a debt of obligation to men who, like the author and Matthew Arnold, spread the knowledge of the best thinking of the highest minds among the people. Our author interprets, first, with deep insight, the testimony of the old Hebrew prophets upon the doctrine of immortality. Not dimly and vaguely does he find it set forth in psalm and prophecy, but with strong and positive assurance. He next summons the testimony of the great poets of all time. From Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, he cites the strong corroboration of that primal instinct of the race grasping after God and immortality. The voice of philosophy, of faith and reason, is next summoned. In Socrates, Plato and Origen, from Butler, Kant and Lotze, deepest confirma-

tion of this immortal yearning is found. The argument of St. Paul is expanded and unfolded, and in the teachings of Jesus Christ is found its highest demonstration. The whole book is characterized by an elevation of thought and a strength and beauty of diction in keeping with the august theme treated. The author quotes the following grim, strong poem of W. E. Henley:

"Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever God's may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance,  
My head is bloody, but not bowed.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade;  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

"It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishment the  
scroll:  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul."

Of this Mr. Gordon says, "this surely is the desperate expression of a faith intrinsically great. The primacy of soul could hardly receive more powerful utterance, and the man who is so certain of the soul should not find it difficult to rest in the deepest certainty of God."

*The New Testament; or, The Book of the Holy Gospel of our Lord and our God, Jesus the Messiah.* A literal translation from the Syriac Peshitto version, by JAS. MURDOCK, D.D., Boston: H. L. Hastings, Scriptural Tract Repository. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Octavo, pp. 507. Price, \$2.50.

Mr. H. L. Hastings' introduction to the Peshitto Syriac New Testament has all the fascination of romance. In a thoroughly scholarly way, and with ample study of the best authorities, he recounts the



study of the Maronites of Lebanon, among whom we have travelled, and whose churches we have visited, the Syrians of Kurdistan, Malabar and Urumiah, and describes the monasteries of the Nitrian desert and their rich "fund" of Syriac manuscripts.

The record of the early manuscripts and translations of the Syriac New Testament are full of illustrations of the special providence of God in preserving His own word. What gives an absorbing interest to this version is the fact that the words of Jesus therein recorded are the very words which fell from the blessed lips of Christ Himself, for this Syrian tongue, there is strong reason to believe, was the one in common use in Palestine in the time of our Lord. It is, in the words of Mr. Hastings: "This venerable and valuable version of the New Testament, so widely diffused, so long preserved, and so highly prized, which, through the patient efforts and accurate scholarship of the learned translator, is here laid before the reader in an English dress."

There is, the translator remarks, "an artless simplicity, directness and transparency of style—the propriety and beauty of the conceptions of Christ and His followers—that serve to chain attention and hold the mind spell-bound to the book." It is important as an aid in determining the exact reading of the Greek text, and as a memorial of the early Christian churches, says Mr. Hastings, it deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance.

An interesting sketch is also given of the Rev. Dr. Murdock, of New Haven, the accomplished scholar by whom this translation was made.

The translation is, as becomes the theme, dignified and simple in style, adopting the stately and somewhat Archaic diction of the authorized version, to which it is closely parallel. The colophons or tail-pieces of the several books are interesting as indicating the ancient traditions, as *e.g.*: "Completion of the Holy Gospel as published by Matthew, and which he published in Hebrew in the land of the Palestineans;" "The announcement of Mark,

which he uttered and proclaimed in Latin at Rome;" "Completion of the Holy Gospel—the announcement of John the Evangelist, which he uttered in Greek at Ephesus," and so on. Dr. I. H. Hall contributes a valuable appendix on the Syriac translations of the New Testament, which will be of much interest to Biblical scholars.

*Songs of the Common Day, and Ave!*  
an Ode for the Shelley Centenary.  
By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Toronto: William Briggs. Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$1.25.

The many friends of that accomplished Canadian poet, Professor Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, N.S., will welcome another volume of his poems. The familiar description of Canadian landscape and incident will come home to the hearts of his readers with still greater power than the beautiful classic themes of many of his earlier songs. In a series of exquisite sonnets, each clear-cut as a cameo, Professor Roberts, illustrates the varied aspects of Canadian life. The themes are sometimes homely, as befit "Songs of the Common Day," but the treatment elevates them to a realm of poetic beauty. The scenery of his beloved Tantramar is reproduced with photographic fidelity. We have space to cite but one of these beautiful sonnets, that on "The Salt Flats."

Here clove the keels of centuries ago  
Where now unvisited the flats lie bare.  
Here seethed the sweep of journeying  
waters, where  
No more the tumbling floods of Fundy  
flow,  
And only in the samphire pipes creep slow  
The salty currents of the sap. The air  
Hums desolately with wings that seaward fare,  
Over the lonely reaches beating low.  
The wastes of hard and meagre weeds are  
thronged  
With murmurs of a past that time has  
wrought:  
And ghosts of many an ancient memory  
Dwell by the brackish pools and ditches  
blind,  
In these low-lying pastures of the wind,  
These marches pale, and meadows by  
the sea.

We have also been specially pleased with "The Tides," "The Rain,"

and "The Deserted City," the fine idealization of an old barn and Indian summer.

The tragic pathos of the longer poem "The Tide on Tantramar" will touch every heart. In the following, entitled "Severance," the strange, weird spell of the sea is felt in every line :

The tide falls and the night falls,  
And the wind blows in from the sea,  
And the bell on the bar it calls and calls,  
And the wild hawk cries from his tree.

The late crane calls to his fellows gone  
In long flight over the sea,  
And my heart with the crane flies on  
and on,  
Seeking its rest and thee.

O love, the tide returns to the strand,  
And the crane flies back oversea,  
But he brings not my heart from his far-  
off land,  
For he brings not thee to me.

In lighter vein is the "Wood-Frolic" in which the very ring and swing of the axe are heard in the resounding lines—

So still the air and chill the air the branches  
seemed asleep,  
But we broke their ancient visions as the  
axe bit deep.  
*Oh, the frost is on the forest, and the snow  
piles high!*

And here and there, with solemn roar,  
some hoary tree came down,  
And we heard the rolling of the years in  
the thunder of its crown.  
*Oh, merry swing the axes, and the bright  
chips fly!*

The fine characterization of Canadian streams in a patriotic poem on that subject should insure it a frequent reading in our Canadian schools. The gem of the volume, however, is the fine ode for the centenary of Shelley's birth. It seems difficult to associate the tranquil marshes of Tantramar with the fiery heart and restless pulses of the passionate poet, yet this Prof. Roberts has successfully done in the following lines :

And now, O tranquil marshes, in your  
vast  
Serenity of vision and of dream,  
Wherethrough by every intricate vein  
have passed  
With joy impetuous and pain supreme  
The sharp fierce tides that chafe the  
shores of earth  
In endless and controlless ebb and flow,

Strangely akin ye seem to him whose birth  
One hundred years ago  
With fiery succour to the ranks of song  
Defied the ancient gates of wrath and  
wrong.

O heart of fire, that fire might not con-  
sume,  
Forever glad the world because of thee;  
Because of thee forever eyes illumine  
A more enchanted earth, a lovelier sea!  
O poignant voice of the desire of life,  
Piercing our lethargy, because thy call  
Aroused our spirits to a nobler strife  
Where base and sordid fall,  
Forever past the conflict and the pain,  
More clearly beams the goal we shall  
attain!

The book is issued in beautiful form by our Publishing House, and we bespeak for it a hearty reception by a widening circle of Canadian readers.

*The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell.* By LEW WALLACE, author of "Ben Hur," "The Boyhood of Christ," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Two vols. Pp. 502 and 578. Price \$2.50 in case. Second Canadian edition.

General Wallace's "Ben Hur" is one of the most successful works of imagination of recent times. It has been translated into many modern languages, and has given many thousands of readers a more vivid and definite conception of scenes in the life of our Lord, and of its relations to the secular history of the period than they would ever otherwise have known. The accomplished author has selected for the subject of this story one of the most dramatic episodes in modern history, the capture of Constantinople, and the fall of the Eastern Empire, the greatest, and perhaps the most awful, scene given in the history of mankind, the end of the "world's debate," and the irrepressible conflict between the East and the West, between the Crescent and the Cross, between the fiery Janizaries of Mahomet and the brave, but unfortunate, Constantine Palæologus, the last of the Greek emperors.

The story which Gibbon has told in stately, historic prose, in General Wallace's volumes is instinct with

all the warmth and colour and vividness of life. The narrative throughout is of sustained and intense interest, in part of tender pathos and in part of sombre sternness, as tragedy, with crimson pall sweeps by. The interest accumulates as the narrative approaches its dramatic close.

All Europe was aghast with horror and dismay at the downfall of Constantinople. The Pope summoned the entire West from Sweden to Naples, from Poland to Britain, to drive the Turk from European soil. But spiritual anathemas and political leagues were alike despised by the victorious invader. He crossed to Italy, attacked and seized Otranto, and would probably have become master of old, as well as of new Rome, had he not been overtaken by death, a conqueror as ruthless as himself.

We have compared General Wallace's book with Gibbon's great masterpiece and can bear testimony to the historic fidelity of the tale, with one exception, namely the introduction of the weird and sombre legend of the Wandering Jew, which lends an uncanny and supernatural tone to an otherwise trustworthy narrative.

As the conquering Mahomet rode from the desecrated church of St. Sophia to the august but desolate mansion of the successors of the great Constantine, now stripped of its glory, a melancholy reflection on the vicissitudes of human greatness called from his lips the distich of Persian poetry—"The spider hath woven his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Aphraziyah."

We review these volumes with all the more interest because a few months ago we stood beneath those very walls where the final assault took place.

The energy and enterprise of our indefatigable Book Steward, has secured for the Methodist Publishing House the exclusive agency for Canada of this crowning work of General Wallace, which is certain to have a very large and permanent sale.

*The Prophecies of Daniel Expounded.*

By MILTON S. TERRY, S.T.D.,  
Professor of Old Testament Exegesis in Garret Biblical Institute.  
New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Book of Daniel has long been the happy hunting-ground of the prophecy-monger and hobbyist. The ten horns of the fourth beast have been arbitrarily interpreted as setting forth the facts of mediæval history, which has been ransacked to find persons, kingdoms and events answering to the supposed allusions of the prophet. Of these Dr. Terry gives half-a-dozen contradictory examples. The "Little Horn" has been similarly interpreted as the Pope of Rome, the Roman Cæsars, the Mohammedan power, and other vagaries. "One may well be amazed," says our author, "at the amount of imperious dogmatism of some who follow the lines of such unwarranted assumptions." This opinion is also echoed by Archdeacon Farrar. For the elucidation of Dr. Terry's theory that the kingdoms represent the Babylonian, Median, Grecian and Persian Empires we must refer to his able exposition.

*Sleep and Dreams; A Scientific Popular Dissertation.*

From the German of Dr. Friedrich Scholz, Director of the Bremen Insane Asylum. By H. M. JEWETT. Also, *The Analogy of Insanity to Sleep and Dreams.* By Milo A. JEWETT, M.D., Assistant Superintendent of Danvers (Mass.) Lunatic Hospital. Bound in one volume. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Cloth, pp. 148. Price 75c.

This book is written for popular use. While it makes no large demands upon the knowledge of the laity, it will not be an unwelcome contribution to the science of the mind. Sleep, its Cause and its Phenomena, Dreams, Sleeplessness and its Prevention, and the Analogy of Insanity to Sleep and Dreams, are the subjects treated.

*Christianity and Socialism.* Being the twenty-third Fernley Lecture, delivered in Cardiff, July 28th, 1893, by REV. WILLIAM NICHOLAS, M.A., D.D. Octavo, pp. 220. London: Wesleyan Book Room. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, paper, 70 cents; cloth, \$1.

The great questions of the present day are not so much political, or even economical, as social questions. It is well, therefore, for the Church to address itself to their consideration. No more appropriate theme could have been selected for the Fernley lecture for the current year than this important topic. The author has treated it in the most thorough and comprehensive way. He discusses Socialism in Germany, France, Austria, Russia, England, with ample mastery of the copious literature on the subject. He treats the Socialist objection to Christianity, and the relations of Socialism to liberty, equality, fraternity. He devotes two chapters to "Economic Ideas of Socialism," and "The Iron Law of Wages." While admitting that the present state of society is unsatisfactory, the author, with a genial optimism, recognizes its hopeful tendencies, the impossibility of establishing socialism, and the sufficiency of Christianity. This book is of sufficient value to form the subject of one or more articles which we shall endeavour to secure from a competent pen.

*Henry Ward Beecher; the Shakespeare of the Pulpit.* By JOHN HENRY BARROWS, D.D. With Portrait and copious Index. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnall's Company. Cloth, 12mo. Pp. 557. Price \$1.50.

This masterly biography contains, also, some reminiscences by Rev. S. B. Halliday, Mr. Beecher's assistant in the pastoral work of Plymouth Church. It is, moreover, valuable on account of numerous contributions by distinguished contemporaries of the pulpit orator, which show what a profound im-

pression he made on various gifted minds. It is further enriched by many of Mr. Beecher's characteristic utterances, and contains an account of his closing days. In swift, flowing narrative the author gives the story of Mr. Beecher's spiritual inheritance, his interesting early development, his various achievements, sorrows, and triumphs. The main theme of the book is his richly endowed personality, and to a large extent he has been allowed to speak for himself.

Much contemporaneous historical matter is interspersed through the book. The copious index adds to its value. "Henry Ward Beecher; the Shakespeare of the Pulpit," is Vol. IX. of the "American Reformers" series, edited by Carlos Martyn, an educational series which has been received with much public favour.

*The Students' Commentary.* A complete Hermeneutical Manual on the book of Ecclesiastes, by JAS. STRONG, S.T.D., LL.D. Quarto, pp. 144. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is the most ample and adequate study of the Book of Ecclesiastes which we know, although we have but a slight acquaintance with the vast literature of the subject, a mere enumeration of which fills eight large pages of this book. The accomplished president of Drew Theological Seminary gives, first, a corrected Hebrew text, with full critical apparatus, then a metrical rendering in blank verse, followed by a rhythmical translation to bring out the parallelism of the original, frequently with rhymed couplets. An extended introduction and tabular analyses follow. Then comes a very full exegetical and practical commentary and copious grammatical notes. The book of Ecclesiastes is one of the most difficult, and at the same time, one of the most interesting and instructive, portions of Scripture.