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THE FALLS OF THE RHINE BY MOONLIGHT, NEAR VIEW.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1901.

THE STORIED RHINE.

BY H. A. GUERBER AND W. H. WITHROW.



RHINE GATE, CONSTANCE.

I.

THE Rhine is swift like the Rhone," says Victor Hugo, "broad like the Loire, pent up between high banks like the Meuse, winding like the Seine, clear and green like the Somme, historical like the Tiber, majestic like the Danube, weired like the Nile, glittering with gold like an American river, and peopled with fables and phantoms like an Asiatic stream."

To the above poetical statement add that the Rhine is composed of about twenty thousand streams,

drains an area of seventy-five thousand square miles, is between seven and eight hundred miles long, falls nearly eight thousand feet, connects the Alps with the sea, and that it is one of the principal waterways of Europe.

Rising in Switzerland, the headwaters of this stream flow from about one hundred and fifty glaciers, remains of the ice age. The main feeder, the Vorder Rhine, rises on Mount Saint Gotthard (not very far from the sources of the Rhone), and falling more than twelve hundred feet within the first twelve miles of its course, forms numerous picturesque cascades. It winds through wild ravines and gathers the waters of many small streams as it dashes along its way. At Chur the united waters of the three Rhine streams first become navigable. After broadening out to form the Lake of Constance, the Rhine plunges over the Jura barrier in three falls fifty to sixty feet high. The deafening roar—still very awe-inspiring—and the rainbow effects of the spray, were first mentioned by early Latin writers.

The falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen are by far the largest in Europe, but they are not to be mentioned in the same day with our own Niagara. Nevertheless, they are very picturesque and beautiful. The cliff overhanging the fall has a quaint old castle inn, and pavilions and galleries command superb

views. Three huge rocks rise in mid-stream, against which the furious river wreaks its rage. Ruskin goes into raptures over this



NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE RHINE.

beautiful fall. He ought to see Niagara. The old town of Schaffhausen, with its castle and minster dating from 1104, and odd

architecture, is exceedingly picturesque.

From Kaiserstuhl to Basle, the river makes so many twists and turns that it almost trebles the distance from the Lake of Constance to the last-named city. Along this stretch it receives several tributaries, the most important being the Aar, which, with its accretions, drains the Bernese Oberland and all the larger Swiss lakes except that of Geneva.

At Basle the Rhine turns to the north. Instead of rushing along over jagged rocks and through narrow ravines, it broadens out and, becoming shallow, divides so as to form numerous islands. Navigation is resumed at Basle, from which point it extends uninterruptedly to the sea. Owing to modern engineering, which has forced its waters into straighter, narrower channels, towns which formerly stood on the Rhine are now connected with it only by canals.

Basle, a thriving town of 45,000 inhabitants, has played an important part in Reformation annals. It is mentioned in 374 as Basilea—hence its name. The minster, founded in 1010, a huge structure of red granite, is one of the finest Protestant churches in Europe. In a quaint relief of the Last Judgment, the risen dead—stiff archaic figures—are naively shown putting on their resurrection garments. Here was held the great Council of Basle, lasting from 1431 to 1448; and here is buried the great Reformer, Ecolampadius, whose fine statue, with a Bible in its hand, stands in the square without. In the Council Hall are frescoes of Holbein's famous Dance of Death, like that at Lucerne. Kings, popes, emperors, lawyers and doctors, lords and ladies, are all compelled to dance a measure with the grim skeleton, Death.

In the museum is a large mechanical head, which, till 1839, stood

on the clock tower of the bridge, and at every stroke of the pendulum rolled its eyes and protruded its long tongue in derision of the people at Little Basle, on the Ger-

The cloisters adjoining the cathedral are of singularly beautiful stone tracery, five hundred years old. In the grass-grown quadrangles sleep the quiet dead, un-



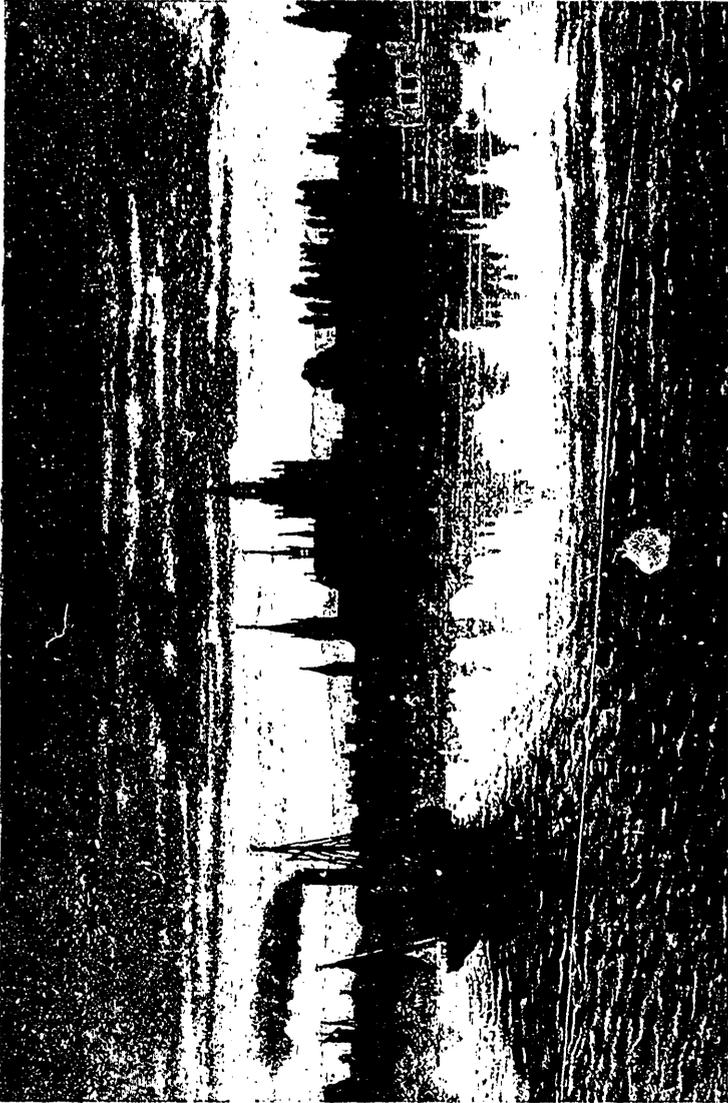
THE FALLS OF THE RHINE.

man side of the Rhine. A corresponding figure on that side returned the graceful amenity. A similar clock is still in operation at Coblenz.

moved by the rush and roar of busy traffic without. An old church of the 14th century is used as a post-office; high up among the arches of the vaulted roof is heard

the click of the telegraph instruments; the chancel and solemn crypts are used to store corn and wine and oil; and beneath the vaulted roof which echoed for cen-

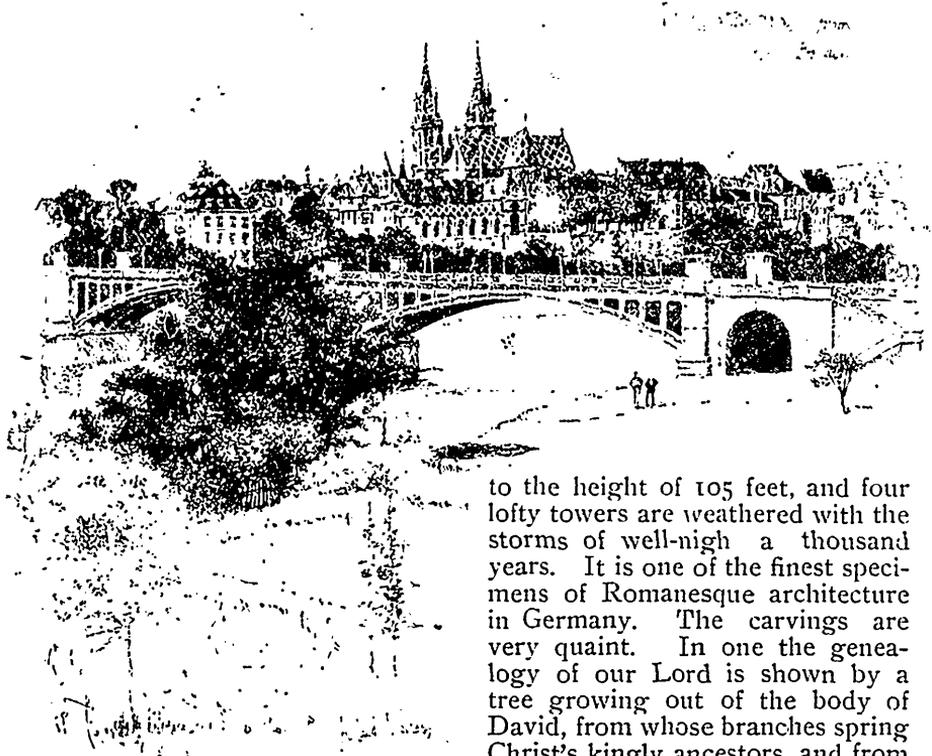
ramparts converted into broad boulevards, lined with elegant villas. The quaint old gates and towers have been left, and form conspicuous monuments of the



CONSTANCE, SEEN FROM THE LAKE.

turies the chanting of the choir, is now heard the creaking of cranes and the rattle of post-waggon. The old walls which surrounded the city have been razed, and the

ancient times. I lodged at the Trois Rois Hotel, whose balconies overhang the swiftly-rushing Rhine. Just beneath my window were gorgeous effigies of the three



to the height of 105 feet, and four lofty towers are weathered with the storms of well-nigh a thousand years. It is one of the finest specimens of Romanesque architecture in Germany. The carvings are very quaint. In one the genealogy of our Lord is shown by a tree growing out of the body of David, from whose branches spring Christ's kingly ancestors, and from the top, as the consummate flower

Three kings, Gaspar, Melchior, and Belshazzar—one of them a Negro—who presented their offerings to the infant Christ.

The mighty river sweeps by the ancient imperial City of Worms, whose walls it once bathed. This city, also the capital and tomb of many of the German emperors, numbered more than seventy thousand inhabitants in the days of Frederic Barbarossa, but now boasts only about ten thousand. It is visited mainly for its cathedral, for its historic associations, and for the sake of the grand Luther monument, erected in the middle of this century.

In the old Romanesque Cathedral, begun in the eighth century, the condemnation of Luther was signed by Charles V. It is 423 feet long. The vaulted roof rises



NORMAN DOORWAY,
CATHEDRAL OF BASLE.



WORMS CATHEDRAL.

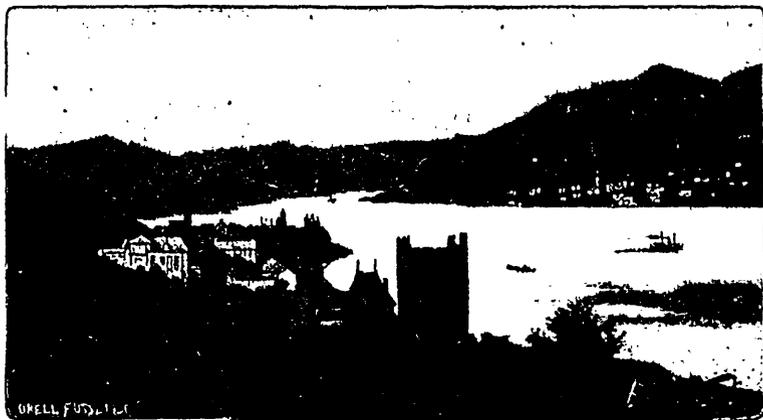
of all, springs the Virgin Mary. In this stern cradle of the Reformation, a mass for the dead was being sung. When the procession of priests and nuns filed out, I was left alone to moralize upon the memories of the past. I afterwards wandered through the narrow streets and bustling market-place and depopulated suburbs, and tried to conjure up the great world-drama of the Diet of Worms, three centuries and a half ago.

The Main joins the Rhine at Mainz, a town founded by the Romans before our era and still possessing many remains of their occupation. Its cathedral, begun in 978, was six times a prey to fire. Alternately used as barracks, stables for cavalry, a magazine for powder and provisions, and even as a slaughter-house, it is nevertheless one of the finest and most interesting specimens of mediaeval architecture.

In sailing down the legend-haunted Rhine, I travelled leisurely, stopping at the more interesting points—Bingen, Coblenz, Bonn, and Cologne. On my way to Bingen—"Sweet Bingen on the

Rhine"—I passed Ingleheim, now a straggling village, once the site of a famous palace of Charlemagne of whose splendour the chroniclers give fabulous accounts—scarce a relic of it now remains. The famous Johannisberg Vineyard is only forty acres in extent, carefully terraced by walls and arches; yet in good years it yields an income of \$40,000. A bottle of the best wine is worth \$9—enough to feed a hungry family for a week.

Between Bingen and Bonn lies the most picturesque part of the many-castled Rhine, whose every crag, and cliff, and ruined tower is rich in legendary lore. It winds with many a curve between vine-covered slopes, crowned with the grim strongholds of the robber knights, who levied toll on the traffic and travel of this great highway of central Europe—even a king on his way to be crowned has been seized and held till ransomed. When they could no longer do it by force, they did it under the forms of law, and, till comparatively late in the present century, trade had to run the gauntlet of twenty-nine custom houses of rival states



BINGEN ON THE
RHINE, WITH
ANCIENT CASTLE.

on the Rhine. In the whole of Germany there were 400 separate states, or, including baronies, 1,200 independent powers.

There are over 100 steamers on the Rhine, many of them very large, splendid, and swift. More than a million tourists travel on these steamers every season, not to mention those by the railway on each side of the river.

A Rhine steamer, like a Swiss hotel, offers a fine opportunity to study the natural history of the genus tourist, of many lands and many tongues. The French and Germans are very affable, and are very fond of airing their English, however imperfect it may be. I was much amused in observing an imperious little lady, followed by a gigantic footman in livery, whose arduous task it was to humour the caprices of her ladyship and her equally imperious little lap-dog. There is much freight traffic on the river by means of powerful tugs, which pick up and overhaul a submerged wire cable.

Just below Bingen, on a rock in the middle of the stream, is the Mausethurm, or Mouse Tower, a tall, square structure, which takes its name from the legend of the cruel Archbishop Hatto, of May-

ence, which has been versified by Southey. Having caused a number of poor people, whom he called "mice that devoured the corn," to be burned in a barn during a famine, he was attacked by mice, who tormented him day and night:

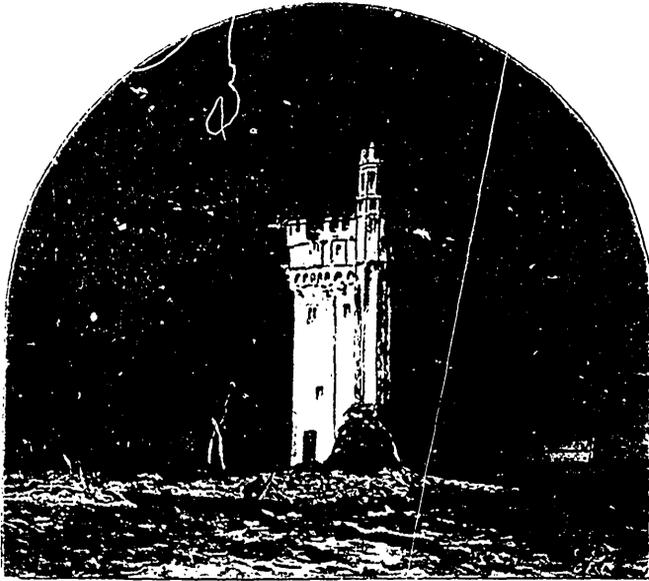
"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," said he ;
" 'Tis the safest place in all Germany ;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the waters
deep."

But the mice have swum over the river so
deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they
pour,
And down through the ceiling, and up
through the floor,
From within and without, from above and
below—
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

The legend is a curious illustration of the growth of a myth. It undoubtedly arises from the name Mauth-Thurm, or Tower of Customs, for levying toll, which the old ruin bore in the middle ages.

The Rheinstein is a wonderful fully picturesque, many-towered old castle, dating from 1279, perched on a rocky cliff, accessible



THE MOUSE TOWER ON THE RHINE.

only by a narrow path. It is the Vautsberg of Longfellow's "Golden Legend." The poet's lines vividly photograph the view of the Rhine Valley from its crumbling ramparts:

Yes, there it flows, for ever, broad and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,

The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,

Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet
And looking up at His beloved face!

The Falkenburg, a famous marauders' castle, was besieged by the Emperor Rudolph in the 13th century, and all its robber knights hanged from its walls. Near by is a chapel, built to secure the repose of their souls. The picturesque castle of Nollich frowns down from a height of 600 feet, whose steep slope the knight of Lorch, according to legend, scaled on horseback, by the aid of the mountain sprites, to win the hand of his lady love. The name, Hungry Wolf, of one of

these grim old strongholds, is significant of its ancient rapacity. So impregnable was the castle of Stahleck, that during the Thirty Years' War it withstood eighty distinct sieges. Pfalz is a strange hexagonal, many-turreted ancient toll-house, in mid stream, surmounted by a pentagonal tower, and loop-holed in every direction. Its single entrance is reached by a ladder from the rock on which it stands.

The Lurlie Rock is a high and jutting cliff, on which is the profile of a human face. Here dwelt the lovely siren of German song and story, who, singing her fateful song and combing her golden hair, lured mariners to their ruin in the rapids at her feet. Two cannon on deck were fired off, and woke the wild echoes of the rock, which reverberated like thunder adown the rocky gorge. According to a voracious legend, the Niebelungen treasure is buried beneath the Lurlenberg, if the gnomes, offended at the railway tunnel through their ancient domain, have not carried it off. The fair daughters of the

Schonburg, for their stony-heartedness, were changed, says another legend, into the group of rocks named the Seven Virgins.

Heine's song on the Lurlie is one of the most popular:

Sie kammt es mit gold hem Kamme,
Und singt ein Lied dabei ;
Des hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.

This has been thus translated :

With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings so plaintively ;
O potent and strange are the accents
Of that wild melody.

The Rheinfels is the most imposing ruin on the river. It once withstood a siege of fifteen months, and again resisted an attack by 24,000 men. Two rival castles are derisively known as Katz and Maus—the Cat and Mouse—probably from their keen watch of each other. The Sterrenberg and Liebenstein are twin castles on adjacent hills, to whose mouldering desolation a pathetic interest is given by the touching legend of the estrangement and reconciliation of two brothers who dwelt in them 600 years ago. At Boppard, a quaint old timbered town, the lofty twin spires of the church are

connected, high in air, by the strangest gallery ever seen. Marksburg, a stern old castle, 500 feet above the Rhine, is the only ancient stronghold on the river which has escaped destruction. Past many another grim stronghold we passed, where wild ritters kept their wild revels.

Byron, in a few immortal lines, has described these

“ chieless castles breathing stern fare-
wells

From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin
greenly dwells,

And there they stand, as stands a lofty
mind,

Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the cranny wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and
proud,

Banners on high and battles passed below ;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust
ere now.

And the bleak battlements shall bear no
future blow.

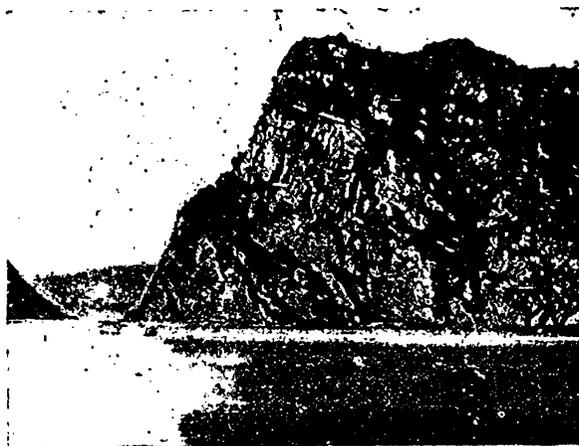
Beneath these battlements, within those
walls,

Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud
state

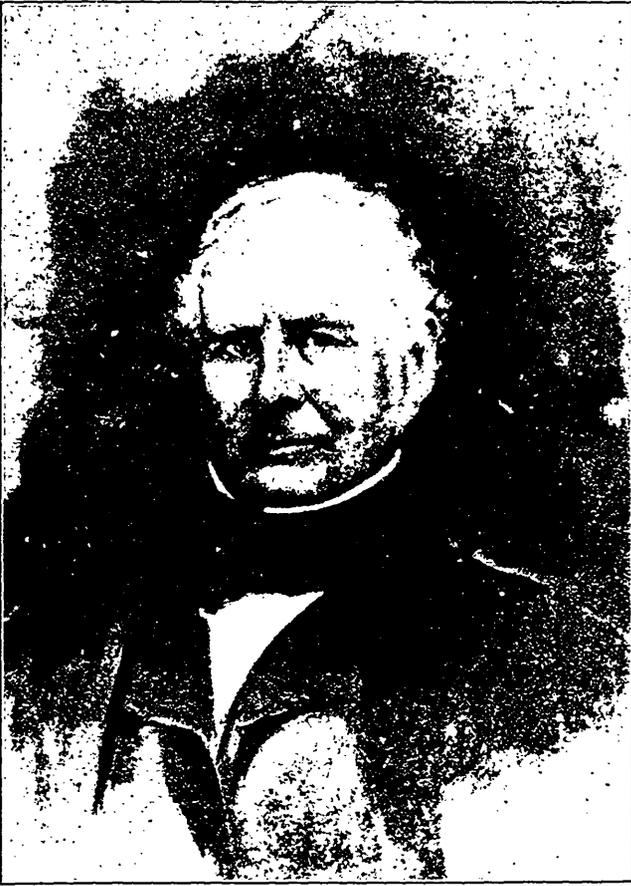
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will. . . .

And many a tower, for some fair mischief
won,

Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin
run.



THE LURLIE ROCK ON THE RHINE.



JUDGE HALIBURTON.
Author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker."

BUILDERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.*

SOME DISTINGUISHED NOVA SCOTIANS.

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).

III.

Judge Haliburton.

WAS only a boy when I first saw Judge Haliburton, who soon afterwards removed to England from the province where he had been for so many years a conspicuous figure, and consequently I have nothing to say of his personal characteristics from my own knowledge. I can well remember, however, the complex feelings with which his name was once mentioned by many Nova Scotians who were proud of his reputation as an author, and at the same time inclined somewhat to resent his sarcastic allusions to foibles and weaknesses of the Nova Scotian people.

"It's a most curious, unaccountable thing, but it's a fact, said the clockmaker, the blue-noses are so conceited, they think they know everything. . . . They reckon themselves here a chalk above us Yankees, but I guess they have a wrinkle or two to grow afore they progress ahead on us yet. If they ha'nt got a full cargo of conceit here, then I never see'd a load, that's all. They have the hold chock full, deck piled up to the pump-handles, and scuppers under water."

Sam Slick remains still one of the few original creations of American humour, and new editions continue to be printed from time to time. All his other books are readable and full of "spicy" observations, which show his keen knowledge of

human nature, but they are little read nowadays and his reputation must always rest upon the sayings and doings of Sam Slick.

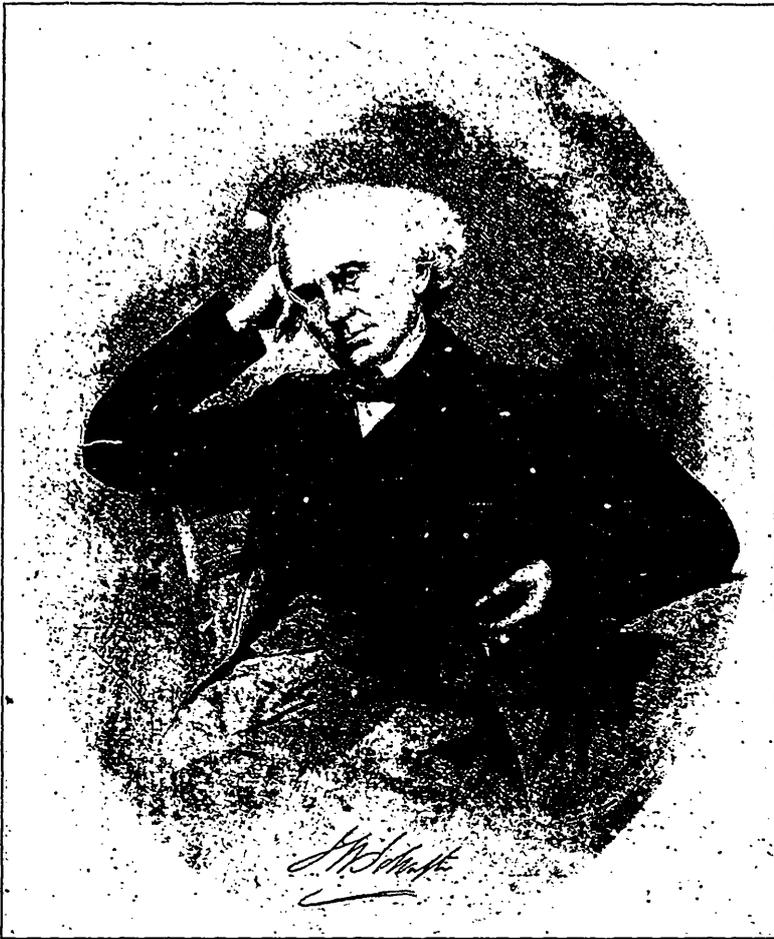
The Hon. William Young.

The Honourable William Young belonged to a Scotch family who came to Nova Scotia in 1815, when he was still a lad, and several members of whom besides himself were conspicuous in the public affairs of the Maritime Provinces. His father was an able member of the assembly for years, and wrote under the pseudonym of "Agricola" a num-



CHIEF JUSTICE SIR W. YOUNG.

ber of valuable letters which gave a decided stimulus to agriculture on scientific principles. His brother George was a journalist and literary man of no mean qualifications and a politician of note for many years. William Young's own Scotch shrewdness and tenacity of purpose, his vast store of legal knowledge and experience, made him a power at the bar and in politics. He was a man of ripe



HON. J. W. JOHNSTON.

From a portrait taken in his sixty-third year.

scholarship and high culture, though he never rose to the heights of eloquence which his great rival, James W. Johnston, often reached, or captivated the mind, like Joseph Howe.

The Hon. J. W. Johnston.

It is quite probable that few persons in Canada, outside of the Maritime Provinces, are familiar with the name of James William Johnston, though he exercised in his lifetime a large influence in the

legislative halls and in the law courts of Nova Scotia. The portrait that recalls his memory in the Commons House of Nova Scotia, where he was so long an honoured leader, delineates a face of great intellectual power, with its finely-cut features as if chiselled out of clear Carrara marble, his prominent brow, over which some scanty white hairs fall, his earnest, thoughtful expression, and his bending form, which tells of unwearied application to the many responsible

and arduous duties that devolved upon him in the course of a busy life as lawyer and politician.

He was a tory and an aristocrat by education and inclination, but the annals of the legislature show he was not an obstinate opponent of reform, when he came to believe conscientiously that the proposed change was really a reform. A great lawyer in every sense of the term, an impassioned orator at times, a master of invective, a man of strong and earnest convictions, he exercised necessarily a large power in political councils, and did much to mould the legislation of the province. It is an interesting fact that, while a tory by education



SPEAKER MARSHALL (1867).

and aspiration, he was more than once an advocate of most liberal and even radical measures, one of which, simultaneous polling at elections—or the holding of elections on one and the same day—he himself carried ten years even before it was thought of in the Canadian provinces.

The Hon. Joseph Howe.

As I recall the portrait of the most famous Nova Scotian of his time—famous for the brilliancy of his eloquence and his wide popu-

larity in the province where he struggled successfully for the people's rights—I can still see in my mind's eye the face and figure of Joseph Howe, when he stood by the clerk's table in the session of 1860, answering Dr. Tupper, who was the most formidable opponent the liberal leader ever met in the political field. His massive head was set on a sturdy framework, his eyes were always full of passionate expression, his voice had a fullness and a ring of which he had a most complete mastery, his invective was as powerful as his humour was catching and his pathos melting. Indeed he had a sense of humour and a capacity for wit which has never been equalled by any public man I have ever met in public life. Among his compeers, at a dinner or supper table, this humour was a "little robust," to use the expressive phrase given me by a former governor-general of Canada. He was like Sir John Macdonald in this particular, though far superior to him in originality of wit and power to tell a good story. Howe's sense of humour, his personal magnetism, and his contempt for all humbugs, his sympathy for human weaknesses and frailties, added to his earnest advocacy of popular liberties, deservedly won for him a place in the people's hearts never held before or after him by a public man in Nova Scotia.

He was the most magnetic speaker who ever stood on a public platform in the Dominion: he could sway thousands by his flights of eloquence, and lead them to follow him as if he were the shepherd of a flock of political sheep. In the homes of the people he was always welcome, the children loved to hear his stories, and the girls never objected to be kissed by him. He was vain of his popularity, but his vanity was that peculiar to all great men and never obtrusively



HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

From a portrait taken in his sixtieth year.

displayed. It was the vanity that spurs men to greater efforts and to make the best use of their abilities.

During the movement for confederation he found himself in the unfortunate position of opposing a union to the advocacy of which his most eloquent address had been mainly devoted many years previously. It was most unfortunate for the success of this great national measure that so powerful an orator and leader of the people should have thought it his public

duty to assume an attitude of hostility which eventually brought the province to the very verge of revolution.

Howe was never in his heart opposed to union in principle, as I know from conversations I had with him in later times, but he thought the policy pursued by the promoters of confederation was injurious to the cause itself—that so radical a change in the constitution of the province should have first been submitted to the people at

the polls, and that the terms arranged at Quebec were inadequate in the main.

When Howe gave up the fight against confederation, and accepted the "better terms," which were the result of the contest he fought from 1865 to 1868, it was with the honest conviction that no other course was open to one who valued the preservation of British interests on this continent. His action at this critical time in our political history lost him many staunch friends in his own province, and no doubt he was, until his death, sometimes an unhappy man when he fretted under the difficulty of bringing his associates and supporters of a long political career to understand the loftiness of his motives and the true patriotism that underlay his whole conduct at this critical stage in the history of the Canadian Dominion.

Howe's career was in many respects most remarkable, for the day he worked at the compositor's case until he died in that old brown stone government house which has stood for the greater part of this century a few blocks from the somewhat younger province building. During the hot fight he carried on against Lord Falkland, who was sent out to Nova Scotia as a lieutenant-governor at the most critical stage of its constitutional history, he found himself actually shut out from the hospitalities of government house and was "cut" by the governor and his friends.

Howe wrote as well as he spoke; he could be as sarcastic in verse as in prose, and Lord Falkland suffered accordingly. Some of the most patriotic verses ever written by a Canadian can be found in his collection of poems; but relatively very few persons nowadays recollect those once famous satirical attacks upon the lieutenant-governor which gave much amusement to

the people throughout the province, and made his life almost unbearable.

In the little volume of verses, which one of his sons had printed and published after his father's death, we see something of the true nature of the man—his love of nature and her varied charms, his affection for wife, children and friends, his fervid patriotism, his love for England and her institutions. No poems ever written by a Canadian surpass, in point of poetic fire and patriotic ideas, those he wrote to recall the memories of the founders and fathers of our country. Great as were his services to his native province and to Canada—for had he continued to oppose confederation, Nova Scotia would have remained much longer a discontented section of the Dominion—we look in vain in the capital or any large town of Nova Scotia for a monument worthy of the man and statesman; for such a monument as has been raised in several cities in Canada to Sir John Macdonald, who in some respects was not his equal, and not more deserving of the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. Howe's life was rarely free from pecuniary embarrassment, fortune never smiled on him and gave him large subscriptions and possessions of land and money, the "res angusta domi" must at times have worried him. He had an aim before him—not wealth, but his country's liberty and her good. It was, however, a fitting termination to his career that he should have died a tenant of that very government house whose doors had been so long in old times obstinately closed against him. His voice had been often raised in favour of appointing eminent Canadians and Nova Scotians to the position of lieutenant-governor; and he was wont in some of his speeches to make caustic comparisons between the men of his pro-



HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART., G.C.M.G.

At the age of seventy-seven years.

vince and the appointees of Downing Street.

Stern destiny, which is ever playing such pranks with poor humanity, with statesmen as well as mechanics, with the greatest as well as the humblest of mortals, placed him for a while—too short a while—where Falkland had lorded it over him and others, and where he could recall the past with all its trials and struggles, humiliations and successes; and then Fate, in its irony, suddenly struck him down, and the old government house lost the noblest and greatest man who ever lived within its walls. As I close this imperfect tribute to a man whose broad states-

manship and undoubted genius I recalled as I stood last before his portrait in the assembly room of the Province Building, I ask his countrymen to remember his own noble verses, and apply them not only to the famous Liberal orator, poet and statesman, but also to his eminent opponent, the Conservative chief, who, like himself, was an honest, conscientious man, differing in principles, but equally influenced by lofty aspirations:

“ Not here? Oh, yes, our hearts their presence feel;
Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells
On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal,

And names, which, in days gone by, were
 spells,
 Are blent with that soft music. If there
 dwells
 The spirit here our country's fame to
 spread,
 Where every breast with joy and triumph
 swells,
 And earth reverberates to our measured
 tread,
 Banner and wreath will own our reverence
 for the dead.

“The Roman gather'd in a stately urn
 The dust he honoured—while the sacred
 fire
 Nourish'd by vestal hands was made to
 burn
 From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
 Honour the dead; and let the sounding
 lyre
 Recount their virtues in your festal hours?
 Gather their ashes—higher still, and
 higher
 Nourish the patriot flame that history
 dowers,
 And o'er the old men's graves go strew
 your choicest flowers.”

Sir Charles Tupper.

On the retirement of Mr. Johnston from the field of political competition the leadership of the Conservative party devolved naturally upon Dr. Tupper, a descendant of a pre-loyalist stock. He became one of the most influential actors in the public affairs not only of Nova Scotia but of the new Dominion. He established the present admirable system of public education in the country, where it was, previous to 1864, in a most deplorable condition. It was largely through his remarkable pertinacity that the Confederation was eventually established, and though so many years have passed since those eventful and trying times, he is still an active and conspicuous figure in political life, while the voices of his famous compeers have long since been hushed in the grave. He continues to show that tenacity of opinion, that power of argument, that confidence in himself, and that belief in Canada's ability to hold her own on this continent, which

have been always characteristics of a remarkable career, and though he is now drawing to the end of his eighth decade of years, time has in no sense dimmed his intellect, but on the contrary he is capable of the same vigorous oratory which was first displayed in the old chamber of the assembly of Nova Scotia, while the progress of age has only given additional breadth to his statesmanship.

It does not, however, fall within the scope of this paper to refer to men who are still alive. The time has not come for speaking calmly and dispassionately on the merits of men like the venerable chief of the Opposition, who has, naturally, in the course of a remarkable life, evoked many antagonisms. Be that as it may, Nova Scotians, Liberals and Conservatives alike, cannot fail to admit that his intellect, energy, and oratory entitle him to the highest place in the roll of Nova Scotia's most distinguished statesmen.

Sir John Thompson.

I have still before me the well-known figure of Sir John Thompson, the friend of my early manhood as well as of later years. All will admit he was a statesman of worthy ambitions and noble motives, a remarkably close reasoner, and a logical speaker, who had hardly an equal for clearness of expression in the House of Commons of Canada. His life in the Dominion field of politics was one of promise rather than of performance in successful statesmanship, and I doubt very much if he could ever have been willing to master all the arts and intrigues of a successful politician. In him Canada lost a man who, above all others, would have brought to the supreme court of Canada, or to the judicial committee of the Privy Council of the Empire, a clearness of intellect, a soundness of judgment, and an



RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN THOMPSON, K.C.M.G.

accumulated store of legal knowledge, as well as intensity of purpose, which would have been invaluable to this country during this practically formative stage of our constitution; but that obdurate fate, which has hovered over the Conservative party since the death of Sir John Macdonald, the great Prime Minister, struck Sir John Thompson down almost at the foot of the Throne, and placed Canada in mourning for one of her sons torn from her in the pride of his intellect.

Some Famous Soldiers.

It was my good fortune over thirty years ago to meet and converse on more than one occasion with the hero of Kars, who became for the first time since his boyish days in Annapolis Royal, intimately associated with the public affairs of Nova Scotia as lieutenant-governor in 1865. Sir William Fenwick Williams was appointed at that critical moment when the provinces were threatened by the Fenians, and the federal union was

trembling in the balance. The Imperial Government felt it was advisable that an officer of signal military ability should be stationed in the Maritime Provinces, and that every possible influence should be brought to bear on the unstable politicians who were opposing the consummation of this imperial and intercolonial measure.

General Williams, in appearance, came fully up to the ideal one forms of a brave soldier, though in the ordinary relations of social life



GENERAL SIR F. W. WILLIAMS, BART.,
G.C.M.G., OF KARS.

he was full of "bonhomie" and genial talk, which gave no one the thought that he was the same man whose gifts of command so completely swayed the garrison at Kars amid the most extraordinary privations, and whose resolute courage had won the admiration of the Russians, who only conquered him by the horrors of starvation.

"General Williams," said Mouravieff, the Russian general to whom the fortress surrendered, "You have made yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand

amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army which has covered itself with glory and yields only to famine." In the English House of Commons, Lord Palmerston said: "A greater display of courage, or ability, of perseverance under difficulties, or of inexhaustible resources of mind, than was evinced by General Williams, never was exhibited in the course of our military history."

At a later time another sword was voted to another gallant Nova Scotian, the grandson of the first colonial bishop of the Church of England, and the son of the third bishop of Nova Scotia, Lieutenant-Colonel, or—to give him his later titles—Major-General Sir John Eardly Wilmot Inglis, K.C.B., who took a conspicuous part in the dreadful conflict of the Indian mutiny. With rare intrepidity for nearly ninety days he successfully resisted, with a small force—a resistance not paralleled in the annals of modern warfare—the murderous attacks that were persistently made upon Lucknow by more than fifty thousand mutineers, and won imperishable fame, like Havelock and Lawrence.

But I must drop the curtain over the past and close my ears to the many voices that are ever whispering. Where, indeed, do we not hear the voices of Nova Scotians? Do we not hear them in the old halls and sombre corridors of the Province Building, so full of the phantoms of Nova Scotia's public men? Do they not speak to us from the banks of the Annapolis, the Chebogue, the La Heve, the Avon, the Gaspereau, and the Basin of Minas, where the Acadians made the saddest pages of our history. From the Mabou, the Marguerite, the Mire, and other beautiful rivers which now flow through cultivated



GENERAL SIR J. E. W. INGLIS, K.C.B., OF LUCKNOW.

From a portrait in Province Building.

meadows and farm lands, we hear the Scotch accents of the humble people who were exiled from the mountains and glens of old Scotia. Do they not speak to us from the storm-swept beaches of the Atlantic coast, where the surf of the ocean ever beats a requiem in memory of the hapless loyal exiles, who wept on the lonely shores to which they fled from their homes in the old rebellious colonies?

Does not Inglis call to us from the beleaguered walls of Lucknow—Williams from the ancient citadel of Kars—Parker and Welsford from the trenches of the Redan? Wherever the drum-beat "following the sun and keeping company with the hours" may play "the martial airs of England" will be heard the voices of Nova Scotians under the folds of the meteor flag to which they have been always true. From

every part of the globe we hear the echoes of the calls of our sailors:

- “ From Bermuda’s reefs ; from edges
Of sunken ledges
In some far-off, bright Azore ;
From Bahama, and the dashing
Silver flashing
Surges of San Salvador.
- “ From the tumbling surf that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides :
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas.”

And we may be sure that wherever Nova Scotians may be found—whether toiling under the burning

suns of India, or amid the sands or jungles of Africa, or planting orange groves in the sunny land of Florida, or in the fruitful valleys of Southern California, or seeking fame and fortune in far Australian lands, or searching for gold amid the rocks of Klondike, or driving the plough through the rich grasses and flowers of the western prairies, or illustrating the intellect and genius of their people in legislative halls—they never forget that Acadian land which is associated with the most cherished memories of their boyhood or manhood.

IN THE BEGINNING.

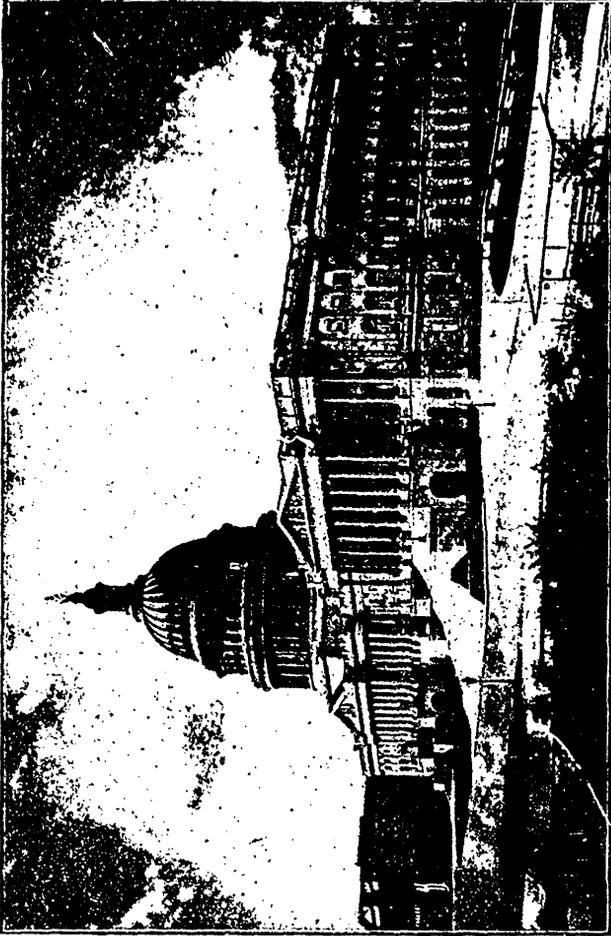
BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

I.

God ! God alone ! and naught beside—no height,
Nor depth ; no time in hours or days or years ;
No sound so harsh to vibrate mortal ears ;
And intermingled with the dark, no light
So dim that mortal eyes could bear the sight ;
No trembling ether seas, no rolling spheres,
No element, no sensuous bound appears,
No everywhere, but all the Infinite.
Elohim ! Fulness of all majesty
And power, Sum of Universal Force !
Jehovah ! Being Absolute, and Source
Of Thine Eternal Self ! Not the Unknown,
For there were none to know—God, God alone—
“ In the beginning,” one supernal “ Me.”

II.

God ! God alone ! Then elemental dark ;
A brooding motion on the finite vast
Of chaos—Love’s first breath o’er earth’s wide waste.
“ Let light be,” and the desolations hark.
From God, not grinding flints of fate, a spark
Leaps forth, and light through all the abysses passed,
First messenger of Love. And then were massed
The earth and seas—Life set on them was mark
Of unimpeachable divinity ;
God’s finger-gem whose rays flash everywhere.
And sang the swarmers of the abysmal sea,
The lark that trilled the firmament above,
And man of all God’s handiwork most fair,
Creation’s Alpha and Omega—Love.

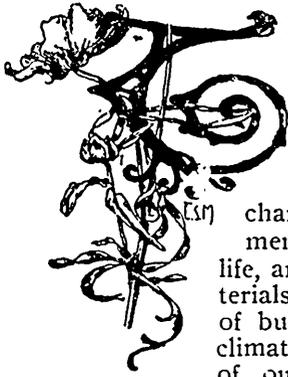


THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE.

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN.

V.—MODERN DEVELOPMENTS.



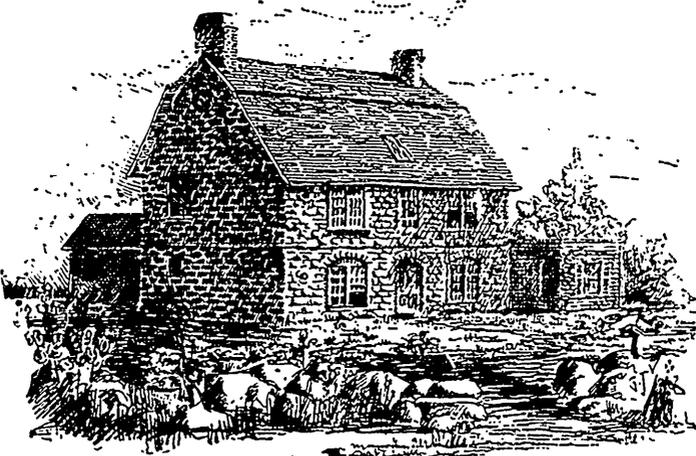
THE best hope of modern architecture is the growing taste and knowledge of architects, the changed requirements of modern life, and the new materials and methods of building. In our climate we do most of our work under cover. We are accumulators and want storage houses for records, books, pictures, museum and other collections. Land in the centres of our cities grows more valuable and we pile up office buildings twenty stories high.

We have new building materials. The dome of the Pantheon at Rome is built of brick, but the dome of the Capitol at Washington has



OLD COURT-HOUSE AT MONMOUTH, VA.

more than 3,500 tons of iron in it. Many buildings in our cities are constructed wholly of iron and glass. Where they have been moulded and painted to look as

EARLY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE—THE CRADDOCK HOUSE,
MEAFORD, MASS., BUILT IN 1633.



STEEL STRUCTURE—MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

much like stone as possible, like all falsehoods they are ignoble, but there is no good reason why an iron building should not be beautiful.

We have new methods also. In old days the building rested upon its outside walls, which were made broad at the base in proportion to their height. Nowadays we make the real building of steel beams bolted together, and the wall is nothing but an ornamental shell.

Crossing the ferry to New York I saw not long ago a building higher than Trinity Church steeple made entirely of steel—a network of black beams through which the light shone. About a third of the

way up the outer skin of granite blocks was completed. A heavy earthquake would probably shake down this outer wall, as a man by shrugging his shoulders might shake off a loose bath-robe until it fell at his feet, but it would probably only make the network of steel tremble and sway.

We may not like these tall buildings, and the law will probably compel them to keep within a certain height and shut them out of certain streets and squares, but the steel core has come to stay. The problem of modern architecture, with all the buildings of the world to study and all the different needs of the public to serve, is to use the



OLD COLONIAL STYLE, LONGFELLOW'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
ONCE WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

new materials by the new methods to the best advantage for dignity and beauty as well as for convenience. By encouraging the study of art principles, by employing only the architects who have become masters of their art, and putting an end to the political favoritism which often puts the planning of public buildings into incompetent hands, we shall have better object lessons set before us. The public taste will grow and we shall have less cause to be ashamed of the new architecture.

What would strike us most in our city streets, if we were not so used to it, is the multitude of win-

dows and doors. Our houses stand shoulder to shoulder like troops in line, and each opens all the eyes it can upon the street. In a block of tenement houses on a hot night every window and door seems occupied. The people are trying to get as much air as possible, and access to air and light is only at the front or back.

In an Eastern city, like Cairo or Damascus, we should notice the blank walls along the street, with few windows and no one looking out. These houses get light and air from central courts around which their rooms are built. This was the fashion of house-building

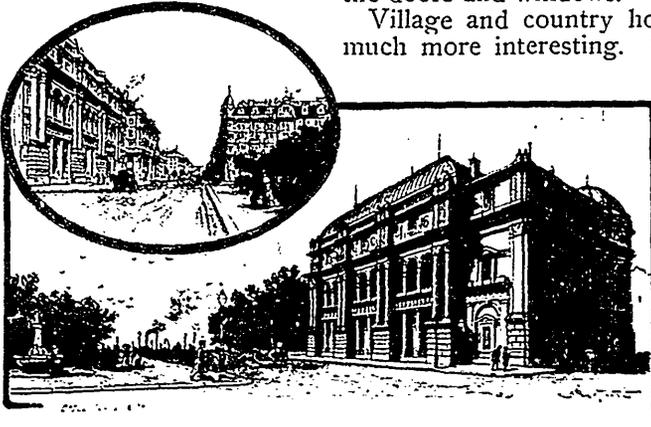


EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D.C.

which the Greeks followed. It may be studied in the houses of Pompeii dug out of the ashes in which Mount Vesuvius buried them eighteen hundred years ago. It is the fashion still of most people who live in hot climates. The size of the house depends on the wealth of the occupant, but as a rule the building does not, except in the

English houses of brick or wood, with gable ends toward the street, the change to the modern city houses, often as much alike as peas in a pod along a whole block, is not very great. There was little chance for invention, and it was easier and cheaper to make them pretty much alike in structure with slight ornamental variations about the doors and windows.

Village and country houses are much more interesting. The first



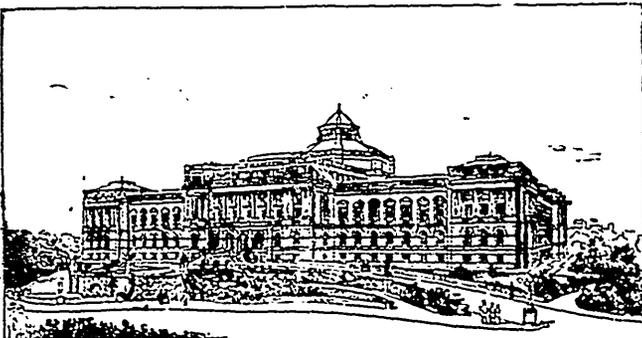
MANSARD ARCHITECTURE.

case of the very poor, wholly depend upon the street for light and air.

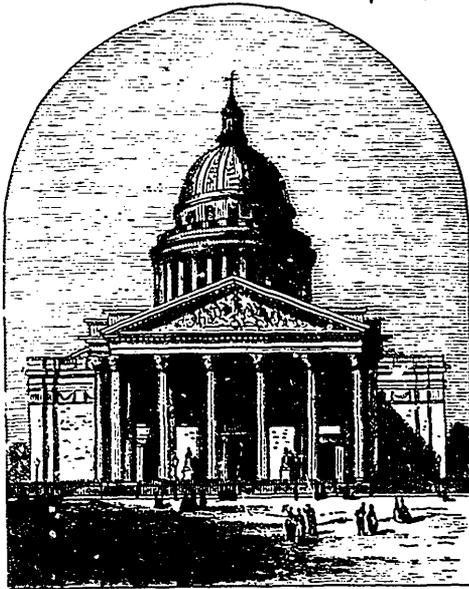
City houses in America are rather uninteresting. They began with the houses of brick imported from Holland which the Dutch built in New Amsterdam and with the plain houses of Boston and Salem. From these Dutch and

house the pilgrims built at Plymouth was a log hut twenty feet square with a thatched roof, and thousands of American villages have begun, just as Plymouth did, in or near the woods, and with a log house.

The Pilgrims went to work at once hewing planks, with which their next houses were built. Then



THE NEW NATIONAL LIBRARY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.



MODERN PSEUDO-CLASSIC STYLE,
PANTHEON, PARIS.

came the shingle, which took the place of thatch for the roof and covered the planks at the side. The saw-mill solved the problem of turning the logs into boards, and sawn lumber became the national building material for private houses and many public buildings, as it continues to be even yet.

These houses have no verandahs. The verandah (or piazza) belonged naturally to a warmer climate, where people wanted to sit out of doors and yet be sheltered from the sun. In old Virginia houses, like that in which Washington lived at Mount Vernon, it extended across the whole front. Still further south it is called a gallery. It was not common in the early days of New England or Canada, but it has now become a necessary part of all our village and country building.

At a later day this form of house with high-pitched roof and gable ends was exchanged for a square form with lower roof. A fair example of its simpler form is the

Craigie (Longfellow) house at Cambridge, Mass. It usually had porches, or balconies, with light columns, and often attempted some variety in the window openings and outside ornaments. This may be taken as a form of what we nowadays call colonial architecture, suggested by the houses of wealthy people before the Revolution. In the hands of modern architects it has given us many beautiful and convenient dwellings, and its effect is usually dignified and pleasing.

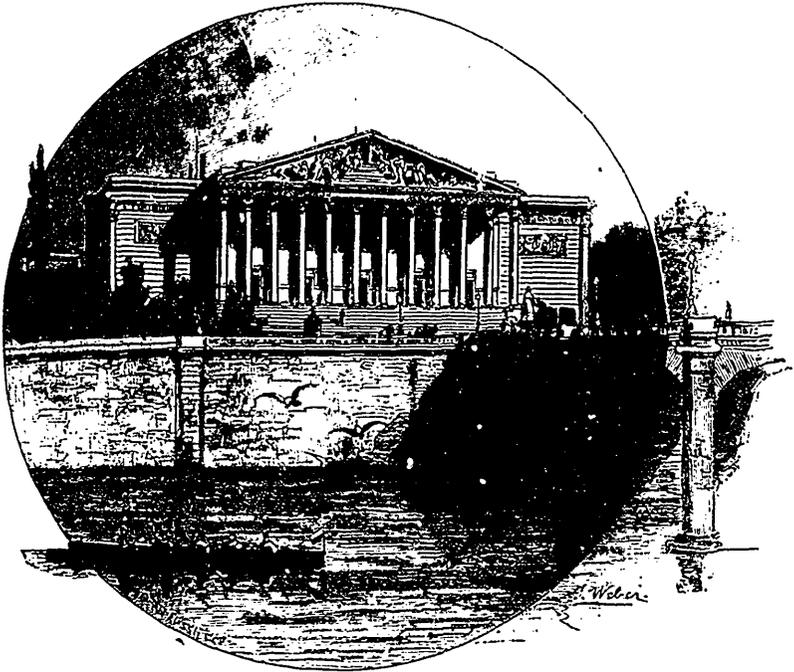
After the Revolution, largely through the dominant French influence of the time, there appeared a revival of the classical style which gave us the Greek temples in our village streets, to which reference has already been made, and such houses with classical porticoes as the White House at Washington. This classical style lasted a long time, only broken at last by some attempt at reviving the Gothic. As the architects imitated Gothic churches or battlemented castles,

not good houses of the Gothic time, this resulted only in ugliness. All this time it was the fashion to



MODERN
GERMAN
GOTHIC.
A PARISH
CHURCH.





MODERN ADAPTATION OF CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE—BOURBON PALACE, PARIS.

paint all houses a glaring white. In the shade of green trees white is pleasant to the eyes, but in the long monotony of a shadeless village or city street the eye soon wearies of it.

About thirty years ago another French fashion, that of building houses with mansard roofs, came in. It had the practical advantage of giving extra rooms at a small cost, but in ordinary houses it is almost impossible to make the roof seem small enough for the walls, and the extra rooms are always hot or cold. Every one has noticed how upon a little house the mansard roof looks like an extinguisher. The style is only fitted for large buildings, and even then depends for success upon a perfection of curve in the lines of the roof which few American architects seemed to know how to reach. The style has gone out, but has left behind it many ungraceful buildings.

Of late the passion for regularity seems to have given place to a passion for irregularity, hiding a multitude of sins under the name of Queen Anne. The American taste runs easily to extremes. It has not yet fully learned that slight and delicate variations give more pleasure in the long run than staring novelties. Fortunately the good sense of architects is settling more and more to the opinion that, after health and convenience, simplicity is the most desirable quality in house-building. Even in our shore and mountain cottages eccentricity will gradually give place to moderation and good sense.

It has been impossible within the limit of these papers to treat of house-building in other lands or by different races. Plans and pictures of the houses in Pompeii are easily accessible, and would repay study. It would be well for those who are interested in the subject to look up in authorities which they have at

hand such subjects as the cave men, the lake dwellings of Switzerland and the East Indies, the wigwams of the Indians and the "long houses" of the Iroquois, the Bedouin tents, the Swiss chalet, with its Himalayan counterpart, the cliff dwellings and adobe houses of Arizona and New Mexico, and the dwelling houses of Japan, Syria, Germany and England.

With minds that think and compare as well as eyes that see, the houses and other buildings that we pass on our own streets will become as interesting to us as the people we meet, because they, too, have a history and belong to families with which we are already acquainted, or to which we hope to be introduced.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

Oft has been told a German legend old,
That, once a year, at midnight doth appear
Across the Rhine a bridge of burnished gold.

The full moon's beams, surpassing fancy's dreams,
In weaving blend, and o'er the stream suspend
A radiant path that meet for angels seems.

Like saint in fane, the soul of Charlemagne,
With uplift hands, above the bright arch stands,
God's blessing begging for his old domain.

Meekly he pleads for Germany's great needs—
Her homes, her fields, and streams—for all that yields
The Fatherland support he intercedes.

This tale retold, may grander truth unfold!
Not Charlemagne, but Christ doth love constrain
The cause of every sinner to uphold.

His nail-scarred hands embrace remotest lands;
In His broad prayer the nations all have share;
Man's great unceasing Advocate He stands!

—*The Angelus.*

"IF MEAT OFFEND."*

BY SILAS SALT.

Gleamed jagged lightnings bale along a strand
By wintry storm-lashed phosphorescent white,
And *there* a weary surfman fought—a mite—
Against the solid blasts of drifting sand.
Then deeper dark besieged him with its band
Of terrors, and ink-black grew his straining sight,
Still on he pressed, but bore no cheering light,
'Twould *trick* the sailor's hope—"The fall of land."

Thus by the sea of our life's arguments,
Patrolling on its shore 'twixt life and death,
Faith battles still must fight with doubt and fear,
Not, coward, seize on self-indulgent breast's
Dim light and risk a "brother's blood" to hear,
But forward press, lit by that Flaming Breath.

* Large sections of the United States coast are regularly patrolled in order to mitigate the danger of wreck. These men are called "surfmén."

PREACHING AND PASTORAL WORK IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY THE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.



HERE is no reason to assume that our entrance into the Twentieth Century creates a demand for some new kind of preaching. Though as regards time we are in the Twentieth Century, we are still living under the influence of the life and thought of the Nineteenth Century. No new conditions have yet arisen that require any serious "new departure." At the same time it is eminently right and proper that the Christian Churches should note the tendencies of the times, and seek to be prepared to meet the demands that are sure to arise in the developments of the future. There should be a wise adaptation of our preaching and methods of church work to the circumstances and conditions of the times in which we live.

A Permanent Ordinance.

The question, What should be the character of the preaching for the times? must ever be a subject of permanent interest. Preaching is not a temporary human expedient. It is a divinely-appointed means for accomplishing a great and desirable object. In the past history of the Christian Church it has been stamped with tokens of Divine approval. The prophets of the Old Testament were preachers of righteousness. But in the New Testament dispensation preaching is lifted into still greater eminence by being made the chief medium of making known to the world "the unsearchable riches of Christ." From the day of Pentecost, when the sermon of Peter brought con-

viction of sin and the knowledge of salvation to three thousand in one day, down to the present time, the preaching of the Gospel by a living ministry has been the most potent means of extending Christ's kingdom in the world.

It is sometimes said that the press has superseded the pulpit, and is doing the work formerly done by the preacher. The press is undoubtedly a powerful agency for the diffusion of knowledge; but it can never do the work of the Christian preacher, or render his mission unnecessary. Preaching is not the mere communication of information about divine things; but, as Phillips Brooks has said, "it has in it two essential elements, truth and personality." That is, the message delivered and the personality of the preacher through which it comes. "It must come through his character, his affections, his whole intellectual and moral being." In other words, it is "the mind of the Master" that, through the testimony of those who have been themselves saved by grace, and called to be witnesses for His truth to others, His Gospel should be spread throughout the world. For this cause, the character of the preaching of the pulpit possesses for all Christians an enduring interest and importance. If we know what the character of the preaching was at any period, we can tell pretty closely what the condition of the Church of that period was. In discussing this subject, the main question is, What should be the chief themes of the preacher? The manner and spirit of preaching are also important elements of success.

The Christian Preacher's Themes.

In seeking for an answer to the question, What should constitute the burden of the preacher's message? we receive light from two sources: (1) From the teaching of the Holy Scriptures; (2) from the moral condition and needs of the people to whom the preachers of the Gospel are sent.

There is a good deal of indefinite talk "in the air" about the preachers and preaching for this new century, the actual meaning of which is by no means clear. The religious beliefs that have been received from the Church of the past are spoken of by some as if they were untrustworthy and required "reconstruction." It is assumed that modern scientific methods of study demand a change in the matter and methods of the preachers of the Twentieth Century. Creeds and doctrinal preaching are objects of special disparagement, as if it were a weakness, rather than a virtue, to "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." In this teaching there is a significant absence of frank statements as to what are the beliefs that should be given up, or what are the ideas which should be substituted for what is deemed effete and unworthy of retention. It is not too much to say that this way of vaguely insinuating or suggesting the uncertainty of what has been held as truth in the past, tends much more to create doubt than to strengthen faith.

I have no sympathy with an unreasoning clinging to everything handed down from the theologians of the past. We should "prove all things, hold fast that which is good." But though the theories of scientists change, and men having itching ears may not endure sound doctrine, "nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure." The truths of Holy Scripture relating to God and man, to sin and salva-

tion, to human duty and destiny, must be the chief themes of the Christian preacher in the Twentieth Century and as long as the world lasts. If objectors to doctrinal preaching simply mean that sermons should not be dissertations on theological dogmas, I fully agree with them. But neither the progress of science nor the speculations of critics have rendered the truths of that Gospel, which Christ commissioned his disciples to preach "to every creature," effete or obsolete. Man's need and God's remedy are still the same. The Gospel herald's mission is to preach, as the only Saviour of men, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

I ask these objectors what Christian doctrines can we afford to set aside and leave out of our preaching? Certainly not those which present the holiness, goodness, and power of God, not those which portray man's sinful and lost condition—not those that unfold the way of salvation through Christ, and our duty as His witnesses in the world; not those that unveil the life and immortality which our Redeemer hath "brought to light through the Gospel." It is a significant fact to be borne in mind that all the great preachers in the history of the Church, who were most distinguished for their usefulness and influence upon their generation, owed their success to the faithfulness with which they expounded and enforced these truths, which a certain school of objectors deem unsuitable themes for the pulpit, because, forsooth, the modern world has outgrown them.

We do not overlook or ignore the practical duties of life by giving prominence to Christian doctrines. Every doctrine has a relation to practical ethical duty. The power, wisdom, and goodness of God indicate His claim to reverence, obedience and love. The divine char-

acter and work of Christ are the reason why we trust in Him for salvation. A belief in the authority and inspiration of the teaching of the Scriptures brings a sense of obligation to obey their requirements. A belief in human brotherhood prompts those who receive it to be just and kind to their fellow-men. It is true, theology is not religion; but, far from the doctrines of Christianity being metaphysical dogmas which do not concern our present life, the believing acceptance of these doctrines supplies the mightiest motives to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God." It is the bounden duty of the Christian preacher faithfully to urge the practical application of the ethics of the New Testament in all the relations of life. The world's greatest need is applied Christianity. The religion that fails to make those who embrace it more honest and truthful, more unselfish and brotherly, whatever its pretensions may be, is not the religion of Christ our Saviour.

*Preaching must be Adapted
to Human Need.*

I have intimated that we may learn in some degree what the preaching of the pulpit should be from the condition and needs of those to whom the Gospel message is addressed. Roughly speaking, there are three classes of hearers, and therefore a threefold message is required to meet their needs.

(1) It is pre-eminently the mission of the preacher to persuade sinners to forsake their sins and seek and find salvation through Christ. So long as men are guilty and at enmity against God, it must be a chief part of the message of the pulpit to preach "repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." It should not be forgotten that personal conversion is set forth in Scripture as the beginning of the Christian life.

The church in which no conversions take place is in a condition of spiritual deadness and decay, in which only failure can be expected. (2) The preacher should faithfully urge those who have experienced the joy of forgiveness to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" to go on to perfection. For even those who have been truly converted need to have the Scripture standards of duty and privilege kept before them, that they may be true witnesses for Christ's religion in the world. (3) True Christian preaching should also be adapted to instruct and comfort those who are in circumstances of special trial, suffering, perplexity, or temptation. The Bible contains truths adapted to all conditions. The faithful application of these truths to the wants of practical life is an important part of the preacher's duty.

As I have grown older I more and more feel, when I stand before a congregation, that my main thought should be: Here are a number of struggling, burdened and tempted men and women, with different spiritual needs; what words can I speak to them that will help them to bear their burdens more patiently, to fight their daily battles more bravely, to be more faithful in doing the work of Christ, and that shall help to make them stronger in faith and more resolute in holy purpose because of what they have heard from me in the house of God?

It has been said that working men do not generally attend church because the preaching of the pulpit is not adapted to interest and help them. But the spiritual wants of men, and the religious teaching that meets those wants, are not peculiar to any class of human beings that can be designated by outward distinctions. No man is worthy to occupy a pulpit who does not sympathize with the struggles

of the sons of toil, and aid them in every way that is right and practicable. But it does not follow that preachers should accept and advocate in their preaching every social and political notion that claims to be in the interests of the working classes. Some people find fault because their fads are not preached from the pulpit. Science, philosophy, politics, and general literature are valuable and important. But lectures on these subjects, even though delivered in a church, are not Christian preaching. Provision is otherwise made for teaching these things. The knowledge of such subjects may be made to increase the efficiency of the preacher, but his special mission is to speak words whereby men and women may be saved, and built up in intelligent Christian manhood and womanhood.

*Concerning Improvement in
Preaching.*

Though the message of the Gospel in its essential features must always be the same, the condition of things in particular periods and countries may require the special emphasis of truths that have been neglected, and need to be pressed on the attention of the people. As we cannot foresee the developments of the future, any suggestions as to what the preaching of the future shall be must relate to points wherein it is thought present-day preaching may be improved and made more effective.

In view of the keen and relentless criticism which prevails in all spheres of thought, the teaching of the pulpit must be such as will stand the closest scrutiny. Theories and beliefs will not be taken on trust, on the authority of eminent names. The faith and teaching of the Church of the future will not be built on speculative conjectures, such as widely prevail at present.

Without giving less prominence to the importance of a personal experience of pardon and peace, there is room and need of greater emphasis of the ethical teaching of the Bible. There has been, in some cases, too much made of inward emotions, that have not always brought forth the fruits of righteousness in the relations of daily life. The Master's own words are: "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

The tendency against unduly magnifying the importance of minor differences in theology will probably grow stronger as the years pass. And the pulpit will consequently be less and less occupied with controversies between those who hold the essential doctrines of Christianity. There is reason to believe that there will be more charity for these from whom we differ on non-essentials, and more unity of Christian forces against the assailants of supernatural religion.

By faithful study of the Bible and growth in spiritual life, preachers may gain a truer conception of the teaching of divine revelation. A restatement of doctrines is justifiable when it more truly expresses the meaning of God's Word. But if the preaching of the pulpit in the Twentieth Century is to be a greater power for good than that of the past century, this will be the result of a deeper insight into the truths of the Bible, and greater zeal and fidelity on the part of those who preach; and not from surrendering, explaining away, or holding with a feeble or temporizing hand, the blessed truths which have inspired and sustained the people of God through all the centuries of the past.

I have not space for more than a few words about pastoral work. Pastoral visitation has two great advantages. By personal intercourse with his people in their

homes, the pastor may comfort the suffering, instruct the perplexed, and warn the erring. Conversation, face to face and heart to heart, may accomplish what the most eloquent sermons have failed to do. Wise and faithful pastoral work may also be a great benefit to the preacher himself. Not so much by furnishing incidents and illustrations for his sermons, as by keeping him in living touch and practical sympathy with the life of the people, and thus preventing his sermons being abstract essays in theology, that take no real grip on the hearts and consciences of those to whom he preaches.

*The Manner and Spirit of
Preaching.*

As to the manner or style of preaching, it cannot be learned like a trade. The character and spirit of the preacher will determine the character of his preaching. Of course, faults of manner should be avoided. But if a preacher has the necessary natural gifts, if he fully grasps and firmly believes the truths of the Gospel himself, and intensely desires the salvation and edification of his hearers, such a man's labour shall not be in vain. Strong faith is a great element of power in preaching. Every time I heard Charles Spurgeon preach I

was made to feel that the strongest element of his influence on his audience was the impression he made, that he believed what he taught with a mighty, undoubting faith.

I have heard the most eloquent preachers of our day, such as Beecher and Simpson, Punshon and Spurgeon, Liddon and Farrar, Parker and Drummond, Douglas and Chapin, and other famous men. I need hardly say that I greatly enjoyed the preaching of these gifted men. But all preachers cannot be eloquent orators. And for myself I may say, if I had to choose between the two, I would rather listen to the unpolished utterances of a preacher who shows that he has a deep sense of God's mercy and man's need, and who speaks out of a full heart that feels the burden of his message, than to hear the most eloquent orator who was destitute of these qualities.

To the preachers who read this article I would say, in the words of the late Dr. John Ker, of Scotland: "Let us then preach salvation by faith and regeneration through the Holy Spirit; let us seek to search the depths of the soul with the Gospel of Christ; let us bring all God's truth to bear on the lives of men in plain, practical speech; and we shall be workmen that need not be ashamed."

THE GREATER GLORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. SPEER.

We never see the sun so fair as when, through curdling clouds,
He paints the rainbow covenant there beyond the silent woods.
We never prize the winter till the flowers with heat are bowed;
We cherish not the summer till she sleeps in winter's shroud.

The glory of the mighty man is not his power to crush,
But, like the towering oak, to stand and shield the wild rose bush.
So distance binds with cords of love, we wish for those not here,
And memory, that white-winged dove, brings loved ones ever near.

We never see His face so fair, who suffered on the tree,
As when He hung on Calvary, there to die for you and me;
But, out of rack and wrench of time, when worlds reel to their fall,
When bells of time have ceased to chime, then "Christ is all in all."

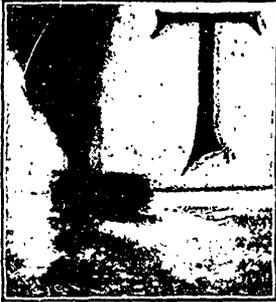
Toronto.

“LET US FOLLOW HIM.”*

BY ISABELLE HORTON,

Assistant Editor of the Deaconess Advocate, Chicago.

“We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord: and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.”—2 Cor. iv. 5.



THROUGH all the history of Christianity one thought runs like a refrain in music: sometimes low, sometimes loud; sometimes almost lost in the mingling of

other sounds, sometimes throbbing out strong and clear, but always dominating and giving character to the entire composition.

The thought which thus gives character to our Christianity is not so much a creed as a life; not so much a theology to be accepted as a duty to be performed. The keynote of our religion was struck when its great Founder said to those who would make Him king: “The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,” and with all the potency of both example and precept, He tried to instil into His followers this principle of service and sacrifice for love's sake.

There have always been those who would separate the two ideas, but the result is not Christianity. Some would practise self-sacrifice for its own sake—doing penance to no purpose, as if suffering alone could perfect the character or sweeten the life. Such sacrifice may produce hermits, ascetics, or pillared saints, but not our ideal

Christian. Even the more practical philanthropies and charities of our day, devoid of the life-giving motive, can only produce a humanitarianism, as different from real Christianity as the waxen image is different from the living, breathing man. “Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,” says Paul, “and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.”

On the other hand, we find those who believe that they love God with all their hearts and their neighbour as themselves, but they have eliminated from their theology the idea of sacrifice or service. They tell us that suffering and all difficult and unpleasant things are wholly unnecessary, and fondly hope to reform the world by thinking beautiful thoughts about it.

There may exist a principle of love which has no object and which is not expressed in service, but to the average unscientific mind such love is as cold and incomprehensible as the latent heat which scientists assure us is stored up in an iceberg.

A few years ago Drummond focused the teaching of Christ and the apostles into a brilliant little literary gem, “The Greatest Thing in the World.” This greatest thing was love—the silent, irresistible, attractive force of the spiritual universe, as gravitation is of the material. It is the force that binds man to man, and man to the heart of God. It is the essence of almightiness itself. “God is love.”

* An address given at the Carlton Street Church, Toronto, on the seventh anniversary of the Toronto Deaconess Institution.

But from the human standpoint, service must ever be the expression of love; the outward embodiment of which love is the soul. Service is love, active and alive, working with all its might for the highest good of that which it loves. The All-wise Father Himself could find no better way to reveal to humanity his heart of love than the way of sacrifice. So "taking upon himself the form of a servant . . . he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." This was the very incarnation of love, manifested in service.

Dare any one call himself a follower of our Christ who has not to some degree at least worn the badge of service and followed in His footsteps of sacrifice?

The age just dawning gives promise that this thought is taking a new hold upon the world's conscience. Its perfect development will bring the millenium. Far enough away it seems, while distant lands still shake with the tramp of our armies; while our own country is torn with struggles between the masses and the classes; while the liquor power rides rampant over our laws and our consciences and laughs in the faces of our legislators; while millions of dollars are squandered in riotous living and little children cry for bread in our alleys; yet through all these discordant sounds the hopeful heart can still catch the refrain of loving service. The Church is hearing the call to a deeper consecration, and outside the visible Church, altruism, brotherhood, social service, are becoming the catchwords of a new civilization. I believe that more rich men to-day are asking themselves, "What shall I do for the betterment of the world?" than at any other time in the world's history.

The very force and insistence with which the evils of our time are thrust upon our notice savours

of reform. In ages past men killed one another for a creed and split up nations for a dogma, and there was no protest. But conditions which a century or two ago would have deluged a continent in blood, now, acted upon by popular sentiment, are settled by few battles and much diplomacy. And the hundreds slain in these battles arouse more protest and commiseration than the hundreds of thousands in the olden time. Once slavery was everywhere tolerated, and even defended as a divine institution, but now it is becoming intolerable that men and women should toil and starve until body and mind and soul degenerate, and public and private charities are struggling with the problems of poverty and pauperism. And though, as yet, the life that truly and unreservedly gives itself to unbought service for humanity seems to exist only in the dreams of the reformer and the ideals of the poet and seer, yet deeds are born of ideals. What is but a madman's vision in one century becomes the accepted fact of the next.

The very ideals of our literature show which way the popular heart is tending. The editor of one of the great Chicago dailies recently called attention to the fact that in three of the popular works of fiction of modern times—he was speaking only of the class dealing with moral questions—the hero who has broken away from ecclesiasticism and plunged into the moil and muck of humanity, hoping to redeem it from its slums and misery, meets a violent death as the result of his sacrifices. The books referred to are Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere," Hall Caine's "Christian," and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "A Singular Life." In each of these books the hero becomes a martyr, and this fact the astute editor interprets to mean the failure of Christianity to redeem mankind from misery and vice. Hence, he

argues that the reformer does not reform, and that Christianity as a whole is a failure.

But surely it was a superficial reading that jumped to this conclusion. The thoughtful reader will see that it was not the failure to redeem but the cost of redemption that was the motive of the books mentioned. The very quality in them that caught the popular heart was the power, the pathos, of self-abnegation, even to the last extremity. In "A Singular Life," Emanuel Bayard was murdered by a saloon keeper after a few years of heroic work in Angel Alley. But what remained? Drunkards saved, lost girls reclaimed, hundreds of hearts stirred to higher and purer living by the Christ-like life lived among them, and a church—"The Church of the Love of Christ"—planted in the very heart of Satan's citadel. What is a Christian's triumph if this is defeat? The hero died—even heroes must die—but the only question of continued success for his cause depended upon whether there would be another like him to step into the vacant place—counting not his life dear that he might win souls for Christ.

A few years ago a deaconess hospital in Cleveland was burning. It was a frail wooden structure, and there was barely time to remove the patients to the yard before the lower part was a mass of flame. It was supposed that all had made their escape, when suddenly a girl's white face looked out from the third story window. It was the German nurse, Minnie Baumer, whose patient was a man with a broken hip who had been strapped to the bedstead.

"Help me save my patient," she cried, but it was too late to enter the house, and no one could help. They shouted back, "Jump and save yourself."

Just below her was the broad roof of a veranda; a hundred hands

were upstretched to assist her, but with the path to life and safety open before her she said, "I can't leave my patient," and turned back into that hell of smoke and flame. When all was over they found the poor, charred body fallen by the bedside, her hands still clutching the fastenings that bound her helpless charge in a last attempt, in blindness and pain, to undo them.

When the newspapers told the story of the disaster, and lauded the bravery of the young deaconess nurse, there were some who said, "How foolish of her to throw away her life when she could not save that of the other; and if she had, he was only a poor wreck of a man not worth half so much to the world as the nurse!"

But others said, "Such a life is not thrown away—not more than those of the three hundred Spartans who laid down their lives for a lost cause at Thermopylae—not more than that of the Roman soldier who stood at his post in the fiery storm that buried Pompeii. The brave heart of this girl of twenty-two must be for ever a shame to cowardice, a living inspiration to duty and Christ-like self-renunciation. A thousand other souls must be made braver and stronger by her example. Sometimes the best use that can be made of a life is to throw it away.

It is not death that means defeat or failure; not chains, nor persecution, nor the martyr's crown of fire. It is the cowed spirit that loves its ease more than its Lord, that would turn away its eyes from the sight of its brother's misery, and gather to itself the good things of earth. If the cause of Christianity lags to-day, it is not because those who devote body and heart and soul to the redemption of the world sometimes suffer trials and martyrdom, but rather because there is so little of the real martyr spirit. We shrink from the cost of success.

And yet, it is a scientific as well as an ethical and a spiritual truth, that life comes from death—the individual perishes for the race—the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

It is said that Herbert Spencer, studying human beings in their social relations, and interrogating experience to find the right rule for their guidance, reached after years of careful study the very law laid down by Jesus Christ two thousand years ago, the law of love and service embodied in the Golden Rule.

In the light of these truths the revival of the ancient order of deaconesses is not a strange phenomenon, but a natural development. The order did not arise because five or six hundred women were more devoted, more self-denying, than all others, but rather because many hearts were not satisfied with a religion that makes its own salvation, its own experience, the end and aim of living, but were reaching out for at least a faint realization of the second part of the great commandment. The deaconess is but a sign that many hearts are beating toward a broader humanity, a humanity that prays not only to be blessed, but to be made a blessing to the world. The gifts, the prayers, the "God-bless-you's" that have sent us on our way tell us that other hearts are going out in anxious care for the lost and fallen, and that if the deaconess is the hand, back of her is the heart and brain of the Church, waking to the same spirit.

During the past year and a half it has been my privilege to be in a position to receive the letters and the gifts that have come for the support of one branch of this work; and I have read messages of tender sympathy from those I have never seen and never hope to see in the flesh, that have brought the tears to my eyes and a lump in my throat; and gifts both great and

small have been placed in my hand that told of sacrifices that made me ashamed for my lesser ones. So I have come to realize how many hundreds of hearts are bearing up our little band of workers with their prayers and sacrifices.

But this very spirit, inspiring as it is, is a source of danger, because it leads to the idealizing of the individual worker. We come to expect the deaconess herself to be the standard, instead of judging the work by its motives and ideals. And, alas! the deaconess is very human, a mixture of foibles and frailties, much like the average woman. The perfect woman—she who combines sound judgment with winning grace of manners, who is pious but not sanctimonious, who is talented but not vain, who is sedate with the old folk and gay with the young, and altogether lovely with children—has not become numerous as yet in deaconess ranks.

The deaconess is simply a woman who has felt the touch of a great uplifting desire to spend and be spent for love's sake—for pity's sake; and who has offered herself to the Church for just what she is worth in whole-hearted service for the Master. Standing in the calcium light of public life her failings as well as her virtues stand out in a stronger relief than in more sheltered ways, and the work itself may be exalted beyond measure or unjustly condemned according as the individual worker merits praise or blame. This is not just to either.

Rather should the Church regard the deaconess as in no wise separate from its own life and work. "Your servants for Jesus' sake" is Paul's standard, not for deaconesses only, but for all Christians. True, there are different ways of serving. Often the deaconess is merely the channel through which the Church's sacrifices and gifts

may reach their appropriate destination; and her usefulness will depend as much upon what is behind her in the way of sympathy and support as in what she is herself; just as the reception of a book depends not alone—not so much—upon its merits, as upon whether or no it strikes a responsive chord in the popular heart. Many a good book has fallen dead from the press, simply because it was ahead of or behind the spirit of the times. The deaconess work will succeed just so far as it finds in the heart of the Church this answering impulse to love and to serve for Jesus' sake. This impulse will send into the order—not goody-good young women whose call to the work consists in their never having had a call to anything else—but it will send what alone we have a right to offer to God, the best. And it will bear up the work with the financial support and the moral support that come from intelligent appreciation and understanding.

The hope of the world is not that a few persons, more or less, shall accept this as their special vocation, but that the principle upon which it rests may become universal in its application. Methods of work may be, must be, specialized—principles, never. If it is my duty to apply Christ's law of service in works of charity and mercy, it may be yours to apply the same to business relations or to social life, and yours may be the more difficult and the more honourable mission. But is it too much to believe that the time is coming when this law shall be the accepted standard in all relations of life?

It is the principle of service for love's sake which alone can sweeten the home life; here, without a protest, we accept the standard, "He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant." The same standard preserves the amenities of social life. What hard-headed man of business would think of entering

his friend's drawing-room in the same self-assertive spirit which he believes he must maintain in his counting-room? It is the accepted ideal at least, however far we may come short of it, in the Church, considered as an organization. It is the sudden change of attitude—the sudden donning of the steel glove—as we go out from home, or society, or the Church, to meet our brothers and sisters on a business basis that is so bewildering to the unchurched masses. It is this that the deaconess finds so hard to explain, and that often makes her dumb in the face of charges against the Church of selfishness and hypocrisy. But there are those whose faith reaches to the time when Christians will take the principle, "By love serve one another," into business. Shining examples of the successful application of it are not wanting even in this dawn of the new century, and when we dare trust it a little farther, when we emerge from the fogs and mists that seem so substantial just now, perhaps we shall find that the man who is a Christian gentleman at home need not of necessity become a savage when he leaves for his office in the morning.

A business man said once, shaking hands with one of our workers at a church door, "It does me good to even meet one of your white-ribboned sisterhood on the street; it reminds me that there is something in the world worth living for besides the almighty dollar." We did not take this as an empty compliment to the order, but rather as the protest of his own better nature against the idea that the exigencies of business must of necessity array the children of a common Father against one another.

But, however far our practice may fall below our ideals, let us not commit that most grievous sin of all—that of lowering the standard to fit our practices. "The

Sermon on the Mount," some have said, "is impossible in practice; it was never meant to be followed implicitly, but only in very general principles." Rather let us confess, with shame and confusion of face if need be, that no matter how far our practice falls below our profession — preachers, deaconesses and missionaries alike—that the law that Christ gave is both in theory and practice, the sane, perfect and practicable rule of human conduct.

Christ calls upon human nature for something more than its human best. Through Him we are to be "partakers of the divine nature" and linked with the divine we can love humanity as He loved it and serve as He taught us how. He never promised anything but joy that was to be won through sacrifice and suffering. "I will show him," He said of a candidate for discipleship; "I will show him"—not what positions of honour and trust may be his, nor what wealth he may accumulate, nor what ambitious desires he might obtain—none of these; but "I will show him—how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." Did ever leader offer such inducement for disciples? And yet the followers of no earthly conqueror can outnumber those of Jesus of Nazareth.

But does He demand less of the twentieth century than of the first? If not called to suffer like the early saints, we are still called to serve. The cry of a brother's need is pitiful now as then. We hear it in the plaintive voices of neglected childhood; we see it in the hollow eyes and pleading faces that haunt the city streets. And oh! if we dare follow the demons of want and sin to their lurking places in alley and slum, we shall hear it crying to us with a thousand tongues where our fellow creatures are living like dumb brutes—not living,

and yet not quite dying—starving like Tantalus in the midst of plenty, famishing for bread where, within five minutes' walk, hothouse grapes are being sold for ten dollars a pound and winter strawberries for three dollars a box! Can we wonder that robbery and crime abound when men and women and children walk the streets weak and sick with hunger and see heaped within the grasp of their hands delicacies and luxuries from every clime under heaven?

And infinitely worse than the half-fed bodies are the starved and darkened souls. We shed tears over the starving bodies of our poor, but over their starving souls angels must weep. "Their blood will I require at thy hand," God says to every one to whom he has entrusted wealth, or talent, or time, or opportunity, unless in some way it be devoted to the uplifting of the world.

A father brings home a bag of luscious oranges to his flock of little ones. He might divide them equally and impartially among them and so win their love and gratitude to himself. But he knows a better way. His great heart is not satisfied that they should love him supremely; he would have them love one another, even as he loves them. And what can so melt and weld the little hearts together as loving kindnesses, given and received.

So he places the golden treasures all in the arms of the first-born, and waits to see the little love tokens multiply themselves as they pass from hand to hand.

But no. "Thank you, papa," says the boy, and calmly walks off to bestow his treasures in his own room. Day by day he gloats over them, or ostentatiously displays them to the longing gaze of brothers and sisters. "See what my father has given me," he says. "Is he not the very best father in the

world?" And at night when his father comes home from toil he says, "I love you, papa, very much for what you have done for me." But does that father's smile of approval rest upon that boy? Does he love him better, or less, than those other children upon whom perhaps, he has not bestowed so much?

God expects—demands of us, service—sweat of brow, and heart and brain. Not simply the surplus of dimes and dollars that we never miss, but gifts that come from near enough the heart to tell the Lord Jesus that it is given for love of Him.

Nothing will reach with saving power these prisoned souls that does not appeal to their felt needs—their present needs. Salvation? They scarcely know they have souls to save. Sorrow and weariness and hunger and cold are more patent facts to them than sin. You need not tell them that God loves them—God who is mighty in power and perfect in happiness, and rich in untold worlds—believe that He loves them and leaves them in their misery? You must prove to them what human love is before you can talk to them of a God who loves them.

On a certain street corner in Chicago stands a handsome church where hundreds of worshippers gather every Sabbath morning for prayer and praise. Just a little way off, almost within the shadow of its spire, lived, or rather herded, in a dark, damp basement, a family of eight—father, mother, and six children. For all the influence that the songs or the sermons or the prayers had upon them they might have lived there and died like rats in a hole. They did not believe in God, nor heaven, nor hell—other than that in which they lived. Church-goers were to them a lot of canting hypocrites who wrapped their comfortable robes about them

and cared nothing for the sufferings of others. Hunger and misery were daily realities.

Disease always lurks in those awful cellars, and it found the poor, half-fed bodies an easy prey; and it was then, in their worst estate, that the deaconess from the church found them. "It seemed the most hopeless place I ever saw," she said. "So dark I could not see my way until my eyes grew accustomed to the shadows, and the odours were frightful." Two children lay upon a filthy, bare mattress, sick with what proved to be malignant diphtheria, and four others, pale, dirty, and uncared for, crouched about the room. Worst of all was the sullen, bitter mood of the parents. It seemed as though the very powers of darkness held control. Could preacher, or saint, or angel have gone into that home and preached a gospel of words? But the deaconess was a servant—their servant "for Jesus' sake." She said nothing of her religion, but she went to work. She sent the well children away, and isolated the mother and baby that the disease might not spread. She procured a physician and medicine, and food. Then she took her place by the bedside and nursed the children through the day and the long hours of that awful night. The next day she brought a trained nurse, another deaconess. The disease was conquered, but the poor little bodies were left in a frightful condition, throats and limbs partially paralyzed. They would never be well, the doctor said, unless they could be taken from that wretched place and given pure air and sunshine and strengthening food. The deaconess found homes for them in the country—deaconesses know many good people—where they stayed for months, until health and strength were perfectly restored.

As they began to emerge from

their chaos of despair the parents looked in wonder at the woman who had come so unexpectedly to their relief. Who was she? Why did she come? What did she take all that trouble for? They were nothing to her. One day the mother spoke out the questions in her mind. The deaconess, looking at her, wished that she could truthfully say, "Because I love you." But she could not—just then. But she answered, "The Lord Jesus loves you and wants to help you, and He can't tell you so except through His servants. He puts it into my heart to try to help you." And tears filled the woman's eyes, but she turned away, wondering more than ever.

The family had been living for more than a year on an average of thirty cents a day, picked up by the father here and there in uncertain jobs. The deaconess was able to find him regular work at small wages. She insisted upon their moving from the cellar into more wholesome quarters. She provided decent clothing for the children and enticed them one by one into the Sunday-school, and the mother did not say them nay. By and by some entertainment in which the children were to take part inspired the mother with a desire to be present; but she had no decent clothing to wear. The deaconess turned milliner and dressmaker, and with her own hands, working after her day's work was done, provided her a suitable outfit. The mother's heart was touched with the new atmosphere in which she found herself—so different from what she had supposed the church to be. Not long after she was down on her knees, the deaconess beside her, learning to pray. "You can tell Jesus all your troubles," the deaconess told her, "and ask Him for what you need."

A few days later the woman met her with tears and smiles and told

how, when the last morsel of food was gone and the children were crying with hunger, she had gone away by herself to "tell Jesus," and while she was yet on her knees a man had come with potatoes enough to last a month. "I know you must have ordered them," she said, "but God had to send by somebody, hadn't He? And He answered my prayer just the same." And from that day a new light and hope was in her face.

To-day, after four years, the family are self-respecting and self-supporting. The two oldest girls earn between them fourteen dollars a week. The whole family attend church and Sunday-school, of which the mother and older children are members; one daughter is a teacher in the primary department. The task of raising a whole family from pauperism to respectability has not been an easy one, and the deaconess has had many helpers, but when one considers all the potencies for good or evil going out from one such family, who can say it is not labour well spent?

In these days of scientific research, we pay great reverence to the laws of life and talk much of heredity and environment and their influence in shaping character, until sometimes we come to feel that these laws are absolute and irrevocable in their effects. But we must not forget that after all they are only natural laws; and there is always an appeal from the lower court to the higher—from natural laws to spiritual. It has been said, "Order is heaven's first law." I don't believe that: some human mind evolved that. The Bible says, "God is love." Then must not love be heaven's first law? And love, if it is strong enough, and unselfish enough, can say, even to natural laws, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

One day, passing along a street where a magnificent new building

was going up, I saw a great block of stone lifted by the derrick and swinging toward its place on the wall. But the law of gravitation was not annulled; it was saying to the stone with all the force of a hundred thousand pounds, "You shall come down, down, down." But there was a stronger force still, saying, "No, but you shall rise; you shall come up, up, up, until you find the place the architect intended for you." So while the natural laws of a child's being are dragging it down to a level with the brute, the law of love steps in and says, "I will take the child; I will toil for him, and pray for him, and love him, and lead him up—always up—until he shall swing into the place prepared for him by the great Master Builder in the temple of life."

But there is still a brighter side to the question of service. The servant has his wages, and the servant of Jesus never fails of his reward. A deaconess said to me in a letter not long ago, "It seems to me I have never been able to make a sacrifice 'for Jesus' sake' because, whenever I have thought I was doing so, straightway He has sent me such a blessing that there was no sacrifice at all."

To some, a life spent in such humble services may seem narrow and trivial. To give one's self to the problem of wherewithal Mrs. Maloney and her numerous progeny shall be clothed and fed, and how Mrs. Maloney's soul may be anchored to the eternal verities; to be anxious over Mrs. Johnston's rent bill with something of Mrs. Johnson's own heart-sickening anxiety; to awake at night with a little anxious burden on your heart as you wonder whether Mrs. O'Brien's Patrick has kept his promise to stay away from the saloon—nothing very noble or heroic in things like these: but then—to read the unspoken gratitude in sor-

rowful faces when lips are dumb; to see children's faces grow glad, and tear-dulled eyes brighten at your coming; to see souls coming from darkness into light and to know that your hand has been leading them thither—these are joys that carry with them no sting of pain. These are what our Lord Himself must have meant when He prayed that "His joy" might be fulfilled in His followers. Little duties are little windows that let in floods of purest sunshine into the soul.

And there is a reward richer and deeper than joy. Ruskin speaks of a "grievous and vain meditation over the great book, of which no syllable was ever yet understood except by a deed;" and the Book itself tells us that he that doeth His will shall know—shall understand. And there are precious glimpses of truth, beautiful conceptions of divine things coming into the soul through these channels of humble service that can never be learned through books or meditations.

A deaconess called one day at a home and found a woman sick and alone but for two small children. She was moaning with delirium and pain. The deaconess took off her bonnet and gloves and began the task of ministering to the sick woman. The doctor came and looked serious. It was a severe attack of pneumonia, and everything would depend, he said, upon careful nursing during the next few hours. So all the long night the deaconess stood at her post, fighting the progress of the disease as best she could. Morning brought no relief. The doctor had promised to send a regular nurse, but none came, and the case was too critical to be neglected a moment. As the hours went by the watcher suddenly remembered that her pastor was out of the city and she was expected to conduct the prayer-meeting that evening, and

she had no moment for preparation. But she said to herself, "I must do this hour the duty the hour brings." But as she hurried back and forth, carrying out the doctor's orders, she lifted her heart to her Father in Heaven for a message for His flock.

It was seven o'clock that evening before she was relieved, and then, after twenty-seven hours of constant service, she hurried home while the first church bell was ringing, found the needed chapter in her Bible, hunted up a half-forgotten quotation, donned a pair of fresh ties and hurried to the service. God was with her, and hearts were touched with a simple story of heart experience, for she herself had been taught lessons of trust during those hours of painful toil that reached other hearts as no elegant essay on ethics would ever have done.

A few years ago a child's face appealed to me—only one among the many that swarm in the dark places of the city—but so sad, so hungry-looking, so haunting in its unchildlike gloom, that I set myself to redeem, if it might be, this one soul from the sin and wretchedness of its surroundings. There were months, years, of hope alternating with discouragement, but after a time I could see the better life springing up from the wrecks of child nature. Once a woman said to me, "What influence has that boy been under that has made him so different from others of his class?" And then I told her something of the time, and effort, and money that had been spent upon that one boy; and she said somewhat wonderingly, "I suppose you saw something in him from the first that made you think he was worth saving." But I said "No; I think there was nothing at all, save that he was wretched and miserable. He was just a common red-headed, freckle-faced boy. I

think I must have wanted to help him because he was miserable and he couldn't possibly help himself."

Then, with a sudden sense of recognition which I had never known before, I thought, "And that's just why the dear Christ came to save us—not that we deserved it, but because we were lost and miserable, and we could not save ourselves." How true the picture. "For we ourselves were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived; serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another. But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared; not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us."

"The little bell that a babe can hold in its fingers may strike the same note as the great bell of Moscow. Its note may be faint as a bird's whisper, and yet it may be the same. And so God may have a thought, and I standing near and looking up into His face may have the same thought." "Thinking God's thoughts after Him"—so said one who lived far up on the heights of spiritual knowledge.

But if we thus enter into the heart of God it must be by the way He has showed us, the way of humble love and service to His other children. Many hearts have cried, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him?" and they search for Him in the wise dissertations of theologians, or would find Him through "grievous and vain meditations," but are not satisfied. Let them look for Him in deeds of loving service to the suffering and sad, and in ministering to others' woes they will find Him walking by their side.

"Have ye looked for the sheep in the desert?"

For those that have missed the way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places
Where the lost and the wandering stray?

Have you trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and noisome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of the Master's feet."

And who that has thus found, even in toilsome and thorny ways, the print of the Master's footsteps, has felt the price too high?

And so, not that we have already attained, but following after, we invite all to this same "following after" the life of service; the life that is in harmony with God's laws, both of nature and grace; the life that, in giving, finds what it has not sought; what if it had sought it would not have found—true happiness. We invite you to the happy life of service for Jesus' sake, of work lightened by love, of pain smothered in joy, of servanthood that is freedom, because heart-impelled; a life that loves God because He is everything that heart can conceive of that is good and compassionate and lovable; that loves humanity, even in its degradation, because He loved it with an infinite love; that would give because it loves, asking for nothing again.

There is a Japanese legend that tells how the emperor once sent for his bell-maker, and commanded him to make a bell that should be larger and sweeter-toned than any ever made before, to sound out his fame over his kingdom. He gave him silver and gold and copper and brass without stint, and bade him hasten his task. But when the bell-maker put the metals into the melting-pots they would not mix

properly. He tried again and again, using different proportions, but to no purpose, until the emperor was impatient, and the bell-maker was in despair because his life would pay the forfeit of his failure. One night the bell-maker's daughter went secretly to an oracle and implored to know the reason why the gods were not propitious. She was told that the metals must be mingled with the life-blood of a young maiden. She returned and flung herself into the cauldron, and the bell when cast rang out sweet and clear as the bells of heaven.

A foolish legend, say you? Yes, but it is only the cloak wherein is hidden a truth. We can learn it in nature, where life is ever springing from death; in history, where nations have been cemented in blood; we learn in it social relations, where the gold and silver of charity give but a clanging sound unless mingled with the blood of sacrifice. We learn it above all in the history of the Church, with its triumphant martyrdoms. It is the key-note of creation's chorus, dumbly felt in nature, interpreted more clearly in legend and song, groped after by heathen tribes, chanted in one strong solo of majestic sorrow by the Son of God; broken into a thousand sweeping fragments at last to be gathered into one grand, triumphant chorus by the Church of Christ to send out over the whole world the glory of the King of Kings, the Saviour of the world.

A PRAYER.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest who hast made the fire,
Thou knowest who hast made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of thy worth,
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
O, whatsoever may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need!

THE CHURCHMANSHIP OF JOHN WESLEY.

AN APPEAL TO THE LOGIC OF FACT AND PRACTICE.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.



AS the life, work, and marvellous influence of John Wesley are once more brought prominently before the attention of the world by the Methodist Ecumenical Council, which met in London in September, it will not be a matter of surprise if his relations to the Established Church of England are, in some quarters, quite seriously discussed. Zealous churchmen have always been ready to seize upon all special occasions and to remind the people called Methodists that the great instrumentality employed in the breaking up of the spiritual slumbers of a nation, and in the organizing of that movement into a great compact religious communion, was a devoted member of the English Church, and remained a loyal and obedient son of that Church to his dying day.

In tracts, sermons, editorials, addresses and conversations, in which strong Episcopalians almost entirely figure, the claim has been repeated with a strange and monotonous persistency, that John Wesley was an ardent and consistent churchman, and remained such until his eventful life reached its close.

One or two points in this discussion are at once striking and of decided interest.

It is just a little singular that fifty years ago churchmen in England took a very different ground from that occupied by many Episcopalian clergymen to-day, for they

argued that Wesley was throughout all his active career, a "schismatic," and no other than a dissenter, whatever else he might fancy himself to be. A second consideration, which also is not a little significant, and one frequently overlooked by zealous ministers of the Church of England, is the fact that Wesley, during his ministerial life of over fifty years, was almost, if not entirely, universally repudiated and denounced without measure by archbishop, bishop, and the rank and file of the clergy of the Church wherever he went. He was practically shut out of every church in the Establishment, and was about the best abused man in the British Isles.

How to explain the changed attitude of our Protestant Episcopal friends, and this great revolution of opinion and estimate, is a task which we do not undertake to discharge. Our purpose in this brief contribution is to present a calm and impartial view of this matter, which has engaged quite an amount of public attention, and to remove, if possible, the confusion and perplexity which in some minds is still acknowledged to exist.

First, we think it unfair, if not absurd, to regard John Wesley as a perfect character, incapable of inconsistency, imperfection, or mistake. This he never claimed, and in fact he was not slow to confess of certain things he once believed, that he had lived to see that they were erroneous, and was ashamed of them. John Wesley's churchmanship is, we think, to be determined not so much by what he said,

for it is readily conceded that he said many things concerning this matter which stand out in striking opposition to his practice extending over more than half a century.

Our contention is that the verdict on the point in dispute must be rendered, not on the evidence of any sermon he preached, or note that may appear in his journals from time to time, but by his strong steady, determined opposition to all established ecclesiastical control and practice, when that control and practice in any way interfered with his cherished plans and work. For the sake of clearness and brevity, we simply summarize the points of divergence from the policy and rules of the English Church, of which John Wesley was the responsible author, and which he never for a moment desired to cancel or remove, and we leave our readers to judge whether the constantly reiterated claim as to John Wesley's loyalty to the National Establishment is well founded or not. Our appeal is not so much to certain statements which he made as to his attachment to the Church of England, but to the undeniable and irresistible logic of the facts and actions which distinguished his career from the year 1739 to 1791.

If actions speak louder than words, our readers will not have much difficulty in reaching a pretty definite conclusion in the matter now under consideration.

Let the following facts speak for themselves:

1st. Though never ordained to the office or rank of bishop, in the Church of England sense of that term, John Wesley claimed that he was a bishop nevertheless. His words are: "I firmly believe that I am a scriptural 'episkopos,' as much as any in England or Europe." What would be thought of the church relationship of any ordinary clergyman to-day who persisted in the claim that he was as

truly a bishop as the dignitary who wears the robes and exercises the prerogatives which in the Church of England distinguish the office named?

2nd. But John Wesley not only claimed that he was a bishop in the New Testament meaning of that word, but again and again he performed the functions of a bishop by ordaining men to administer the sacraments and fulfil the other duties pertaining to the ministerial office, and this he did repeatedly, without himself ever having received Episcopal ordination to that office.

He ordained Dr. Thomas Coke to be General Superintendent, or bishop, over the Methodist societies of America apart from the Church of England, and when these societies, in General Conference assembled, erected themselves into a distinct and separate Church, John Wesley sanctions the deed, fully believing and declaring that the Methodist Episcopal Church of America is as truly a New Testament Church as the Apostolic Churches at Philippi and Thessalonica. He also ordained numerous Presbyters for Scotland and the West Indies, and in 1789 the demand from his own people in England became so urgent that he could no longer refuse, so his prudential reasons for delaying were set aside, and he accordingly ordained some seventeen to the full work of the ministry in England.

Would not any one of those ordinations to-day place the ordinary and unauthorized clergyman who would dare to arrogate to himself the functions of a bishop, and in the most public manner exercise those functions, outside the Church in a very short time?

3rd. Charles Wesley and Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, both maintained that John Wesley separated from the Church of England when he

ordained preachers to administer the sacraments apart from the Church.

4th. It is also important in this review to bear in mind that the widely circulated assumption that John Wesley continued to be a High Churchman in his prime and old age, is one of the most singular and groundless delusions that ever took possession of the ecclesiastical mind. Dr. Rigg, in his *Life of Wesley*, has proved with mathematical completeness that John Wesley, when his convictions were fully and finally matured, had no more sympathy with what is known as High Churchism than Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, London, has to-day. Wesley's repudiation of the doctrine of "Apostolic Succession" is so strong that we quote his own words: "For the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove."

5th. Wesley organized congregations and ministered to them himself, and by his preachers during "church hours," contrary to church law.

6th. Wesley had his preachers licensed under the Act for the Protection of Dissenting Ministers. This Act was passed in the reign of William and Mary, "for exempting their Majesties' Protestant subjects dissenting from the Church of England, from certain penalties." Charles Wesley, who ought to be a good authority, wrote to Grimshaw in 1760, "Our preachers are mostly licensed, and so are dissenting ministers. They took out their licenses as Protestant Dissenters." Grimshaw replied, "The Methodists are no longer members of the Church of England. They are as real a body of dissenters from her as the Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, or any body of Independents."

7th. It is an indisputable fact that the Methodist Societies of

England never had any organic or official connection with the Church of England, and from the very organization of the movement neither Mr. Wesley nor his preachers ever acted under the direction or control of any authority of that Church. It is a matter which admits of no discussion that the direction and control of the Established Church authorities were openly and for a long series of years disobeyed both by Wesley and those who were called into permanent association with him.

8th. Neither Mr. Wesley nor his preachers, nor the immense and ever-growing organization which they were instrumental in bringing into existence, shared in any of the emoluments with which the Established Church is so largely endowed.

9th. Mr. Wesley went from one parish and diocese to another preaching and forming societies, and he did this against the express prohibition of the Archbishops and Clergy. The Archbishop of Canterbury on one occasion wrote to Mr. Wesley, and after a brief attack upon the work he was doing, the Archbishop thus concludes: "Sir, you have no business here. You are not commissioned to preach in this diocese. Therefore, I advise you to go hence."

To this episcopal rebuke Mr. Wesley replied in strong and defiant words, claiming that he was a priest of the Church Universal, and that his work was not limited to any particular locality, thus asserting his consciousness of the truth of the inscription on his memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey: "The world is my parish." How would especially our High Church friends regard the churchmanship of any of their clergy who would dare to defy, and that for a period reaching over half a century, the rebukes and prohibitions of the highest authorities of the Church?

10th. Mr. Wesley not only formed societies in the prohibited parishes, but he regarded those societies as true New Testament churches. In his Journal, dated August 26th, 1789, we find the following record: "I met the society at Redruth, and explained at large the rise and nature of Methodism, and still aver I have never read or heard of, either in ancient or modern history, any other Church which builds on so broad a foundation as the Methodists do, which requires of its members no conformity either in opinions or modes of worship, but barely the one thing, to fear God and to work righteousness." For many years Wesley was convinced that Methodism was no mere association of Christian societies, but a New Testament Church in the fullest and truest sense of that word.

11th. Mr. Wesley, in 1788, admitted that a kind of separation had already taken place and that it would inevitably spread, though, as he thought, by slow degrees. For that separation Mr. Wesley was himself responsible, and it is folly to look everywhere for the directing and separating hand.

12th. Wesley deeded all the places of worship, and all the property of which he became possessed as the legal head of the Methodist body in England, to the Conference, to hold for the Methodists, perfectly independent of and outside the Church of England, which had no jurisdiction, either civil or ecclesiastical, over them.

13th. Wesley obtained an Act of Parliament by which all the rights and privileges of the Methodist body in England were secured to it as an independent Church in the New Testament sense, and John Wesley intended it should continue so, for he said after the Act became a statute of the realm, "It is a foundation likely to stand as long as the sun and moon endure."

In this "Deed of Declaration," enrolled in the High Court of Chancery in 1784, for the express purpose of securing the legal status of Methodism and its perpetuation as an independent religious organization and Church, we have the wedge which made the separation final and complete.

Unfailing loyalty to a providential mission led Mr. Wesley by successive and decisive steps into a new and permanent religious communion, and one by one the strands of the cord which had bound him to the national Church were severed by his own hand, until it is a task of no little magnitude to show in what respect the honoured leader in the great revival can be regarded within the pale of a Church whose authorities he had defied and many of whose regulations and rules he had consciously and deliberately set aside for over thirty years.

The true appeal, we take it, must be to the facts and practices of a long ministerial lifetime which distinguished John Wesley's illustrious career, and not to any note in his Journal, nor to any particular sermon which he preached either in England or Ireland.

14th. Dr. Rigg, in his "Churchmanship of John Wesley," has stated the matter as follows: "Looking at the whole evidence, it appears to be undeniable that, so far as respects the separate development of Methodism, Wesley not only pointed but paved the way to all that has since been done, and that the utmost divergence of Methodism from the Church of England at this day is but the prolongation of a line, the beginning of which was traced by Wesley's own hand. It is idle to attempt to purge Wesley of the sin of schism, in order to cast the guilt upon his followers. Wesley himself led his people into the course which they have consistently pursued."

In conclusion, we have only to

remark, that in view of the facts presented in this contribution, every one of which can be substantiated by indisputable evidence, we find a conclusive answer to those who are continually reminding Methodist people that, after all, John Wesley was a loyal churchman, and so continued to his dying day. The invitations frequently issued by the clergy of the Church of England to the Methodist Communion to "come back" to the fold from which they are said to

have wandered, are not a little amusing. As the facts get more and more before our people, that invitation becomes increasingly absurd. The absorption of the largest section of Protestant Christianity in the world to-day by a smaller body would be an experiment so portentous and perilous that the putting of the new wine into the old bottles would be an operation comparatively safe and insignificant compared therewith.

ETHER MUSIC.

BY FLORENCE LIFFITON.

God said, "Let there be music,"
(The spirit of the light)
And forth it sped with rhythm
In sacerdotal white.

It sped with wings of morning,
On that creation day;
And still melodic sweetness
Is in each crystal ray.

But we who court the shadows,
Who cannot bear the light,
Paint green and blue and orange
Upon its priestly white.

Yet these are tones of music
In God's prismatic scale—
His diatonic rainbow—
Whose sweetness cannot fail.

Oh! what a weary jargon
You earthly people seek!
Come out beneath the starlight
And hear the silence speak.

Toronto.

Come hear the ether music
For but one golden while,
And it shall ring within you
For many a toilsome mile.

Your compass shall be vaster
For these harmonic bars,
Your soul enlarge to circle
God's wilderness of stars.

We think beyond our vision;
We dream beyond our ken;
It may be angel whispers
Obscure the tones of men.

It must be God Almighty
Hath many things to say,
That alphabet and rainbow
Only in part convey

And tender, strange vibrations
From subtler realms than sense,
Meet us on that sweet border
Where human things commence.

THE FREEMAN.

BY JOHN HOWEY.

No Independence is there but in freedom
of the soul,
In all confronting valour of the mind,
In universal challenge to the world,
In universal justice to mankind.

Let cowards be the renegades of Right,
Let selfish schemers cringe to consequence,
Let bigots be the slaves of precedent,
Edmonton, Alta.

And leave them their unenvied recompense.

Live thou in whole consistence with thyself,
Consistence as thy life is deep and broad,
Believing spite the day and circumstance,
The verdict of thy judgment is the mandate of thy God.

SOUND AND SPIRIT.

AN ANALOGY.

BY T. C. JEFFERS, MUS. BAC.



WHEN the old Greek philosopher, Pythagoras, while a reophyte among the Egyptian mysteries, discovered that the range of sound extends, both upward and downward, beyond the perception of human organs, he hit upon a truth that startled him. Suddenly there flashed upon his mental vision the vast conception of "the harmony of the spheres." The slow-circling planets, winding their never-ceasing orbits about each other through the immensities of space, seemed to his mind, in their courses and recourses, to emit a harmony of sound, profound, illimitable, eternal. It is this concept which sometimes moves one in pondering over the verities of natural law. One thinks of the fundamental note, with its upper partials, harmonics, or over-tones, as they are variously called, making a many-voiced chord of what seems to the unknowing ear but a single tone. It is this idea of the foundation tone, rounded, tinted, individualized and etherealized by the vibrations of equal portions of its length, interlinked and overlapping complexity of system within system, which gives rise to another thought.

What is it but a type of the parent Spirit of all, of which other spirits are but as the million over-tones which vibrate harmoniously with it?

And yet again comes the mighty fantasy of a deeper tone than all, a tone of tones, and father of sound, of which all other tones are only

harmonics. Think of it, that all-pervading diapason, vibrating perhaps once in a century! And then reckon upwards its million of sound-children, slowly ascending from the unheard and unthinkable depths below, up through the sounds audible to the human ear, up through a hundred octaves of myriad-hued harmonies, upward and ever upward, until the last crystalline note and echo of echo whispers and fades beyond the reach of human hearing or imagination, lost in the awful stillness of immensity.

Straying into an old cathedral late one afternoon, I sat down to feast my eye on the warm, deep tones of colour, and my fancy on the centuries of memories that were filling the air. Soon the great organ sounded, from its dim distance in the choir, a long, quivering note. To my disappointment, the tuner was at work on the reeds of the instrument, and I listened to the grotesque cacophony with a distaste that gradually changed to curiosity at the absurd and freakish pranks of the tones, and the ludicrous discord that was at times introduced. The workman would often throw the reed down far below, and out of tune with the standard tone, which was sounding at the same time, and to which he wished to tune the reed. Then one would hear the tapping of the tool on the tuning-wire, which, as it slid down the tongue of the reed, would cause the strangest and most fantastic effects of quickly-alternating discord and harmony. Up the note sped, making the quaintest sounds of duck-quacking or cat-calling, up and up, nearer and nearer the de-

sired pitch. As it approached the standard, how fierce and strident was the discord! And the closer it came, the greater grew the conflict between the two tones. Closer and closer, till one's tympanum fairly shook with the rapid concussion of the beats of the warring vibrations. All was clamour, strife and disagreement. But as it began to merge into the tone-pitch the protesting beats grew slower and slower, the dissonance less and less perceptible, until, after giving a final reluctant throb or two, it joined its voice in closest union with the standard tone towards which it had been so unwillingly striving and climbing. The two notes were blent into one smooth, clear sound, that echoed down through the glorified lights and shadows in the level purity and unwavering steadiness of the perfect unison. The haven of rest was reached at last. No more noisy strife, no more unrest; all was peace and calm and satisfied agreement.

One could not but think of God's will, and our own selfish wills, at variance with His. Oh, if my hopes and desires were but in unison with the source of all truth and perfection and wisdom! The eternal and loving will of the Father, like some great standard of pitch to which all should tune the note of their own petty wills, if they would be in unison with all that is wise and just, and find a sudden peace and calm succeed all our unhappiness and restless striving after the unattainable. Think of that divine and God-like river of melody, sounding, sounding, for ever sounding in eternal completeness, and inexhaustible richness, and supernal beauty! One can conceive of the good man praying: "O God, let me tune my puny note to Thine. No longer may I strive, now here, now there, in feeble and ineffective and foolish quests of my own. Oh, let me

tune my note upward, higher and ever higher, till I reach Thy supreme and perfect pitch and unite with God's own note!"

Then all discord and waywardness shall be gone; gone all the clamour and strife, born of resistance to the only true way. Each little pipe absorbed in the diapason of heaven's organ; each feeble note lost in His mighty tone; the puny human will and the great Divine Will merged into a magnificent unison for ever marching on, one and indivisible, in giant billows of sound, conquering and to conquer. And oh! the thrill of happy concord that shoots through the soul when first we touch upon the verge of that far-winding stream, and carried to the centre, are borne away, pulsing with the sense of joyous union, away and away—far beyond the bounds of time and space, and sin, and suffering, and care, and sorrow—upon the bosom of that restless melody, far off upon a sea of blissful sound, under sunset skies and 'mid wind-blown stretches wide-heaving with the palpitation of a million tones indissolubly wedded to and dominated by the great central tone of all.

Two centuries ago Stradivarius fashioned this old violin, in that quaint Cremona workshop of his, working with rude and simple tools that have long ago rusted entirely away. Cunningly, with deft hands, he wrought it, and with that sustained concentration of skilled effort which the artist loves to spend upon his work. Do you think, when that mystical wooden shell was finished, that the soul of music spoke from out those strange-looking f's with the same free breadth and richness of appeal that they do today? I hardly think so. In its raw newness it could know nothing of the ways of sound, nor had its fibres yet learned the trick of swaying in harmonious serenity. As we look at the queer, reddish-

brown face of it, a thousand tiny traces of experience and different kinds of usage steal out upon our notice. What strange scenes it has witnessed, what life-histories it could relate! Many the glittering assembly at which it has been a welcome guest; many a night of wassail and gay company, with powdered hair, slender court swords, and all clad in satin, with jewelled shoe-buckles. What unknown tragedies and dark doings, and lonely hours when the player has drawn from the strings and echoing wood the strains of his secret sorrows, and loves, and high imaginings. Into that sympathetic and safe confidante, with face of grammarye, what generations of dead-and-gone artists and sound-poets have poured all their joys and hopes, and deepest soul-struggles.

And so that quaint shell lies there, steeped in two hundred years of the intensest feeling of human experience, its fibres saturated with the melodies of generations of players, most of them artists. All those beating hearts, against which this loved companion rose and fell with each sigh of emotion and each swell of feeling, they are stilled long since, their names and rank, fears and hopes, carking cares and vaulting ambitions, forgotten as if they had not been. Nothing remains but this frail little hollow sphinx, that from its cabalistic f's and curious curves looks up at me, big with secrets. It has survived them all. And when it lifts its voice it is the spirit of these things that talks, not the mere seeming of them.

As its life flowed on the fibres of the wood learned to vibrate more and more freely, and nearly always in sympathy with the richest overtones. Little by little they grew

more responsive and unanimous in their resonant oscillations. Small skill had they in re-echoing harsh sounds, because they so seldom heard them. As the years sped, they became elastic and sensitive to the highest degree, until at last one had but to draw the bow across the strings, and the whole shell shivered and thrilled with that strange phenomenon which acousticians call resonance, or re-inforcement. The string merely gave the fundamental, hunted at the overtones, and straightway a legion of hidden elfin voices caught up the strain and swelled it out into luscious fullness, and rich, throbbing appeal.

O youthful soul, let none but skilful hands play melodies upon thy strings! Chiefest of all, let the Divine Hand busy itself with thee. Think not that from some far, sweet isle of peace, safe-sheltered from the stress of life, lulled by the lapping of soft waters and the murmured music of aeolian airs, you may thus grow into a perfect instrument for the Great Player's bow. Not so; it is the tug of opposing circumstance that breeds new strength, and suffering, strife, and sacrifice alone can ripen the will and affections into the obedient instrument of all loving thoughts and gentle service.

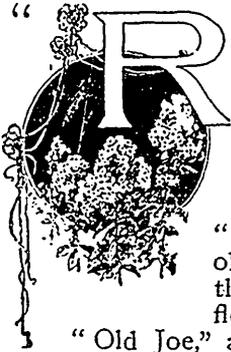
And so, as the days flit by, the first unwilling, yielding, and tardy response grows and changes into perfect accord, giving back with celestial resonance and full-voiced harmony the answer which His bow draws forth. Perchance at last, so unaccustomed to its voice shalt thou become, that sin and folly shall gain no response when they call upon thee, but only

“ He whose hand is on the keys
Shall play the tune that He shall please.”

Toronto.

THE UNANSWERED LETTER.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.



“ROB” was a “river man.” He knew every bad piece of water on the Fraser from New Westminster to Yale, and had a name for every “snag.” One snag, old and hoary with the tossings of many floods, was known as “Old Joe,” and woe betide the vessel that struck “Old Joe,” for although he rose and fell most politely, as the current struck him, yet his root was in the river bed and his head was sharp and jagged as if made on purpose to pierce anything that came in its way.

Once Rob was caught napping on this very snag. It was a thick, misty morning, and the gray of the dawn hung over the river like the shroud which hides a corpse. The dead trees, rooted in the river, seemed like the sentinels of a sleeping army, and among them in the “snaggy reach” was Old Joe. His habit of sinking with the current and rising again when the force of the waters passed, puzzled many a navigator, and this morning Rob himself was taken in. He looked and looked again, but no Old Joe could be seen, but just as the vessel was passing over where he lay, he rose, and there followed a crash and a shiver of the boat from stem to stern which told us Old Joe had got in his most deadly blow.

To back out of the grip of the snag and to run for shore was the work of a few minutes, for we were crippled almost beyond recovery. But the shock had thrown Rob overboard, and through the mist we could hear his cries for help.

Then, crushed and almost sinking as we were, we put about and ran up stream to save Rob.

We found him clinging to the head of Old Joe, and then we understood why his cries for help were so fitful and disconnected. He could only shout as Old Joe came up, and was nearly smothered as his head went down. We hauled him on deck, and the first thing Rob did was to fall on his knees and thank God for his rescue. It was a strange sight, for Rob was never known to pray, and it seemed to open up a past in his life which none but God and Rob and some others in a far-away home knew.

It was not by a snag, nor in a rushing “ripple” of the Fraser that Rob met his death. It was in one of those long reaches of the river where the waters are still, and where, speaking to the banks on the shore, you find your words echoing back to you again and again until they are lost in sweet whisperings like the dying out of distant music. It was a lovely spot for the man to die in, but better had Rob died clinging to the snag, for then he had at least a moment to pray.

To me his death is ever connected with a wonderful personal and family deliverance. I was due to preach in Yale on Sunday. The usual run from Hope to Yale was by the boat on which Rob was an officer. She was delayed, and I took a canoe for the fourteen miles up stream, my wife to follow after in the steamer.

I held my services on Sunday in Yale, and waited in vain until Monday morning for the boat. Just as the morning broke on the river, I saw a canoe pulling as if for dear life against the stream, and a man

at the bow making signals of disaster. Too soon we found that the steamboat had blown up, and that several lives were lost, and among them one woman.

That return journey of mine from Yale to Hope is for ever engraved on my memory. The turns in the river, the seeming slowness of our travel, and the questionings and answers of Indians we met on our way, I see, feel, and hear again through the memories of long years. Two things I was assured of by the Indians, the captain and Rob were dead, and a woman passenger was among the lost.

As I neared the wreck I felt my anxiety almost unbearable. The answer to my first question, "Was my wife on board?" "No." She had her feet on the gangway, and by some impulse, for which she could not account, turned back, and no one could persuade her to return. Had she been on board, I knew then, as I know now, I should have lost one who shared my loneliness where friends were scarce and good souls conspicuous by their absence.

But in the wreck of the steamer, which drifted to shore, lay the mangled body of poor Rob. Others were blown into the Fraser, and that river holds fast its dead. One body alone lay where it died, the mangled form of as kind a man and, alas, of as reckless a Westerner as those old times could produce. Who was he? Where did he come from? were questions not so easily answered. I met with thousands of men in the early sixties. I ate with them, slept with them, prayed with them, and saw many of them die, but the history of their early days was a secret that never was revealed. Then who could tell where Rob came from, and who were the living ones that had loving interest in his death.

But said one of the river men to me, "Perhaps he has a letter about

him, and if you will search his pockets we may find out where he came from and to whom he belongs.

I searched his pockets, and I found in one of them a newly-opened letter. I took it from the envelope, and before I knew it was reading it aloud. It began: "My dear Rob," and continued "this is from your dear father, who feels it is the last letter he will ever write you. Mother has gone to heaven. Only your sister and I remain at home, and we are so lonely without you. We pray for you morning and evening. Be sure, dear Rob, to love Christ, read your Bible, and pray, and then, if we meet no more on earth, we will meet with dear mother in heaven. Sister sends love to brother Rob. Your loving father."

The name and address of the father were on the letter. I knew then why Rob prayed when saved from drowning, and as I looked on the faces of the rough men who listened to my reading of the letter, I saw as in a vision many a father and mother waiting for some word of hope from these far-off sons. Perhaps it was a mercy after all that they knew not that the reckless drunkards and gamblers who wept at the reading of the letter were once their own innocent boys who knelt at their family altar, but were now, alas, hiding the memory of their past, as if to forget was to bury it for evermore.

What a burial these large-hearted fellows gave Rob! Nothing was too good for their dead chum. Their sorrow was no meaningless grief, and as we laid him away by the side of the river he knew and loved so well, every heart went back to that eastern home where waited the father and sister for the one who would never return.

The funeral over, I wrote the father and sister, concealing all the rough side of Rob's life, and telling

them all about the sympathy of his brother men when they found him dead, and how they carried him to his grave with tears. I assured them of his having a Christian burial by a minister of his own Church, and that his grave would not be forgotten by the men who knew him so well.

I dreaded an answer to my letter, but it came, and it was from the sister; the father was too feeble to write, and Rob's death was hastening his departure from earth. I was tenderly thanked for my kindness, and instructed to give Rob's

money, if he had any, to any institution I pleased. They wanted but one thing, and that was to know that Rob died a Christian. To tell them that would be a heaven of joy to them both, to know he died without hope would be too hard for them to bear. That is the unanswered letter. I knew they were waiting and watching for the answer. I had not the heart to write it, and I know God forgives me for not letting them know what eternity would reveal.

Toronto, Ont.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

"Lo, I am with you alway."—Matt. xxviii. 20.

"Still, still with Thee where purple morning breaketh,"
 Still, still with Thee, the whole bright, livelong day,
 Earth hath no charms to draw me from Thy presence,
 Still, still with Thee, my Saviour, all the way.

Still, still with Thee—life's duties claim my powers,
 And now, dear Lord, I cannot think of Thee,
 Yet let me feel Thy presence still beside me,
 And know, dear Lord, that I am still, still with Thee.

Still, still with Thee—earth's shadows close around me,
 Thy face, dear Lord, I hardly now can see,
 Close, closer put Thy loving arms around me,
 Still let me rest, since I am still with Thee.

Still, still with Thee, when I shall reach the margin
 Of that lone stream that lies 'twixt Heaven and me;
 Safe may I enter, free from doubt and fearing,
 Since, O my Saviour, I am still, still with Thee.

"Still, still with Thee," eternity shall echo,
 When in Thy presence evermore I'll be,
 Nothing between and naught to mar the gladness
 Of ever being, dear Lord, still, still with Thee.

—*American Friend.*

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
 In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim
 With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for Him,
 And, darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.
 I will be patient, lest my sorrow bar
 His grace and blessing, and I fall supine;
 In my own hands my want and weakness are,
 My strength, O God, in Thine.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

SIR HENRY FAWCETT.*

THE BLIND POSTMASTER OF ENGLAND.



II.

IN the preservation of open spaces or parks for the poor, Mr. Fawcett worked untiringly. He knew that the people who lived in stifling rooms needed the sunlight now and then, to make life endurable. He knew that land was becoming so valuable in London, and trade so grasping, that the forests and parks and gardens would soon become a thing of the past, unless somebody who loved humanity took the part of the workers, who were too busy earning their daily bread to lift a hand in their own defence.

It is fortunate for England that Fawcett and a few other true men made it their concern, for such men save a country from revolutions.

Many villages may now be traversed, and not a single labourer can be found possessing a head of poultry; few even keep a pig, and not one in ten thousand has a cow. What is the result of this? The labourer does not live as well as he did a hundred years since; he and his family seldom taste meat, and his children suffer cruelly from the difficulty he has in obtaining milk for them.

* The life-story of a great statesman who, in spite of his blindness, conquered his way to the very first rank in the British Ministry; who devoted his energies to the welfare of the poor, the friendless and oppressed; and especially to those suffering the same disabilities as himself—a man who in spite of his infirmities lived an active, uncomplaining, nay, joyous existence, is well worth telling. We are dependent for the facts here given chiefly to the admirable sketch by Sarah Knowles Bolton.—ED.

A poor peasant, forced to sell his cow, said, "They are going to enclose our common;" and asked how it was that a gentleman who had something like ten thousand acres could be so anxious to get hold of the poor man's common? Remembering that the Home Secretary had defended enclosures in the House of Commons because the Home Office never received complaints from the locality, Fawcett asked this labourer why he and his friends did not resist that which they so much dreaded, he replied that he had never heard of the Home Office.

Fawcett was outspoken against the use of so much land for game. "The passion for the preservation of game," he said, "which has gradually assumed such dangerous proportions, now probably exerts a more powerful influence than any other circumstance to promote enclosures. People who spend a great part of their lives in slaughtering half-tamed pheasants are naturally desirous to keep the public as far off as possible from their preserves. This constant pursuit of what is falsely called 'sport' often generates so much selfishness that a man is willing that the enjoyment of the public should be sacrificed in order that he may kill a few more hares and pheasants."

Fawcett used to say that "the worst and most mischievous of all economies was that which aggrandized a few and made a paltry addition to the sum total of wealth by shutting out the poor from fresh air and lovely scenery."

This blind philanthropist always took delight in long walks, and in having his companions tell him about the beauties of the landscape as they walked.

"It is a reflection," says Stephen, "which has something of the pathetic for the future generations of Londoners who will enjoy the beauties of the Surrey Commons and the forest scenery of Epping, that their opportunities of enjoyment are due in so great a degree to one who could only know them through the eyes of his fellows."

Meantime a new joy had come into Fawcett's earnest, busy life. He had married, April 23rd, 1867, Millicent Garrett, twenty years old, the daughter of Mr. Newson Garrett, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk; a most attractive young lady, whose devotion, whose brilliant intellect, and whose helpfulness proved the greatest blessing of his life. There are comparatively few such intellectual unions as the Brownings and the Fawcetts. Mrs. Fawcett's volumes on "Political Economy," published in 1870 and 1874, like her husband's, met with a large sale. Her essays in the leading magazines are bound up with his in books. Her ability in public speaking, her grace, her womanly manner, her interest in all matters of education and progress, have made her honoured and beloved.

Their first home after marriage was at 42 Bessborough Gardens, and from 1874 till his death at the age of fifty-one, The Lawn, Lambeth, which had a garden about three-quarters of an acre in extent, where Fawcett could walk and think.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway thus describes Fawcett in these early years of his parliamentary career:

"The visitor to the House of Commons, waiting at the door of the Strangers' Gallery, and watching the members of Parliament as they file in by the main entrance, will, no doubt, have his eye particularly arrested by a tall, fair-haired young man, evidently blind, led up to the door by a youthful, petite lady with sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks. She will reluctantly leave him at the door. . .

"As she turns away, many a friendly face will smile, and many a pleasant word

attend her as she trips lightly up the stairway leading to the Ladies' Café, near the roof of the house. . . . The two are as well-known figures as any who approach the sacred precincts of the legislature. The policemen bow low as they pass; the crowd in the lobby make a path. . . . The strangers ask 'Who is that?' and a dozen bystanders respond, 'Professor Fawcett.'

"No one can look upon him but he will see on his face the characters of courage, frankness, and intelligence. He is six feet two inches in height, very blonde, his light air and complexion, and his smooth, beardless face giving him something of the air of a boy.

"His smile is gentle and winning. It is probable that no blind man has ever before been able to enter upon so important a political career as Professor Fawcett, who, yet under fifty years of age, is the most influential of the independent Liberals in Parliament. From the moment that he took his seat in that body he has been able—and this is unusual—to command the close attention of the House. He scorns all subterfuges, speaks honestly his mind, and comes to the point. At times he is eloquent, and he is always interesting. He is known to be a man of convictions."

Always taking the side of the poor or the oppressed, it was not strange that Fawcett became the advocate for India, so much so that he was for years called the "Member for India." He felt that in the government of nearly two hundred millions, most of them poor, abuses would and did creep in. He pleaded for a deeper interest in the welfare of that far-off country, and for fairness and justice.

He made himself familiar with the details of its finances and needs. The people of India soon learned who was their friend. Addresses were voted to him by a great number of native associations. When the Liberals were defeated at Brighton, and Fawcett lost his seat, a fund of £400 was immediately raised in India to assist in the expenses of the contest at Hackney, from which place Fawcett was elected in 1874.

Fawcett was an earnest advocate

of co-operation and profit-sharing. He now stood so prominently before the country that he was to receive an additional honour. He was appointed Postmaster-General April 27, 1880. He writes home:

"My dear Father and Mother,—You will, I know, all be delighted to hear that last night I received a most kind letter from Gladstone offering me the Postmaster-Generalship. . . . I did not telegraph to you the appointment at first because Gladstone did not wish it to be known until it was formally confirmed by the Queen; but he told me in my interview with him this morning that he was quite sure that the Queen took a kindly interest in my appointment."

He had now been fifteen years in the House of Commons, filling his professorship at Cambridge, writing valuable books, and all this time never too busy to make friends, to be a cheerful comrade, especially with young men, to keep warm and bright his home affections, and his tenderness and sympathy for the poor.

When he went to Salisbury he made it a point to visit his father's old labourers. His father's old farm-servant, Rumbold, was one day giving to Fawcett's mother the last news from his sties, "and," he added, "mind you tell Master Harry when you write to him, for if there's one thing he cares about 'tis pigs."

He was always in the habit of writing a weekly letter home. He happened one day to ask his sister Maria what gave his parents most pleasure? She replied, "Your letters." Ever after that, no matter how overwhelmed with work, he wrote two letters a week to these dear ones.

His own home was pre-eminently a happy one. His only child, Philippa, born in 1868, was his pride and companion. They walked and rode on horseback, and skated together. On the open spaces he would skate alone, his little daugh-

ter whistling to guide him as to her whereabouts.

Fawcett declared in 1880, says Stephen,

"That no one had enjoyed more than he a skate of fifty or sixty miles in the previous frost. In later years he used to insist that every one in the house, except an old cook, should partake of his amusement. His wife and daughter, his secretary and two maids, would all turn out for an expedition to the frozen fens. . . . His own servants loved him, and the servants of his friends had always a pleasant word with him. He was scrupulously considerate in all matters affecting the convenience of those dependent upon him."

Fawcett was very fond of fishing.

"He could not," he said, "relieve himself by some of the distractions which help others to unbend. Blindness increased concentration by shutting out distractions. We close our eyes to think, and his were always closed. . . . Fishing served admirably to give enough exercise to muscle and mind to keep his faculties from walking the regular treadmill of thought from which it is often so hard to escape."

Fawcett was forty-six when he became Postmaster-General. He took hold of the work heartily and earnestly. In his first year he took up the important matter of Post-office Savings Banks, which had been introduced twenty years previously, and greatly extended their benefits.

The postage-stamp saving scheme was adopted in 1880. Little strips of paper were prepared with twelve squares each, the size of a stamp. To these, as persons were able to save, penny stamps could be affixed. When the slip was full, and they had thus saved a shilling, any postmaster would give them a bank-book. In four years the total number of depositors had increased by a million.

The facilities for life insurance and annuities were increased. A person could insure his or her life or buy an annuity at any one of

seven thousand offices, and pay in any sums, and at any time.

So eager was Mr. Fawcett that the poor should be helped to save, that he wrote, "Aids to Thrift," of which a million and a quarter copies were distributed gratuitously. He introduced the new system of postal orders, devised under his predecessor, with very low commissions charged. He was instrumental in the passage of the Parcel Post Act. The number of parcels carried annually soon reached over twenty millions.

He was in favour of cheap telegrams for the people, one cent per word, with a minimum charge of sixpence. Government had purchased the telegraphs, giving the large sum of £10,000,000 for a property valued at £7,000,000. His plans in this matter were not carried out until shortly after his death.

Fawcett became emphatically the good friend of his employees. He believed in their honesty, was courteous, kindly, and most considerate.

"Numerous instances have recurred to me," says Mr. Blackwood, "when he preferred to wait for information rather than cause an officer to forego his leave of absence, and even miss a train or his usual luncheon hour."

Fawcett was especially anxious to increase the opportunities of work for women. He employed them in the various departments, and found them accurate, faithful, and competent.

In the fall of this year, 1882, Mr. Fawcett had a dangerous illness—diphtheria followed by typhoid fever. The whole country was anxious about the result. The Queen often telegraphed twice a day.

"He spoke when at his worst," says Stephen, "of a custom which he had for many years observed, of making presents of beef and mutton to his father's old labourers or their widows at Christmas. As soon as he became distinctly conscious,

he told his secretary to be sure to make the necessary arrangements. He would also ask whether the inmates of his family, or the doctors who came to see him, were getting proper attention at their meals."

After being very near death, he recovered, and gained strength rapidly. Friends daily came to read to him. For two years he attended to his work as usual; but the sickness was evidently the beginning of the end. He took cold the last of October, 1884, and was threatened with a congestion of the lungs. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., the sister of Mrs. Fawcett, and Sir Andrew Clark reached Cambridge, only to find Fawcett dying. He fell into a sleep in a few minutes, and passed away.

Letters came to the stricken family from rich and poor alike. The Queen wrote to Mrs. Fawcett; Mr. Gladstone wrote a letter to Fawcett's father about the remarkable qualities of his noble son, and the good he had done for England.

A Provident Society asked Mrs. Fawcett to allow a penny testimonial to be given by the working people of the whole country, "not in the shape of charity, but for public and striking services rendered by one of the best men since Edmund Burke. We only wish he had lived twenty years longer."

Mrs. Fawcett was able to reply to this kind intention that her husband's forethought and prudence had left her and her daughter comfortably provided for.

Many deserved honours came to Fawcett before his death. The universities of Oxford, Glasgow, and Wurzburg conferred degrees. The Institute of France made him a member. The Royal Society made him a Fellow.

After his death, by national subscription, a monument by Mr. Gilbert, A.R.A., was erected in Westminster Abbey; from the same fund, a scholarship tenable by the

blind of both sexes, founded at Cambridge; also from the same fund towards providing a playground at the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Norwood.

Fawcett had felt great interest in this institution, especially as it enabled a large proportion of the inmates to earn their own living. He protested against "walling up" the aged blind in institutions; for training the young they were necessary. He said: "Home associations are to us as precious as to you. I know from my own experience that the happiest moments that I spend in my life are when I am in companionship with some friend who will forget that I have lost my eyesight, who will talk to me as if I could see, who will describe to me the persons I meet, a beautiful sunset, or scenes of great beauty through we may be passing."

A statue has been erected in the market-place at Salisbury, where he used to play when a boy; his portrait by Herkomer has been presented to Cambridge by members of the University; a drinking fountain commemorative of his service for the rights of women has been placed on the Thames Embankment. Fawcett was an earnest advocate of Woman Suffrage. He spoke in favour of it in the House of Commons, and in his books. He believed that "women should have the same opportunity as men to follow any profession, trade, or employment to which they desire to devote their energies." He deprecated in his "Essays" the "social customs and legal enact-

ments which combine to discourage women of every class from earning their livelihood."

Fawcett supported ardently the first proposal to admit women to the Cambridge local examinations, and the first meeting which led to the foundation of Newnham College was held in Mrs. Fawcett's drawing-room. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett were untiring in their efforts for the higher education of women in England. What a reward for his labours could he have lived to see his daughter, Philippa Garrett Fawcett, in June, 1890, not yet twenty two years of age, carry off the highest honours in mathematics at Cambridge, standing above the senior wrangler!

When her name was read in the Senate House of Cambridge, Saturday, June 7, prefaced by the words "Above the senior wrangler," the enthusiasm of the undergraduates was unbounded. Thus heartily did the young men recognize and feel proud of the ability of one, though not of their sex, who had excelled them.

It was fortunate that Fawcett lived to see so much accomplished for women's higher education, and for suffrage, and better conditions for the labourers. He died in the very prime of his life, at fifty-one; but what a life! What heroism, what nobleness of purpose, what energy, what devotion to principle! He used to say, "We must press on, and do what is right." Simple words, but worthy to be the motto of nations.

THE CITIES OF THE WORLD.

The cities of the world, one after one,
Like camp-fires of a night, in ashes gray
Crumble and fall; the wind blows them
away.
Karnak and Naucratis and Babylon,—
Where now are their kings' palaces of
stone?
As the card houses children build in play,
Tempest and flame and ruin and decay

Have wasted them, an all their lights are
gone.
Thus, even thus, Manhattan, London, Rome,
Like unsubstantial figments shall depart.
Their treasure hoards of wisdom and of art,
Which war and toil have won, a ruthless
hand
Will scatter wide, as jewels the wild foam
Gathers and wastes and buries in the sand.
—William Prescott Foster, in the Atlantic.

THE ROMANCE OF "THE KILLING TIME."

BY THE REV. ALEX. J. IRWIN, B.A., B.D.

II.



THE bold act of a few Covenanters, under the leadership of Lord Hamilton, who, on the 29th of May, 1679, entered Rutherglen, a village near Glasgow, and extinguished the bonfires kindled in honour of the king's return, burned the acts promulgated against the Covenant, and affixed to the market cross a declaration condemning all the proceedings of the Government since the Restoration, brought Claverhouse, at the head of his dragoons, with all speed to the west. After making a few arrests, he concluded to disperse a large field meeting, which he had learned was to assemble the following Sunday morning at Drumclog—a dreary waste of "muirs and quagmires," deep in the recesses of the mountains. A large company had gathered here, among whom were Balfour of Burley, Hackstoun, and Robert Hamilton, leader of the recent exploit at Rutherglen. The sermon had just commenced, when a watch, posted on a neighbouring hill, fired his carbine, and hastily retreated toward the worshippers. Claverhouse and his troopers were upon them. Quickly the women and children were placed in the rear, and the fighting force of the assembly, their foot in the centre, and their horse on either wing, drawn up behind a morass, with their backs to a hill. The challenge to surrender was greeted with a shout of defiance; and thereon the whole multitude

of the Covenanters broke forth in a psalm of triumph. With a desirive cheer, the soldiers rushed upon the morass. They were met with a staggering fire, but returned to the charge. Failing to dislodge the band of Covenanters, they attempted a flank movement; but Burley, who commanded on the wing, held his men until the troopers had crossed the ditch; and then, delivering a furious attack, cut them to pieces. The main body seconded Burley's efforts so successfully that the royalist forces were soon in full flight up Calder Hill, pursued by the victorious Covenanters. Claverhouse escaped on his wounded horse, which a countryman had gored with his pitchfork. It was his first and only defeat. He retired to Glasgow, where he repelled with considerable slaughter a premature attack of the Covenanters, and then withdrew to Edinburgh.

The camp of the Covenanters was established at Hamilton. The entire country rose en masse in their aid, but they were poorly armed, and unfortunately without a recognized leader. Distracting disputes, too, unhappily broke out in their ranks, over the indulgences and the recognition of the king's authority. Donald Cargill and a few others, had begun to see that their liberties, civil and religious, would never be secured so long as the Stuart family reigned. It would seem, too, that matters less important than policy, matters more purely theological, were also the subject of discussion. There were eighteen ministers in the

camp. Endless harangues, bitter controversy, and abounding confusion were the order of the day.

Just three weeks after the battle of Drumclog, on another Sabbath morning, the royal army, commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, assisted by Claverhouse and Dalziel, attacked the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. Their position was undoubtedly naturally a strong one. Hackstoun and his three hundred men, with determined valour, held the bridge, Burley and Captain Nesbit commanded the foot and horse along the river. The main body of the army was still engaged listening to harangues. Charge after charge was repelled by the stalwart Hackstoun. An attempt to ford the river was foiled by Burley. The ammunition on the bridge was failing. Again and again they sent for supplies. At last a barrel arrived. When it was opened, it proved to be a barrel not of powder, but of raisins. Still the struggle was continued, until, overpowered by mere numbers, the forces of Hackstoun were literally driven off the bridge.

Too late the main body of the Covenanters perceived its mistake, and attempted to rally to the rescue, "but the Lord had delivered them into the hands of their enemies." The charge of the Lifeguards swept all before them, and "the battle became a butchery." Claverhouse encouraged his men to every excess of cruelty. Twelve hundred men, who threw down their arms on the moor, were stripped almost naked, and compelled to lie flat on the ground. If one raised his head he was shot. About four hundred perished. Burley, who made a last brave stand at Hamilton, was wounded, but escaped, and subsequently retired to Holland. Claverhouse seized horses, plundered houses, and haled men and

women, and even children, to prison.

The prisoners were sent to Edinburgh. Five were executed at Magis Muir. Twelve hundred were huddled together in Greyfriars churchyard, "with no covering but the sky, and no couch but the cold earth." Some were shipped to the Barbadoes, and sold as slaves. Some escaped, and some were set free.

But Bothwell Bridge left a deeper mark on the life of those Covenanters who were still at large. Discouragement overspread their spirits. With their "Bible and their sword," they retired to the wild moors, and lived in the dens and the caves of the earth. The solitude, scant provisions, the weird surroundings, in dripping caves, forest fastnesses, and lonely mountains, began to have their effect. Many died; the reason of others was impaired; a wild enthusiasm began to possess the souls of others. They had presentiments, saw visions, uttered strange prophecies, became the prey of deluded imaginations and of fierce fanaticism. Yet those "gaunt visaged, wild eyed, grizzly bearded refugees, who sought the wilds of Galloway, Nithdale, and Ayrshire," were not without hope. They believed in God, and that he would yet revive his people. They proclaimed their undying faith in their cause, and fearlessly denounced the tyranny of the king and his ministers.

Cargill escaped to Holland, but shortly afterwards returned, and became, with Richard Cameron, the soul of the movement. He was almost ubiquitous in his labours to cheer and strengthen the cause of the Covenant. A price of 5,000 marks was placed on his head. He had many narrow escapes.

In company with Henry Hall, he was in hiding near Queensferry,

when he was betrayed by the curate of Barrowstounness. Hall was captured, but Cargill escaped. Hall died before he reached Edinburgh, but on his person was found an important document, since known as the Queensferry paper. It set forth the position of the Covenanters in great fullness. After declaring faith in the Scriptures, condemning prelacy, and proclaiming Presbyterianism to be the only right government of the Church, it continued, "We do reject the king, and those associated with him in the government, from being our king and rulers." It asserted the obligation of mutual defence, in the cause of liberty, of worship, and civil rights, and the intention to persevere, till we shall overcome, or send them down under debate to posterity, that they may begin where we end."

This paper stimulated the fears of the rulers, and gave fresh impetus to the persecutions. It was shortly afterwards seconded, in a bold declaration, drawn up by Michael Cameron and Cargill. Just one year to a day after Bothwell Bridge, they rode with a company of Covenanters into the town of Sanquahar; and after holding worship at the square, nailed to the market-cross a document, in which they publicly disowned the king's authority, threw off allegiance to the house of Stuart, and claimed for themselves and their children a free parliament and a free assembly. Thus had misunderstanding, outrage, and persecution snapped the bond of loyalty and fealty for which the Scottish people have ever been so famed.

Four weeks later a battle was fought in the parish of Auchinleck. Richard Cameron, a noted minister, with David Hackstoun, and a company of about sixty horse and foot, were sud-

denly surprised at Airmoss. Before the battle began, Cameron loudly prayed, "Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe." Turning to his brother, he said, "This is the day I have longed for, and the death I have prayed for. This day I shall get the crown. Come, let us fight to the last."

Cameron and his brother died heroically, fighting like lions. None yielded, few fled, most were killed or taken prisoners. Vengeance was wreaked on Cameron, by cutting off his head and hands, which were taken to Edinburgh. Hackstoun, who was desperately wounded, entered the city, bound face backwards upon a horse. Cameron's head and his hands, uplifted as in prayer, were borne before him. Hackstoun met the Council fearlessly, was condemned and executed with barbarities too horrible to describe. His quartered body was sent to four distant parts, and his head was affixed to the Netherbow.

A monument has since been erected at Airmoss, to the memory of the valiant defenders of the faith who perished there; but no more fitting memorial could be had than the following poem, written by James Hyslop, an Ayrshire shepherd lad, which reflects alike the weird solitude of the landscape, the sternness of the conflict, and the sublime faith in which these martyrs fell:

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the mairlands of mist, where the martyrs
lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are
seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather
grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and
blood,
When the minister's home was the moun-
tain and wood,
When in Wellwood's dark valley, the stand-
ard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was
lying.

'Twas the few faithful ones, who with
Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist, where the heath
fowl was crying;
For the horsemen of Eartshall around them
were hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the
thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were
unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow
was unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resig-
nation,
They sang their last song to the God of sal-
vation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were
ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were sing-
ing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and
laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the
slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire
they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and
unclouded;
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as firm
and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder
is rending.

When the righteous had fallen, and the
combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud de-
scended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of white-
ness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of
brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shin-
ing,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refin-
ing;
And the souls that came forth out of great
tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of
salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is
gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horse-
men are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is be-
fore ye,
A crown never-failing, a kingdom of glory.

The death of Cameron deeply
grieved Cargill. He had long felt
that it was time for the Church to
take the aggressive. Hence in the
following September, at a great
gathering at Torwoodlee, near Stir-
ling, he publicly pronounced ex-
communication on the enemies of
the Covenant. After preaching,

and a prayer in which he presented
the woes of his country to the Al-
mighty, and sought wisdom in the
hour of distress, he solemnly de-
clared: "I, being a minister of
Jesus Christ, and having authority
and power from Him, do in His
name, and by His spirit, excom-
municate, cast out of the true
Church, and deliver to Satan,
Charles II., King of Great Britain
and Ireland, the Duke of York, the
Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of
Lauderdale, the Duke of Rothes,
General Dalziel, and Sir George
Mackenzie." Many, even of his
friends, questioned the wisdom of
this grave step, but Cargill with
earnest conviction declared, "If
ever I knew the mind of God, and
was clear in any piece of my gener-
ation work, it was in that transac-
tion."

Cargill was bold not only in utter-
ance but in action. Hiding in a
cottage on the moors, and hearing
that the soldiers were coming, he
donned a peasant's garb, and going
forth, talked with the soldiers about
their mission and walked quietly
away. At another time he re-
mained concealed in a window,
which his friends walled up with
books while the dragoons searched
the house. When one of the dra-
goons was about to displace a book,
a maid cried out, "He is going to
destroy my master's books," appeal-
ing to the Captain, so that the sol-
dier was commanded to leave them
alone. Even in the days of direst
persecution he entered the cities of
Glasgow and Edinburgh, and it is
said preached in the lanes of the
former. But the reward of 5,000
marks at length led to his betrayal.

He was surprised in his bed and
captured. He was bound bare-
backed upon a horse, with his feet
so tightly tied beneath that the
blood ran. He was brought before
the Council. Threatened by Rothes,
he replied: "My Lord Rothes, for-
bear to threaten me, for die what
death I may, your eyes shall not

see it." It is related that Rothes was shortly smitten with illness, which ended fatally on the morning of Cargill's execution.

The venerable age of the man impressed some of the Council in favour of imprisonment in the Bass Rock. "To the gallows," cried Rothes, smarting under the sting of the preacher's excommunication.

On the scaffold he sang a part of the 118th Psalm, ending with the words:

"Thou art my God, I'll Thee exalt,
My God, I will Thee praise;
Give thanks to God, for He is good,
His mercy lasts always."

He tried several times to speak to the people, but his voice was drowned with the noise of drums. As he ascended the ladder he exclaimed, "The Lord knows, I go up this ladder with less fear and perturbation of mind than ever I entered a pulpit to preach." He prayed for his enemies, and that sufferers might be kept from sin, and know their duty. In the last moment he cried, "Farewell, all relations and friends in Christ; farewell, acquaintances and all earthly enjoyments; farewell, reading and preaching, praying and believing, wandering, reproaches, suffering. Welcome, joy unspeakable and full of glory. Welcome, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Into thy hands I commend my spirit."

His head was placed on the Netherbow Port, where for many a day,

"It scorched in the summer air
And the months go by and the winter snows,
Fall white on the thin gray hair."

Still the persecutions went on. Statutes and ordinances outrivaling anything in the past were enacted. Letters of intercommuning were issued against certain persons, forbidding all, on pain of death, to hold any communication with them. Suspected persons were tested by torture. Common soldiers were empowered to put to death, without trial, all who refused to take the

oaths or answer the enquiries put to them.

John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, was an amiable and blameless man, whose only crime was neglect of the curate's preaching, and occasional attendance at the prohibited conventicles. He had gone to the hills to prepare some peat ground. Claverhouse, with three troops of dragoons, tracked him to the moss, surrounded and surprised him. At the head of his captors, like a Cincinnatus leaving his plough, he was marched to his own doorway. Isabel Wier, his brave and pious wife, came forth to meet him, leading a child by the hand, and bearing another in her arms.

Claverhouse, never tardy, asked John why he did not go to hear the curates. He received the usual reply. "Go to your knees, for you shall surely die," was the rejoinder.

On his knees he prayed so fervently for his wife and children that the eyes of the dragoons began to moisten, and Claverhouse, fearing they would be unnerved, twice interrupted him with rounds of blasphemy. "No more of that," roared the savage commander, as John Brown bade farewell to his wife and family. "You six dragoons there, fire on the fanatic."

But they did not fire. The prayer had disarmed them. Snatching a pistol from his belt, Claverhouse himself shot his victim through the head. He fell with his mangled head in his wife's lap. As she caught it up the ruffian demanded, "What do you think of your husband now?"

"I aye thocht muckle o' him, sir, but never sae muckle as I do this day."

"I would think little to lay thee beside him."

"If you were permitted I doubt not you would, but how are you to answer for this morning's work?"

"To men I can be answerable, and as for God, I shall take him in my own hands," replied Claver-

house, as he put spurs to his horse and rode away.

Isabel Wier calmly wrapped the head of her dead husband in a napkin, composed his body, covered it with his plaid, and then, sitting down beside the corpse, gave herself up to convulsions of grief.

Standing amid the multitude which witnessed the execution of Cargill was a slightly-made, fair-haired youth of nineteen years, James Renwick. The mantle of Cargill fell upon him. From that day he was a Covenanter of the Covenanters. After a brief sojourn in Holland he returned, and by his soul-stirring preaching roused and cheered the hearts of the Covenanters. His scholarship was excellent; his countenance boyish and beautiful; his eye-kindling; his voice of rare sweetness. His activity was tireless. Preaching, catechising, baptizing, he passed from parish to parish, wherever he could find the "puir hill folk."

He led a wandering life, the object of bitter persecution. A price was laid on his head. No less than fifteen searches for him were had. Under the strain of exposure his health began to fail. He could no longer mount his horse, and had to be carried from place to place. Emaciated, yet full of fiery eloquence, his preaching was regarded as inspired. Having come to Edinburgh in the month of February, 1688, he was discovered accidentally, by men who were searching for smuggled wares, and arrested.

At his trial he conducted himself with great calmness and courage. His youth and beauty, and wasted appearance might have won him some leniency. But he seemed rather to desire to seal his testimony with his blood. When asked if he had taught it to be unlawful to pay "cess," a tax imposed for the support of the persecuting soldiers, he confessed that he had, and replied, "Would it have been thought lawful for the Jews in the days of

Nebuchadnezzar to have brought every one a coal to augment the flame of the furnace, if they had been so required by the tyrant?" Needless to say, he was condemned.

When the fatal day arrived, and he heard the drums sounding his execution, he fell into an ecstasy, exclaiming, "'Tis a welcome warning to my marriage. The Bridegroom is coming. I am ready! I am ready!" He went forth to the scaffold in transports of joy.

It was the 18th of February, and the sky was overcast. "I shall soon be above these clouds," he cried, "and then I shall enjoy Thee and glorify Thee, without interruption or intermission for ever." Addressing the people, he denounced the corruptions of his times, and closed by commending his spirit to God with the words, "for Thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth." Thus, at the age of twenty-six, James Renwick expired.

In twenty-eight years of persecution, twenty thousand souls, it is estimated, had perished. Scotland had been sown thick with the blossoms of martyrdom. This was its last pale flower. Shortly afterwards the flight of James II. and the coming of William III. brought the Revolution that conceded all for which the Covenanters had fought. Thus was their cause vindicated by history. Strangely does God prove and sift His people. Strangely does He seem to demand the deepest sacrifice from His chosen ones. Is it that their testimony may assert the soul, and awaken mankind from the stupor of the sensuous, to the reality of the glory of the unseen and eternal? May we not trust that the deeds of heroism in the cause of liberty and truth are never "cast as rubbish to the void," but live in creative echoes that

"Roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever."

Port Colborne, Ont.

AN AUTUMN HYMN.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART (PASTOR FELIX).

Autumn has come, sweet Sabbath of the year !
 Its feast of splendour satiates our eyes ;
 Its saddening music, falling on the ear,
 Bids pensive musing in the heart arise :
 Now earlier shadows veil the sunset skies,
 And bright the stars and harvest moon do shine ;
 The woodbine's blood-red leaves the morn espies
 Hung from the dripping elm ; the yellowing pine
 And fading goldenrod denote the year's decline.

The light is mellow over all the hills ;
 Silence in all the vales sits listening ;
 A holy hush the sky's great temple fills,
 As if Earth waited for her spotless King ;
 Nor is there want of sacred ministering ;
 The laden trees seem priests, all consecrate ;
 'The rustling cornfields seem to chant His praise :
 Surely Man's thankfulness, 'mid his estate,
 A gladsome hymn should not forget to raise
 To Him whose bounteous hand doth ever crown our days !

To Him be praise when harvest fields are bare,
 And all the sheaves are safely gathered in ;
 When merry threshers vex the slumb'rous air,
 And ruddy apples crowd the scented bin ;
 Praise Him when from the dim mill's misty din
 In floury bags the golden meal comes home ;
 And praise Him for the bread ye yet shall win,
 When steaming horses plough the fertile loam,
 And so prepare the way for harvests yet to come !

Praise Him, when round the fireside, sparkling clear,
 The household group at evening smiling meet !
 To Him, whose goodness crowns the circling year,
 Lift up the choral hymn in accent sweet ;
 The comeliness of song lift to His seat
 Who, from His palace of eternal praise,
 His earth-born children hears their joys repeat ;
 Nor answer to their thankfulness delays,
 But more their grateful love with blessing new repays !

Our chastened hearts shall hunger not for gold ;
 Enough the splendour of these sunset skies,
 The scarlet pomp from maple bough unroll'd,
 The high-built woods' resplendent phantasies.
 Ah, think, if these no more could win thine eyes !
 Nor earth, nor heaven, nor the majestic sea !
 If Love were gone—that jewel angels prize,
 And all that makes the Soul's felicity !
 What then were gold, or gems, O famished one ! to thee ?

Not bread, that strengtheneth the heart of man—
 Not this alone—our gracious Father gives ;
 More provident, the Heavenly Husbandman
 Yields that diviner food by which man lives :
 Not gladdening wine alone the heart receives,
 Nor oil, which makes his mortal face to shine ;
 Like autumn rain from dripping cottage eaves,
 He gives the thirsty soul a draught divine :
 —Come ! lay your thankful sheaves first-fruits upon His shrine.

THE REWARD OF A SACRIFICE.

BY ELLA M. TOWNS.



ELLA Fraser's weekly music lesson had dragged out its monotonous hour of discords, and that amiable young person signified her relief by forcibly pushing back the organ stops. The sound brought her mother from the kitchen to the parlour, where the teacher was adjusting her cape and making ready to go, though leisurely, for this was the last lesson of the term, and, therefore, pay-day.

Mrs. Fraser was always talkative. In the exercise of well-meant hospitality, and fearing to appear in any degree unsocial, she talked all the time visitors were in her house, and held them at the door to start fresh topics as they departed. Very favoured callers she escorted to the gate in all sorts of weather. In her anxiety to keep the conversation going she anticipated her guests' words with a celerity which often surprised them into forgetting what they were talking about.

To-day, though evident embarrassment held her somewhat in check, she began to talk at once, coming to the vital point under a rain of words on subjects entirely separate from it.

"You're looking real smart to-day, Miss Fletcher," she began. "I haven't seen you look so well all summer. And how's your ma, and all the folks? I don't know 'em, of course, but, just the same, I hold it a kindness when other folks ask after John and Bella here, when they don't know them, and do know me; and I take it you feel that way, too. Bella's getting on fine, and if you come over here another summer, we'd like to have her take again. John don't put much stock in music, but he heard her playing "The Cam'ells Are Coming," and "Money Musk," the other night, and he was awful pleased. His sister, Annie, who died long before we was married, used to play them tunes on her old melodeon, and— What was I going to say? Oh, yes, John, he's going over to Smith's sale to-morrow, and he's got his mind set on buying some colts they have. You know he's a good hand at turning out saleable horses from pretty

unpromising material, and these colts are about the right age, so's he won't have to lay out too much in feed, and yet have 'em so they'll sell to good advantage in the spring. He ain't sold none of his grain yet. He's waiting for a rise in the price, so I ain't asked him for no money to pay you, Miss Fletcher. But if you could wait a week or so, we could send it over by mail."

Miss Fletcher's expectant smile faded, and she blurted out with a want of words and diplomacy, more fatal than Mrs. Fletcher's volubility:

"I expected—I can't—oh; I never wait on anybody."

Bella tossed her head, and Mrs. Fraser looked wrathful.

"Mercy me," she answered, "I ain't the one to ask anybody to trust me, or John, either. I don't need to; though if I do say it myself, there isn't a man whose word could be took quicker than John's anywhere he's known. Bella, go to the barn this minute, and ask your pa for six dollars, and we'll pay our debts, and be done with it."

"Go yourself, ma," answered Bella, dutifully. "He won't pay any attention to me."

Mirie Fletcher parted her lips to speak, but before words came Mrs. Fraser had disappeared from the doorway, and Bella had gone out of the front door, banging it after her.

Mr. Fraser met the demand by promptly producing the required sum, and his wife's indignation by averring that it was not at all unlikely the teacher needed the money badly, or she would not have been in such a hurry. Reflecting on her husband's words, as she returned to the house, and being naturally good-tempered, Mrs. Fraser was much less ruffled when she again reached the parlour.

"I'm sorry," began Mirie—but Mrs. Fraser cut her short.

"Say no more about it, Miss Fletcher, John could spare the money as well now as next week. You're welcome to it, I'm sure. You'll be going home now, I s'pose, as you said you cal'lated to? Going to-morrow, are you? Well, good-bye. Come and see us again, and, mind, we'd like

to have Bella take more lessons if you come back next spring. Good-bye—lovely day, ain't it?—good-bye."

Mirie Fletcher walked quickly down the sidewalk leading into the village, and entered a house at the end of the long main street. She went up the stairway to her own room, where she removed her wraps, and after taking an old-fashioned work-box out of the drawer of the tiny dressing-table, she drew a chair over to the window and sat down. The box held the money she had saved since she had come to Ellisville, seven months before. To its contents she added the bills given her by Mrs. Fraser, and then began to count the money over and over. There was one hundred and three dollars and eighty-five cents in the box. With an exulting, childish pleasure, she slipped each bill through, and over her fingers, again and again. She piled and repiled the silver coins, counting them in each new combination. It was an hour of delight such as falls rarely into the lives of those to whom a hundred dollars, more or less, is nothing, or, at the least, comes with weekly or monthly wage-earning regularity. To Mirie Fletcher it was a unique possession. She had never had as much money at one time, in all her life. She had known to a penny how much the box held, and how much would be there when the price of Bella Fraser's music lessons would be added, yet, now it was actually all together there was a new sense of possession, of realization, rather, that lightened her spirits, and lent colour to her sallow cheeks. For this money saved meant the realization of a cherished plan.

Mirie could remember well—if she had not chosen just now to forget memories, even—a score of other plans that had failed, leaving the flame of hope a little lower each time. To be able to fully carry out one undertaking, whereof money was the staple, the beginning and the end, was an intoxicating pleasure that compensated for years of hard work and failure.

By and by she let her hands fall into her lap, the fingers still idly raising a coin here and there. Her eyes looked out of the window unseeing. From the thought of all the good this money was going to do, came that of the hard, bitter poverty she had known all her life. There had always been a struggle for a bare living, even at home. He father had said, long ago, that if the world owed him a living

it was a hard debt, and he might as well let things take their own course. So he worked when work came directly into his hands, and relied for the rest on what his children earned, as they grew up.

Her mother's nature had been warped and soured by disappointment. At heart she was loyal to her family, but her constant complaining and fault-finding made it very unpleasant, even for the husband and sons, whose feelings were not the most delicate in the world. The miseries of her school days were things Mirie never liked to recall. She had been a thin, scrawny girl, with a sallow complexion, and a short, spare braid of wispy, light hair. Other children treated her with an indifference hard to understand, until one got a glimpse into the child-heart, that was labouring under a burden heavy for one of twice the years.

Knowing the depths of poverty in her home, she thought every one must know it, too, and fancied slights where none were intended. The children really pitied her, after the manner of children, but Mirie was dull, and spoiled their games by her awkwardness, and not being quick to invent plays, to carry on old ones, or to take her part in the battle of jealousy and petty meanness that so often dominates school life, she was left alone. There had never been quite enough of anything in her home to suffice or to satisfy. How glad she had been that there were holidays after Christmas, and by the time school reopened presents were forgotten, so she was spared the misery of having to tell that she had got none.

The years went by, and the few who were left of the old playmates were kinder to Mirie than they had been. For now they were themselves puzzling over the difficult game of life and actual contact with its hardships helped them to understand many things.

When she grew out of short frocks, Mrs. Lemon, the dressmaker, had taken Mirie as an apprentice. Miss Carruthers, the minister's daughter, pitying the forlorn child, had taught her what she knew about music, and had allowed her to practice on the little church organ. When Mrs. Lemon moved away from Madison, Mirie carried on the dressmaking in her stead. So the years moved on their heavy, uneventful way, changing the girl, who once had vague dreams of something bright and good that the

magic future held for her, into the unimaginative woman of thirty-eight, who asked only that the future might bring plenty of work, and the strength to do it. She was still thin and sal-low. Her light hair was drawn into a tight knot instead of the spindling pait. Of aspirations and ambitions she had none, save anxiety that work should not fail. Yet she was not unhappy. Life had become a round of toil, a mere struggle for the means to live it, and she accepted it so without protests, unless had she thought even of them.

For the past two summers her work had been much interfered with by two dashing young women, who opened a dressmaking shop in Madison, and soon drew custom away from Mirie, with her lack of style in her own clothes, and her old-fashioned patterns for other people's. And since Mirie Fletcher had no particular claim on anybody's patronage, being moreover poor, old-fashioned, and no longer young, no one thought of pitying her, except a few good mothers, who knew she needed the money for all the work she could get to do. So these women took their plain dresses to Mirie as a sort of excuse for the daughters who took their materials to the new dressmakers' shop, where they were fitted out in what they were pleased to think was city style.

It was during the second winter, when work had dwindled to almost none at all, that Mirie heard a woman from Laramie say that the Ellisville folk came there to get their dressmaking done, having no dressmaker in their own village. Ellisville was eighteen miles away, and Mirie had never been away from home more than a day at a time in all her life, yet work must be got somewhere, so she bravely resolved to go to Ellisville, and in March she went, fortified by a strong will, a package of new patterns, and fashion books. She found plenty of dressmaking to do, and another way of earning money opened. There was no music-teacher in the neighbourhood. Mirie boldly announced that she would give music lessons, also. Her musical knowledge was of the most meagre kind, but happily Ellisville did not demand much. The ability to play gospel hymns, and a few pieces, such as "Sigel's March," or the "Prize Banner Quickstep," was the height of its ambition.

She intended at first to send home

all the money she could spare. But an unexpected piece of work came in her father's way, and for once in some years he exerted himself to undertake and to finish it. The boys, moved by an unusual impulse, sent some extra dollars home, so Mirie, relieved from immediate anxiety for the welfare of her parents, put aside the money she earned, intending to carry it home at the first opportunity. The money she now earned, not being called upon as soon as earned to furnish forth the necessities of life, seemed to pile itself up with a wonderfully solid and reassuring regularity. As was but natural, she thought at times of how she might use it for herself, and especially of the desire, almost forgotten now, which had once strongly possessed her, that she might have an organ of her own, and for a little she gave herself up to imagination. She could see the new organ—it must be of six octaves, and of such-and-such a style—occupying a proud corner in the little sitting-room at home. A coveted possession. Longed for through hopeless years of toil, that had gone to eke out an existence. Was it possible she might dare gratify herself at last? Put no, let the hope remain yet. By and by, perhaps—

Just now there were so many real needs, and in thinking of the latter Mirie forned her great scheme. Long ago, in more hopeful days, her father had bought the home in Madison, but had never paid for it. In one way and another they had managed to pay the interest on the mortgage, and so kept the place. But this could not go on forever, Mirie knew, and she determined to save a sum that would not only pay the interest, but would wipe out some portion of the principal. The mortgage fell due the last week of October. She would plan her work so as to have finished by that time, as far as possible. Her mother was always laid up with rheumatism during the greater part of the cold weather, and though work could be had in Ellisville, she must go home for the winter anyway, so she might as well go at the end of October as at any time.

To further the plan Mirie rented a room where she could prepare her own meals, which were stinted almost to the point of starvation that she might save the more. She could hardly have had strength to work on the meagre fare she allowed herself, had it not been for occasional hot dishes sent up

by her landlady, and the plentiful dinners and suppers provided at the farm-houses where she now and then sewed by the day. Her shabby clothes were against her reputation as a dressmaker, and gossip was busy in the little village, where every one knew everybody's business, as to what Miss Fletcher did with her money that she could not dress herself decently. Most people put it down as the miserly stinginess of an old maid. A few went so far as to hint to her that she "saving stacks of money," but they got no satisfaction from Mirie, who well knew how to keep her affairs to herself.

Now the long summer and the tedious work was over. The day after to-morrow the mortgage was due. To-morrow she was going home. The thought came suddenly—how would she get home? As time had gone on, and the pile of money in her work-box kept getting bigger, Mirie thought of saving fifty dollars to take home. When it had passed the fifty-dollar mark she felt that with the money she would get from her half-dozen pupils she might safely calculate on having one hundred dollars with which to carry out her scheme. She owed her landlady three dollars and a half. That would leave just thirty-five cents over the one hundred dollars. The stage fare from Ellisville to Laramie was thirty-five cents, and from there to Madison twenty-five cents. Just sixty cents altogether, and that round-about route was the only way to reach home. She would not break on a dollar of the mortgage money, if she had to walk home—and instantly her mind was made up. She would walk home. The more she thought of it the shorter grew the eighteen miles between Ellisville and Madison. It was the only thing to be done. She could walk four, maybe five miles an hour. If she started early in the morning she could be home by dinner time.

She could not sleep that night for thinking of home, and over and over again she pictured old man Allen's astonishment at receiving his interest and seventy dollars on the principal of the mortgage he had yearly threatened to foreclose. Perhaps, if her mother saw some hope for the future she might be more cheerful, and her father, too, would take heart. He was still a strong man, and being a first-rate stonemason, he could get many jobs he didn't bother to look after now. Those two young dress-

makers would get tired of Madison soon, and she would have the work again. Perhaps the boys, when they heard of this, would help along at home more, so she could go on paying off the mortgage, or they might help her to pay it. Anyway, things were getting better. The future was bright and she was so glad. She could not remember that she had ever been so happy.

Mirie's plan of going early in the morning was changed when morning came, and she remembered that she had not meant any one to suspect her intention, and in order to preserve the appearance of going in the usual way she could not start before one o'clock, the time at which the Laramie stage left Ellisville. The delicate principle of right and wrong involved in this deception that saved pride, never appealed to Mirie, so she delayed her going till after dinner. With a savage perseverance speeding her she trudged away, a little black figure carrying a satchel, going steadily along the dusty highway that stretched like a grey ribbon over the weary distance that lay between her and home.

It was a fine day. Summer seemed not to have departed, so far had the warm, bright days encroached upon October. Only the faint chill in the wind that flew across the fields told that winter death was near. The near maples were gorgeous with crimson; the distant woods were veiled in blue haze.

For the first five miles an unwonted light-heartedness took possession of Mirie, as if youth and its anticipations had returned. A chipmunk, racing along the rail-fence, made her laugh. He was so droll when he stopped to peep at her from behind a sheltering branch, and then scampered on. She felt a strange fellowship for the little animal, going about the serious business of its life in such a gay fashion. If she only dared to race with him! Being a prim old maid the bare idea sotered her with a shock.

The miles grew very, very long after this. She rested on the roadside once or twice, but a few experiences of the pain it caused her to rise and go on walking made her decide to keep on steadily, if more slowly. Her ill-fitting shoes chafed her feet. When she dropped her eyes, the road seemed to pass by while she stood still. She counted her steps, one foot—one foot, one—two, one—two, till her

head reeled, and the rail-fences zig-zagged in a bewildering way when she raised her eyes.

At last it was over—almost. The village was in sight at the foot of the long, sloping road. Soon she could see the house, the home she had worked and stunted all summer, yes, and for many summers, to save. It was getting dark, but no light was visible through the windows. When she opened the door and stepped inside there was still daylight enough to see her father sitting in his arm-chair, an unlit pipe in his mouth, and her mother lying on the lounge. All weariness had left Mirie; the long, hard days of the past summer were already a dream, vivid yet as when one has just awakened, but only a dream. Her mother sat up. Even through her elation, Mirie felt the chill of her evident ill-humour. Her father did not speak. He drew himself up in his chair, and took the pipe from his mouth.

"Well, for the land sakes," was Mrs. Fletcher's greeting; "where did you come from? Have you got through over there already?"

"I walked home," answered Mirie, simply.

"Walked! All the way from Ellisville? Well, I must say, Mirie Fletcher, you always was a fool. Have you spent every cent you've earned this summer? Most likely—and us in such straits here for five cents, even. Something I've done some time, I don't know what, but God has punished me for it by keeping me poor all my life."

"Mother, wait," cried Mirie. "Wait. Don't you know what I've got, and what it's all for? Here—fumbling at her carefully pinned-up pocket for the money—here's a hundred dollars, and now, to-morrow, when the interest is due, this is to pay it, and what's over is going on the principal. I've been thinking it over so much—her lightness of heart was returning in full force—and I see my way clear to wiping the whole mortgage off in time, and—"

"Well," her mother broke in, "you've just been wasting your smartness, Mirie, if you saved your money for that. You must keep your business to yourself, of course, or things might have been different if you'd only 'a' let us know what you were up to. You always was too late with your schemes, anyway. The mortgage was foreclosed a week ago, and John Peters has bought the place of

old Allen. All we've got to do is to get out as soon as possible."

Mirie could not speak for a moment. She could not quite understand that her money had come too late. She had intended it so long for this one purpose, that any other use to which it might be put never entered her mind.

"Mother, don't say it's too late," she cried, miserably. "I can't stand that, mother, I've worked night and day to save this. I've rented a room and lived on biscuits—cooked them on Mrs. Smith's stove, so's I wouldn't have to have a fire myself, and without a speck of butter to eat on them, mostly. I've gone fairly ragged, and with old shoes, not fit to be seen among strangers—is the deed all made out to John Peters, and—and everything done?"

"Yes," sneered her mother, "you can't change anything. But, then," she added, softening a little, "it can't be helped now, so come and get some supper. You always was a strange child, I said, though maybe you mean well."

But Mirie, doubly weary now, and crying bitterly, had gone out of the door, and up the stairway to her own room.

Long after Mirie had sobbed herself to sleep she woke to find the room filled with the light of the late moon. She rose, and going over to the open window, knelt, with her arms upon the sill. Over the garden below, disorderly enough in the daytime, the mantle of moonlight lay, hiding disorder and neglect. The unkempt grass, upon which the boughs of the old apple-trees swaying in the breeze made weird shadows, might have been smoothest, emerald lawn.

Mirie knew nothing of herself, of emotions, of effects, so she could not know that there the real reward came to her. She could but feel the peace of its coming. The long struggle had ended in bitter defeat for her own plans, but God's designs were being marvellously unfolded. Never again could Mirie be as she had been. Gone was the old apathy that was killing affection, ambition, sympathy, all the kindlier growths of life; in its place was hope, buoyed up by a vague something to be reached out for, an awakened life-giving ambition. To be renewed, awakened, vivified, this was her real reward. So, with tears in her eyes, but with peace, youth, and hope in her heart, Mirie turned herself again to sleep.

A CRUSHED FLOWER.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

I.



T was a hot summer night—not a breath of air stirring on that shadeless avenue of the great old city. Saturday night! Saturday night, when Christ's toilers bend in prayer for the morrow, and when, at the same hour, the workman passes his weekly wage over the bar-room counter. Saturday night, with its prayer and its sin!

It was yet bright and early in the evening, but in spite of the oppressive heat, the Methodist mission was already crowded with unkempt men, bareheaded women, their heat-moistened hair hanging in shreds about their faces, men with liquor-laden breath, and swarms of neglected children. Here and there respectably-clad tradesmen and their families mingled with the group; many of them had been uplifted through the mission, and the change was manifest outwardly, as well as inwardly.

The room itself was cleanly, and decked with flags and flowers. There was the usual shuffling commotion incident to an uncultured audience. Then a sudden hush! The clear, bell-like voice of a singer burst upon the air, lingering in low, sweet warblings, then rising in full, clear swells; the children that swarmed the pavement clustered about the open door.

Two men, of a very different stamp, were coming down the street. The one might be recognized as Dr. Cawthra, the other also, though less well known, wore the air of a medical man.

"Terrible street, this, isn't it?" said Dr. Cawthra. "Look at what's going to run our city, by and by," pointing to the swarm of barefooted children.

"And, after all, Cawthra, we do nothing to make them any better."

"Better! Those rats, they're the off-scouring of every nation on God's earth! But, say, Glynn, that's a missionary line of thought for you to

take up. What's come over the old boy?"

"Hark!" said Dr. Glynn. "Listen to that singing!"

They stepped softly and in silence for a moment, as they listened to the old Gospel hymns in the hushed hum of the street.

"Humph! That's in the Methodist mission," said Dr. Cawthra. "That would grace any stage in the city. Strange, that a woman with a voice like that should spend it there."

His companion made no reply, but listened in silence.

"And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, saved by grace."

Again the voice swelled out in all its fulness; she had carried her hearers far up into the streets of the New Jerusalem, as she lingered on the last line,

"And tell the story, saved by grace."

The misery, the squalor, the want of the narrow streets were gone. The invisible glory was filling every soul, and Dr. Cawthra, in spite of himself, kept humming, "Saved by grace," as they passed on their way. A strange sadness had crossed his face.

"Good-night, Dr. Cawthra. I'm going back to hear that singer."

"Oh, come off, old boy! Don't let your heart be touched so easily. She'll have you down on the penitent-bench in ten minutes." But there was a catch in Dr. Cawthra's voice as he tried to jest it off.

"Take my word for it, you'll find a stout mother of eleven in a straight grey gown."

But Dr. Glynn turned to retrace his steps, and reached the porch of the W— mission just as the chorus of the last verse was being sung. The tears stole forth in spite of himself.

"It sounds like her voice, but it can't be—it can't possibly be."

The singing ceased, and the voice of prayer was heard. The stranger in the porch stole softly into the rear of the congregation.

The singer rose again—a slender, dark-faced woman, beautiful, but with such a pathos in her beauty. There was something half-crushed in

those eyes, like a flower pressed by a careless foot. But her figure was erect, and even queenly; she was rather well dressed for her surroundings, though not at all ostentatiously. The dark grenadine clung in graceful folds about her, and the white roses on her bosom rose and fell as her voice swelled forth in exultation, or died away in a silence that was almost music. But, oh, the pathos in that voice! Oh, the cry—the woman's cry she could not still!

One face in that audience drooped; one face grew deathly white. It was Dr. Forest Glynn's.

The minister gave out his text, and the service continued for some time.

"Now, as Miss Millruss has an engagement to sing at X— Temple to-night for the benefit of their organ fund, we will listen to her at this point of the service," said the minister.

Once again the audience was hushed, and the seekers of salvation went forward to kneel at the altar as she sang. Dr. Glynn sat with bowed head; he felt rather than heard her footfall on the matted aisle, as she passed out to the cab awaiting her. Then, when they sang again, he too stole out.

"X— Temple!" he said, as he leaped into the nearest vacant cab.

It was a very different scene there—brilliant lights, shimmer of silks, perfume-laden air, windows aglow with purple and scarlet, and the angels painted yonder far up in the fretted dome. The great organ rolled forth its thunder; the concert was near its end when the last singer to come, and noticeably the favourite in the hearts of the people, appeared. Her hat was removed now, and the rich coils of hair showed in its place a delicate spray of white blossoms nestling in the dark waves above her brow.

A silence of expectation settled upon the audience. Mary Millruss was to sing for the first time a song of her own authorship:

"Out in the storm of a starless sea,
A sail was adrift, one night—
—One night—one night—
A sail was adrift, one night."

Something like a shudder passed over the audience. The pillars of the Temple rocked for a moment to their startled vision. The singer's voice

had taken on all the coldness of a midnight sea. Just as she had made her former hearers forget the misery and squalor of their lives, and opened for a moment to them the Eternal City, so now the beauty and glory of the Temple faded, and they followed the singer with the charm in her lips out over the heaving billows, through boom of waves and icy rattle of sails, till they saw it was the world of sin she painted, and those yawning gulfs, destruction.

Then the bells of heaven rang in her voice's dear music, and they saw the clouds part and the angels looking down through the halo. They were nearing the end.

"And through the tempest the Master's voice,

'Come home, oh, come home, my child.'

All the love in her heart—all the sweet mother-spirit—all the pain she had ever suffered, were in those words,

"My child—my child."

Her eyes were fixed on yonder corner beneath the gallery.

"Come home, oh, come home (her voice quivered audibly) my—"

But the line was never finished. The lips closed. The head drooped slightly. She stood one moment—one still, awful moment—then fell among the lilies and ferns in the background. And their green fronds locked hands above her, as if to shut the world away.

Dr. Forest Glynn, sitting back beneath the gallery, buried his face in his hands.

"Nervous breakdown! It's too much for any woman," said a gentleman behind him. "That woman's being sung to death. That's the way with these popular singers. They say the doctor ordered her out of the city weeks ago for a rest. She sings everywhere, from the best churches to the Seaman's Mission."

"Is she very well trained, I wonder?"

"Fairly well, I presume; but it's the feeling in her voice makes her success. She's been singing before, this evening, down in the W— Mission, I heard some one say. That's too much, you know, two engagements in one evening. She never fails those missions, though, and often sings in a church concert after."

II.

The night train halted for a moment as it rushed around the hills at Mill Stream. There was only one passenger to alight in the flood of summer moonlight, a woman, clad in black, and heavily veiled.

"Drive you anywhere, lady?" asked Sam Smith, who kept the only cab.

"No, thank you."

"No hotels very near here. It's a lonesome spot."

But without answering she walked down to the deserted end of the long platform, and raised her veil for a moment. It was the singer of Saturday night.

Oh, the peace all around her after the city's ceaseless roar! A few lights burned late in the straggling cottages, the great hills lifted their moonlit brows to the stars, an occasional night-bird sounded its cry, and the wind, fresh with the fragrance of dew-tipped flowers, fell soothingly upon her brow.

She turned with the air of one who knows her ground well, and followed the road that led, a long white streak in the moonlight, up among the Mill Stream hills. It was a lonely path. The watch-dogs from the straggling farms barked at her from over the gates; the fire-flies circled dizzily over the swamp-land, and the lower creations went through all their mysterious plungings and rustlings in the reeds and sedges of the roadside ditch. Hark! It was the rumble of an approaching lumber-waggon.

"Have a ride, ma'am?" asked the driver.

"No, thank you," she said, rather because she wished to conceal her identity, for it was a good two miles before she stopped at the little white church on the hill-top, and turned in among its tombs. A superstitious villager would have seen something uncanny about the veiled stranger wandering there at night. But she went with the air of a purpose straight to the little plot in the corner beneath the pines. A sudden start as of fear! No, the great tall tomb is in the other plot. There were only the little graves, with mossy headstones there. All was well.

She descended the hill to rest, leaning on the railing of the little bridge over the Mill Stream, and her tears fell into the playful waters beneath. No one saw her. None but God. A lonely woman leaning there on the

bridge rail, the great vine-clad hills towering around.

"Seven years! Seven years!" she murmured, "and yet am I only twenty-five?"

Through the rift in the hills she could see the dark outline of a roof among the trees, where seven years before a white-robed girl of eighteen used to flit carolling through the halls, and gather her friends upon the lawn. That was before—and she bowed her head, and wept as only a woman weeps, whose name is stained in the eyes of the world—a woman who has fallen from her girlhood's purity, and been cast off from her old home for ever. She could feel that touch on her arm to-night, the touch of the hand that betrayed her.

For one moment the years between faded—struggle and poverty, ambition and success, applauding crowds, glare of gaslight, and odour-laden flowers—all were gone. And she was a girl, a girl pure and stainless, there among the hills of her childhood. But it was a moment only. That Mary Millruss was dead. This was a different Mary that had breasted the waves of life through many a midnight storm, and many a sunrise fair.

A little cloud came and darkened the brow of the hill as she watched, and she thought of that other scene, when she hurried from her home at dead of night, to save the Millruss name. Alone in a strange city, she had found that the love that crushes does not stoop to uplift.

But she was a clever needlewoman, and roused herself to earn a livelihood for her child. Summer came, with its terrible heat, and the little face in that third story room grew white. For the little one's sake she wrote home, but the letter came back re-addressed in her father's hand. She wrote no more. And one hot night the little hands unclasped from her neck, the little cry ceased in the garret, and she was alone and unloved.

Then sin came with its ghastly whispers. You are young, beautiful. You are all alone. No one knows you, no one cares for you. Whether you rise or fall matters to none. If God Himself cared He would have delivered you."

Oh, that perilous abyss—that awful, cavernous depth of wrecked womanhood that swallows often the finest and tenderest souls!

But in the right hour a Christian lady "threw out the life-line." The

flower that had been bent to the dust lifted again its face to the skies. God heard the cry. She offered but the remnant of her ruined life. But what wonders God can do with a remnant! Whether the girl who once sang in the Mill Stream choir was a genius unrecognized—whether sorrow had awakened it—or whether God Almighty had suddenly bestowed it—there grew within her a long-suppressed ambition to have her voice cultivated. She spent every spare dollar on its culture.

A few years later there came forth, in one of the city missions, a singer whom men paused to hear as they passed in the street. People listened, wept, came to the Christ she upheld. Fallen women watched for her smile, little children touched her skirts in passing. Ministers bowed reverently to her. Her name went out among the churches of her city, till now Mary Millruss fallen, Mary Millruss uplifted, was the most popular of evangelistic singers.

"Broken-down nerves," they had said last night. But she knew better. Back beneath the gallery she had seen the face of—Dr. Forest Clynn. Seven years ago those same eyes looked down into hers as they crossed the Mill Stream bridge together. It had been too much. Her heart refused to sing. That was all.

This was the woman who, in the midnight shadows, crept silently up the hill to her home. Would they forgive her? She could not stay long at best. The weary city awaited her return.

The clouds were piling up on the horizon almost before she noticed it. Quick flashes of lightning shot through their sombre shadows. The heavy bay of a dog sounded on the hill-top.

"Hush, Rover, hush, old dog," she whispered, as the old friend came bounding toward her. In an instant he recognized her. He was not to be kept down, he whirled round and round her steps, bounded up and licked her hand.

"Oh, Rover! Rover! You dear old dog!" and she knelt down and buried her hands in his woolly neck.

"Dear, dear old fellow. You at least will give me a welcome. Thank God for even a dog's welcome."

Boom! It was the first outburst of thunder. The big drops were beginning to fall. Without stopping to muse she hurried into the yard and

into the old woodshed at the back of the kitchen. The great black storm-cloud came driving before the wind; the hailstones fell in torrents; the suddenness of the tempest drove all sad thoughts from her mind.

Rover had disappeared into the kitchen through the little square window that had been left open. Suddenly the door opened behind her, and two big eyes shone in the dark. It was Rover. She remembered then, how he used to draw the bolt with his paw when shut in the kitchen at night.

"Dear old boy, you're bound I shall come in for once more in my life, aren't you?"

Then a new desire took possession of her. How sweet it would be to rest in her own room till morning. She stole noiselessly up the hall. Her father's door was open. Dare she pass? She made one quick dart. But a flash of lightning half-blinded her, and her door creaked behind her.

But, oh! she was in the room of her girlhood. Forgiven, redeemed of God, if not of man. She knelt once more by the little white bed that the almost continuous lightning revealed. For, oh, she had much for which to be thankful! If she had once fallen very low God had set her again in a high place. But, oh, to rest there with her head on the same pillow after all her sin and sorrow and success! The thunder boomed, peal on peal! The lightning quivered and trembled, now duller, now brighter. The hall clock struck three in a lull of the storm. Then the thunder booms grew fainter, the flashes paler and less frequent.

She could hear her father and mother talking now in their room across the hall, and her heart began to beat more wildly.

"It's been a terrible storm—a terrible storm," he said. "I wish I knew where that sick lamb was."

"Ah, there's a poor lamb of your own been out in the storms for many a day, and it doesn't trouble you," said his wife.

"John, I tell you," continued her mother's voice, "if you don't wait or go to the city and see about that singer there, I'll do it myself. I tell you I believe it's our Mary."

"She had no trainin', how could she hold city audiences?"

"She could get it. An', you know, the preachers here all said she had no common voice."

"It's nonsense, wife. There may be many a Mary Millruss. Old Dobson's just stuffin' you with his news."

"But I tell you that's my child."

There was a long silence.

"Your child is dead, Martha. I saw her spirit this very night. She was all in black, and she went up the hall toward her old room. But she seemed to glide along too fast for a human being. I've killed her, wife—I've killed her—oh, my God! I can't ask forgiveness even of the Lord! I don't deserve it."

A dark-clad figure had glided into the room unseen.

"Mother dear! Father! It's your own Mary. Forgive me, and let me be near you just for to-day. God has forgiven long ago. Can't you forgive, too?"

Nearly a week had passed, and Mary Millruss stood in the old garden toying with the last roses that fell at a touch, breathing their dying fragrance on the air. A storm had just passed over, and for an hour the clouds had been moving westward on the winds, great dark banks of blood-fringed cloud piled up on the pine-crested hills. Here and there long flaming rents burned their way through the mass and grew paler, leaving great yawning chasms. But gradually the sunset fires cooled; the cloud masses broke into little isles of gold, and the lurid chasms narrowed into shadowy, roseate shores. The wind grew still; the storm was past; all was rest.

Mary Millruss was thinking of that sweet home-coming. What would the heavenly home-coming be? For a moment death looked sweet, now that all her desires were fulfilled. But she thought of earth, with its sin-enlaved.

"Not yet, Father—not yet," she said, "let me toil while the light lingers till the shadows come," and she seemed for a moment to hold communion with Some One through the parted gates of the west. She did not hear a light footfall on the path behind her. A touch rested on her arm. She looked around with questioning eyes upon a stranger—a well-dressed woman, who looked into her very soul with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen.

"Pardon me. I am Mrs. Forest Glynn." Mary Millruss drew back slightly from the touch resting on her arm. This, then, was the heiress of

Ballaclay, Scotland. She had seen the marriage in the papers years ago.

"I don't suppose my name conveys any meaning to you." (Ah, did it not mean anything?) "You have probably never heard the name. But my husband heard you sing last week. He was converted, and I felt that I must see you face to face—that I must know the woman who brought us so much joy."

The face of the singer was turned away, and there was a joy upon it that for some moments Mrs. Forest Glynn dared not intrude upon.

"Mary, let me call you by that name, my sister." (Little did she dream that her husband had breathed that name in this same old garden seven years before.) "I want to do just one little thing for all you have done for us. You will not refuse. You must not refuse, for the Master's sake. God has entrusted me with some of his riches. Will you"—her tone was full of pleading—"will you let me pay your expenses in Europe for a year while you study under German masters?"

But Mary Millruss did not answer. She seemed to be holding converse with Some One unseen. Mrs. Glynn held her hand and watched her with reverent eyes.

"You cannot refuse."

"I must. Listen! I cannot thank you in words. I will not try. But the doctors say I cannot live but a few years at the utmost. There are souls here that I have been permitted to win, and God has given them me to watch over. A year out of my life would be too much. I must sing with all the soul I have till night comes."

Years passed. The doctors' prophecies were defeated. Mary Millruss was singing more sweetly with each passing year. Her voice was heard throughout the different cities of her land. But always on her return to her home on one of the retired avenues, the most pleasant surprises awaited her, and often a sweet face, under a widow's veil, was waiting to greet her. It was the woman she had first heard of as the heiress of Ballaclay. Sisters they, the one ministering with her wealth, the other with her song, and no reproaches fell from the lips of either. Dr. Glynn himself told his beautiful wife the story, and now, after his death, it still sealed the bond of their sisterhood.

THE BETTER SIDE OF BISMARCK.*

BY THE EDITOR.



PRINCE BISMARCK.

The Iron Chancellor, as sketched by the pen of his Secretary, Herr Busch, is not a very attractive or lovable man—a man of indomitable will, the man of "blood and iron," who welded the sundered and often antagonistic elements of Germany into a great empire. These letters to his wife reveal an entirely different aspect of his character. From the flinty rock founts of deep and pure and tender feeling gush forth. His grim and sometimes sardonic character is softened and sweetened and moulded by the influence of a good woman's love. In these letters, Bismarck unveils his heart in utter frankness. A vein of deep and earnest piety is shown, and often one of quaint humour.

These are the right sort of love-letters. They are not merely the effervescence of youthful passion. They reveal the ever-deepening strength and devotion of a whole lifetime. They cover a period of forty-three years, and those addressed to the companion of his long and stormy career are as loving and ten-

* "The Love-Letters of Bismarck." Being Letters to his Fiancée and Wife, 1846-1889. Authorized by Prince Herbert von Bismarck and translated from the German under the supervision of Charlton T. Lewis. Illustrated with portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. *Tenno*: William Briggs. Pp. 428. Price, \$3.00.

der as those addressed to his girl-bride.

The domestic virtues of the Germans, as described by Tacitus, enabled them to repel the attacks of the Latin race two millenniums ago. The same virtues, we believe, enabled them to overthrow the French Empire, and by their rapid growth in numbers, to leave the French Republic hopelessly behind.

From the very first the letters strike a religious note. In asking the father of his fiancee for "the highest thing that he could dispose of in this world, the hand of his daughter," Yunker Bismarck confesses that at the time of his confirmation, in his sixteenth year, he had no other belief than a bare Deism, that he had ceased to pray because prayer seemed inconsistent with his view of God's nature, that by reading Strauss and similar writers he had been led only deeper into a blind alley of doubt. But he made the acquaintance of a religious family, who "accepted the teachings of Scripture as true and holy, with childlike trust." He began the study of God's Word. The fatal illness of a friend tore the first ardent prayer from his heart. By reliance on God's grace he purposed to live a Christian life.

He frequently, throughout the letters, quotes Scripture, refers to his daily Bible-readings, and often uses English phrases, and quotes from the British poets; but he says, "The English poems of mortal misery trouble me no more now; that was of old, when I looked into nothing—cold and stiff, snow-drifts in my heart."

The German, like the Scottish language, lends itself to the use of endearing diminutives, which he did not fail to employ.

The bride-elect had six names: Jeanette Friedericke Charlotte Eleonore Dorothea von Puttkamer, which the lover used in all manner of combinations, in many tongues, including Polish. He addresses her as "Angelia, mon ange—my angel"; and "ma tres chere, mon adoree Jeanneon." "My Heart, I have warmed myself at your dear letter," he says; "Gion-ana mia," "Jean the Black"—he refers often to her "blue-black grey eyes;" "Ma reine, be patient with your

faithful slave ;" Jeanne la mechante beautiful tigress ; chere et bonne ; my belovedst beloved ; beloved Juanita ; Jeanne la sage ; "Farewell, and God guard you. Yours altogether and for ever, dear Johanna." When she was ill, he writes, "My Poor Sick Kitten." She is "the apple of his eye ;" "the rose of the wilderness." His favourite pet name was, Sweetheart, or Dear Heart, or Dear Nanne, or Nan." He repeats in many languages the phrase "Jeannetke, ich liebe dir ;" "io, ti voglio ben'assai ;" "I love you ;" "Je t'adore." He counts not merely the days, but the two hundred and eighty hours till they shall meet. The lady seems to have but one form of address, "Hochwohlgeboren," "Right Honourable."

Tender to his girl wife, he was capable of inflexible sternness to others. He speaks of his sarcastic-sardonic-ironic-satiric character.

There is an unexpected and playful vein of fun in these letters. Good, long letters they are, too, several pages, often written amid the hurly-burly of a tumultuous assembly, or in dismal country taverns.

His fiancée had a serious illness. He insists, "We must share with each other joy and suffering. I must and will bear your sorrows and your thoughts, your naughtinesses, if you have any, and love you as you are, not as you ought to be or might be."

"We do not mean to marry for the bright days only," he writes, and he insists, "If I am to be tormented, as you say, with 'an unendurable, dispirited, nervous being,' I must seek Christian consolation for it." He wants to marry her sick or well, and his masterful will had its way, just as it had in annexing Schleswig-Holstein to Germany.

"Worshipped while blooming, when she fades forgot," he quotes, and adds, "There are qualities that never fade ; I shall worship you as long as I live, because you will never give up blooming"—and he kept his word long after youth's bloom had passed away.

He was a dike captain, having charge of the River Elbe during the spring floods, and kept like a sentry at his post. "We are not in this world to be happy and to enjoy," he says, "but to do our duty." He exhorts her to be "joyful in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer."

He plans a wedding tour to Switzerland and down the Rhine, if funds

suffice ; if not, they will make a shorter trip. He is a most devoted husband, and "divided his time between political battles and the nurse's apron at the sick-bed."

His ideal of earthly happiness was "a family life filled with love, a peaceful haven, into which a gust of wind perchance forces its way from the storms of the world-ocean, and ruffles the surface, but its warm depths remain clear and still so long as the cross of the Lord is reflected in them."

After their marriage they were much separated by Bismarck's political duties. After long absence he writes her from Berlin, "I must have you here. What were we married for ? If you don't come soon I shall take to gaming and drinking. Above all things, come—quickly—in a hurry, swiftly, instantly—to your dear little husbandkin." This sounds very funny from the gigantic guardsman. "To be without a wife," he adds, "is to lead a dog's life."

He was a devoted father, buying toys and presents for the children, among them shoes, which he procured a size large to last another year. "Give a hug," he writes, "to our grey-bearded dad, and to both the little scamps."

The children were attacked with scarlet fever. The father in Berlin was in an agony of suspense. "Mortal watching cannot help," he writes. "God in heaven, we submit."

He is conscious, like Paul, of the remains of the carnal mind, and prays God, by his Holy Spirit, to fill his stubborn heart with humility and peace. "Only the grace of God can make one person out of the two within me, and so strengthen the redeemed portion that it shall kill the devil's share."

His love of nature is shown by his descriptions of scenery, and of the procession of the seasons at the Thiergarten at Berlin, and he inquires if the storks have arrived yet at his country home.

During the stormy period of '48, when all Europe was shaken by revolution, when Berlin was under martial law, he writes, "God, who makes the worlds go round, can also cover me with His wings."

Away back in the '50's he was more a man of peace than he was in later years. "Give thanks and glory to God," he writes, "who grants us

peace and has not denied His blessing to my own modest work."

Although dining with the King and Queen, and receiving highest honours, he writes: "I am very much worried over the illness of dear little Midget; I cannot go asleep, and lie awake at night." He was no Christian Scientist. "Of course," he writes, "prayer is better than pills, but don't neglect the human aid." When the child recovers he writes, "Praise and glory be to God that He has heard our prayers; may He also, hereafter, look upon our sins, but be gracious to us. We thank the faithful and merciful Lord on our knees."

Speaking of receiving the Communion, he says, "I was almost hopeless and helpless, and wanted to leave the church, because I did not consider myself worthy to join in the ceremony, but in the final prayer from the altar God gave me leave, and a summons, too, and afterwards I felt very happy."

With all his intensely domestic affections he yet writes, "It is probable that for long years to come I shall be at home only as a transient visitor absent on leave, but I am God's soldier, and whither He sends me, thither I must go, and I believe He sends me and He shapes my life as he needs it. Take courage in prayer; what God does is well done.

"I grow sad and sick from longing, but I earnestly implore God to give me strength to do my duty. Life is fleeting, and we are still apart from one another. God has placed me where I must be an earnest man and pay the King and the country what I owe them. May God have you and ours in His faithful keeping. I pray morning and evening more earnestly than ever, and believe that I am heard."

At last he is promoted to the Chancellorship, with a large salary, and writes his wife that she, poor child, must sit stiff and sedate, and be called Excellency. He urges her to become familiar with French, so as to be fit for diplomatic circles. "But it is not a matter of life and death, you are my wife, not the diplomats', and they can just as well learn German as you can learn French. For I married you in order to love you in God, and according to the need of my heart, and in order to have in the midst of the strange world a place for my heart, which all the world's bleak winds cannot chill, and where I

may find the warmth of the home-fire, to which I eagerly betake myself when it is stormy and cold without; but not to have a society woman for others, and I shall cherish and nurse your little fireplace, put wood on it and blow, and protect it against all that is evil and strange, for, next to God's mercy, there is nothing which is dearer and more necessary to me than your love, and the homelike hearth which stands between us everywhere, even in a strange land, when we are together."

He preferred, himself, to use his native German speech. "I cannot talk French with my dear, faithful Lord and Saviour. It seems ungrateful."

There is only one house in Berlin which offers congenial company, that of the English Ambassador, Lord Crowley. Bismarck was a shrewd diplomat himself. "I am making headlong progress in the art of saying nothing by using many words." He describes a dinner with "Old Rothschild," whom he describes as a "little, thin, grey imp of a man," but a poor man in his palace, childless, a widower, cheated by his servants, and ill-treated by his kinsfolk, who will inherit his treasures without gratitude and without love. There was many a hundredweight of silverware, gold forks, and spoons on the table. But at this splendid banquet the host touches nothing at his dinner, but eats only "undefiled food."

He admonishes his wife that her letters are opened by postal spies, so she must "write nothing that the police may not read."

He thinks without pleasure on his wasted, swaggering youth when he was the hero of eighteen—or was it twenty-eight?—duels. "Would that it might please God," he writes, "to fill with his clear and strong wine this vessel, in which at that time the champagne of twenty-two-year-old youth sparkled uselessly away, leaving stale dregs behind. If I should live now as I did then, without God, without you, without children, I should, in fact, be at a loss to know why I should not cast off this life like a soiled shirt; and yet most of my acquaintances are thus, and they live."

We note, as his political duties become more engrossing, we think, a deterioration of character. He writes "I am a real heathen, for I do not get to church any more, and always

travel on Sundays. I have a very guilty conscience about it; for I serve men on the day when I should serve only God."

He complains that his wrists and fingers are lame with writing. What a boon the typewriter would have been!

He lived much with the great kings and emperors. He notes that twenty thousand rix-dollars' worth of gold-encumbered uniforms sat at a gala dinner-table. He had no taste for banquets or state splendour. He hated to be stared at as if he were a new rhinoceros of the zoological garden.

As an extraordinary example of a perverted conscience, we note his account of a duel before which he "spent an hour in prayer," and was sorry he had not winged his antagonist. The thought of his wasted youth continually haunts him. He writes, "The happy married life and the children God has given me are to me as the rainbow that gives me the pledge of reconciliation after the deluge of degeneracy and want of love which in previous years covered my soul."

His dignities rapidly increased. He was successively appointed Minister to St. Petersburg and Paris, Minister, President, and Imperial Chancellor. At Paris he was presented to Queen Victoria, the Emperor and Empress, and was treated with remarkable kindness. He travelled extensively throughout Europe, over ten thousand miles in a year, and wrote from most of its great cities, and from many of its byways, sometimes sixty miles from a railway.

At a great review at St. Petersburg he says, "The Czar devoted himself to me as particularly as though he had got up the parade for my benefit." His German thrift is shown by his urging his wife to return a telegram that he might recover an overcharge on the same.

The northern spring in Russia came like an explosion--in forty-

eight hours from the condition of budding twigs to that of a thick green curtain. It seemed to have suddenly occurred to Nature that she had overslept her time, and was putting on in twenty-four hours her entire green dress from head to foot. The heat rose to 120 degrees in the sun; he had no summer clothes, and was greatly discommoded.

During a holiday at Biarritz he says, "I have a bad conscience seeing so many beautiful things without you."

On the eve of the Austrian campaign he writes, "I hope we shall come to our senses before setting Europe on fire for the sake of obliging some little princes."

When the war came in 1866, he was in the thick of it. The Austrians lost, killed and wounded, twenty thousand men, fifteen thousand prisoners. He was thirteen hours in the saddle. "His horse," he writes, "did not shy at shot nor at corpses." He bivouacked on the street pavement, with no straw.

A great brewer enticed twenty-six Prussians into a cellar, made them drunk, and set it on fire.

He asks his wife to send him thousands of cigars for the soldiers in the hospital.

He describes to his wife the surrender of Napoleon after the battle of Sedan, September 2, 1879. He mounted a narrow, rickety stairway with the Emperor, to a room ten feet square, with a wooden table and two rush-bottom chairs. "What a contrast to our last interview in the Tuilleries!" "How strangely romantic are God's ways," he elsewhere remarks. "The two days cost France one hundred thousand men and an Emperor."

Amid this hurly-burly he writes, "Happy is the man whom God has given a virtuous wife, who writes him every day." And so to the end the sweet idyl of domestic love relieves the sombre tragedy of war, and the overthrow of empires.

"GO IN PEACE."

"Go in peace;" the Lord hath spoken.

Hast thou faith? That faith avails,
Not one word of His is broken,
Not one promise ever fails.

Pardon He hath freely given;
Fear not; all is well with thee.

Sin is gone, and bonds are riven;
Jesus says so; thou art free.

Saved through faith! Believe it, live it
Do not doubt thy soul's release.
His the word; all honour give it.
Jesus saves thee. "Go in peace."

Rev. Frank P. Britt



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

The whole world has been following with intense interest their royal progress throughout the British colonies, a progress unparalleled in extent in the history of the British Empire. Nothing has more strikingly illustrated the solidarity of the Empire than the spontaneous tribute

of love and loyalty which has everywhere greeted the heir apparent to the British throne, and his accomplished and beautiful wife. Nowhere has that tribute been more spontaneous, more hearty and enthusiastic, than throughout the Dominion of Canada.

Current Topics and Events.

SEPTEMBER SIXTH, 1901.

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

A stowaway slept in a nook in the hold ;
Fiercely the storm smote the writhing wave,
And the good ship strained while her captain told
The turbulent watches, growing heart-old
As he guided his craft to a port or a grave.

The young sun smiled on the ship as she rode
At anchor, and flashed morning-peace on the bay.
But the skulker saw where the captain strode
On the deck late scarred by the tempest's goad,
And smote him as only a man-fiend may !
—*The Outlook.*



RECENT PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT
MCKINLEY.

A WORLD-SORROW.

All the world has been waiting, with scarce a metaphor, it may be said, with bated breath, around the couch of President McKinley. Seldom have the sympathies of all civilized lands been so called forth as by the craven and cruel attack upon his life. It seems the very irony of civilization that it has made it possible for one of

the worst and most worthless of men to imperil the life of one of the best. But out of seeming evil, God often educes good. Few things could have drawn the English-speaking peoples around the wide world so closely together as the outburst of sympathy for the President and for the nation of which he was the chosen chief.

Vaulting ambition has again overleaped itself, and the very effort to harm the President made him for ever the idol of the nation. He never appeared more noble than in that moment of supreme peril. His first thought was for his invalid wife, his second an intercession for his assassin, his third a regret for the injury wrought the great Fair.

"He wore the white flower of a blameless life through all this tract of years." No ruler of our time seemed more near to the heart of the people over whom he ruled. Sprung from their ranks, and about at the termination of his office again to return to the ranks, having just received by the free suffrages of his countrymen a new verdict of approval of his course, and a new lease of authority and power; having just returned from a triumphal tour exceeding in extent any ever attempted by a reigning sovereign of Europe, and while in the very act of receiving a great popular ovation, the bullet of a reckless anarchist plunged a nation into grief.

"The great tide of sympathy," says the Philadelphia Press, "has flowed around the world. No land is absent and no people silent. Most of all, at this moment of overwhelming national sorrow, the English-speaking

race, severed though it be by all the seas and loyal to differing flags, feels the unity of common emotions, common sympathies, and an embracing love and regard for its greater figures as they draw near the veil, if it be Victoria at Osborne House or the plain farmer's son at Buffalo, no less revered and loved."

But a few months ago the sympathy of President McKinley with the grief of the British Empire in the loss of their beloved Queen touched all our hearts. Now the sincere expression of the heartfelt sorrow of King Edward awakens a responsive chord in every American soul.

In the words of the great poet who belongs alike to all English-speaking lands, we find a phrase which seems as appropriate as if written for this sad occasion. This man

" . . . Hath borne his faculties so meek,
hath been
So clear in his great office that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

Another quotation from the great bard seems equally appropriate:

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and
fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy
country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou
fall'st
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

Nowhere was the sympathy for the President and the nation of which he was the honoured head more marked than in Canada. Our very proximity to the scene of the tragedy brought it home to every soul. Nowhere were more fervent prayers offered than in our Canadian pulpits. The transient ripple at the Ecumenical Conference caused by the breezy debate on the Boer War was buried beneath the tide of feeling called forth by this colossal crime, a feeling all the more intense that the distinguished sufferer was an honoured member of the Methodist Church. It has been a revelation to millions in the Old World, where the head of the State is also the head of the State Church, and hereditary "Defender of the Faith," that the chief Executive of eighty millions of people was a Methodist local preacher, and by precept and practice,

by "walk and conversation," was as worthy a Defensor Fidei as any of them all.

It is gratifying to know that a Canadian lady, Miss McKenzie, of Brockville, Ont., was one of the devoted nurses who ministered to President McKinley during his fatal illness.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Since the above words were written the President has passed away. Of him in a nobler sense than that in which they were written is it true, "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." If anything were needed to deepen the passionate affection felt by the American people for their great chief, it was the Christian dignity with which he "wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to sleep." "Come and see how a Christian can die," says Addison; but with no self-consciousness, in utter simplicity of soul, trusting solely in the merits of his Redeemer, this great man repeats that hymn of faith and hope, "Nearer, my God, to thee," and to his weeping wife gives the Christian consolation, "God's will, not ours, be done." Nothing can surpass the moral sublimity of the scene. He is not dead, but alive for evermore, more alive than ever he was. He has taken his place for ever among the great immortals of the race.

Again we emphasize the unifying influence of this common sorrow of the English-speaking people. This feeling is expressed in the words of *The Westminster Gazette*: "It is not too much to say that the whole Anglo-Saxon race was kneeling at his bedside, clinging to hope as long as hope existed."

All the more was that feeling deepened when at length he passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

No message of sympathy was more heartfelt and well expressed than that from our own Dr. Carman, representing the Methodist Church of Canada. The pronounced utterance of the Duke of York and Cornwall, of sympathy with the American people, will, we are sure, deeply touch their hearts.

In the development of the individual character we can often learn from the blessed ministry of pain. It is



ON THE THRESHOLD.

The cartoon from "Harper's Journal of Civilization," which we present, is not quite complete. Not only do the North and the South mourn over the untimely death of the great President, the whole world joins them in heartfelt grief.

through much tribulation that we enter the kingdom. Oftentimes are God's saints made perfect through suffering. It is so also of nations. Oftentimes, by a baptism of blood, of suffering, of sorrow, are the best and noblest traits of nationhood developed. When a man or a people say, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing," it is in deadly peril. But when, in the height of its prosperity, a crushing blow falls and a nation humbles itself beneath the mighty hand of God, then is it touched to finer issues than any wrought by material prosperity. So nobler ideals of man-

hood have been created by the martyrdom of Lincoln and Garfield and McKinley, whose sun went down at noon, than if they had lingered to the late twilight of old age. Their memory is mightier than that of any in a long line of Presidents, unless it be that of Washington, the "Father of his Country."

"Only those are crowned and sainted,
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer."

The last public utterance of Mr. McKinley, a prayer for peace and concord among the nations, might well



MRS. M'KINLEY.

be written in letters of gold as his epitaph.

"Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict. . . . Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbours, and like blessings to all, the peoples and powers of earth."

A TRIBUTE OF KINDRED.

Brother of Kings, and King of brother men,
Hero and martyr, lo! thou dost not sleep.
Thy strenuous soul, beyond our mortal ken,
Pursues life's journey through the eternal deep.

Elsewhere, not here, lives on the lofty aim,
The iron purpose of a steadfast life,
The strong, brave heart that forged a death-
less name
The tender love of duty, land, and wife.

O, mighty Sister in our loyal line,
America! guard well his sacred dust,
Thy grief is ours, e'en as our blood is thine—
We twain who hold the great world's
peace in trust.

—Frederick George Scott, in
"Montreal Star."

ANARCHISM.

The President's words, "Do not harm this man," uttered in the very moment when he was stricken down, are a stern rebuke to the incendiary words of the Rev. Dr. Talmage, who, on the following Sabbath, uttered the

regret that the wretched murderer had not been lynched on the spot—an expression endorsed by a mob of ten thousand persons, for mob it became when a worshipping assembly vociferated such truly anarchic sentiments.

There is no lesson the American people more need to learn than that of maintaining the supreme majesty of the law. It is cause for congratulation that even in the wild frenzy of the murderous attack upon the President, its administrators kept their heads and rescued the murderer from the vengeance of the mob.

Another of the lessons the United States and Great Britain alike must learn, is that they must no longer permit a nest of vipers like those of Paterson, N.J., and in the slums of Whitechapel, to hiss and sting and incite to murder and sedition. Liberty of the press and liberty of speech are one thing, but anarchic incitements and conspiracies are another. "These wretches," The Independent justly says, "are mostly foreigners, or of foreign parentage, who have learned, under tyranny, to hate all government. They are atheists, having no fear of God or of future life, and are swallowed up by the conceit of their own folly, and think they make themselves heroes for all the ages if they sacrifice their own lives to slay the tyrants of the world. They are very few, but they are very dangerous. Their insignificance gives them the protection of obscurity, while the distinction of their victims raises them to world-wide notoriety of fame. Against their bullet or dagger no President, no King, no Emperor, no Czar is safe."

To the reckless anarchist nothing is sacred. Even our own beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria, was several times the target of murderous weapons. The motto of the anarchist is, "Down with all that is up;" the purpose of Christianity is, "Up with all that is down."

A YELLOW PERIL.

There is another peril to law and order and public decency. The irresponsible yellow press, in which nothing is sacred, by savage cartoon and bitter attack vilifies, denounces, and caricatures the chosen chief magistrate of the nation. For months, for years, the yellowest of them all has followed this course, representing

ad nauseam the President and Vice-President as odious monkey-like dwarfs, led by a bloated brutal figure representing the Trusts. These, in their way, are no less a peril to civilization than the vapourings of Emma Goldman or the fanaticism of Leon Czolgosz. The British theory is, "The King can do no wrong," the doctrine of the journals opposed to the American Government is, "The President can do no right." This is not legitimate criticism, it is literary Hooliganism.

The journals that set in battle array class against class, the rich against the poor, capital against labour, are the greatest enemies of the State.

Brotherhood, not antagonism, is the keynote of the higher civilization of, let us hope, the near future.

"But now are they many members, yet but one body. Nay, much more, those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."

BETTER THAN SOLDIERS.

The United States authorities in the Philippines have already employed a thousand American teachers, many of them from Methodist schools and colleges. These were selected out of eight thousand volunteers. They will be the best civilizers of the Tagalogs and Filipinos. Schools, not garrisons, are what are needed. The English language, with all the traditions and inspirations of liberty for which it is the vehicle, will be the chief means of instruction.

The schoolmaster is also abroad in South Africa, and many thousands of the Boer children in refugee camps are acquiring a knowledge of this world-wide speech, in addition to the local patois in which they have been trained. Boers are enrolling by hundreds as British scouts and guards.

Not more than eight thousand desperadoes are skulking in the drifts and dongas, and these will soon see the folly of their resisting the inevitable.

STOP THE WAR.

This has been the clamour of Mr. Stead and his party for months. Very good counsel, indeed, it is, if addressed to those who began the war and now prolong it, to those who invaded British territory, besieged British towns, and annexed British colonies. But he has not done this. He has encouraged by every means in his power these enemies of his country to prolong the war.

To-day's despatches report of the Boer women who, weary of the strife, sought to induce their husbands and kinsfolk to accept Britain's terms of peace, that they found these ignorant fanatics deluded by the account of Stead and Labouchere's pro-Boer meetings that Britain "was on the verge of civil war" over the South African question. The men who fostered this delusion are the men who are largely responsible for the prolonging of the war, with all its waste of treasure and of blood. The dynamiting trains bearing peaceful passengers, women, and children, among them Red Cross nurses, is savagism, not civilized war. The proposal to carry leading burghers on these trains to safeguard the lives of the passengers, will, we hope, prevent such cruel outrage.

The yellow press, after its wont, announced in flaming headlines that France had sent an ultimatum to Turkey, and that if not complied with, Constantinople would be bombarded in twenty-four hours. Constantinople is not bombarded yet, nor likely to be. The Sultan will always yield to pressure if it be but persistent enough, and if he can no longer play off the powers against one another.

Lord, here's a heart,
Thy temple it should be. Good Master,
 rout
All mean intruders, turn the dearest out,
And only let Thine own true priest-
 hood in:
Be Thou the keeper; keep from every sin.
O, take this heart!

Lord, here's a life,
With all its possibilities of ill
Or boundless good, as Thou, my Lord, shalt
 will;
If Thou dost bless, life shall a blessing be;
If Thou withhold, Lord, all must come from
 Thee.
O, take this life!

Religious Intelligence.

PAN-METHODISM.

The Ecumenical Conference has attracted greater attention than ever before, though the Associated Press despatches emphasize doubtless the surface differences of opinion rather than the great underlying agreement. It seems strange that in America, "the land of the free," the negro should rest under such social disabilities, while in monarchical and aristocratic Britain there is absolutely no "colour line." The half-dozen American delegates who left their hotel on account of the presence of a coloured man, do not represent the highest type of civilization or Christian brotherhood. Bishop Walters, himself a negro, received the heartiest welcome of any of the American delegates. He made, says *The Outlook*, an impassioned plea against race prejudice, and asked from the English people that sympathy for his race in the future which had been extended in the past. In denouncing the lynchings of the blacks, he affirmed that in only eleven cases out of ninety negroes who were lynched was there proof of assault upon white women.

The Boer War was another apple of discord. Sir Charles Skelton and another "Little Englander," denounced the war, but Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. F. W. Perks, both leading Liberal statesmen, opposed politically to the Government, maintained its righteousness. Mr. Joseph Gibson, of Ingersoll, Ontario, and our own Dr. Potts, in strongly patriotic speeches, vindicated the policy of Great Britain.

It is remarkable that from the great British dependencies over seas came the warmest and strongest manifestations of love and loyalty to the Motherland. "They little know of England, who only England know." The parish politics of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Stead are utterly inadequate expressions of the mission and destiny of the world-wide British Empire.

We quote from an exchange the following figures: The first Ecumenical Conference was held in City Road Chapel, September, 1881. Twenty-eight different branches of Methodism were represented by four hundred delegates equally divided between ministers and laymen. The second

Conference was held in Metropolitan Church, Washington, D.C., October, 1891, with five hundred delegates in attendance. Between the first and second Conferences Methodism in general advanced from a membership of barely 5,000,000 to over 6,500,000—a net gain of 1,500,000 in ten years. The present membership in round numbers is 7,400,000, making the gain in the last decade only 900,000."

DEACONESS PROGRESS.

The last report of the Toronto Deaconess Home and Training School, submitted by Rev. I. Tovell, chairman, and Rev. A. Brown, secretary, is one which causes us to thank God and take courage. We have given much prominence in this magazine to the noble work which has been accomplished by the devoted handmaids of the Lord—that is the name given them in the early Church, *Ancillae Dei*—for we are convinced that there is no more vital link between Methodism and the masses than their consecrated services. We abridge as follows some of the special features of this report:

"This work has long since passed its experimental stages. A Deaconess Home in any locality soon becomes a centre of religious activities which are felt in all directions, and gathers to itself the sympathy and support of Christian people; it demonstrates the need of its existence, and proves itself worthy of an honourable place among the institutions of the Church. All this has been abundantly realized in Toronto. Calls for deaconesses are coming in from other cities. A thoroughly qualified worker has just been appointed to the Centenary Church, Hamilton, and it is confidently expected that this will prove the beginning of a large and regularly organized work within that Conference. Another deaconess has gone to St. John's, Newfoundland; still another to Picton, Ont.

"The past year has been one of steady progress. The various departments, such as Nursing, Visiting, Kindergarten, etc., have been represented in the churches and in mission spheres by well-trained and fully-devoted deaconesses; and, while there

have been the usual discouragements incident to such labour, fruit has abounded to their account.

"The rescue work, with the advantages of a Rescue Home, now secured, may be expected to assume larger proportions and result in increasing good. To save the tempted and lift up the fallen is the Christ-like object of this effort.

"The fresh-air work has been attended with gratifying success, scores of children realizing a new joy amid country scenes, and breathing a new life away from the stifling atmosphere and demoralizing conditions of their city abodes.

"During the year over 12,000 calls have been made for various purposes. Over 2,000 hours have been spent in nursing the sick. Food has been supplied to an average of 80 families per month. Employment has been found for persons out of work at the rate of 35 per month, more than one a day being thus assisted to an honourable livelihood. Over 5,000 articles of clothing have been distributed. These figures only afford a sample of the tabulated results, while above and beyond these are the results which figures cannot enumerate, and which no classification can set forth.

"The Training School continues to attract young women who are seeking to prepare themselves for Christian service. As many students as could be accommodated have been in attendance during the past year.

"Pastors appreciate the fact that no better assistance to their work can be found than a deaconess, and even one of our missionaries has asked that a deaconess be sent to help him.

"The Metropolitan, Carlton Street, Queen Street, and Bathurst Street Churches have each engaged a deaconess to assist their minister, for whose services they pay into the treasury \$200, and car-fare, per year.

"Miss Scott, Superintendent of the Home, and other deaconesses, will gladly respond to invitations from pastors to speak in their churches. It is recommended that pastors avail themselves of this opportunity, not merely for the sake of helping the deaconess work, but for the sake of stimulation in every movement which seeks to save and bless the people."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

We quote the following article from 'The Message and Deaconess Advo-

cate, an official organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church. What is said of Romanism in the United States is no less true of Romanism in Canada. Indeed, we have by far the most colos-

Idia Harrison, Louise V. Fullerton, Annie L. Irwin, E. Jean Scott, Agnes M. Thompson, Fannie Mills, Jennetta M. Johnston, Ethelind E. Howson, Superintendent
GRADUATING CLASS, 1901.



Lottie M. Deacon, Jean E. Whitworth, Anna Whitfield Day, Millicent E. Stone, Bertha M. Wisner, Eliza I. Boyd, Maude Peritt.

sal and consolidated conventual system in this country that there is on this continent, many of the American convents having their mother house in the cities of Quebec and Montreal. Not even in Mexico, where

the Roman Catholic Church has had sway for four hundred years, is the hierarchy so dominant as in Canada. In that country, ecclesiastical property, in which vast sums were accumulated by the spoliation of the people, has been sequestered by Government and secularized for educational and similar purposes, and the wearing of distinctive ecclesiastical garbs and ecclesiastical processions, which are so common a feature in the Province of Quebec, are not permitted in the Mexican Republic. The Advocate's article is as follows:

Why has the deaconess work been so successful? Why is it attracting such eager attention and expectation from those who love God and humanity? One might answer in the words of one of the wisest of our bishops, "It furnishes the principal meeting-place between Methodism and the lapsed masses," but there is, I believe, a still more profound reason. The world wants mothering. Mother love has its part to do in winning the world to Christ, as well as father wisdom and teaching and guidance. The deaconess movement puts the mother into the Church. It supplies the feminine element so greatly needed in the Protestant Church, and thus is rooted deep in the very heart of humanity's needs.

The Roman Church has won its victories in America far more by its white-capped sisters than its black-cassocked priests. These women at work, noiselessly but tirelessly, with children, the sick, the aged, in education and reformation, may well command our study. They have thrown themselves into the work of the Church with a courage and devotion that attempts anything. Their hospitals, for instance, are everywhere. A single order of sisters has determined to plant a hospital in every city in Indiana that has 10,000 inhabitants. Methodism prides itself on one little hospital, in a city of 2,000,000. Romanism has five hospitals in that city, and is planning another.

Romanism can do this work—it has the women. In and near three of the principal cities of our land there are

5,300 sisters. Think what it would mean to Methodism to have in three cities 5,300 deaconesses. But we have some deaconesses, and the number is growing. We have caught the idea, and all the rest will follow. Orphanages, hospitals, literary schools, homes for the aged—what may we not undertake, once the now unused energies of our free women bend themselves to work? Miss Drexel, years ago, gave herself and \$10,000,000 to the Roman Church. Is there less devotion to the Methodist Church, where giving one's self to the Church means no loss of freedom, no convents, but free, joyful, loving activity?

Of our Toronto Deaconess Home Miss Horton, of the Chicago Deaconess Advocate, writes:

"The Wesley Avenue Home in Cincinnati, or the new New York building may rival this, but with these possible exceptions, there is probably not a deaconess home building in America so beautifully complete in every detail. The friends to whose generous planning this is due have not spared any expense that could subserve comfort or convenience. The building has but one fault. It is not sufficiently expansive to meet the needs of the growing work."

Under the administration of Miss Scott the Home and Deaconess movement among us has reached the marked success above noted. While we are indebted to our Methodist friends of the United States for the gift to this country of Miss Scott's eminent services, it is gratifying to know that the accomplished and efficient head of the Deaconess Home in Chicago is a Canadian lady, Miss Bella Leitch. This is a kind of international reciprocity of which we can stand a good deal.

Mrs. Lucy Ryder Meyer has the distinction of being the originator, in 1887, of the deaconess work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. To-day there are in that church 82 Deaconess Institutes and 28 stations, centres of work, but not of training, with 786 deaconesses and probationers at work.

He comes to make the long injustice right,
Comes to push back the shadows of the night—
The gray Tradition, full of flint and flaw—
Comes to wipe out the insults to the soul,
The insults of the few against the whole:
The insults they make righteous with a law.

Book Notices.

"The Tribulations of a Princess." With portraits from photographs. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." New York and London: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 379. Price, net, \$2.25.

The great bulk of mankind who keep the roiseless tenor of their way along the cool, sequestered vale of life are apt to look with envy on those who walk its sun-gilded mountain tops. If we knew more of their real lot we would not envy them so much. Thus the self-revealing of this story is a disillusion of the glamour of rank. The author, though possessing name, fame, and fortune, was miserable. The victim of a loveless marriage, her heart pined for "the joys that happy peasants have."

Born in Brittany, the daughter of a German father and Russian mother, and the wife of an Austrian prince, she saw much of court life in many of the capitals of Europe, and amid its pomp and splendour, with banquets, where the flowers cost \$30,000, and sixty liveried footmen waited upon thirty guests, she yet confesses that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Amid the splendour of her surroundings we realize the miseries of a palace. Her dearest friend was the unhappy Empress Elizabeth of Austria, whose tragic fate cast a gloom over her life.

Like the Empress she was a keen sportswoman. Her story describes her adventures in many lands, from the snowy wastes of Siberia, with the thermometer at — 48°, to the burning sands of Egypt and Algiers. She describes vividly the exactions of the Prussians from the French—a striking contrast to the clemency of the British to the Boers. "The peasants mortgaged their fields and sold their harvests before they ripened; while the highest ladies of the land pawned their jewels and gave up all display of luxury, regretting only that they could do so little when they saw the humble peasant girls and the poor fishermen's wives cutting their luxuriant tresses as if they had suddenly been stricken by the plague, in order to add what little gold they thus obtained to the glittering treasures

which the relentless Prussians so greedily demanded." Her description of the horrors of a field hospital, in which she served as a nurse, dispels the glamour of the pomp and circumstance of war. The book has more than the interest of the average novel. It is written with much literary skill, and sparkles with epigram and anecdote.

"The Mystery of Baptism." By Rev. John Stockton Axtell, Ph.D. 12mo, cloth, 401 pages. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.20, net.

The subject of this book is one which has engaged the deepest attention of men for ages, and has caused countless crossings of swords in doctrinal battles. Yet the present author has gone back of the controversies in which the subject has been so long involved, and has revealed truths hitherto left hidden, has set forth the old truths in new light, giving them new force and meaning, and has, withal, cast aside the weapons of strife and debate, and clothed the truth in the garments of love.

His plan has been to take the Bible and, with some aid from Greek literature on the one side and from the early history of the Church on the other side, seek to find out the original meaning, purpose, and nature of the baptismal ceremony, his supreme desire being to exalt its highest spiritual benefits, and demonstrate the essential nature of baptism as embodied and taught in the original ceremony in contradistinction to all attendant devotional rites and other ceremonies.

The author shows from the testimony of the Catacombs and from ancient literature that the original mode of baptism, without question, was by sprinkling or pouring. He shows how a change of mode took place through the adoption of Gentile superstitions and ceremonies, and of magnifying the assumed efficacy of baptism as a cleansing rite. With the Reformation of Luther a return was made to the primitive usage in the mode of baptism with the exception of the Anabaptists and the Churches derived from them. The book is one of the most sane and sensible treatments of this subject that we know.

"Science and Christianity." By F. Bettex. Translated from the German. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 326. Price, \$1.50.

This book is written with that fullness and accuracy of scientific knowledge which is so characteristic of German physicists. It has remarkable interest for its exposition of the progress of science if for nothing else. But its special purpose is to show that "the Creator and his creation in nowise contradict one another; and that all the discoveries of science have been, and ever will be, powerless to prove that His word deceived mankind. To make clear the fact how little real science is hidden behind the fine phrases and sounding words of the infidel, and how little he himself understands of the material creation which he affirms to be the only, one, and to show that the Christian and biblical conception of the universe is more logical, more harmonious, more in accordance with facts, therefore more scientific than all philosophies, all systems, materialistic and atheistic." This purpose has been fully and fairly and conclusively carried out in the successive chapters on Progress, Evolution, and Modern Science, Christians and Science, Science and Materialism.

"Henry Drummond." A Biographical Sketch. (With Bibliography). By Cuthbert Linnox. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. xvi-244. Price, 75c. net.

Henry Drummond was one of the most fascinating men of his age. He captivated all classes of society, the college recluse and the man on the street, even the roughs and toughs of the slums. A striking picture illustrates this—Drummond at Dollis Hill, the residence of Lord Aberdeen, with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord and Lady Aberdeen appearing in the picture with the distinguished scholar. His scientific learning enabled him to speak with authority to the men of science, his evangelistic zeal commended him to the most zealous revivalist. In this life-story he is allowed in large part to speak for himself. All the quaintness and humour of the man appear. It is a concise and inexpensive book and will, we doubt not, take its place permanently as *the* Life of Drummond.

"Poems and Translations." By Lewis Frederick Starrett. Boston: Rand, Avery Company. Pp. viii-219.

Mr. Starrett has made a special study of German literature, especially of the German poets. In this volume are included no fewer than one hundred and thirty-three translations from the most eminent, chiefly of the present century. It includes those great masters of verse, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Uhland, and many others. The German poetic literature is very rich and full and varied, and especially in such poets as Uhland and Herder is of profound religious significance. We know not where can be found so representative a collection from this rich poetic literature. The "Black, Red, Gold," and "The Free Press," from Freiligrath, stir the pulses like the peal of a clarion. Mr. Starrett adds a number of fine original poems, including a picturesque recital of the legend of the giant St. Christopher, such a favourite theme in religious art.

"Religion and Morality." By Daniel Carey. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 92. Price, 50 cents.

Religion and Morality—these great principles which God hath joined let no man put asunder. Yet one of the most unhappy features in the history of mankind has been their wide divorce. Paul, beholding the many gods at Athens, declared that its people were too superstitious, that is, too much addicted to merely outward religion. For even among that refined and cultured people iniquity abounded. The religious teaching of Zoroaster, Gautama and Confucius contained many admirable sentiments, but they have for the most part been powerless to change the lives of their devotees.

Unhappily this divorce of religion and morality has not been unknown in Christian communities. There are some who profess to be the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, yet have not exhibited His meek and lowly spirit. Pride and anger, hatred and all uncharitableness have too often been exhibited by the professed disciples of Christ. St. Dominic and Torquemada thought they did God's service by halting men and women to prison and to death for their

religious convictions. This valuable book shows how religion and morality stand related to each other in the Old Testament and the New, points out the absolute need of their intimate relation, and the sweeping reforms which it will bring about.

"Freedom's Next War for Humanity." By Charles Edward Locke, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 299. Price, \$1.25.

The fight for freedom, perfect freedom of the body and the soul, is not yet won, nor ever will be till the last strongholds of sin shall be destroyed and universal righteousness prevail. There is need in every age for the prophet and the seer to denounce the wrong and summon men to a holy war against the wrongs and wickedness of the times. Such a man is the writer of this book. He arraigns with impassioned words the great crime of the liquor traffic, and blows a battle-blast for a crusade against this national sin. The book is written with fervid eloquence, it is logic set on fire, and stirs the pulses like the peal of a clarion. "It is," says Bishop Fowler, "a vigorous handling in the spirit of Christian faith of the social and economic problems of the hour that refuse to be postponed."

"Sanctification: Right Views and Other Views." By S. M. Merrill. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 105. Price, thirty cents.

Notwithstanding the many books on this subject, Bishop Merrill's little treatise is not superfluous. "My persuasion is firm," he says, "that the founders of our Methodism apprehended and forcefully presented the scope and spirit of the Gospel with reference to the privileges of believers in their wonderful experiences of emerging from sin—death—into the full-orbed life of righteousness." This little book is published to call attention afresh to these old views, clear and cogent teachings of John Wesley, and that "it may aid in removing the reproach that has come to the doctrine through partial, superficial, and extreme teachings." The book cannot fail, if devoutly studied, to do much good.

"Atonement." A Brief Study. By S. M. Merrill. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 160. Price, 30c.

Mary bulky books have been written on this important subject, but we know of none where it is treated so concisely yet clearly and satisfactorily as in this short study by Bishop Merrill. There are many loose and fallacious teachings in current literature on this subject. "There are scores of busy laymen, Sunday-school teachers, officers of the Epworth League, and even young ministers, whose duty it is to help others of less experience than themselves, who may receive benefit from its perusal." For such persons this book would be of great value.

"Selections from the Writings of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A." Compiled and arranged with a preface by Herbert Welch. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 342. Price, \$1.25.

While a great many Methodists know a good deal about John Wesley, they may be hardly said to know John Wesley himself. There is nothing like reading a man's own writings to know the man. To read these sermons, letters and short articles is like hearing John Wesley preach or speak. His letter to a Roman Catholic will greatly raise our estimate both of the staunch Protestantism, kindly and liberal Christianity and broad Catholicity of the venerable founder of Methodism.

"The Convert and His Relations." By L. W. Munhall, M.A., D.D. Author of "Furnishing for Workers," "Lord's Return, and Kindred Truth," etc. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 194. Price, \$1.

Dr. Munhall has had large experience as an evangelist, and he here embodies in a series of brief chapters wise counsels to the young convert on his relations to the Holy Spirit, to the Church, to the Bible, to the world, to the work, to the future.

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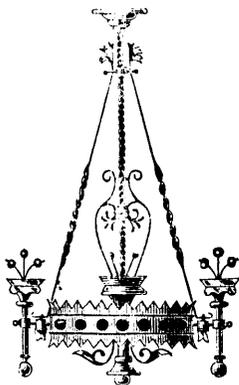
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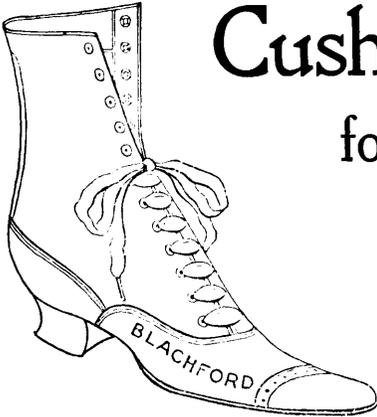
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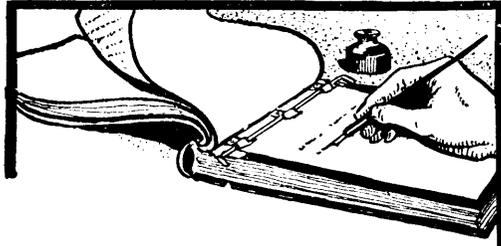
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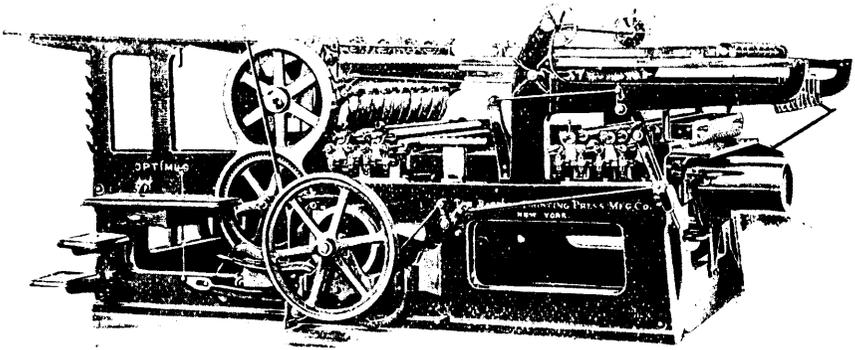
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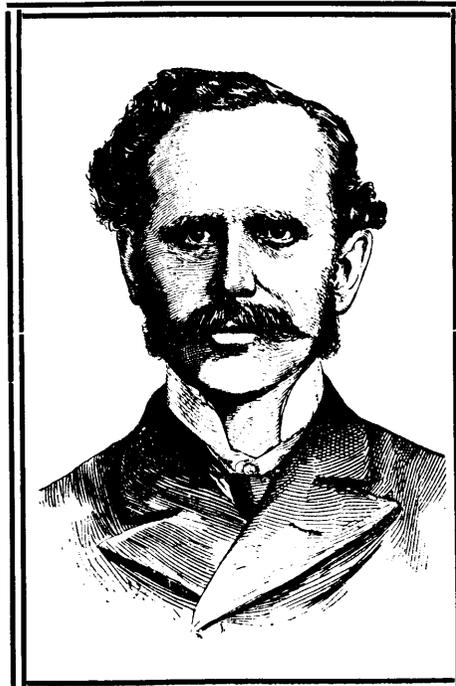
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