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# METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

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Religion, Literature and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,

EDITOR.

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# CONTENTS

	PAGE
ALMA-TADEMA, LAURENCE. Bernard McEvoy.....	387
ANTIQUE SPOONS. T. W. Greene.....	238
ARCHITECTURE, THE STORY OF. Isaac Ogden Rankin.....	130, 200, 313
BIBLICAL CRITICISM AND ITS RESULTS. Rev. W. Harrison.....	268
BISMARCK, THE BETTER SIDE OF. The Editor.....	369
BOOK NOTICES.....	91, 190, 286, 382, 476, 573
BRITISH PULPIT, THE MODERN. Rev. J. T. L. Maggs, B.A., D.D. ....	439
BURNE-JONES, SIR EDWARD. Alfred T. Story.....	534
CANADA, SOLDIERING IN.....	3
CANADIAN HEROINE, A.....	276
CHILD WIVES AND CHILD WIDOWS OF INDIA. D. L. Woolmer and W. H. Withrow .....	523
CHRISTMAS HOMILY, A. Ian MacLaren (Rev. John Watson, D.D.).....	568
CHURCH ON THE ROCK, THE. Mrs. Emma E. Hornibrook.....	259
CRUSHED FLOWER, A. Maude Pettit, B.A.....	364
CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.....	87, 279, 374, 465, 566
DALE, DR. ROBERT W.—A GREAT PREACHER .....	273
DEACONESSSES ANCIENT AND MODERN. The Editor.....	183
DEACONESS MOVEMENT IN CANADA, THE.....	83
DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN. Rev. S. Horton.....	454
DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN, A.—SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L. ....	45
DOES BRITAIN OR THE UNITED STATES HOLD THE FUTURE? Howard Glassford.....	23
DONALD CAMP, THE SERMON OF. Elspeth Moray.....	263
DOUGHBOBORS IN RUSSIA AND CANADA, THE. Ernest H. Crosby.....	513
DUCKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK, THE.....	373
ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE—WESLEY'S CHAPEL, CITY ROAD.....	469
EMPIRE BUILDING, MORE.....	270
EPTAPHI. Rev. T. E. Holling, B.A.....	153
FARRAR, FREDERICK W., D.D. Ignolus.....	142
FAWCETT, SIR HENRY, THE BLIND POSTMASTER OF ENGLAND.....	216, 347
GOSPEL OF THE INFANCY, THE.....	556
GLORIOUS GOSPEL TRIUMPHS.....	505
HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN, THE SUPPLEMENT OF. Alice A. Chown.....	443
JOHN WESLEY, THE CHURCHMANSHIP OF. Rev. W. Harrison.....	336
"KILLING TIME," THE ROMANCE OF THE. Rev. Alex. J. Irwin, B.A., B.D.....	207, 352
KINETOSCOPE, THE. Geo. S. Hodgins.....	461
KING ALFRED THE GREAT. Professor Goldwin Smith, LL.D.....	17, 99
KING EDWARD, THE COURT OF. Fritz Cunliffe-Owen.....	420
LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE, THE.....	177
LEIGHTON, LORD.....	226
"LET US FOLLOW HIM." Isabelle Horton.....	325
LITTLE PETE'S LAST CHRISTMAS. Isabelle Horton.....	559
MARKHAM MENNONITES, THE. Rev. W. H. Adams.....	395
METHODISM AND CITY MISSION WORK. Rev. T. E. Shore, M.A., B.D.....	49
MINISTER'S SELF-ABNEGATION, THE. Douglas Hemmeon.....	165
MISSIONARY VISTA, THE. Right Rev. Henry B. Whipple, D.D., LL.D.....	272
MISSION BOARDS.....	570
MISSIONS AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS. Rev. J. P. Berry, B.A.....	242
MR. STEAD'S NEW CRAZE.....	565
NOBLE LIFE, A.—WALTER E. H. MASSEY.....	563
NOT WITHOUT AVAIL. Norman W. Gray.....	174
NOVA SCOTIA, BUILDERS OF. Sir John G. Bourinot, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L.....	105, 195, 301
OUR BROTHER IN BLACK. Editor.....	483
PHOEBE—SISTER AND SERVANT. Isabelle Horton.....	113
PRAIRIE FARM, THE EPIC OF A. Harold Bindloss.....	28
PREACHING AND PASTORAL WORK IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D.....	320
PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.....	374
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.....	465
QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAMILY, THE TRAINING OF. James L. Hughes.....	491
RELIGIOUS DRIFT. The Editor.....	86
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.....	89, 187, 283, 379, 469, 570
REWARD OF A SACRIFICE, THE. Ella M. Towns.....	359
RHINE, THE STORIED. H. A. Guerber and W. H. Withrow.....	291, 430
RHONE SKETCHES. Joseph Pennell.....	147
ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN. Annette J. Noble.....	68, 158, 249
ROMANCE OF MISSIONS, THE.—ST. BONIFACE, THE APOSTLE OF GERMANY. Editor.....	211

ROMAN VILLA AT DARENTH, THE.....	222
RUDYARD KIPLING, THE METHODISM OF. Rev. G. R. Holt Shafto.....	512
RUMBLINGS OF REVOLUTION. Maude Pettit, B.A.....	138
SAILOR AND SAINT. Rev. J. G. Angwin.....	415
SAINT OF THE PARSONAGE, THE. Jay Benson Hamilton, D.D.....	256
SAVINGS BANK, THE ROMANCE OF THE. Rev. James Cooko Seymour.....	499
SCIENCE NOTES.....	463
SIBERIA, THROUGH.....	181
SKY-PILOT'S PARISH, "AL." SCENES FROM A. J. W. Bengough.....	76
SNOW, THE FIRST. F. Charlton.....	551
SOGA, THE KAFIR MISSIONARY. Rev. J. W. Davidson, B.A., B.D.....	232
SOUND AND SPIRIT. T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac.....	341
SOUTH AFRICA, THE PRICE OF.....	87
ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. Prof. Francis Huston Wallace, M.A., D.D.....	406
STORRS, DR., A LOVE TRIBUTE TO. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.....	185
SMETHAM, JAMES, THE ARTIST SAINT. James Cape Story.....	509
TORONTO. James L. Hughes.....	33
TURNED LESSON. A. M. Frederick.....	266
"TWIXT TWO CENTURIES: LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD. Frederick W. Farrar, D.D.....	122
UNANSWERED LETTER, THE. Rev. Arthur Browning.....	314
UNPROFITABLE SERVANT, AN. L. G. Moberly.....	169
VICTORIA REGINA. W. W. Campbell.....	14
WASHINGTON, BOOKER T., THE LIFE-STORY OF. Editor.....	183
WHAT HAPPENED TO TED. Isabelle Horton.....	447, 546
"WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?" Isabelle Horton.....	59

## POETRY.

A GERMAN LEGEND.....	319
A SONG IN THE NIGHT. Amy Parkinson.....	458
AUTUMN HYMN, AN. Arthur John Lockhart (Pastor Felix).....	358
B'LLADE OF BURDEN, A.....	48
BEYOND. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.....	237
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, To. Lewis F. Starrett.....	22
BY THE BROOK CHERITH. Josephine Rand.....	269
CHRISTMAS.—IN WAR TIME.....	508
CHRISTMAS WISH, A. Adelaide A. Proctor.....	511
DEEP SIGHING OF THE POOR, THE. Charlotte Elizabeth Wells.....	67
DER LETZTE DICHTER—THE LAST POET. Rev. N. L. Frothingham.....	180
ENOCH. Amy Parkinson.....	442
ETHER MUSIC. Florence Liffiton.....	310
GEORGE MARTIN. Arthur John Lockhart (Pastor Felix).....	469
"GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED." Amy Parkinson.....	176
GRANT US THY PEACE. Emily Appleton Ware.....	446
HAVE THE BIRDS COME? Pastor Felix.....	186
"HIS GREAT LOVE." Amy Parkinson.....	58
"IF MEAT OFFEND." Silas Salt.....	319
IN THE BEGINNING. R. Walter Wright.....	311
L'ENVOI. Rudyard Kipling.....	224
MY ALL IN ALL. Rev. J. Laycock.....	414
NATIVITY, THE. Horatius Bonar.....	558
"NO NEED HAVE THEY TO GO AWAY." Samuel L. Haworth.....	85
NOUGHT BUT SLEEP? Maude Pettit, B.A.....	419
OLD YEAR, FAREWELL TO THE. Florence Liffiton.....	493
PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.....	173
PRAYER, A. Rudyard Kipling.....	335
PRESENT CRISIS, THE. Bishop Cox.....	168
QUIETNESS. Emily Huntington Miller.....	221
RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS, THE.....	459
SARDIS, IN. Louise Manning Hodgkins.....	225
SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS, THE. Edwin Markham.....	498
SONG IN THE NIGHT, THE. Amy Parkinson.....	458
STILL, STILL WITH THEE.....	346
THE EVE OF MARY. Nora Hopper.....	533
THE GREATER GLORY. Rev. J. C. Speer.....	324
THE PURE IN HEART. William H. Burleigh.....	265
THE PARTING YEAR. Pastor Felix.....	512
THE THREE CALLS. Manfred J. Gaskell.....	460
UNION WITH GOD. Lewis Frederick Starrett.....	112
WHEN ON MY DAY OF LIFE THE NIGHT IS FALLING.....	278
"WHERE WAST THOU, O WORLD!." Louise Dunham Goldsberry.....	512
YULETIDE, AT. Amy Parkinson.....	522



Major Dunn.      Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison.      Captain Denison.      Lieut. Merritt.  
Quartermaster Charles Mair.      Lieut. Fleming.      Surgeon Baldwin.

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# Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1901.

## SOLDIERING IN CANADA.\*



TRUMPETER.—“Reveille.”



HE vivacious volume which Colonel Denison has written under this title is an important contribution to the history of our country, and is one of the many valuable services which he has rendered the land of his birth.

The Denison family have been in-

\* “Soldiering in Canada. Recollections and Experiences.” By Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison. Late Commanding the Governor-General’s Body Guard. Author of “Modern Cavalry,” “A History of Cavalry,” etc. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company (Limited). 8vo, pp. xi-364. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00.

timately associated with the history of Canada for over a hundred years. With very few exceptions, we think, each male member of the family to the number of twenty-six, has rendered important military service either at home or abroad.

This is not a second-hand history, but the narration of a leading actor in the scenes described. Of the stirring incidents here recorded the writer may truthfully say *Magna pars fui*. Yet nothing could be further from egotism than the modest narrative of Colonel Denison. He gives high praise to his comrades-in-arms, to the regiment which he commanded, and to the Canadian Militia, but speaks of the important part played by himself in a very unassuming manner.

We purpose giving a brief sketch of this book, which will, we trust, induce very many of our readers to make its acquaintance for themselves. By the liberality of author and publisher it is issued at a mere nominal price, which brings it within the reach of every one.

Colonel Denison comes of blended U. E. Loyalist and English stock, His great grandfather, Captain John Denison of the Second York Regiment, England, was one of the pioneers of Upper Canada. He settled in Toronto in its earliest years, in 1796. The Denisons have always possessed military instincts. His grandfather, Lieut.-Col. George Taylor Denison, served as a volunteer officer in the war of 1812, and commanded his troop of cavalry in '837. His father and brother also saw active service in the rebellion.

His maternal grandfather, Major Dewson, served in the Waterloo campaign, and also in the rebellion of 1837. His paternal grandmother was the daughter of Captain Lippincott, a United Empire Loyalist who fought for his king in the American revolution. In the

grandfather was on the frontier with the York Volunteers in 1812, his young wife with two children lived in a lonely clearing in the forest a few miles from Toronto. It was a trying time. The country was invaded, the capital was captured and burned, and in the winter



LIEUT.-COL. G. T. DENISON (*Belleve*).  
Uniform 1822-1838.

family gatherings the conversation often turned upon the stirring events of the war time, and small wonder that the boy drank in with avidity those tales of derring-do.

Household traditions could not fail to cultivate a sturdy loyalty in the youthful scions of this patriotic family. When Colonel Denison's

wolves gathered round the solitary house and looked into the windows, so that the brave young wife had on one occasion to sit up all night and replenish the open fire to frighten them from breaking the glass. "In those days," says Colonel Denison, "there must have been thousands of women all over



Canada left under similar conditions while the men were fighting for their homes." His grandfather reports that he had ridden all day long without seeing an able-bodied man, the women and children and very old men alone being seen working in the fields, the rest were all with the army. "With a people animated with this spirit," he adds, "we can understand how a population of 70,000 in Upper Canada, with the assistance of a small British force, were able to preserve their freedom against the assaults of a nation of 8,000,000, which, during the war, called out under arms no less than 576,622 men."

On one occasion the colonel's grandfather was sent with a large sum of money, about \$40,000, from York around to the army headquarters on the Niagara frontier. Approaching St. David's he learned that the village was captured, and the gallant officer, feeling that discretion was the better part of valour, galloped away, pursued by the enemy's cavalry, and with great difficulty escaped. When York was captured in 1813 he was sent with a party of men to set fire to the ships in the docks and also a frigate in the harbour. The officer in command objected, and the vessel and all on board were captured and our Colonel's grandfather was detained prisoner of war for six months.

By a fine poetical justice, in 1895, the Canadian Government requested Lieut.-Colonel Denison to unveil the monument at Lundy's Lane where was won the victory that practically ended the war. Canada retained every foot of its soil, and the Canadian militia, with slight help from abroad, had repelled invasion at several points of its far-extended frontier.

The Denisons devoted themselves to the peaceful evolution of their country till the rebellion of 1837

brought several of its members again into military service. Both the Colonel's grandfathers were engaged in the defence of Toronto. His father, who was stationed at Chippewa, saw through a powerful telescope, the American steamer *Caroline* carrying field pieces to Grand Island for the rebels. This information was immediately conveyed to the commanding officer, Sir Allan McNab. The result was that an expedition was ordered that night to cut her out from her moorings. She was set on fire and sent over the Falls.

Colonel Denison has rendered very important service in the organization of the Canadian militia. This work indeed was begun by his grandfather and carried on by his father and uncle, who raised a troop of volunteer cavalry and purchased uniforms and equipment at their own expense. For many years the Denison troop furnished the Governor-General's military escort at state functions. The gallant officer whose record we abridge was a major at twenty-two, lieutenant-colonel at twenty-seven, and was probably the youngest cornet, lieutenant, captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel in the Canadian cavalry.

Colonel Denison has always taken a very keen interest in discussing the military defences of Canada, and has been styled by Haliburton, "the watch-dog of the Empire." His zeal has sometimes been criticised, as on the outbreak of the American war, but the increase of the military organization of the country from 7,000 to 30,000 active militia, which was rendered necessary in order to guard our frontier, vindicate his foresight. The need of guarding our extended frontier against Fenian raids still further confirmed his judgment.

During the American war there were many southern refugees in

Canada. To these Colonel Denison extended a hearty hospitality. Among them was Lieut. Davis, a Confederate officer barely twenty years of age. Colonel Denison concealed him in his house, while Mrs. Denison sewed into his clothing a despatch written on thin silk,

guard, and General Lee. Of the latter he says:

"No man ever impressed me as he did." He strongly urged the General to visit him in Canada, which he agreed to do, but a sudden illness interposed, followed by his death, which occurred on the



COL. G. T. DENISON (*Rusholme*).  
Uniform 1858-1867.

and assisted his return to the Confederacy. He was, however, arrested as a spy, tried, and condemned to death, but was pardoned through the clemency of the large-hearted Abraham Lincoln.

Colonel Denison met many of the leading Southerners, among them Jefferson Davis, General Beaure-

gard, and General Lee. Of the latter he says:

"The Fenian Raid of 1866 brought Colonel Denison into active—sometimes very active—service. He gave up his legal profession and hurried to the front with all the available troopers he could rally. His account of the campaign on the

frontier is very graphic, and is made luminous by an excellent map. The rapidity of his movements is shown in the following statement:

"I had taken my corps about forty miles across the lake on a steamer to Port Dalhousie, disembarked there, got a train made up and entrained the men and horses and went to Port Robinson, some twenty miles, detrained there, fed men and horses, marched nine miles to Chippewa, then six to New Germany, then nine miles to Brown's Farm, where we struck the Fenian pickets within twelve hours from the time we left the wharf in Toronto."

While crossing the lake, he procured a barrel of hard tack and gave one large biscuit to each man, with orders to produce it for inspection that night. Some carried them in their holsters, "some wags bored holes in them, hung them around their neck and wore them as medals;" but this was all the food they got that night.

The Sunday following the raid was one of unwonted excitement throughout Canada. In many of the churches bulletins announcing the names of the killed and wounded were read from the pulpits. In the cities stores and hospital supplies were collected, and patriotic women met to prepare lint and ambulance necessaries. All day the telegraph wires flashed intelligence of alarm or reassurance. Toward evening the city of Toronto was moved by a common sorrow, as the bodies of her slain volunteers, seven in number, were received by an immense concourse of the citizens. Two days later they were borne, with funeral pageantry, to their early graves. A grateful country has erected a marble monument to their memory, which shall be an imperishable inspiration of patriotism to successive generations of the ingenuous youth of Canada.

Colonel Denison has always wielded the pen of a ready writer. His record of the raid is long since

out of print, and any stray copy brings a large price. The following is the testimony of Colonel Denison as to the benefits of total abstinence:

"I was very much adverse to the use of stimulants on service, not that I was a professed temperance man or teetotaler, but simply because I believed men could do more and better work without them. Colonel Wolseley's idea seemed to accord with mine, but he thought that, perhaps, where men were exposed to cold and wet it might be advisable to issue a little occasionally. I did not think it necessary even under these circumstances. He instanced the service in the trenches before Sebastopol, as a case where it might, perhaps, be necessary. I referred to the custom in our lumber camps, where the men were often wet and exposed to cold, and I mentioned the use of hot tea, and suggested that any time he was out shooting near lumber camps he might make inquiries. I am under the impression that he must have looked into the matter for himself, for when he took command of the Red River Expedition, four years after, he forbade the use of spirits in the force, and supplied them with tea instead. I was glad to find that the experience in that campaign proved that it was a most satisfactory experiment."

Colonel Wolseley required prompt service, and Lieut.-Colonel Denison was just the man to render it. One night at 1 a.m. he received a note at Fort Erie asking him to make a careful survey of the Black Creek country. He was at the first bridge by daylight, worked till noon, riding many miles, examining eleven bridges. He completed his map and reached Thorold that night. Colonel Wolseley said, "I wrote you last night, and would like you to let me have your report as soon as possible." I said, "Here it is, sir." Two days later Wolseley went over the ground, verified the map, and sent the copy to England as a substitute for that of the ordnance department, which was very imperfect.

The hardest of the Colonel's militia experiences was that soldiering interfered very much with

his profession. While he was at the front his clients went off to other lawyers and did not return. "During 1867, and the beginning of 1868," he writes, "I knew what it was to be ground down by poverty, finding it most difficult to support my family, even in the most frugal way."

Colonel Denison accompanied Sir Henry Havelock, the son of Have-

want to know what's your business." "Who are you?" they asked. "I am a captain of the militia," he answered. "Oh, pshaw," said Denison, "I am a colonel myself." "So am I," said Havelock. "Now, look here," said the captain, "that kind of nonsense will not do." So they were placed under arrest next day till they could give an account of themselves.



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P.

lock of the Indian Mutiny, on a tour through the eastern townships for the purpose of verifying the ordnance maps. As a Fenian Raid was imminent, their proceedings excited a good deal of local suspicion. At the hotel where they slept a man came into their room with a lighted match, looked them over and said, "You are two very suspicious-looking characters; I

"That," says Colonel Denison, "was the only time I was ever arrested."

The same Colonel Havelock was a highly eccentric and impulsive man, of whom the following story is told:

"He rode into Darlington, Yorkshire, which was close to his country seat, and sent a boy up to the editor of the newspaper asking him to come down to the

street to speak to him for a few minutes, as he could not leave his horse. The boy came back with a message that the editor was busy and could not come down. Sir Henry said he would not leave his horse, and therefore rode him up two flights of

in the room, and the editor had to dance about out of his way, but he concluded by saying, 'Now the editor comes down if I go to see him mounted.' Havelock was afterwards killed in the Khyber Pass, in 1898."



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, BART., V.C. (1867).

stairs into the editor's room, spoke to him from the horse's back, expressed his regret at having to bring his horse up, and, having finished the interview, he rode around the editor's table and back again out into the street. He said the horse tumbled things about a good deal

Colonel Denison had a strong literary instinct, was a scientific soldier, and was very fond of his profession. He is best known to literary fame as the winner of the prize of \$4,000 offered by the Grand

Duke of Russia for the best "History of Cavalry." This was not, however, his first venture in military literature. As long ago as 1868 he conceived the plan of writing a book on the changes he thought desirable in the organization and employment of cavalry under modern conditions. This was promptly accepted in England and brought out by Thomas Bosworth, London. His publisher tells a good story at his own expense about the Duke of Northumberland. The Duke asked Bosworth up to Alnwick Castle to receive orders for additions to the ducal library. Returning to London together, the Duke's brougham met them at the station. As Bosworth's bookstore was in the most fashionable part of Regent Street, which at the time was thronged with people, he thought the Duke would not like to see him carrying his valise from his coroneted carriage, so he sprang to the door and called one of his shopmen to go back for the bag; but he was met in the doorway by the Duke himself carrying the heavy bag, saying, "You forgot this." Bosworth said that he would never be too proud to carry his bag across the sidewalk again.

Touring with his brother in France, the colonel was accosted by gendarmes at Montmirail, who asked for his passport. He happened to have with him his diploma of LL.B from Toronto University, and his commission of Lieut.-Colonel, which he carried as proofs of his identity. This was the only time he had to open them. The gendarmes could not read a word of either, but very politely allowed them to pass. The brothers were tremendous walkers, and one day covered forty-five and a half miles without any inconvenience.

The Colonel's book was translated into German, Russian, Hungarian. It is a notable tribute to his military insight, not to say

genius, that the reforms recommended in this work have been adopted in the cavalry tactics of, we believe, every European army. His "History of Cavalry" was also published in English, Russian, German, and Japanese.

At Moville, while looking over the ruins of Castle Green, and the small battery near it, the gallant Colonel was taken by an Irish Fenian for a member of the mystic brotherhood, and left for Canada with the blessings of a Fenian hovering over him.

Colonel Denison was a very Hotspur on occasion, and on account of an affront from Sir George Cartier, Minister of Militia, 1868, sent in his resignation as an officer, although at the time applicant for a staff appointment, and strongly commended for that position by Colonel Wolseley, General Napier, and others. The country thus lost his valuable services in the first Northwest rebellion. In the general election of 1882 Colonel Denison contested Algoma in the Reform interest, but accepted very philosophically his defeat by the Hon. J. B. Robinson by only eighty votes.

In 1874, the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia offered a prize of 5,000 roubles (about \$4,000) for the best history of cavalry in all nations. This colonial colonel had the audacity to enter this competition against the military experts of Europe, and the further audacity to win the prize—"a lawyer, who had never attended a military school of any kind, one removed from the centres of military thought and away from the great military libraries, to attempt to compete in a competition open to all the trained officers of the regular armies of the world."

With characteristic energy he set to work, often rising through the springs and summers of 1875 and 1876 before daybreak, and was at work by daylight. He averaged eight hours' work a day for over

two years, besides keeping up his law business, and during two months at St. Petersburg it was nearer twelve and fifteen hours. He had to go through seven hundred volumes. Twenty-three competitors entered the lists, but so great were the difficulties that only three sent in completed books.

officers of rank. The gorgeously liveried flunky at the official residence of Count Heyden treated him with almost supercilious contempt when in plain clothes; but when he appeared in uniform, treated him with awful reverence.

Colonel Denison secured rooms at the residence of an English lady



LIEUT.-COL. G. T. DENISON (*Heydon Villa*).  
Uniform since 1867.

Lord Dufferin, Governor-General, gave letters of introduction to British officials, and Lord Derby and the Marquis of Salisbury promoted his presentation at the Russian Court. At St. Petersburg he was informed that he must wear his full uniform in calling upon any

who had been governess in the family of the Emperor Nicholas, and employed a Russian gentleman to translate Russian books for him. He engaged five or six copyists, but found the Russians knew nothing about hurrying, so he had to enlarge the number to fourteen. By writ-

ing till one or two in the morning he got his book finished just before the last day, and got a bookbinder to bind the manuscript in two large volumes, working all night to complete them.

He was presented to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Czar, and as he "was not experienced in courts, and had not associated with kings or emperors or grand dukes, was as innocent," he says, "as one of Mark Twain's pilgrims." After conversing on Canada, his corps, and the like, for fifteen minutes, the Colonel remarked that he knew his Imperial Highness was very busy, that the antechamber was filled with people, and he felt he must not take up his time. He had committed a frightful breach of etiquette. He should have talked till night if the Grand Duke wished, but his Highness merely laughed and said: "You need not worry, Colonel, about those old fellows. It will do them good to kick their heels about awhile; they are a lazy lot—let them wait," and he went on talking about Canada, and about our horses and dogs, and our customs, etc.

When he had talked as long as he wanted to, he said: "I am afraid, Colonel, you are thinking again of those lazy old fellows out there. Well, I am glad to see you, Colonel. You must come and see me again, and if there is anything you want, come straight to me, I shall always be glad to see you."

Colonel Denison was very ill for a while at St. Petersburg, the heavy strain of the work being too much for him, but he found absolute rest from late Saturday night till Monday morning kept him going.

It was very gratifying to Colonel Denison to find that the Grand Duke was so pleased with his previous book on cavalry that he had it translated into Russian, and presented a copy to every cavalry officer in the empire. The Colonel's success in winning the first prize of

5,000 roubles was all the more gratifying because the other prizes were not awarded, the books not being considered of sufficient merit. He generously contributed a thousand roubles of his prize to the Patriotic Fund for the Russian Wounded. His expenses were about \$1,500 more than the amount he received for the prize, but the honour conferred upon himself and upon his country was something which could not be estimated in money. He humorously describes the difficulties of being unable to speak the Russian language. "It was," he says, "like being deaf and dumb."

His hard work was followed by a complete breakdown; he had to go to the south of Europe to recruit. He refers to a curious coincidence which took place some years later. He was travelling in Germany with his wife and daughters, when two young officers came into the railway carriage. During conversation they found he was from Canada, and asked, "Have you read Denison's 'History of Cavalry'?" He confessed that he had, and then added, "To tell you the truth, I wrote it." We can almost parallel this with an experience of our own. We were travelling in Bulgaria, when a Greek gentleman, whose acquaintance we made, produced a London paper with a pirated and unauthorized copy of our own story of "Barbara Heck."

In 1884, Colonel Denison's brother Fred, then a member of the Toronto City Council, was offered by Colonel Wolseley command of the Canadian Voyageurs in Egypt. At much personal sacrifice he went, and was afterwards joined by his younger brother Egerton. A compact with the brothers was that if either was killed, his body was to be brought to Canada and buried with his people. The younger brother died on his way home; the



elder died in 1896. They were buried as they wished, with their kinsfolk on the banks of the Humbler.

Several chapters of this book are devoted to the Northwest Rebellion of 1885.

"The whole dispute was over some 40,000 or 50,000 acres of land, in a wilderness of tens of millions of acres for which the Government were crying for settlers. It cost Canada the lives of two hundred of her people, the wounding of many others, the expenditure of about \$6,000,000 in cash, and the losses of time and business that cannot be estimated. When it was all over the Government offered, free, to the volunteers, 1,800,000 acres of land if they wanted it to settle on."

Colonel Denison and his cavalry corps were soon on their way to the Northwest. The railway was not completed and was ill-equipped. The men and horses were carried in partly open cars. The Colonel, wrapped in his blanket, slept in the straw among his men. The march of thirty-five miles across the ice on Lake Superior was a trying experience. As for hardship and difficulty and exposure, "it was a more arduous march," he declares, "than that of Napoleon's army across the Alps in 1800."

At Humboldt Colonel Denison was left with a cavalry corps to guard stores, his horses feeding on hay which cost \$600 a ton to transport. The colonel gives an amusing account of finding a lot of liquor sent to the Northwest as druggists supplies. He confiscated and destroyed the whole, greatly to the disgust of not a few of the troopers.

Under the conditions, the campaign was a remarkable achievement. A force of 4,419 men were conveyed enormous distances at an inclement season of the year, three columns marching over 200 miles each from bases lying hundreds of miles apart. From Ottawa to Qu'Appelle is 1,635 miles, and there

were serious gaps in the railway; from Qu'Appelle to Batoche was a march of 243 miles. Far different from the toilsome winter journey around the gaps in the railway was the return to the east, and right royal was the welcome tendered to our citizen soldiery at every town and hamlet which they reached. Never was country prouder of her sons, and never were sons more worthy of their country's pride. Colonel Denison writes of the welcome at Toronto.

"There must have been from 100,000 to 125,000 persons out to see us. What struck me most was the extraordinary enthusiasm of the people. The hardships and distances marched and privations had been great, but if we had been returning from a second Waterloo, concluding a long and anxious war, we could not have been received with greater warmth. I repeatedly saw both men and women cheering wildly, with the tears running down their cheeks."

When her Royal Highness Princess Louise and Prince George visited Toronto in 1883, the Government received information that three Fenians had been sent from New York for the purpose of assassinating the Princess. The Colonel made such careful arrangements that it was impossible for the would-be assassins to get near her Royal Highness, and the fellows reported that they were unable to carry out their designs, which they said was not to kill, but to disfigure with vitriol.

At the Jubilee celebration of 1887, by invitation of Lord Wolseley, Colonel Denison went down to Aldershot to witness a review. "I understood," he writes, "there were four kings, seven crown princes, and about ten or fifteen other royalties, and about an equal number of officials and staff." He was introduced to the Duke of Cambridge, who said, "You are a very keen cavalry soldier. I have read your books, I know all about you,"

and treated him with that distinguished affability of which he is a past master.

Colonel Denison's sturdy patriotism was strikingly shown in the organization of the "Canada First" party, of which, with the late lamented W. A. Foster and W. H. Howland, he was a chief originator. He has also ever taken a profound interest in the question of Imperial Federation, and has written and spoken much upon that subject. In 1894 he was in England to promote its interests. Dining at Lord Salisbury's, he met Lord Methuen and Field-marshal Lord Roberts, and

together they proceeded to the conference at Sir John Lubbock's, where the British Empire League was founded. He was also present at the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, and in 1899 was gazetted Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of his old corps in which he had served for over forty-three years. Colonel Denison is, of course, deeply gratified at the new imperialism which is now throbbing throughout the Empire.

Since 1877 he has dispensed justice as police magistrate of the city of Toronto. In this relation he has been "a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well."

#### VICTORIA REGINA.\*

BY W. W. CAMPBELL.

Roll out earth's muffled drums, let sable streamers flow,  
And all Britannia's might assume her panoply of woe!  
Love's holiest star is gone:

Wind wide the funeral wreath  
For She, our mightiest, hath put on  
The majesty of death.

Roll forth the notes of woe,  
Let the baleful trumpets blow  
A titan nation's titan heartfelt throe;  
'Mid age and storm and night and blinding snow,  
Death, the pale tyrant, lays our loftiest low.

Like some fair mask of queenly sleep she lies,  
The mists of centuries in her sightless eyes,  
This august woman; greatest of earth's great;  
Who ruled this splendour, held this Empire's fate,  
And built this purity and white of love's supreme estate.

Low, like a lily broken on its stem,  
Passed all her glory, filched her diadem,  
She sleeps at His weird bidding who saith, Peace,  
And all the loud world's mighty roar is hushed in love's surcease. . . .

Greater than greatness, stronger than iron power,  
That makes earth's Neros grim, her Cæsars' dower;  
Hers was the gift to girdle isles of peace  
With woman's nobleness and love's increase.

The century rang with might of sword and flame  
And coarser moods. Amid its blight she came,  
And love grew purer, life a holier name;  
Religion graver, deeper; happiness,  
A part of character to aid and bless;  
And softer grew life's heart of bitterness,  
Man's faith grew godlier, chivalry arose,  
With virtue white as winter's winnowed snows;  
And art and song awoke from sorrow's long repose. . . .

For us remains the grief, the pain, the woe,  
The anguish, sorrow, and the boding heart-;  
For her, the mighty peace of those who go  
Forth from a nobler part.

\* At the late meeting of the Royal Society of Canada this poem on the death of Queen Victoria was read by the accomplished author. It is in our judgment one of the finest tributes that has been written in memory of our lamented sovereign.—Ed.

From all earth's shores one mighty grief is heard,  
 Each zone remote, in tryst of sorrow wed,  
 The Briton's love, the alien spirit stirred,—  
 Earth's great heart bleeding for earth's mighty dead.

Far hid from us, in veils of love supreme,  
 She knows now, gloried, what she prayed before,  
 Storming love's fortress, for that one star-beam,  
 God-given to mortals wandering on this shore,  
 Where earth-mists thicken into perilous night,  
 She greets her august line of long and kingly might :

Wise, lofty Alfred : first of her great line  
 To build those laws by which she ruled so well ;  
 Heroic Richard ; and, like some Undine,  
 The fated Mary, both of heaven and hell ;  
 Great Edward ; Henry ; Charles of fateful death ;  
 And greatest of all her high and storied line,  
 Rare great Elizabeth !

These greet her, ghostly, on that shadowed beach,  
 Beyond our human tears and woe of human speech.

Yea, she is gone who ruled but yesterday,  
 Her pomp, her power, her glory but a name !  
 Not for its greatest will his mad world stay :  
 New dreams arise, new gods for love's acclaim,  
 New fames, new prophets. Kings, as lesser clay,  
 Are but the dead, gone, faded dreams

Of dead, gone yesterday.

Life feeds on life, earth's glories wane and die,  
 Her mighty Sidons and her vaunted Tyres ;  
 Her far-famed beacons and her baleful fires :  
 Only her noble actions never die.  
 These bide and stay when names of seers and kings  
 Are but the ashes of forgotten things,  
 Hid 'mid the moth and rust of earth's imaginings.

But she will live when we and all our time  
 Are gathered to the dread and blinding past,  
 A mighty dream for mighty-builded rhyme,  
 The golden age of Britain's splendid prime,  
 Remembered when old glories, long that last,  
 Are blown as shrivelled autumn wrack

Upon the ages' blast.

Yea, she will live, and tales of her pure life,  
 Her toil for others, her wise woman's love,  
 Her heart of sorrow 'mid the jar and strife,  
 Her noble wifehood, faith in heaven above,  
 Her simple trust in love from day to day ;  
 Yea, these will bide, while peoples pass away  
 With all that puts its trust

In pomp of human clay.

Soon, with majestic rite, and earth's wide sorrow,  
 (Great lady of the pure and lofty crown !)  
 Will Britain, weeping, lay her sadly down,  
 To wait a brighter dawn, a happier morrow,  
 In that rare tomb with that rare soul to sleep.  
 In God's glad rest for all who wait and weep.

And days will pass, and men will come and go,  
 And love and hate and sorrow dream, alas !  
 And all this world and its wild wraith of woe  
 Unto the wrack of all the ages pass ;  
 And greatness be forgot, and dreams decay,  
 And empires fade, and great souls pass away ;  
 But she will linger in her people's love,  
 As autumn lingers, gilding winter's snows,  
 Or sunset, fading purple peaks above,  
 Leaves golden trails of glory as he goes.

So will she fade not, nor her honour pass,  
 But burgeon on and grow to one white fame ;  
 And heart of England leaps to nobler flame,  
 While lark in heaven lifts from England's grass.

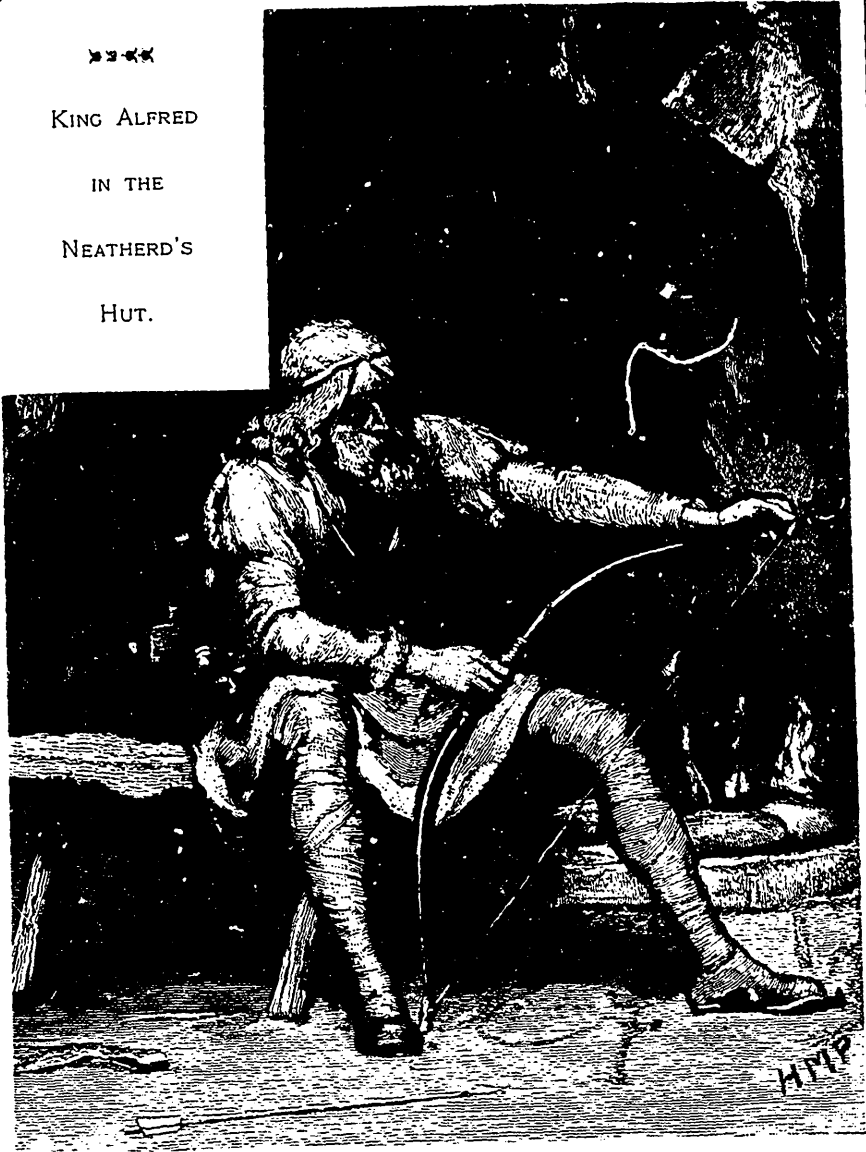
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KING ALFRED

IN THE

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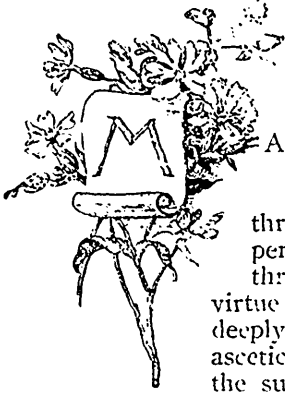
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## KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, LL.D.

## I.



MARCUS Aurelius, Alfred, and St. Louis, are the three examples of perfect virtue on a throne. But the virtue of St. Louis is deeply tainted with asceticism; and with the sublimated selfishness on which asceticism is founded, he sacrifices everything and everybody—sacrifices national interests, sacrifices the lives of the thousands of his subjects whom he drags with him in his chimerical crusades—to the good of his own soul. The reflections of Marcus Aurelius will be read with ever-increasing admiration by all who have learned to study character and to read it in its connection with history. Alone in every sense, without guidance or support but that which he found in his own breast, the imperial Stoic struggled serenely, though hopelessly, against the powers of evil which were dragging heathen Rome to her inevitable doom. Alfred was a Christian hero, and in his Christianity he found the force which bore him, through calamity apparently hopeless, to victory and happiness.

It must be owned that the materials for the history of the English king are not very good. His biography by Bishop Asser, his counsellor and friend, which forms the principal authority, is panegyric and uncritical, not to mention that a doubt rests on the authenticity of some portions of it. But in the general picture there are a consistency and a sobriety, which, combined with its peculiarity, commend it to us as historical. The leading

acts of Alfred's life are, of course, beyond doubt. And as to his character, he speaks to us himself in his works, and the sentiments which he expresses perfectly correspond with the physiognomy of the portrait.

We have called him a Christian hero. He was the victorious champion of Christianity against Paganism. This is the real significance of the struggle and of his character. The Northmen, or, as we loosely term them, the Danes, are called by the Saxon chroniclers the Pagans. As to race, the Northman, like the Saxon, was a Teuton, and the institutions, and the political and social tendencies of both, were radically the same.

It has been said that Christianity enervated the English and gave them over into the hands of the fresh and robust sons of nature. Asceticism and the abuse of monarchism enervated the English. Asceticism taught the spiritual selfishness which flies from the world and abandons it to ruin instead of serving God by serving humanity. Kings and chieftains, under the hypocritical pretence of exchanging a worldly for an angelic life, buried themselves in the intolerance, not seldom in the sensuality, of the cloister, when they ought to have been leading their people against the Dane. But Christianity formed the bond which held the English together, and the strength of their resistance. It inspired their patriot martyrs, it raised up to them a deliverer at their utmost need.

The causes of Danish success are manifest: superior prowess and valor, sustained by more constant practice in war, of which the Saxon had probably had comparatively

little since the final subjection of the Celt and the union of the Saxon kingdoms under Egbert; the imperfect character of that union, each kingdom retaining its own council and its own interests; and above all the command of the sea, which made the invaders ubiquitous, while the march of the defenders was delayed, and their junction prevented, by the woods and morasses of the uncleared island, in which the only roads worthy of the name were those left by the Romans.

It would be wrong to call the Northmen mere corsairs, or even to class them with piratical states such as *Silicia* of old, or *Barbary* in more recent times. Their invasions were rather to be regarded as an after-effect of the great migration of the Germanic tribes, one of the last waves of the flood which overwhelmed the Roman Empire, and deposited the germs of modern Christendom. They were, and but for the defensive energy of the Christianized Teuton would have been, to the Saxon what the Saxon had been to the Celt, whose sole monuments in England now are the names of hills and rivers, the usual epitaph of exterminated races. Like the Saxons, the Northmen came by sea, untouched by those Roman influences, political and religious, by which most of the barbarians had been more or less transmuted before their actual irruption into the Empire. If they treated all the rest of mankind as their prey, this was the international law of heathendom, modified only by a politic humanity in the case of the Imperial Roman, who preferred enduring dominion to blood and booty.

With Christianity came the idea even now imperfectly realized, of the brotherhood of man. The Northmen were a memorable race, and English character, especially its maritime element, received in them a momentous addition. In their

northern abodes they had undergone, no doubt, the most rigorous process of national selection. The sea-roving life, to which they were driven by the poverty of their soil, as the Scandinavian of our day is driven to emigration, intensified in them the vigour, the enterprise, and the independence of the Teuton. As has been said before, they were the first ocean sailors; for the Phœnicians, though adventurous, had crept along the shore; and the Greeks and Romans had done the same. The Northman, stouter of heart than they, put forth into mid Atlantic.

American antiquarians are anxious to believe in a Norse discovery of America. Norse colonies were planted in Greenland beyond what is now the limit of human habitation; and when a power grew up in his native seats which could not be brooked by the Northman's love of freedom, he founded amidst the unearthly scenery of Iceland a community which brought the image of a republic of the Homeric type far down into historic times. His race, widely dispersed in his course of adventure, and everywhere asserting its ascendancy, sat on the thrones of Normandy, Apulia, Sicily, England, Ireland, and even Russia, and gave heroic chiefs to the crusaders.

The pirates were not without heart towards each other, nor without a rudimentary civilization, which included on the one hand a strong regard for freehold property in land, and on the other a passionate love of heroic days. Their mythology was the universal story of the progress of the sun and the changes of the year, but in a Northern version, wild with storms and icebergs, gloomy with the darkness of Scandinavian winters. Their religion was a war religion, the lord of their hearts a war god; their only heaven was that of the brave, their only hell that of the coward; and the joys of paradise

were a renewal of the fierce combat and the fierce carouse of earth.

In some legends of the Norse mythology there is a humorous element which shows freedom of spirit; while in others, such as the legend of the death of Balder, there is a pathos not uncongenial to Christianity. The Northmen were not priest-ridden. Their gods were not monstrous and overwhelming forces like the hundred-handed idols of the Hindu, but human forms, their own high qualities idealized, like the gods of the Greek, though with Scandinavian force in place of Hellenic grace.

Converted to Christianity, the Northman transferred his enthusiasm, his martial prowess, and his spirit of adventure from the service of Odin to that of Christ, and became a devotee and a crusader. But in his unconverted state he was an exterminating enemy of Christianity; and Christianity was the civilization as well as the religion of England.

Scarcely had the Saxon kingdom been united by Egbert when the barks of the Northmen appeared, filling the English Charlemagne, no doubt, with the same foreboding sorrow with which they had filled his Frankish prototype and master. In the course of the half-century which followed, the swarms of rovers constantly increased, and grew more pertinacious and daring in their attacks. Leaving their ships they took horses, extending their incursions inland, and formed in the interior of the country strongholds, into which they brought the plunder of the district. At last they in effect conquered the North and Midland, and sat up a satrap king, as the agent of their extortion.

They seem, like the Franks of Clovis, to have quartered themselves as "guests" upon the unhappy people of the land. The monasteries and the churches were

the special objects of their attacks, both as the seats of the hated religion, and as the centres of wealth; and their sword never spared a monk. Croyland, Peterborough, Hinton, and Ely, were turned to blood-stained ashes. Edmund, the Christian chief of East Anglia, found a martyrdom, of which one of the holiest and most magnificent of English abbeys was afterwards the monument. When Alfred appeared upon the scene, Wessex itself, the heritage of the house of Cerdic and the supreme kingdom, was in peril from the Pagans, who had firmly entrenched themselves at Reading, in the angle between the Thames and Kennet, and English Christianity was threatened with destruction.

A younger but a favourite child. Alfred was sent in his infancy by his father to Rome to receive the Pope's blessing. He was thus affiliated, as it were, to that Roman element, ecclesiastical and political, which, combined with the Christian and Teutonic elements, has made up English civilization. But he remained through life a true Teuton. He went a second time, in company with his father, to Rome, still a child, yet old enough, especially if he was precocious, to receive some impressions from the city of historic grandeur, ancient art, ecclesiastical order, centralized power. There is a pretty legend denoting the docility of the boy and his love of learning, or at least of the national lays; but he was also a hunter and a warrior. From his youth he had a thorn in his flesh, in the shape of a mysterious disease, perhaps epilepsy, to which monkish chroniclers have given an ascetic and miraculous turn, and this enhances our sense of the hero's moral energy in the case of Alfred, as in that of William III.

As "Crown Prince," to use the phrase of a German writer, Alfred took part with his elder brother.

King Ethelbert, in the mortal struggle against the Pagans, then raging around Reading and along the rich valley through which the Great Western Railway now runs, and where a Saxon victory is commemorated by the White Horse, which forms the subject of a little work by Thomas Hughes, a true representative, if any there be, of the liegemen and soldiers of King Alfred. When Ethelbert was showing that in him at all events Christianity was not free from the ascetic taint, by continuing to hear mass in his tent when the moment had come for decided action, Alfred charged up hill "like a wild boar" against the heathen, and began a battle which, his brother at last coming up, ended in a great victory.

The death of Ethelbert, in the midst of the crisis, placed the perilous crown on Alfred's head. Ethelbert left infant sons, but the monarchy was elective, though one of the line of Cerdic was always chosen; and those were the days of the real king, the ruler, judge, and captain of the people. In pitched battles, eight of which were fought in rapid succession, the English held their own; but they were worn out, and at length could no longer be brought into the field. Whether a faint monkish tradition of the estrangement of the people by unpopular courses on the part of the young king has any substance of truth we cannot say.

Utter gloom now settled down upon the Christian king and people. Had Alfred yielded to his inclinations, he would have probably followed the example of his brother-in-law, Buhred of Mercia, and sought a congenial retreat amidst the churches and libraries of Rome; asceticism would have afforded him a pretext for so doing; but he remained at the post of duty. Athelney, a little island in the marshes of Somersetshire—then marshes, now drained and a fruitful plain—to

which he retired with the few followers left him, has been aptly compared to the mountains of Asturias, which formed the last asylum of Christianity in Spain. A jewel with the legend in Anglo-Saxon, "Alfred caused me to be made," was found near the spot, and is now in the University Museum at Oxford. A similar island in the marshes of Cambridgeshire formed the last rallying point of English patriotism against the Norman Conquest.

Of course, after the deliverance, a halo of legends gathered around Athelney. The legends of the king disguised as a peasant in the cottage of the herdsman, and of the king disguised as a harper in the camp of the Dane, are familiar to childhood. There is also a legend of the miraculous appearance of the great Saxon Saint Cuthbert. The king in his extreme need had gone to fish in a neighboring stream, but had caught nothing, and was trying to comfort himself by reading the Psalms, when a poor man came to the door and begged for a piece of bread. The king gave him half his last loaf and the little wine left in the pitcher. The beggar vanished; the loaf was unbroken, the pitcher brimful of wine; and fishermen came in bringing a rich haul of fish from the river. In the night St. Cuthbert appeared to the king in a dream and promised him victory. We see at least what notion the generations nearest to him had of the character of Alfred.

At last the heart of the oppressed people turned to its king, and the time arrived for a war of liberation. But on the morrow of victory Alfred compromised with the Northmen. He despaired, it seems, of their final expulsion, and thought it better, if possible, to make them Englishmen and Christians, and to convert them into a barrier against their foreign and heathen brethren. We see in this politic moderation at



once a trait of national character and a proof that the exploits of Alfred are not mythical. By the treaty of Wedmore, the north-eastern part of England became the portion of the Dane, where he was to dwell in peace with the Saxon people, and in allegiance to their king, but under his own laws—an arrangement which had nothing strange in it when law was only the custom of the tribe. As a part of the compact, Guthorm led over his Northmen from the allegiance of Odin to that of Christ, and was himself baptized by the Christian name of Athelstan. Where religions were national, or rather tribal, conversions were tribal, too.

The Northmen of East Anglia had not so far put off their heathen propensities or their savage perfidy as to remain perfectly true to their covenant: but, on the whole, Alfred's policy of compromise and assimilation was successful. A new section of heathen Teutonism was incorporated into Christendom, and England absorbed a large Norse population, whose dwelling-place is still marked by the names of places and perhaps in some measure by the features and character of the people. In the fishermen of Whitby, for example, a town with a Danish name, there is a peculiarity which is probably Scandinavian.

Alfred had rescued the country. But the country which he had rescued was a wreck. The Church, the great organ of civilization as well as of spiritual life, was ruined. The monasteries were in ashes. The monks of St. Cuthbert were wandering from place to place, with the relics of the great northern Saint. The worship of Woden seemed on the point of returning. The clergy had exchanged the missal and censer for the battle-axe, and had become secularized and brutalized by the conflict. The learning of the order was dead. The Latin language, the tongue of

the Church, of literature, of education, was almost extinct. Alfred himself says that he could not recollect a priest, south of the Thames, who understood the Latin service or could translate a document from the Latin when he became king. Political institutions were in an equal state of disorganization. Spiritual, intellectual, civil life—everything was to be restored: and Alfred undertook to restore everything.

No man in these days stands alone, or towers in unapproachable superiority above his fellows. Nor can any man now play a' l the parts. A division of labour has taken place in all spheres. The time when the missionaries at once converted and civilized the forefathers of European Christendom, when Charlemagne or Alfred was the master spirit in everything, has passed away, and with it the day of hero-worship, of rational hero-worship, has departed, at least for the European nations. The more backward nations may still need, and have reason to venerate, a Peter the Great.

Alfred had to do everything almost with his own hands. He was himself the inventor of the candle-clock which measured his time, so unspeakably precious, and of the lantern of transparent horn which protected the candle-clock against the wind in the tent, or the lodging scarcely more impervious to the weather than a tent, which in those times sheltered the head of wandering royalty. Far and wide he sought for men, like a bee in quest of honey, to condense a somewhat prolix trope of his biographer. An embassy of bishops, priests, and religious laymen, with great gifts, was sent to the Archbishop of Rheims, within whose diocese the famous Grimbold resided, to persuade him to allow Grimbold to come to England, and with difficulty the ambassadors prevailed. Alfred

promising to treat Grimbold with distinguished honour during the rest of his life. It is touching to see what a price the king set upon a true and able man.

"I was called," says Asser, "from the western extremity of Wales. I was led to Sussex, and first saw the king in the royal mansion of Dene. He received me with kindness, and amongst other conversation, earnestly besought me to devote myself to his service and to become his companion. He begged me to give up my preferments beyond the Severn, promising to be-

stow on me still richer preferments in their place." Asser said that he was unwilling to quit, merely for worldly honour, the country in which he had been brought up and ordained. "At least," replied the king, "give me half your time. Pass six months of the year with me and the rest in Wales." Asser still hesitated. The king repeated his solicitations, and Asser promised to return within half a year; the time was fixed for his visit, and on the fourth day of their interview he left the king and went home.

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### TO BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

(After reading his Autobiography).

BY LEWIS F. STARRETT.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

When God a prophet on the earth doth need,  
They on the watch-tower have no cause to fear  
But in God's time His prophet will appear,  
And in His name God's righteous cause will plead  
With such effect that nothing can succeed  
Against his message so to shut its ear

But that when he shall speak the world shall hear,  
Or so to sway its thought but it shall heed.  
But ere he can be on his mission sent  
He must be for it born, and to it grow ;  
Gifts, habits, training and environment,  
All to the making of the prophet go.  
God giveth what is needed. He doth make  
In sending forth His prophets no mistake.

The greatest Prophet earth has ever known  
Was in a stable born—the Lord's own Son ;  
And of the prophets since the world begun  
Most were of humble lineage ; but thine own  
Was even less than humble. Thou hast grown  
From bondage into greatness, and hast won  
A world's approval for thy work well done,  
Reaping with joy where thou with tears  
hast sown.  
Statesman and scholar art thou. Thou dost speak  
Words that are just and sane and wise and true,  
Much art thou like earth's first great prophet, who  
Like thee did represent a people weak  
Who had been bondsmen. Like him thou art meek,  
And, like him also, thou art mighty too.

## DOES BRITAIN OR THE UNITED STATES HOLD THE FUTURE?

BY HOWARD GLASSFORD.



**I**N these days of competitive forces and increasing social advancement, the struggle for national supremacy becomes a momentous one. We are within the gateway of a new era in the world's history. The point on which hinges the future of a large proportion of the human race has probably been reached. At present there are on this earth two mighty powers possessing a preponderant influence in its affairs—Britain and the United States, both members of the great Anglo-Saxon family.

The expansion of the United States was the political phenomenon of the nineteenth century, and this, too, at a time when "the pulse and pace of the world were being marvellously quickened." She had her flood-tide of prosperity in the settlement of her virgin tracts. That explains the secret of an almost unprecedented development. There was, as Carlyle put it, "a vast deal of land for a very few people." Dr. Strong, in discussing this situation in 1885, thus expressed himself:

"The rapid accumulation of our wealth, our comparative immunity from the consequences of unscientific legislation, our financial elasticity, our high wages, the general welfare and contentment of the people hitherto, have all been due in very large measure to an abundance of cheap land. When the supply is exhausted we shall enter upon a new era, and shall more rapidly approximate European conditions of life."

The circumstances which made possible the abnormal expansion of the United States no longer exist. Limitation of area is now felt. There has been, in fact, an exhaus-

tion of the public lands. A writer in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, as far back as 1887, said: "The golden time is past; our agricultural land is gone; our timber lands are fast going."

More recent statistical reports by the United States Government give further accentuation to this condition of affair. The fact that nearly the whole of the valuable portion of the public domain has already been taken up can hardly fail to impose a check on immigration, as the prospect of landed ownership is always a powerful incentive to the European peasantry—a circumstance proved by the steady movement of incoming population towards the unsettled districts of the West.

A brief inspection of the United States census returns shows that the percentage of increase in population has of late years been gradually diminishing. It was considerably less during the last two decades respectively than in any previous decade in her history, with the possible exception of the period between 1860 and 1870, principally due to the effects of the Civil War. All this is significant, and indicates, paradoxical though it seem, that the American Republic is beginning to suffer from, what in other countries she has for a century richly profited by, territorial deficiency. The time may be near when the press of numbers will manifest itself there as it is now doing in Europe and in Asia.

A well-known American author, referring to this subject, says: "Our wide domain will soon cease to palliate popular discontent, because it will soon be beyond the reach of the poor." Even now the United States has started an exodus of her

farmers to the western territories of Canada, so that the "trek" across the forty-ninth parallel is already begun. But to this allusion will be made later on.

While events are taking this course in the great American Republic, the eyes of the world involuntarily turn to Britain and her vast Empire. A marked change has come over the British race. They are now imperialistic as they never were before. It is a development of recent times, the effects of which must inevitably be far-reaching in shaping and controlling their future destiny. The old doctrine of colonies being a danger and a burden to the motherland no longer holds. In short, their absolute identity of interests has become fully recognized.

A remarkable proof of the unity of sentiment throughout the Empire was attested by the attitude of the great self-governing colonies in connection with the war in South Africa. Nothing has occurred in the history of the British people to produce such a deep impression on public opinion the world over as the act of the outlying sections of the Empire in affording aid for its preservation. It was indeed a revelation to the nations of a new and extensive power for use when required, thus promoting British prestige abroad and enhancing the real external forces of England.

The vital question of to-day, however, is rather the development than the defence of Britain's Empire. Its concern in the future must be the populating of the broad, unused spaces of western Canada, Australia, and South Africa. There is no prospect of any very considerable growth except through the colonies. These hold the key to the Empire's future. Most of the inhabitable parts of the earth not fully inhabited are included in Britain's vast estate. The people of the United Kingdom have at last awakened

to the immensity, importance and possibilities of this outside heritage.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, speaking of the motherland, writes:

"We have the comfort of knowing that even if the worst of disasters were to overtake this country, if we were to be, as it is often prophesied by our critics abroad, a fallen State, or if by some physical convulsion of nature we were to sink like a volcanic island into the waves that we have ruled so long, even then we should leave behind kinsfolk across the Atlantic and in the Pacific Seas who would carry to distant ages and to unknown heights the sceptre of our great dominion."

Britain's colonial possessions are more extensive than those of all the rest of the world put together. Setting aside the rich dependency of India, with its countless millions, there remain the areas of Canada, Australia and South Africa, which invite almost unlimited expansion. Canada alone has half a continent, with resources unbounded and with capabilities untold. Her extensive prairie lands comprise perhaps the most fertile region of North America. These are destined to become the seat of populous provinces and to constitute one of the chief granaries of the world. Already the vanguard of immigration is turning that way, bringing with it the vigour and persistency essential to the upbuilding of a strong and mighty nationality.

Even if the habitable portion is in a certain measure limited by the rigours of a northern climate—modified, it must not be forgotten, by various tempering agencies—Canada has, nevertheless, in the West 600,000 square miles admirably adapted for farming operations, while farther north a belt of 900,000 square miles, though situated in a colder zone, is timbered, clothed with rich natural grasses, and as fit for the cultivation of cereal crops as are many of the less genial districts of Europe which carry a considerable agricultural popula-

tion. Nearly all this, as well as much more still uncleared within the older parts, has yet to be brought under settlement.

What has been said of Canada applies in a very high degree to Australia—that new commonwealth lying beneath the Southern Cross. The area of this island continent is about as large as that of the United States, and the unorganized districts are not only extensive, but favoured with superior natural resources. Australia, undoubtedly, will yet support an enormous population. The recent federation of the several Provinces into one commonwealth on lines closely resembling those by which Canada became established, gives prophecy and promise of a noble development, and marks a further step towards the consolidation of Britain's far-reaching Empire.

A similar federation of the colonial possessions in South Africa, which may be expected to follow the termination of the war, will form another link in the lengthening chain. Mr. Gladstone is authority for the statement that "the founding of free-growing and vigorous communities has been a specific part of the work providentially assigned to Britain." Whether or not it be true that her mission is to colonize the world, a tremendous field for action certainly awaits her. The opening up of these new spheres, and the influx of immigration which is bound to accompany, must result in an enormous expansion of trade and commerce, adding to the immense wealth of Britain's Empire, and serving to strengthen and confirm its influence and power.

It may be urged that the United States is capable of sustaining a much greater population than she now has. This is no doubt true, but it must proceed mainly from consolidation, and as the pressure of overcrowding increases, so in proportion will the tendency to

emigrate show itself, more especially when adjoining territory for settlement to the north can be had for the asking. According to official returns, 15,500 immigrants entered Canada from the United States during 1900, or more than one-third of the total immigration for the year. The fact is highly significant, and goes to demonstrate not only the conditions spoken of in the earlier part of this article, but also that to Canada's population the American Republic will be a considerable source of supply in days that are to come.

Reverting to the matter of the disappearance of the public lands, it may be well to bear in mind that the United States has a very great extent of waste area. Taking what is called the trans-Mississippi region (comprising all west of the river by that name), it has been estimated that there are 425,000 square miles of useless lands, except in so far as they may turn out to be mineralized. In addition, about 650,000 square miles have no present adaptation for anything other than grazing.

Apropos of this an eminent reference says: "Never by any possibility can the region of small rainfall, and in large part of rugged mountains, extending from the first belt of states beyond the Mississippi to the belt lying directly on the Pacific Coast, become a densely populated portion of the country."\*

Certain it is that this wide territory will never maintain the teeming millions that political optimists have predicted.

From her geographical position chiefly, coupled with unsettled areas and unexampled resources of forest and field, mine and main, Canada must be regarded as the coming rival of the United States. Her natural riches have hardly yet been touched upon—riches, one should

\* Encyc. Brit. Am. Ed. p. 819.

remember, not inaccessible, but quite within the reach of the hand of man.

Canada's mineral reserves alone are so great that an American expert says of them: "To particularize the undeveloped wealth of this northern land would require volumes."

The last four years witnessed a remarkable increase in trade and commerce throughout the Dominion. That Canada is on the edge of a bright era of prosperity few will doubt. Her total business with outside countries during 1900 aggregated over \$380,000,000, or about \$66 per head of the population; while that of the United States for the same period amounted to \$2,308,000,000, or only about \$30 per head.

The transportation problem, hitherto a pressing one, is undergoing gradual solution, and a system (both water and rail) is being evolved such as will enable the immense mineral and agricultural wealth of this young country to be rapidly unfolded. Not many realize that Canada has the power to eventually capture and control the inland carrying trade of the great lakes, which form so much of the boundary separating her from her southern neighbour; while farther west a second transcontinental railway will soon open up new and promising fields for energy and enterprise.

The conclusion of the late M. Malte-Brun, French Geographer, that "nature has marked out this country for exalted destinies," seems amply justified. The United Kingdom is the world's most liberal customer to-day, and Canada, as part of the British Imperial system, must become a formidable competitor in securing this trade. She can already vie with the American Republic in food products, and why not do at least as well in manufactures?

It is common knowledge that iron and steel are the foundations of the manufacturing of the world, and there is every reason to believe, from the activity now going on, that the Dominion will in a few years take rank as one of the leading producers of those staple commodities. Canada has the three raw materials essential to this industry—coal, lime, and ore—well grouped together, and there are no advantages under which iron and steel can anywhere else be more cheaply manufactured.

If the United States is at the present day challenging the world in the battle for industrial supremacy, let it not be overlooked by the critics that the same conditions that would conduce to this ascendancy must apply with equal, if not more telling effect, to her big northern rival. Time and development will inevitably bring Canada's forces into the conflict. Hence if the industrial interests of the Motherland, which have so long enjoyed paramountcy, should in a measure suffer displacement, it may be but a shifting of trade from one portion to another of her widely growing Empire.

Statistics show that population is congesting in all the old centres of the ruling races, which are to-day looking for new countries in which to expand. Europe finds herself being crowded, and the fast increment of numbers but serves to intensify the discomfort. This means emigration, and history teaches that the direction lies chiefly towards Anglo-Saxon channels.

Nor can the United States afford the desired relief. So far from offering much in the way of assistance, it is itself approaching the position of suppliant. The acquisition of the Philippine Islands scarcely adds to Uncle Sam's territorial wealth, whatever value they may have from a strategical point of view, for the reason that they

are without the path of active colonization. All these circumstances favour the rapid occupation, in the near future, of Britain's inviting possessions.

In the contest for commercial pre-eminence which the different nations of the globe are waging, the question, as far as concerns Britain's interests, of preferential trade within the Empire will likely thrust itself prominently upon her statesmen at no very distant date. Canada has led the way in this respect. Already has she given the preference in trade to the mother country, and to the sister colonies of the West Indies. Australia is now in a position to take concerted action. It remains to be seen what course the Imperial Government will pursue in the matter.

Consider the tremendous advantages which the American Republic, in common with other countries, has had in enjoying the freedom of the markets of the United Kingdom in past years, while on the other hand British goods have been subjected to the most hostile foreign tariffs. Political economists are asking themselves if this state of affairs can much longer continue. Free trade is doubtless an excellent theory, but in view of modern environments is it practicable? Last year the imports of the United Kingdom totalled £523,633,486, of which sum manufactured articles covered £93,216,298. It is this latter item over which the protectionist inclines to shake the head. Col. Geo. T. Denison, President of the British Empire League, in discussing the problem a few weeks ago at Ottawa, said:

"Britain has now the chance, by establishing mutual preferences, of developing the great territories under her flag, not only making them stronger and more prosperous, but binding them together by self-interest as well as by sentiment and political ties. She should seize the opportunity at once and endeavour to secure the markets of her Empire, as also

its political unity. . . . It stands to reason that, as nearly all nations are shutting us out of their markets and are competing with us in ours, in self-defence the Empire with its 11,000,000 square miles and 375,000,000 people should preserve its trade for building up its own resources, rather than those of possible enemies."

There is little doubt that the whole question has an important bearing on the commercial situation of to-day, and those countries—notably the United States—which have developed an export trade largely from free access to England's ports, may rightly await the issue with deep anxiety.

There are those who profess to descry signs of Britain's decadence, and papers and publicists speak of the twentieth century as destined to witness the decline and fall of her greatness. These prophets would seem to be strikingly lacking in perspective. One must acknowledge that the marks of decay are not apparent. Splendid opportunities lie before her. That she still holds in her hands the secret of success may well be believed. All that is required is that the administration of Britain's Imperial affairs shall equal the superior resources at her command.

Even if the Motherland should in the coming years fail to maintain her relative importance in the Empire, she can rest assured that the magic wand of power will not pass beyond it. The British Empire will continue to exercise its commanding influence in the world's future. It has, first of all, the territory with which to do it—a territory "bounded by no continent, circumscribed by no sphere," but reaching to the confines of civilization itself; and, secondly, the genius of colonization implanted within it from distant ages to organize that territory and weave it into one harmonious whole.

Guelph, Ont.

## THE EPIC OF A PRAIRIE FARM.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.



**I**T is necessary to know the Canadian prairie in all its varying moods before one learns to appreciate it as it deserves.

At first sight it is all, in Western parlance, a hard country, but a good one for the strong; for, unlike the languid tropics, the prairie improves as one views it closer. Instead of weakening under sweltering heat, or sinking into sensual idleness, its inhabitants develop the sterner attributes of untiring energy, endurance and resourcefulness, which are all required by the Western wheat-grower. Still, there is another and a softer side, and this was especially manifest at Fairmead.

Fairmead, in Assiniboia, deserved its name, and after the bare sweep of Manitoban plain there was a grateful softness about its swelling undulations and willow-groves shrouding deep ravines, while walling off the waste of prairie like a rampart, a thick bluff of wind-dwarfed birches stretched on either side. Here, for a few weeks in spring, it was possible to fancy one's self in England; then the resemblance faded and it was part of the Dominion again. The frost had vanished from the surface of the land, though it still lurked a foot or two beneath, while here and there a flush of green crept across the withered sod, when I visited Fairmead to assist in the spring ploughing. Two young Englishmen, of good up-bringing, owned it then, and as they were staking their all on the weather that season it was, said my partner, every one's clear duty to assist them. They had

invested in all some £400 in three hundred and twenty acres of virgin soil.

A rush of warm breeze from the Pacific, which had crossed the snow-barred Rocky Mountains unchilled, set the dry grasses rippling, and long wisps of cloud drove swiftly across the luminous blue. This, and the blackness of ashes among the burned stubble, was all that broke the harmonious colouring of white and gray. Not being a skilful teamster, I had brought oxen, and waited beside them while Hunter (my host) and his half-tamed horses reeled round and round together amid a tangle of harness, which they seemed determined he should not put on, until at last he conquered, and we were ready to begin. Then he leaned breathless for a moment on the plough-stilts, a typical son, by adoption, of the prairie.

The long skin coat and fur cap had been replaced by loose blue overalls and a broad felt hat, while the laughing face had been bronzed to the colour of coffee by the blink of snow under the clear winter sun. In spite of the coarse garments the pose was statuesque, for the swell of hardened muscles, the clear eyes and darkened skin told of perfect health; and when he hailed me to break the first clod the voice had an exultant ring. For several years this man had toiled far harder than any British field-labourer in the calling he had voluntarily chosen; but instead of adding coarseness the work had rather refined him.

I called to the oxen, and the big, slow-moving beasts settled their shoulders against the collar, as with a sharp crackling the half-burned stubble went down before the share.



Straw cannot be sold in that region, so little is cut with the ear, and the tall stocks are burned off the first warm day in spring. Pale flowers, like a purple crocus, were crushed by the hoofs, and rich black clods curled in long waves from the mould-board's slide, while amid good-humoured banter two fiery teams came up and passed. The plough-ox is slow, if not always sure, but he learns by experience, which the horse does not; and presently it was my turn for a laugh, when the foremost plough brought up with a shock upon soil still frozen beneath the surface. A partly-broken horse is a difficult beast to handle, and it was not wise for a stranger to meddle with a frightened team. "Keep off," said Hunter, declining my assistance. "They're a little excited now, and might take a fancy to kicking the life out of you."

At the end of the next long furrow there was a temptation to halt, for silvery birches drooped their lace-like twigs over the ploughing, and I could see jack-rabbits, still wearing their white winter robes, scurrying through the shadows of the bluff, while a flight of duck came flashing down wind athwart the trunks to descend with a splash upon a lake the slow creek had formed in the hollow. Summer in that land, however, is all too short for the work that must be done in it, and swinging the plough I resolutely started another furrow. Then there followed an exasperating interlude, for the oxen thoroughly understand that it hurts them to run the share against frost-bound soil, and when the draught increased in stiffer land they came to a dead halt. Nothing would persuade them to advance a step, and when I applied the long wand the cautious veteran, President, quietly lay down.

"You'll lose your temper long before you convince an ox," said a

laughing voice. "Let them have their own way. Pull out and go round;" and in that way the matter was settled. With several such interruptions the ploughing went on, while the perspiration dripped from our faces, for on the prairie warm spring comes as suddenly as the winter goes. And while we worked, the air vibrated to the beat of tired wings as, in skeins, wedges, and crescents, ducks, geese, cranes, among other wild fowl, passed on their long journey to the untrodden marshes beside the Polar Sea. Many of them halted to rest, and every creek and *sloo* (a pond formed by melting snow) was dotted black and gray with their gladly-folded pinions. In another few days they would be empty again, we knew, and remain so until, with the first chills of winter, every bird of passage came south to follow the sun.

At noon there was a longer rest than we needed, because in that invigorating atmosphere a healthy man can out-tire his team, and we lounged in the log-built dwelling over an ample meal. It was a primitive erection of two stories caulked with moss and loam; but it had cost its owner much hard labour; sawn lumber is out of the question for the poor man, while birch logs fit for building are difficult to find. Neither was the meal luxurious; fat pork, fried potatoes, doughy flapjacks, and the universal compound of glucose and essences known as *drips*. Still, on the prairie a man cannot only live but thrive on any food. Then it was time to hunt the oxen out of a *sloo*, where they stood with their usual persistency, until their unfortunate driver waded in with a pike.

Then the work began again, and the burnished clods stretched further and further into the stubble. A British ploughman would not have approved, but Hunter cared little that the furrows were curi-

ously serpentine; that was perhaps the richest wheat soil in the world, and had been waiting for centuries to yield up its latent wealth. Every minute was of value, for autumn frosts follow hard upon the brief northern summer, and the grain must be ripened before they set in. So, while the shadows of the bluff lengthened across the gray white plain, the ceaseless crackle of stubble, tramp of labouring hoofs, and shearing slide of glossy clods, went on until long after the red sun dipped, a dimness blurred the narrowing horizon and night closed gradually in. Then, tired but satisfied, we fed the weary beasts, and after the evening meal sat beside the twinkling stove in the snug room, while outside the stars burned down through crystalline depths of indigo, and under a dead, cold silence the grasses grew resplendent with frostwork filigree. The elder Hunter had a taste for music and natural history, as a result of which gorgeous moths were pinned under the trophies of skins and oat-heads on the wall, while a battered piano (of all things), which had suffered from a trying journey, stood among the baked clods we had brought in from the ploughing.

His brother's voice was excellent, and while they sang songs of the old land, which after all was home, I lounged in my chair listening, and wondered whether some day health and work and food might be found for our many ill-fed and hopeless sons in that wide country. Yet it was evident there was no room for the drunkard or slothful there.

Credit, which is universal in that region, has its advantages as well as its evils, for it divides the risks of the weather, while a bounteous harvest enriches farmer, dealer, and manufacturer alike. There is no room for half-measures upon the prairie, where a man must raise wheat or go under. Still, if pos-

sessed of average strength, he need never suffer privation, and it is perhaps this reason which leads the settlers to face trying uncertainty and arduous toil with a cheerful courage not always found at home. So we ploughed and cross-ripped the clods with disc-harrows, and when the seeders had drilled in the grain, I shook hands with Hunter and went back to my own partner.

It was hay-time when I visited Fairmead again, and found my hosts darker in colour and considerably more ragged than before. There is little leisure for the amenities of civilization during the busy summer, and the mending of clothes and sometimes even their washing is indefinitely postponed. The prairie also had changed, for the transitory flush of green was gone, while birchen bluff and willow-fringed ravine formed comforting oases of foliage and cool shadow, and, when the blazing sun beat down upon the parched white sod, the rippling waves of dull green wheat were pleasant to look upon. Now, thereabouts at least, horses and oxen must be fed during the long winter, when the prairie is sheeted with frozen snow, and hay-harvest is accordingly a matter of some anxiety. Artificial grasses are rarely sown, and the settler trusts to Nature to supply him, while throughout much of Manitoba and Assiniboia on the levels the natural grasses are too short for cutting. The hay must therefore be gathered in the dried-up *sloos*, where it may reach almost breast-high. Timber for building being also lamentably scarce, implements, for lack of shelter, are usually left where they last were used, and while I drove off with the light waggon, my friends set forth in search of the mowing-machine. It was dazzlingly hot and bright, and the long sweep of prairie seemed to melt into a transparent shimmer-

ing, with a birchen bluff floating above it like an island here and there.

At times a jack-rabbit, now the colour and much the same size as the English hare, fled before the rattling wheels, or a flock of prairie chickens flattened themselves half-seen among the grass, while tall sandhill cranes stalked majestically along the crest of a distant rise. On foot one cannot get within a half-mile range of them, though it is possible to drive fast into gunshot occasionally, but in hay-time there is little leisure for sport. Thick gray dust rose up, and the waggon, a light frame on four spider wheels, which two men could lift, jolted distressfully as it lurched across the swelling levels, until a mounted figure waved an arm upon the horizon, and I knew the machine had been found. It lay with one wheel in the air, buried among the grass, and half-an-hour's labour with oil-can and spanner was needed before it could be induced to work at all.

There were flies in legions, and the hot air was thick with mosquitoes, so declining Hunter's net (which hung like a meat-safe gauze beneath the brim of his hat), I anointed my face and hair with kerosene. Still, at times, the insects almost conquered us, as I afterwards saw them put to rout a surveying party in British Columbia, and it became difficult to lead the tortured horses. One does not, however, expect an easy time on the prairie, and the hay was badly needed; so, bitten all over, we held on until the little *sloo* was exhausted. The sun had already dried the grasses better than we could do, and when the waggon was loaded high I went back with it while the others tramped out into the heat in search of another *sloo*.

When I reached the house it was filled with Hunter's white chickens, which had sought refuge there from the swoop of a hawk. The caulking had fallen out from between the

warping logs, and the roof, which was partly tin and partly shingles, cracked audibly under the heat. But there was only time to pack up a little food, and when the waggon was lightened, grimed thick with dust, and a long wake of insects streaming behind my head, I drove out again. From *sloo* to *sloo* we wandered, halting once for a plunge into a shrunken creek, where lay three feet of lukewarm fluid, and it was nightfall when we thankfully turned our faces homewards. A little cool breeze, invigorating as champagne, came down out of the north, where still lingered a great transparency, and the sun-bleached prairie had changed into a dim, mysterious sea, with unreal headlands of birch and willow rolling back its ridges. Every growing thing gave up its fragrance as it drank in the dew, and through all the odours floated the sweet, pervading essence of wild peppermint.

Somewhere in the shadows a coyote howled dismally; at times with a faint rustling some shadowy beast slipped by; but save for this there was a deep, dead stillness, and an overwhelming sense of vastness and infinity. Under its influence one could neither chatter idly nor fret over petty cares, and I remember how, aching, scorched, and freely speckled with mosquito bites, we lay silent upon the peppermint-scented hay. Meantime, far out in the rim of the prairie, the red fires rioted among the grass, while here and there long clouds of filmy vapour blotted out the stars; but Hunter had ploughed deep furrows around his holding, and had no cause to fear them. At last, only half awake, we unyoked the beasts, devoured such cold food as we could find, and sank into heavy slumber until the sun roused us to begin another day.

It was late in autumn, and bluff and copse were glorious with many-coloured leaves, waiting, frost-nipped, for the first breeze to strew

them across the prairie, when I saw the last of Hunter's crop. The crackling grass lay ready for its covering of snow, and the yellow stubble, stripped of the heavy ears, stood four-square, solid, and rigid above the prairie. The crop had escaped the frost, the binders had gone, and now the black smoke of the threshing-machine hung motionless in the cool, transparent atmosphere above the piled-up sheaves. Hunter's heart was glad. After a hard struggle, patient waiting, and very plain living, the soil had returned what he had entrusted it to him a hundredfold, and Winnipeg millers and shippers were waiting for every bushel.

Still, there was no rest for him, and he worked as men who fight for their own hand only can do, grinded with smoke and dust beside the huge separator which nummed and thudded as it devoured the sheaves. Ox and horse were also busy, hauling the filled bags to the granary, which is merely a shapeless mound of short straw piled many feet thick over a willow-branch framing, to form, when wind-packed, a cheap and efficient store. Men panted, laughed, and jested, with every sinew strained to the uttermost and the perspiration splashing from them, for the system of centralization which makes a machine of the individual has so far no place in that country, and, being paid by the bushel, the reward of each was in direct ratio to his labours. Yet there was neither abuse nor foul language, and they drank green tea, while no man derided the weaker, where each did his best, and there was plenty for all.

Then, when at last even the moonlight had faded and three borrowed waggons stood beside the threshing-machine piled high with bags of grain, a bountiful supper was spread upon the grass, because room could not be found in the house for all. Threshers live upon the best in the land, as do the kindly

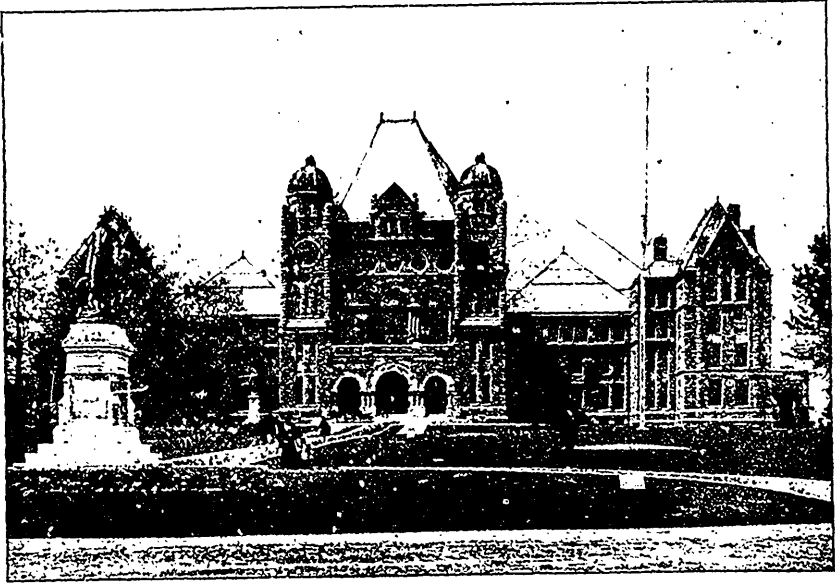
neighbours who work for no money, and already Hunter's chicken-house was empty, while the painful necessity of acting as executioner with a big axe affected the writer's appetite.

Next day I knew I must drive nearly sixty miles to the settlement and back for more provisions. They ate, then, as they had worked, thoroughly and well, French Canadian, Ontario Scotsman, young Englishman, and a few keen-witted wanderers from across the frontier of the great Republic, forgetting all distinctions of caste and race in the bond of a common purpose. Tradition counts for nothing on the white wheat-lands; they are at once too new and too old for it. Empty self-assertion is also worthless, and it is only by self-denial, endurance and steadfast labour that any one can win himself a competence there. Hunter had a right to the content he felt, for by stubbornly holding on in the face of disappointments he had won that harvest.

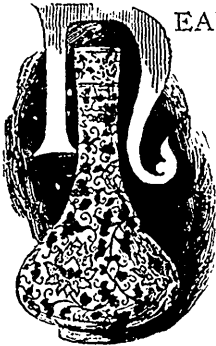
It was six weeks later, and the prairie lay white under the first fall of snow, when with three panting teams, whose breath rose like steam in the nipping air before us, we hauled the last loads on steel runners out of the sliding drifts, through the smooth-beaten streets of a straggling wooden town to the gaunt elevators. Long, snow-sprinkled trains of trucks were waiting on the sidings; huge locomotives snorted, backing more trucks in, for from north and south and west other teams were coming up out of the prairie with the grain that was needed to feed the swarming peoples of the older world. At last the whirring wheels were silent for a few moments' space; the empty waggons were drawn aside to make room for newcomers; and Hunter's eyes were rather dim than bright with emotion as he spread out before me the receipts which he would presently convert into dollar bills.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## TORONTO.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,  
*Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.*



ONTARIO PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.

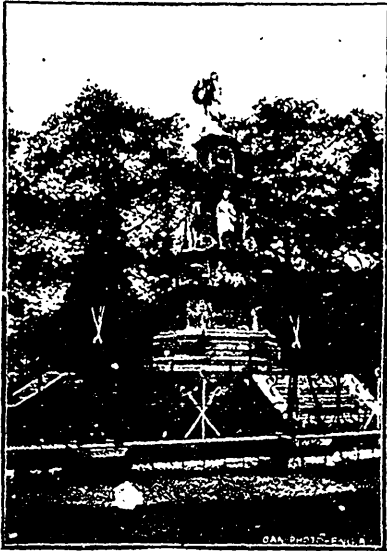


NEAR the western end of Lake Ontario, on the shore of a fine harbour which is almost enclosed by the semi-circular island Hiawatha, stands the city of Toronto, on a sloping watershed between the rivers Humber and Don, and extending eastward beyond the Don towards the magnificent suburban park district known as the Scarborough Heights. These Heights rise three hundred feet almost perpendicularly from Lake Ontario, and are partly formed by deposits from two glacial periods, a fact which makes

\* Abridged from an article in the "New England Magazine."

this district one of the most attractive parts of America to mineralogists, as it is especially rich in a great variety of rocks and fossils.

When the French under Champlain first explored the country north of the Great Lakes, they found the territory lying to the south of Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay occupied by Indians known as the Torontos. The district between Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario was known as Toronto, and on old French maps Lake Simcoe was named Lake Toronto, and the Humber, Toronto River. The Indians of the district in time began to trade with the English at Oswego, and in doing so travelled by the River Humber. So it came about that the high land at the mouth of the Humber was used by these Indians as a camp ground.



VOLUNTEER MONUMENT, QUEEN'S  
PARK, TORONTO.

When the early French traders began to explore the north shore of Lake Ontario, their Indian guides pointed to the district northward from the mouth of the Humber as "Toronto," and the traders applied the name to the landing-place.

Governor Simcoe laid the foundation for the real growth of Toronto by making it the capital of the new province of Upper Canada, which he had organized, believing that Newark (Niagara) was too near the border of the United States.

Out of compliment to Frederick, Duke of York, son of King George III, Governor Simcoe named his new capital York, and on August 27th, 1793, a royal salute was fired to commemorate the change of name from Toronto to York. The first building operations began in

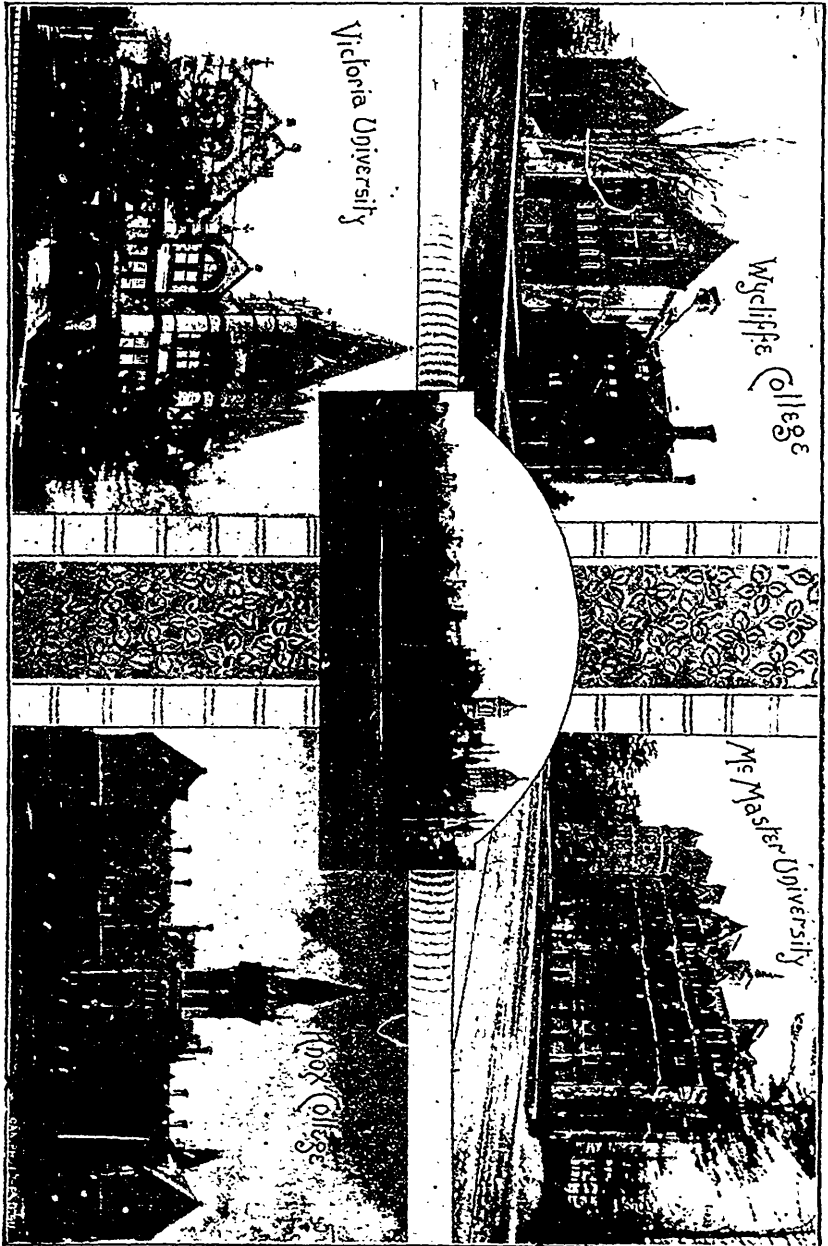
1794. Governor Simcoe himself lived in a large tent, which had originally been owned by Captain Cook, the great navigator. Governor Simcoe decided to erect the new parliament buildings near the mouth of the Don instead of at the original trading post near the mouth of the Humber. Near the bay, on Parliament Street, were built the first Houses of Parliament, consisting of what were described by a writer of the time as "two elegant halls with convenient offices for the accommodation of the Legislature and the Courts of Justice." Parliament met in York for the first time in 1797, after the new buildings were finished.

The young town grew slowly for twenty years, till in 1813 it was twice captured by Commodore Chauncey, first in April and afterwards in July. The small garrison was taken by surprise on the first visit of Commodore Chauncey and General Dearborn, and after blowing up the magazine the fort was abandoned. The United States troops retained possession of the city for eleven days. General Dearborn treated the people kindly, but "the Parliament Buildings and Parliamentary Library were burned and the church and town library were pillaged."



OSGOODE HALL.

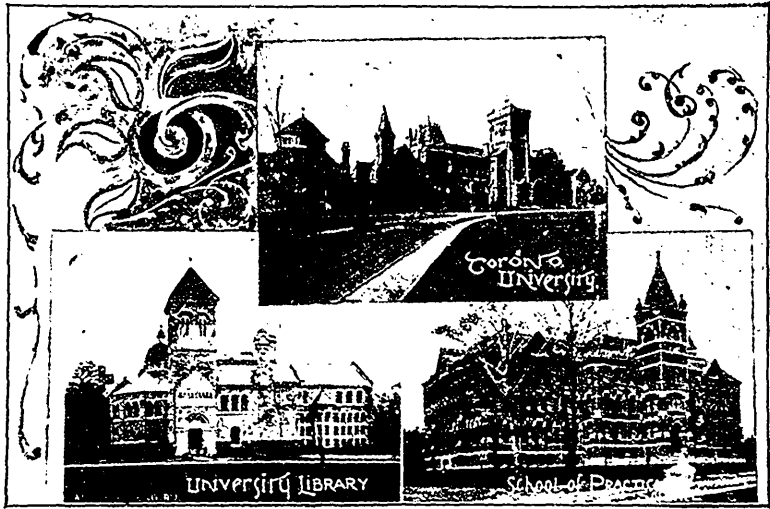
The United States troops remained only one day at the time of quantity of shot, shells, and other munitions of war, and several can-



TORONTO COLLEGES.

their second visit. They burned the empty barracks and took away a number of boats, with a

non. A month after the destruction of the Parliament Buildings in Toronto, the British retaliated at



TORONTO UNIVERSITY GROUP.

Washington. The Legislative Council of Lower Canada said at the time, in an address to Sir George Prevost: "We consider the destruction of the public buildings at Washington a just retribution for the outrages committed by an American force at the seat of government in Upper Canada."

The town grew rapidly during the last ten years of its existence under the name of York. In 1834 it had attained to a population of about 10,000, and it assumed the dignity of a city under the old name Toronto.

The first mayor of the new city was William Lyon McKenzie, an energetic Scotchman, who was the leader of the people of Upper Canada in their demands for relief from the rule of the Family Compact. He afterwards organized the rebellion of 1837, with a view of accomplishing by force the reforms he despaired of securing by legislation. The rebellion of 1837 naturally proved to be one of the great events in the history of Toronto. Its leader in Upper Canada was one of the most prominent men in the city; but although he had the honour of

being its first mayor, he had little sympathy from the people of Toronto in his attempt to overthrow the government and make Canada a part of the United States. The rebellion lasted only two days, days of great excitement in Toronto. The rebels were dispersed after a brief engagement with the loyalists, and the leaders fled to the United States. Toronto has ever since maintained its reputation for active loyalty to the British Crown.

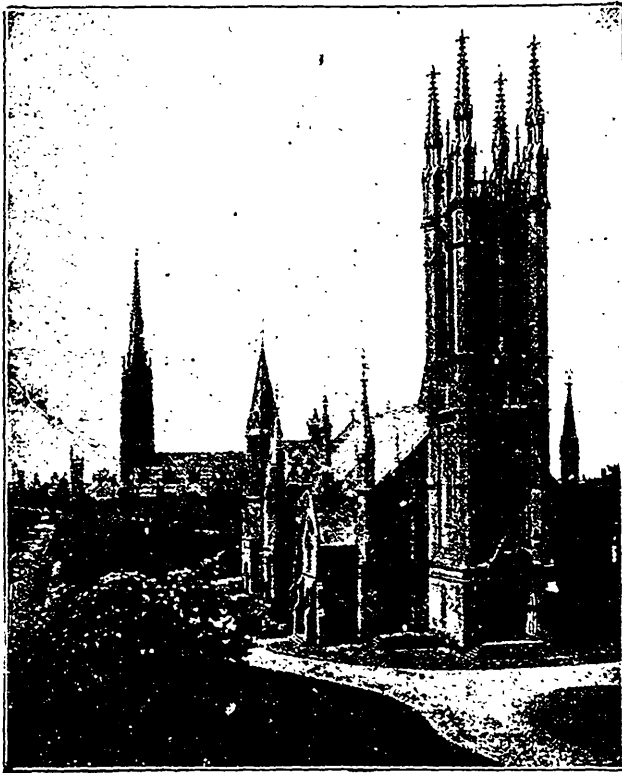
The year 1866 is a memorable one in the history of Toronto as the year of the Fenian Raids. The Toronto regiments of volunteers were promptly sent to drive the Fenians out of the Niagara Peninsula. The "Queen's Own" met the enemy at Ridgeway, and sustained a loss of seven killed and twenty-three wounded. The beautiful monument erected to the memory of those who fell at Ridgeway is decorated each year on June 2nd by their comrades and by the school children of the city. Another monument in Queen's Park commemorates the loyalty and bravery of Toronto volunteers. It records the gallantry of those who were killed



during the Northwest rebellion of 1885.

Since 1867, when Confederation widened the range of Canada's national and commercial outlook, the growth of Toronto has been very steady and progressive. Its population in 1867 was 47,500; in 1898 it had increased to 230,000,

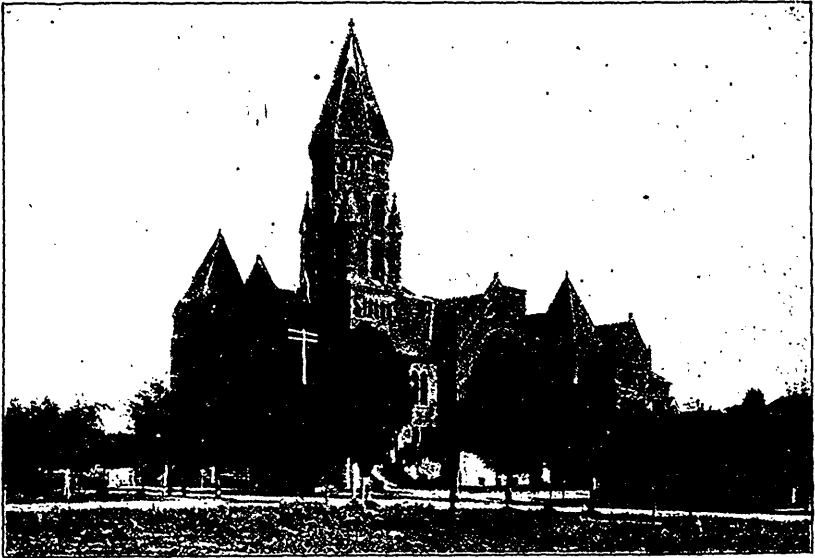
and two undertakings are at present actively considered, which will greatly enlarge Toronto, if they are carried to a successful issue. One is the building of a railway to James Bay, and the other the making of a canal or the improving of the railway facilities between Toronto and Georgian Bay, so as



METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH. ST. MICHAEL'S BEHIND.

including the immediate suburbs of West Toronto, North Toronto, and East Toronto. The school attendance has increased nearly seven-fold during the last twenty-five years. The increase in population has been caused chiefly by the building of new railways and the establishment of manufacturing estab-

lishments. Two undertakings are at present actively considered, which will greatly enlarge Toronto, if they are carried to a successful issue. One is the building of a railway to James Bay, and the other the making of a canal or the improving of the railway facilities between Toronto and Georgian Bay, so as



PARKDALE METHODIST CHURCH.

adopted, a great impetus will be given to the growth of Toronto.

Among the many fine public buildings in the city the most beautiful are the new Parliament Buildings, the Provincial University, described in all guidebooks as the best specimen of Norman architecture in America, the new City Hall, Osgoode Hall, the seat of the Provincial Courts and Law School, Trinity University, Victoria University, McMaster University, the Normal School, Upper Canada College and the Provincial Asylum.

Toronto has been named the City of Churches, because of the large number of fine churches that have been erected in it. The distinctive feature of church architecture in Toronto consists in the fact that all denominations have built a considerable number of fine churches instead of concentrating their efforts on the erection of a few of greater magnificence. The large churches are not confined to the the central portion, but are found widely distributed throughout the city.

Toronto is the educational metropolis of Ontario, if not of the Dominion. In addition to the University of Toronto, which is a Provincial institution, there are several universities and colleges supported by the leading religious denominations. The English Church has two, Trinity University and Wycliffe College; the Methodists have Victoria University; the Baptists, McMaster University; the Presbyterians, Knox College; and the Roman Catholics, St. Michael's College. There are three medical colleges, one being conducted for women only. The Provincial Normal School has in connection with it a fine collection of paintings and statuary and a good ethnological museum. Toronto has a technical school, three collegiate institutes (high schools), and Upper Canada College, a provincial institution modelled on the plan of the great public schools of England. There are also several private or denominational colleges of high standing for the secondary training of young ladies. There are fifty-five public

schools and nineteen separate schools.

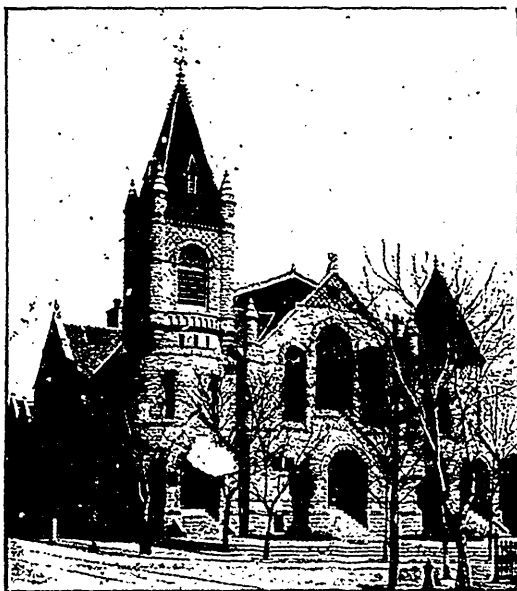
Toronto has several institutions for giving higher culture in art and music, the most important being the Ontario Art School, the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and the Toronto College of Music.

The work of the kindergarten is more completely organized as a part of the public school system in Toronto than in any other city of its size in America. Ontario was the first province or state to make the kindergarten an organic part of the state system of education, and Toronto was the first city in the Dominion to do so. Next to St. Louis, Toronto comes second among the cities of America. Toronto led America in the general introduction of military drill in the public schools. For more than twenty-five years the boys of all the schools have been taught drill regularly. Governor Bloxham invited the Toronto Public School Board to send a company of boys to the military convention in Tampa, Florida, in February, 1899; and the splendid bearing, the excellent conduct, and the efficiency of the boys met with the heartiest approval in Tampa, in Chicago, and Detroit, where public receptions were given in their honour.

The development of patriotic feeling is made one of the definite aims of school work in Toronto schools. On "Empire Day" special services are held, at which patriotic addresses and recitations are delivered, and songs of a patriotic character are sung. In the afternoon the annual parade and review of the drill battalions takes place, and the soldiers' monuments

are decorated by flower companies of girls from the different schools.

Another distinctive feature of the schools for nearly twenty-five years has been the fire drills. At least once a month at unexpected times these drills take place in every school. Their aim is to prevent the possibility of a panic in case of fire. Pupils can always get out of a building in case of fire without loss of life, if there is no danger of a panic. Smoke is caused in the halls sometimes, so that even when a real fire



SHERBOURNE ST. METHODIST CHURCH.

occurs the children rarely know that there has been any danger until they are in the yard. Four fires have occurred in Toronto schools since the fire drills were first introduced. In every case the children were calm, and went out as regularly as on ordinary occasions, when the special fire signals are given. In one case the fire, which had been smouldering under the floor, suddenly burst through, and flames rose up several feet in height between two rows of pupils. Even



SHERBOURNE STREET, TORONTO.

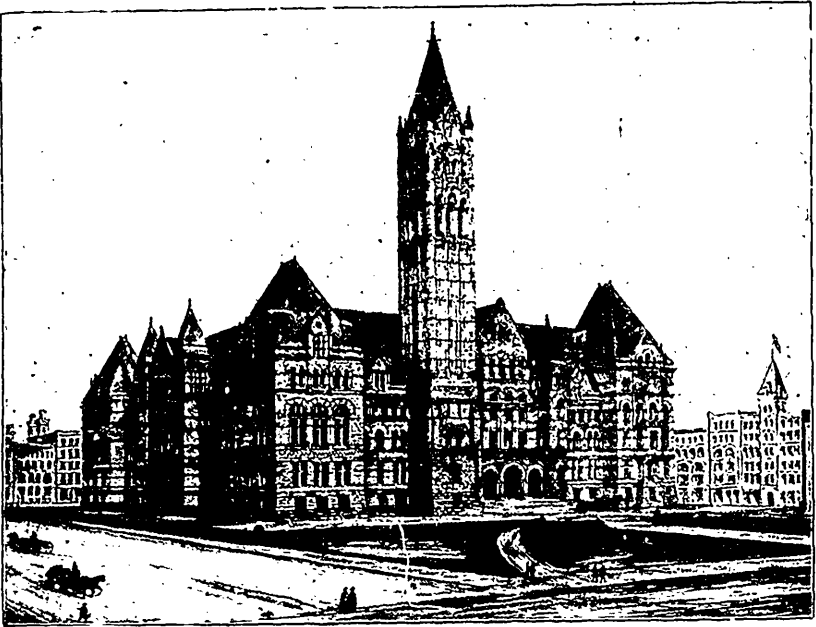
then, although the children were only about nine years of age, there was no sign of a panic. They sat quietly in their seats until the principal was notified and the regular alarm given, when they formed up as usual and waited quietly till their turn came to go out.

In close relation to the work of education stands the publication of good books. In this important department of national life Toronto far surpasses the other Canadian cities. Most of the Toronto publishers are now issuing literary works of Canadian and foreign authors, in a style that will compare favourably with the books of the best houses of the United States and England.

Toronto is the chief manufacturing centre of the Dominion. The leading manufactures are agricultural implements, machinery, musical instruments, furniture, stoves,

hardware, clothing, leather, boots and shoes, oils and soap. There are also large vinegar works and pickling industries. The packing houses of Toronto have an excellent reputation in English markets for their animal food products. The agricultural machines made in Toronto are sent in large quantities not only throughout the Dominion of Canada, but to England, Scotland, Ireland, India, Australia, South America, and even to France, Belgium, Austria, Bavaria, and Russia.

The park system of Toronto is extensive and beautiful. The city is surrounded on three sides by a series of splendid parks unsurpassed in extent and natural beauty by the parks of any American city. But the most popular of all her beautiful parks is Island Park, on Hiawatha Island, which lies immediately in front of the city in the form of a



THE CITY HALL, TORONTO.

crescent about three miles in length. A large part of the island is devoted to park purposes.

Toronto has a wide reputation as a pleasant, healthful summer resort. The magnificent lake, the fine fleet of steamers, the attractive summer residence districts on the lake, the bracing air and the comfortable temperature combine to supply most of the conditions for ideal summer homes.

The people of Toronto take a deep interest in outdoor sports, and her sons have done her high honor on various fields and waters in competition with the world's leaders. With such splendid boating facilities, it might naturally be expected that great attention would be paid to aquatic sports. In rowing, Toronto has produced two world's champions, Hanlan and O'Connor. In yachting, her fleet now holds the first position among the fleets of the Great Lakes. Toronto Bay has

long been the centre of the exciting and exhilarating occupation of ice-boating.

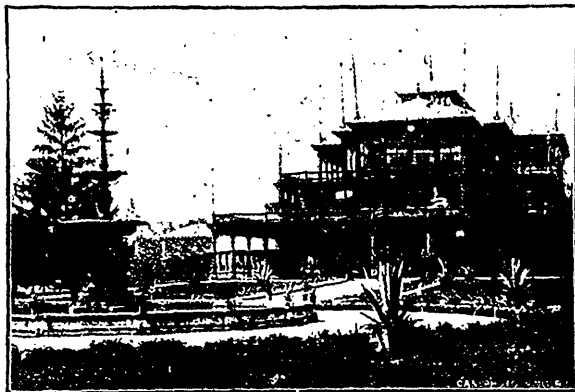
On land Toronto more than holds her own in lacrosse, football, cricket, baseball, curling, running and other forms of athletic sports. In curling, especially, Toronto leads the world—surpassing even Scotch cities in the number and size of the clubs and the splendid buildings erected by the devotees of this grandest of winter games.

One of the gratifying features that distinguish Toronto from most large cities is the fact that there is no part of the city that can be fairly regarded as the "slum" district. The city covers a very large area, so that there is no overcrowding. Workingmen have no difficulty in obtaining homes with separate gardens, and it is a common practice to use these gardens in growing both flowers and vegetables.

The city owns the franchise of the street railway, and receives from the company to which the railway is rented an income which at present amounts to \$164,000 per annum. The amount received by the city is based on the receipts of the company, so that it will increase with the growth of the city.

Toronto is pre-eminently a city of homes. It claims to have a larger proportion of good homes and a much smaller proportion of saloons than any city of its size in America.

Before the liberation of the negro by the United States, Toronto was



HORTICULTURAL PAVILION.

one of the cities of refuge for escaped slaves. They were well treated by the people generally, and some of them made considerable sums of money. One old gentleman became quite wealthy in the hotel and livery stable business, and his private equipage was as fine as that of any gentleman in the city. He had an intelligent daughter, who had received the best culture that could be provided for her. His ambition was to secure a white husband for her. In order to do so, he advertised that he would give any white gentleman of satisfactory standing a large sum of money if he would marry his daughter. A

suitor presented himself, and succeeded in winning the confidence of father and daughter. The marriage took place, and the old gentleman proudly carried out his promise. The enriched husband started with his wife on a bridal trip in the United States, and without arousing suspicion managed to get into one of the slave States, where he increased his wealth by selling his wife as a slave. The case caused a great deal of excitement at the time. The people of Toronto sympathized heartily with the unfortunate girl, and a sufficient sum of money was at once raised to purchase her release.

After the war of the rebellion most of the negroes returned to their southern homes.

Toronto has been the home of many men distinguished in the history of Canada, some of whom were among the most prominent men of their time. Its founder, General Simcoe, was a truly great man, worthy of the inscription on the wall of St. Gabriel's Chapel in

Exeter Cathedral under his medalion portrait by Flaxman, in which he is spoken of as one "in whose life and character the virtues of the hero, the patriot and the Christian were so eminently conspicuous, that it may justly be said, he served his king and his country with a zeal exceeded only by his piety towards God." After the war he was elected to the British House of Commons; but his great work was the organization of Upper Canada and the founding of the City of Toronto.

One of the greatest native-born Canadians was Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D., the founder of the

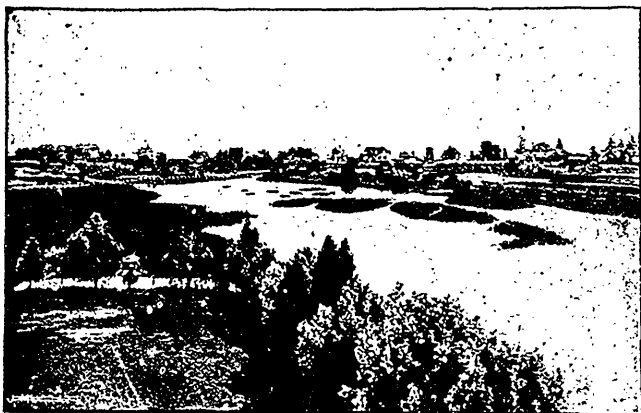


CYCLING IN HIGH PARK, TORONTO.

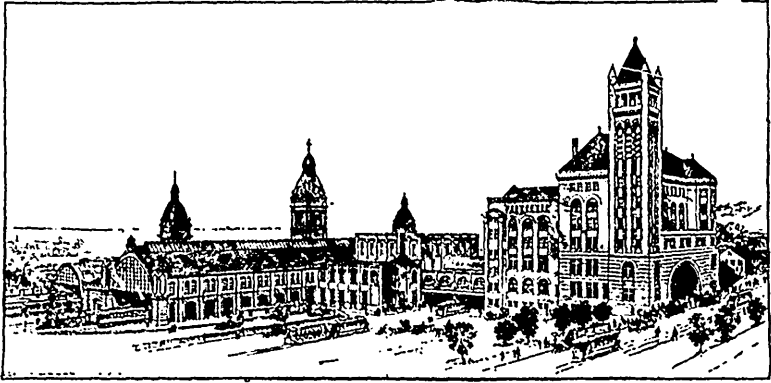
educational system of Ontario and the distinguished leader in educational matters in Ontario for thirty-two years, retaining as he did the position of chief superintendent of education from 1844 to 1876. During all this period he resided in Toronto. In addition to his great educational work, he was one of the leading orators of his country and one of the most powerful writers on educational, religious, historical, and political subjects that Canada has produced. He was a man of conspicuous ability, and his splendid character and attainments made him the first president of the united Methodist body of the Dominion.

Sir John Macdonald, who united the separate parts of the Dominion of Canada into one country and made it the most important portion of the colonial empire of Great Britain, resided in Toronto during 1873 to 1878, his party being in opposition.

Sir Daniel Wilson, well known throughout the world by his literary works, was one of Toronto's most notable men. He was appointed professor of history and English literature in Toronto University in 1853, and became its president in 1881, a position which he filled with splendid ability till his death in 1892. He was a voluminous writer, and when a comparatively young man he won unstinted praise from the highest authorities for the scholarship and originality of his book on "The Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland." In 1862 he published his greatest work, "Prehistoric Man," which helped



THE LAGOON, TORONTO ISLAND.



THE UNION STATION—G. T. R. AND C. P. R. TERMINUS, TORONTO.

to give high rank to the university in which he was a professor.

The great English preacher, Rev. William Morley Punshon, resided in Toronto for five years, 1868 to 1873. His remarkable oratorical powers made him a universal favorite in Canada and the United States.

One of the few statues yet erected to the memory of distinguished Canadians stands in front of the Parliament Buildings, in Toronto, in honour of the memory of Hon. George Brown, who for many years was one of the most prominent Canadian statesmen. Although he was during the greater part of his life opposed to the policy of Sir John Macdonald, he was so truly patriotic as to unite cordially with the "Father of his Country" in securing the Act of Confederation, which laid the foundation for the Dominion of Canada.

Sir Oliver Mowat, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario,

has been one of Toronto's most prominent men for about sixty years, first as a lawyer and a judge, then for nearly a quarter of a century as the head of the government, and afterwards as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.

The most widely known citizen of Toronto is undoubtedly Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has lived in Toronto for nearly thirty years. For half a century he has been recognized as an authority on historical, literary and educational questions. He was chosen as the most capable man to fill the position of professor of modern history in the University of Oxford in 1858, and performed his duties with marked ability until 1866, when he resigned his professorship, owing to an accident to his father. In 1861 he accepted the chair of English and constitutional history in Cornell University. He has resided in Toronto since 1871.



ON TORONTO BAY.



## A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN,

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



THE author of the "Constitutional History of Canada" is one of our most distinguished writers. He was born, 1837, as far down east as we can get in Canada, in the ancient town of Sydney, Cape Breton, former capital of that island. Cape Breton reaches far out into the ocean, as if to welcome the transatlantic visitor. It was in all probability the first landfall of Cabot, the discoverer of the mainland of this continent.\* It will probably be the Canadian landing of the ocean ferry of the future. We have in Cape Breton a fine example of social stratification, a Scottish overlying an earlier French civilization. Many of the older people speak only Gaelic, and the preaching is often in that language.

We judge from the name that Sir John Bourinot is of French, probably Huguenot, origin, for his father, the late Senator Bourinot, was a native of the island of Jersey. Sir John is a grandson of Judge Marshall, who was descended from a U. E. Loyalist family from the colony of Georgia. We remember calling some years ago upon Sir John Bourinot at his ancestral home, the charming mansion of Senator Bourinot, who was for many years French Consul in the port.

\* In honour of this event the Royal Society of Canada held its annual session in the city of Halifax, June 21st to 26th, 1897. A brass tablet commemorating Cabot's discovery was placed with due ceremony in the legislative building, the oldest structure of the kind, in the oldest maritime city first seen by the famous navigator. There were present representatives of the Corporation of the City of Bristol, from which Cabot sailed; and from the city of Venice, from which he originally came.

The little tree-shaded dock was kept with real man-o'-war neatness. There used to be almost always a French frigate on the station, and the military music and stately etiquette gave quite an air of the olden time to society. The delightfully quaint and quiet streets of the old town are now animated by the influx of life and business consequent upon the new iron industries, which promise to make it one of the great iron marts of the world.

A few miles distant is the site of the once famous fortress of Louisbourg, in the eighteenth century the strongest in the world, the Dunkirk of America. Here James Wolfe exhibited his skill and prowess in the reduction of this great fortress, constructed at such a cost, and assailed and defended with such valour. After the siege of 1758 the fortress was destroyed by the order of the British Government. Where giant navies rode, and earth-shaking war achieved such vast exploits, to-day the peaceful waters of the placid bay kiss the deserted strand, and a small town and a few grass-covered mounds mark the grave of so much military pomp, and power, and glory. Young Bourinot must often have wandered over these ruined ramparts, and doubtless the environment of his early days cultivated the historical imagination and inspired the studies of his riper years. He has written a beautiful memorial of his native island in his volume on "Cape Breton and Its Memorials of the French Regime."

What was then Western, but is now Central, Canada can claim an important part in the intellectual development of this distinguished writer. He received his collegiate training at Trinity University, Toronto. He was an enthusiastic and successful student, and won the



*John Bourinot*

From Sir John Bourinot's "Canada Under British Rule," by the  
courtesy of the Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

Wellington and other scholarships at old Trinity. He has ever been one of the most devoted and filial sons of his Alma Mater.

He studied law as a profession; but the writing instinct would have way, and he adopted journalism in his early manhood. He had much experience in this best of all training for literature on the public press of Toronto, Boston, and Halifax. In the latter city he was for some years editor and proprietor of the *Reporter*, a widely circulated evening paper which we remember reading with much pleasure under his administration.

Like a great many of our kinsfolk by the sea, he was summoned to the wider sphere of the capital of the Dominion, where in 1880 he became Clerk of the Canadian House of Commons. This position he has held with distinction to himself and advantage to the country to the present day.

When the Royal Society of Canada was organized, 1882, by the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, now the Duke of Argyll, Dr. Bourinot became its first Honorary Secretary. This position he has filled ever since with the exception of the year 1892, when he was for a term its president. He has also edited for many years "The Proceedings and Transactions" of the society, and to his admirable literary ability they largely owe their success and the appreciation in which they are held in the learned centres of the world.

In 1890, in recognition of his distinguished services to the Crown and to literature, Dr. Bourinot was honoured with the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and in 1898 that of K.C. M.G. Sir John is an honorary member of many learned societies, among others of the American Antiquarian Society. He is also a member of the Council of the American Academy of Political Science, and honor-

ary fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute and of other learned bodies in the United States and Europe.

It is not true in the case of this distinguished writer that "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country." Sir John Bourinot has obtained wide and cordial recognition in the Dominion as well as abroad, and has received honorary degrees from the majority of Canadian Universities, including that of the ancient university of Laval, Quebec. He is, moreover, a member of the Council, and is examiner in constitutional history and law of Trinity University.

His published books make quite a long list. Among the more prominent are the following: "Manual of Constitutional History of Canada," now in its third edition, and "Parliamentary Procedure and Government of Canada." This is a large and costly quarto volume of over a thousand pages, and the fact that it is now going to its third edition is a proof of its unique value throughout the Empire. The present speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington has justly spoken of it as "one of the most important contributions ever made to the science of politics."

"The Builders of Nova Scotia" comprises the results of the studies and investigations of years. It pays a generous tribute to those men who laid broad and deep the foundations of British institutions in that province. It records the heroism and fidelity of the United Empire Loyalists, who for love of the old flag under which they were born left their homes in the revolted colonies for the faithful northern province. It records with appreciation the establishment of the great Churches which gave the sanctions and safeguards of religion to the secular country. It recites many genial reminiscences of eminent Nova Scotians for over forty years.

"We may fairly estimate," says

Sir John Bourinot, "that between eighty and one hundred thousand men, women, and children were forced to leave and scatter throughout the world." Of this number between thirty and forty thousand people came to the provinces of the present Dominion. More than two-thirds of the exiles settled in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The British Parliament voted them an allowance of nearly sixteen million dollars, besides considerable annuities, land grants and the like.

Sir John Bourinot well remarks:

"Canada can never be a nation until the peoples, who live either by the sea, or in the valley of the Saint Lawrence, or by the great lakes, or on the western prairies, or on the Pacific slope, take a common interest and pride in each other's history and in the achievements of the men who reflect lustre on the respective provinces that make up the federation to the north of the Ambitious Republic."

Through the courtesy of Sir John Bourinot we are permitted to print in early numbers of this Magazine the substance of this valuable contribution to the history of our country.

Our readers will, we are sure, remember with much pleasure the

series of admirable articles by Sir John Bourinot on "Canada During the Victorian Era," which ran through this Magazine during the first half of the year 1900. Other volumes by Sir John Bourinot are the following: "Cape Breton and its Memorials of the French Regime;" "Federal Government in Canada;" "The Story of Canada;" "Canada Under British Rule," both of the latter having been widely read and eulogized. He is also a contributor to the *Forum*, the *Quarterly Review*, and other leading reviews and periodicals in Europe and America, and receives the highest value for all his essays and books.

Not the least important literary service rendered his country by Sir John Bourinot has been that of his honorary secretariat of the Royal Society. His tact, ability, and unwearying industry in conducting the multifarious duties of his office, as well as editing the bulkiest of its Transactions, are beyond all praise. No one has been a more copious contributor to these Transactions than himself, indeed, not a few of his large and important works are expansions and developments of papers so contributed.

#### ABALLADE OF BURDEN.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

Our necks are bowed beneath the yoke,  
Our slow feet stumble o'er the road;  
Grim fear stalks by us from dawn till dark,  
The fear of the merciless whip and goad.  
Comrades we, in the day's dull round  
Of light refreshment and lengthy fast;  
Upheld alone by one sure hope,  
The hope of the rest that must come at last.

The fierce rain cuts, and the red sun burns,  
Faint are our bodies, and heavy the load;  
The scared skin shrinks from the fly's light  
touch,

Yet ever behind are the whip and goad.  
Is it hours or years since the day began?  
Since the brief sweet moments of night  
flashed past?

We are strong in the hope that will not fail,  
The hope of the rest that must come at last.

The children of men are hard of heart,  
Recking nought of the toilsome road;  
Though sore feet stumble, and galled necks  
droop,

They spare not the merciless whip and  
goad,  
Is there never a heart that is moved to see  
Our lives of labour, and pain, and fast?  
Ay, there is One who in mercy sends  
The long, long rest that must come at  
last.

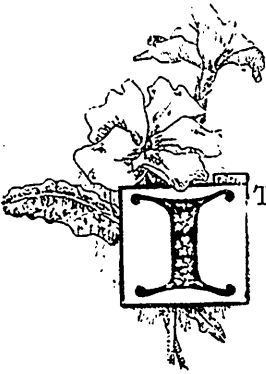
#### L'ENVOI.

The age-long hours, the endless road,  
The fear of the merciless whip and goad,  
All the horrors of life will be over and past,  
When we find the rest that *must* come at  
last.

—M. D., in *Temple Bar*.

## METHODISM AND CITY MISSION WORK.

BY THE REV. T. E. E. SHORE, M.A., B.D.,  
*Superintendent of the Fred Victor Mission, Toronto.*



It is important to emphasize at the outset the meaning of city mission work, which is different from, though analogous to, church extension work.

The two problems overlap each other, but one centres in the denominational idea, and the other does not. The success of city mission work largely depends upon keeping denominationalism in the background.

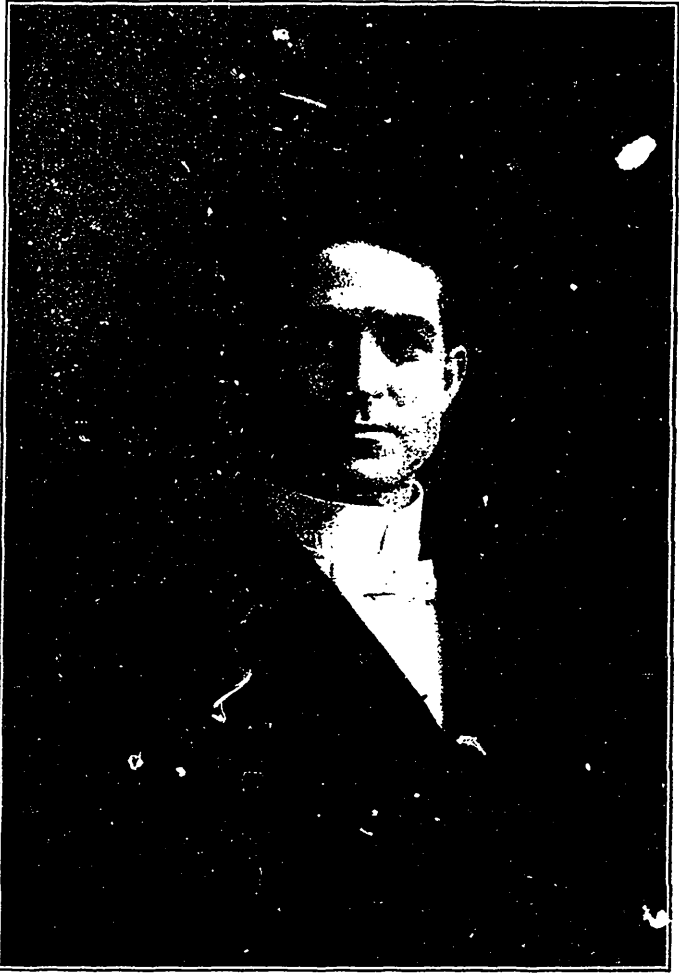
The great majority of the mass of non-churchgoing people, however unchristianized they may be, are nevertheless possessed of denominational prejudices themselves, and any approach to them on any denominational ground other than their own would be a failure. Methodism would thus be limited in its mission work chiefly to those of Methodist predilection. But if we leave behind our religious prejudices and our denominational creeds, and approach the unreached masses with a strong realization of the Fatherhood of God, and an intense consciousness of the brotherhood of man, and with a broad evangelical conception of salvation in Christ, then the field is unlimited, and all classes and conditions of men will respond to the call in the Master's name.

This does not mean, however, that Methodism as a denomination is incapable of doing effective mission work along broad evangelical lines. A good example to the contrary is that of our own city mission work in this city, where twenty

Methodist churches are co-operating in a mission that includes people of almost all religious persuasions. The Methodist auspices under which the work is carried on is never magnified, and not a few of the regular adherents of the services are quite unaware that it is a Methodist mission at all. We have converts identified with our work that are now, and continue to be, members of the Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and other Churches, and they do not now know to what Church each other belongs.

It is certain, however, that Methodism's denominational gain is greater in this way than it ever could be by pursuing a narrow policy confined solely to church extension, and to reaching out for those only whom she can gather within her own fold. But, were it not so, it would nevertheless be incumbent upon her as a church, to put forth self-sacrificing efforts for the salvation of the lost, and for the evangelization of the churchless crowds that throng the down-town centres of city life.

This was once Methodism's peculiar work. In Wesley's day, Methodism was almost alone in her aggressive efforts to evangelize the masses. But now, happily, other Churches are side by side with us in the progressive work of city evangelization. In England and in the United States it is a question whether the Episcopalian or our own Church takes the lead in this mission work; and the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist Churches are not far behind. So Methodism has no monopoly of this



THE REV. T. E. E. SHORE, M.A., B.D.,  
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Christly task. But it is encouraging to see the progress made during ten years of organization by the National City Evangelization League of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which now has over fifty branches in the different cities of the United States, all doing aggressive work along various lines of city evangelization. The success that has attended the work of the West London Mission, and the impetus it has given to Wesleyan Methodism in England, is familiar to many. The

results accomplished by our own Fred Victor Mission in this city are no cause for shame.

But the work is not yet done. Our cities are not yet evangelized. The masses are still outside the church. Indeed, the non-church-going populations of the cities seems to growing faster than the church-going population. During the past ten years the city of Toronto has increased by forty thousand in population, while it is to be feared that our church attendance

has increased very little, if any, during the same period. To-day the population of Toronto is about 220,000. There are 200 churches and missions of all denominations. The average attendance is not likely more than 100,000 at these 200 places of worship. From this conjecture, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that, of the remaining 120,000, upwards of 50,000 or 60,000 people in this city are non-church-goers. This supposition is certainly not out of harmony with the impressions that come to one who observes the conditions that prevail, especially in the crowded districts, among the poor, as well as the immense numbers of young men and others that prefer the street or some other place to the church. The tendency of the past decade has undoubtedly been to increase the number of the unchurched masses, and tendencies are prophetic.

In the meantime, cities are growing larger all the time. The nineteenth century has witnessed a tremendous development of city populations, through the increase of manufacturing industries, the application of machinery to agriculture and the facilities of transportation. The twentieth century will see this development greatly multiplied. Now while the cities are growing, they are growing in two directions. Two mighty forces are at work, which might be termed the centrifugal and the centripetal forces, which are tending to disperse the well-to-do classes away from the central to the suburban parts, and are concentrating the poorer classes in the crowded centres of the downtown districts. The inevitable slum thus becomes established in every city of considerable size. It comes apparently to stay. It is there to grow. It is there to gather into itself the wrongs and wretchedness and woes of the submerged masses of society. It collects into a con-

gested centre of ignorance, sin and misery the poor, the outcast, and the degenerate of city life. These crowded districts constitute special fields for city mission work. They might be termed mission areas. The churches fail to reach them through their ordinary means of religious work, and even where churches are actually situated in these districts they are unable to do effective work among the poor, unless they become mission churches.

Mission work among the poor must always be characterized by direct evangelical efforts for the salvation of the lost, together with what is known as institutional work. The institutional work should bear chiefly upon the home life, and upon the education of the children along lines of equipment for life's industry and toil. The home-life is benefited by mothers' meetings. Girls are prepared for life's duties by training in kitchen garden, sewing school, and cooking school, and receive social culture as well as needed recreation by means of girls' clubs. Boys also should have clubs and gymnasiums conducted under Christian control, and may be made industrious as well as efficient by instruction in manual training schools. A savings bank is also a necessary adjunct to every well organized mission or mission church. Apart from all theory, it is the experience of successful mission workers here and in the United States, that institutional work is the only effective plan by which the spiritual and evangelical work among the poor can be strengthened and maintained.

In mission work as in church work, the best results are reached among the children; and if the family is the unit of society, then the nearer we can get to the cradle in our mission work the sooner we can save the home and save society. It is always easier to form character

than to reform it. Our own mission so much appreciates the value of work among the children of the poor, that, besides a large corps of volunteer workers, we have two trained deaconesses who give all their time to the cultivation of Christian character among the children, and recently we have appointed a paid assistant superintendent of the mission, whose first duty shall be to supervise children's work.

But the work among the adult poor and the matured sinners cannot be overlooked, for the lives of such form the environment which counts for so much in the destiny of the young associated with them in the home. Accordingly every means that is calculated to promote industry, sobriety, and a living Christian faith and experience, must be aggressively used.

Toward this end, experience in mission work teaches that nothing is so essential to social redemption as individual regeneration. Salvation is the real and radical cure for the social ills of our times. It changes men. It breaks the fetters of evil habits, and takes away the appetite for sin. It awakens hope in the poor man's heart, and quickens his energy, and stimulates a desire for work. It gives him a concern for the care of his family, and occupies his thought and time with noble desires and divine purposes, and sends him forth into the world, not a slave to appetite and despair, but a leader of his fellow men to joyful service for humanity and to a holy delight in the things of God. It is a blessed thing that the simple gospel has not lost its olden power and that when the compassionate Saviour of men speaks through the lips of the evangelistic preacher among the poor or through the testimony of sinners saved by grace, the common people still hear him gladly.

There is no difficulty in getting

good congregations in the missions, and the early Methodist method of meeting in the houses of the people, especially among the unconverted, is a most effectual way of reaching the poor. We have found the organization of small bands among the people themselves, composed of from six to ten members each, and every member burdened with the responsibility of the salvation of at least one soul, a great power in mission work. It is said that if every Christian in the world would lead one soul to Christ each year, and each new convert similarly another soul, the whole world would be Christianized within seven years. What a responsibility this places upon personal work! It is to be feared that many churches are dying for lack of individual activity, and if missions are to grow it must be not only by the help and leadership of volunteer workers from the churches, but also through the multiplying medium of individual effort by the converts of mission work themselves.

The men problem is a serious one with missions as with churches, but we believe that its solution lies in the adoption and working out of the principle of men for men in individual work, and by banding together for mutual encouragement and enlarging results. We have seen men converted and leading others to Christ in a few weeks, by this method, who had attended services for years and were never moved to decision in the larger meetings of the crowd.

This work may be done and ought to be done by all the churches where there are any unreached poor or non-churchgoing people in the community. It is not necessary to erect mission buildings in order to do mission work. Cottage meetings can be held. Bands may be organized. The one-by-one principle of individual effort ought to be established in every evangelical church.



Why should not our church classes be organized along these lines of multiplying activity? Ought not all our Epworth Leagues be led out in a movement of evangelistic and aggressive work such as this. Methodism can evangelize every neglected part of such a city as Toronto in a very short time if she sets herself rightly to the task, and what Methodism can do she ought to do.

There are many other phases of and spheres for city mission work, besides that which we have now treated at some length in our consideration of the families of the slum and the homes of the poor. There is the homeless men problem. This is one of the most difficult phases of mission work. Two general principles must, however, be thoroughly established, viz.; We must avoid pauperizing the man, and we must seek to save him. House to house begging should be utterly and always discountenanced. The indiscriminate giving of lodging-house tickets to tramps and habitual drunkards should be discouraged. Suitable and sanitary lodging-houses, with labour tests of various kinds attached to them, ought to be established under civic or Christian auspices. But above all, the vilest drunkard and the most abandoned man should be welcome in mission or church, and made to feel that there is pardon for the sinner through the Saviour's love, and power in the grace of God to lift up the fallen and to save the lost.

If free suppers will draw them to the mission, then such hospitality is but a slight symbol of the Master's love, who would invite those in the highways and the hedges to His banquet table. If an hour spent alone in close contact and in Christ-like sympathy with one of them, or an earnest prayer offered on his behalf, will win him to goodness and to God, then we ought to remember that our Lord emptied Himself of

His glory and made Himself of no reputation on our behalf, and had fellowship with publicans and sinners in His day. One is easily discouraged and often deceived in such work as this, but it is a good thing to be deceived by nineteen out of twenty, if need be, in order to pluck but one brand from the burning and snatch but one soul from the mouth of hell.

Another important phase of city mission work brings us into the rescue home, which seeks, from the standpoint of Christian charity, to solve the problem of the social evil by the same evangelical means of salvation that is brought to bear upon evil habits and sins of other forms. Christ's attitude to this serious question is the only satisfactory and saving one for the Church to take. We must remember that God does not classify sin in the merciful provisions of His grace, but "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

The same spirit of loving sympathy that filled our Saviour's heart and life with tender compassion for the outcast and fallen should inspire the Church toward the betrayed and the unfortunate with kindness and care. Let us beware lest at any time, in neglecting those who have been robbed of virtue and of hope, we receive the condemnation meted out by the Master upon the two pharisaical representatives of Jerusalem's ecclesiastical preferment who "passed by on the other side," while the good Samaritan received commendation because he helped a fallen man, though a Jew, in his dying distress. This was but a counterpart of the kindness which the good Jew, Christ Jesus, accorded to the woman of Samaria as He sat by the well of Sychar, and by His goodness and love unsealed in her soul a well of water, pure and grateful, springing up into ever-

lasting life. So it must be to-day. Jesus, who said to the woman taken in adultery, when He had seen the shame of her confusion and the repentance of her heart, "Neither do I condemn thee," will not utter criticism nor scorn through His followers to-day. Ah, no! there is a better way which, if we follow, will give peace and purity to the troubled and tempted lives, and bring us into touch with the throbbing heart of God. We have seen fallen girls in the rescue home wetting the Saviour's feet afresh, as it were, with their tears of gratitude and hope, and wiping them with the hair of their heads by willing service in His cause.

Rescue mission work calls for heroic sacrifice and loving service, but none is more Christlike, and none will bring sweeter joy than this to those zealously engaged in it, when they see the fruit of their labour and love in the changed lives of the fallen.

The organization of a rescue branch of our mission, and the establishment of a rescue home under the charge of two devoted deaconesses, have in less than a year proved the efficacy of such work among the unfortunate girls of the streets and the fallen women of our city.

City mission work ought to include vigorous efforts within two other spheres. One of these has been pretty well occupied, though not always effectively worked, namely, mission work in prisons and hospitals. The other has scarcely been entered, save by a few lone Salvation Army sellers of the *War Cry*, namely, the city saloons. This paper cannot do more than draw attention to the necessity of such work. Our Saviour's warning in regard to the former ought at least to have some meaning for us: "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not. Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of

these, ye did it not to me." The solemn words of doom pronounced upon the faithless and remiss in Christian duty, "These shall go away into eternal punishment," have a deep and awful significance.

It is a question whether Methodism's duty to the sick can be satisfied even by a hospital chaplaincy that visits in rotation those that are registered as Methodist patients in the wards. It would not be an impossible thing to have a cheerful, evangelistic service once a week in every ward of considerable size in all the hospitals of the city, if young people's societies and others were organized under proper superintendency along these lines.

It is doubtful, also, whether Methodism's full duty is discharged to those incarcerated in our gaols and prisons, by leaving all concern for their spiritual welfare to individual workers or philanthropic organizations, or general committees that are in no way in touch with the latent usefulness and adaptations of our Church, for reaching the unconverted and proclaiming a simple gospel of saving grace.

But the work in saloons we have not touched at all as yet. How few ministers have ever been inside a saloon to invite the bartender to church, or have even considered whether he has a soul to save. Our business and theirs are opposites; and it is difficult to say who regards the other with greater suspicion and fear, preacher or publican. Nevertheless, if we are followers of Wesley, they are part of our parish, and the scriptural injunction, "Love your enemies," applies to them as truly as to any others.

Saloon keepers and saloon frequenters need to be saved from sin, as much as any other class of men, and they are among the "all creatures" to whom Christ commissioned His disciples to preach the gospel. It will be found, moreover, that they will generally receive the

Christian man who comes to them in the spirit of frank kindness and honest helpfulness, in as gracious a manner as that in which they are approached. In some cases, impromptu services might be allowed in the saloon or sitting-room, and in others a little personal conversation will be found to do much good. Would not thus working from within do at least as much good in the matter of solving the liquor problem as hammering denunciation and smashing opposition from without? At least we must admit that while as citizens we should not abate our efforts for the overthrow of the liquor traffic, yet as Christians we must not forget that our mission is to save the lost tavern-keeper, as well as the lost drunkard.

The next phase of city mission work takes us into the sphere of another class of the non-churchgoing and unevangelized portion of the city population quite distinct from any of those already dealt with. This class includes the worldly young men of well-to-do circumstances, whose religion is social pleasure and whose church is the club. The "church and young men" problem is one that does not wholly come within the range of our paper, but it is closely related to it on what may be termed the higher social plane.

It was recently urged by a gentleman of considerable wealth and of high social position, and a prominent layman in the Methodist Church in this city, that the most needed kind of mission work to-day is one among the rich. For various reasons many of these are dropping away from the Church. This is so to an alarming extent among young men of wealthy families. A young man from one of our largest and wealthiest Methodist churches in this city stated, a few months ago, that the sons of the officials of that

church were conspicuous by their absence from all church affairs.

These fashionable young men of the world are not likely to be missioned by the same method that is effective among the poor. But the principle that underlies both is practically the same, namely, taking Christianity to them. Where are they? They are at the theatre and in the club. It is not the purpose of this paper to defend the theatre, nor to support the club. But we must find and face the forces that lay hold upon young men's hearts.

We must meet young men as any other class that we have to deal with, along the lines of least resistance. We must take for granted the social nature of young men. We must recognize that young men do and will seek recreation. We cannot here discuss whether the Church should supply the opportunities for these things or not. My own opinion is that the Church cannot hope, nor should she desire, to compete with the world along lines of recreation and social enjoyment, for the worldly young man's favour. But the Church ought to make provision for the social needs of young men within her walls if she is going to save them from satisfying their nature's requirements in places of worldly influence and amid associations of sin.

This is an important distinction that might be developed more fully if space or time permitted. But what of the young men not within her walls? What of those who never go to church? I have said that the Church cannot compete with the world in matters of entertainment and recreation. Nevertheless she dare not abandon these young men to the world, the flesh, and the devil. She cannot get them into her services. Then she must find them where they are, and bring her services to them. Ought not our ministers to know more of what goes

on in clubs, and of who are there? Could we not come into touch with the young men of the world individually, and impress upon them, by our own personality the manliness of Christ?

Is it out of the question to consider club services at other than church hours, in the parlours of some of the largest clubs in the city. These services would have to be dignified and unobtrusive under the auspices of the clubs themselves and with choice music and singing and good short addresses to men.

Then what of the theatre public? Mark, I do not ask, What of the theatre, but what of the theatre public, or at least that part of the public who are theatre-goers, but not church-goers? What of the men and women of the stage? Have they souls? Do they need the gospel? Can we give it to them? Is it possible to reach them as a class? Whether possible or not, ought we to try to preach the gospel to them also? Are they among the "all creatures" of whom Christ speaks?

My attention was called some time ago to an organization called the Actors' Church Alliance, founded, I believe, by Rev. Mr. Bentley, of New York. It is simply an effort to bring the good influences of the Church to bear upon actors individually. Any minister can join this Alliance, and by sending his card or church notice, with the seal of the Alliance printed on it, to any actors transiently in the city, can thus very often secure the attendance at his church services of these people, who would otherwise scarcely come at all.

But even if anything could be accomplished for the actors along this line, still the question remains, Can anything be done to reach the non-churchgoing theatre public? I took the liberty of corresponding with Rev. Mr. Bentley upon this point, suggesting the question of a

weekly or monthly service held in the leading opera house on Sunday evenings at about 8.30 o'clock. In his reply he said: "A service in the opera house would be a good thing for everybody, as well as actors. I believe in theatre services for the non-churchgoers. That is the only way to get at them in large numbers."

In these days of much talk about the redemption of the stage, it is important to remember that such a transformation as may be satisfactory involves the redemption of actors, the redemption of theatre managers, and the redemption of the public sentiment of those who patronize the theatres. Is there any way in which this much to be desired result can be attained so readily as by the regenerating power of gospel services, such as might be held in theatres on Sunday nights?

There is one more sphere that is open for city mission work, and that is the summer crowds. These are to be found only in two places in the city, namely, the streets and the parks. They are certainly not to be found in the churches. All pastors have distressing memories of discouragingly small congregations in the summer time. Yet this need not be so. Mr. Moody prophesied that the next generation would, in the erection of new churches, provide for roof-garden services. Why should they not? [This is already done in the new Lyceum Mission, London.—E.D.] Some churches would not even need to go to this expense. Wherever there are vacant grounds around or nearby a church, such grounds might be utilized to great advantage for church services on Sunday and week evenings during the summer. Thus, instead of sweltering in a close church, and preaching to a paltry hundred or so, pastors might be thrilling thousands in the open air, even as Whitefield and Wesley did in the early days of Methodism.

Those worthy leaders adopted field preaching for reasons which, however, do not trouble us now. They went out into the open air because they were crowded out, or because they were kicked out. Though our reason for open-air services may be different from theirs, the effect would undoubtedly be the same.

Last summer the Epworth League of the Metropolitan Church in this city decided to hold its weekly meetings in the open grounds in front of the church. The result was that in place of a dozen or so duty-bound Leaguers meeting in a room in the rear of the church, they had three and four hundred a night, and on one occasion perhaps thousands. Why should not the pastor of the Metropolitan have a summer congregation of five thousand or more every Sunday night?

Our own Fred Victor Mission is planning to have two services each Sunday night in summer, the regular one in the mission hall at seven, and the other on Jarvis Street beside the mission at 8.30, converting one of the large window-places into a pulpit, and using piano and cornet inside another open window to lead in song. In addition to plenty of hearty singing, a regular address or short sermon will be given, perhaps illustrated with stereopticon Scripture views thrown upon a canvas on the wall on the opposite side of the street.

Open air services should be carried on with just as much dignity and even more preparation than those held inside the churches. The greatest hindrance to open-air preaching is the disrepute it has fallen into through having drifted into the hands of a few zealous and enthusiastic people, who have not had the facilities for carrying on their services upon a dignified and attractive scale. Moreover, the example set by the Salvation Army

in its street-corner preaching has not always been helpful in every respect. Its out-door meetings have been preparatory, introductory, or, as it were, advertisements to the real meeting in the barracks.

What we want is something quite different; not scrappy, irregular meetings, but open-air services conducted with care, complete in every respect, with the best kind of music and singing, and the best evangelistic preaching. The great sermon of St. Paul on Mars Hill at Athens was an open-air sermon, but it was a masterpiece. Wesley and Whitefield did not utter pious platitudes in the open air, and emit a little goody-goody talk. They had genuine services, and gave straightforward discourses, and such power rested upon their appeals to the intelligence and to conscience, that hearts were swayed and souls were saved, as the people listened sometimes for hours to these mighty men of God.

Our Lord preached the most exquisite of his parables and discourses in the open air. The Sermon on the Mount was an open-air sermon of peerless power. These examples exalt the whole character of open-air services, and incite us to a noble work which ought to command the earnest attention of our Church. Wesley said that nothing would save Methodism but what he called "field-preaching;" and it is certain now that Methodism cannot save the masses that throng our streets in summer without open-air services.

Another aspect of the same problem arises in connection with the crowds that throng our parks during the summer months. Park preaching was prohibited in our city a few years ago, owing to the nuisance created by heated debates and quarrelsome discussions brought on and fomented by irresponsible speakers. But it might still be possible to secure the City

Council's consent to reputable services in the park pavilions, or in tents erected inside or nearby the parks. These places are thronged with people during Sunday afternoons and evenings in the summer. It becomes a serious question whether the opportunity afforded of preaching the gospel to these thousands of people ought not to be seized by the Church.

Let it be understood that this paper does not propose that what has been suggested should be made a programme of city mission work to be carried out by any one organization or body of workers. We have but endeavoured to bring into view various spheres of need and opportunity among the unreached majority, and have sought to show that these present an open field for Methodism to fulfil her mission as an aggressive evangelistic force and a missionary Church.

It is not a work that can be relegated to a few. The responsibility rests upon all. Much depends upon individual effort on the part of pastors and church members. Every encouragement should be given to all organized efforts to accomplish something in any of these various directions, such as Fred Victor Mission is doing among the poor. There is room for Methodism to show her connexional spirit in this work as much as anywhere. The greatest problem of the world is the problem of the city. The best solution that the Church can offer is city evangelization. Methodism has always claimed, and rightly so, to be a great evangelism. Methodism should therefore lead in the work of evangelizing the unreached masses, and in the onward movement of capturing the cities for Christ.

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“HIS GREAT LOVE.”

BY AMY PARKINSON.

There waits for me a mansion, glorious bright,  
In a far land where ne'er is grief nor night,  
But where, through endless rounds of happy days,  
From care freed hearts rise joyous songs of praise.

I have a Friend in that glad world above,  
A Friend who loves me with unequalled love ;  
'Tis He who makes my home so wondrous fair,  
And His dear voice will bid me welcome there.

My Friend is Sovereign of the blissful land  
Within whose bounds my beauteous home doth stand ;  
Yet once He laid His royal sceptre down,  
And, for my sake, put off His kingly crown.

So from the heavenward road I need not stray,  
To earth He came, and marked life's tortuous way  
With His own footprints: then through death's black vale  
Unshrinking passed—and lo! all sweetly pale,

There rose, amid its shades, a tender light,  
As though a lily blossomed in the night,  
That, when the darksome valley I must tread,  
A silvery gleam may o'er my pathway spread.

Throned now again o'er all the realm of day—  
Heaven's angel hosts His lightest word obey ;  
But on His throne He still remembers me—  
And through eternal years my Friend will be.

O Saviour-King! Friend of the matchless love!  
When glad I enter to my home above—  
Earth's sorrows ended and its darkness o'er—  
How shall my songful heart Thy praise outpour!

## "WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?"

BY ISABELLE HORTON,\*

*Assistant Editor of the Deaconess Advocate, Chicago.*



**G**OD once called an old man to a great work. An enslaved people were to be led out of bondage and educated in the use of their liberty.

The old man pleaded that the burden should be laid upon younger shoulders, but God said to him, "What is that in thine hand?" It was but a plain oaken staff, that perhaps had been his companion in many long journeyings, that upon which he had leaned as he traversed the desert, or which had steadied his steps as he climbed the steep mountain side; but God laid His hand upon it and it became a thing of power to strike terror into Pharaoh's heart, to turn to blood the waters of the Nile, to make a pathway through the sea, and to bring water from the heart of the flinty rock.

To-day God calls upon His Church for a great work. Millions of His children have gone astray; they are in a cruel bondage to poverty, to sin, to social wrongs. They walk the same streets with us and breathe the same air, but between us and them is a great gulf fixed, and their feet are entangled that they cannot pass over. God lays upon His Church of the twentieth century the burden of the cities; It is imperative, insistent.

\* This paper is the substance of an address given at the commencement exercises of the Methodist Deaconess Training Institute, Toronto, on Friday, May 10th, 1901. Miss Horton has had large experience in deaconess work in Chicago.

No other problem of the age is so important, because it combines all other problems. Its weight of woe and sin might cause the strong heart of youth to falter, and the Church is no longer young. It has gained in wealth and wisdom and culture, but it has lost something in fire and force. It no longer courts danger and prays for hard things to conquer. The Wesleys and the Whitefields have gone to rest. The Church has put on its dressing-gown and slippers; it loves its study fire, its books and its telescopes. It is saying perhaps that the age of brawn has given place to the age of brain. But this must not be. New dangers bring new calls to valour, to sacrifice, and to self abnegation. There is no discharge in this war. But well may the Church falter as it sees the tide of population sweeping toward the great cities and say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Perhaps God answers, as He did to Moses of old, "What is that in thine hand?" The womanhood of the Church has been its staff and support through all its history. It may be now that God's hand is to be laid upon it that it may become an aggressive instrument, a wand of power, and that womanhood, Christ-crowned and God-inspired, will come to the help of the Church in this crisis, and that the cities shall be won for Christ.

Bishop Merrill speaks of the history of the Church in epochs or eras. First, he says, there was the revival epoch, when the fires of conversion swept over the land; then there came the epoch of organiza-



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tion, when the machinery by which our Church is managed was created and the discipline framed; then there was the theological epoch, when the deeper truths upon which our faith rests were studied and collaborated; now, he says, we are entering into an age of charities and benevolences.

But there are some things the good bishop did not say. He did not say that while the Church was spending itself upon theologies the

common people have drifted away from its influence. They do not greatly care about these things. The evils of this present life press down upon them, and the call to a higher life must appeal to their felt needs—must reach them where they live. Neither did the bishop say that women who do not themselves excel in theology, neither are much troubled about questions of Church discipline—as they generally do about as they please—may



yet have the special qualities that fit them for meeting this crisis.

I do not remember to have ever heard two women sit down to discuss the difference between predestination and fore-ordination, nor to draw the line between sanctification and perfect love; but start a church fair for the purpose of furnishing flannels for the little heathen in Africa, and every woman in the church is ready to work her fingers to the bone. Women as a rule have the social tact and the sympathy with suffering which is needed in carrying on enterprises for the relief of the needy. They have also another quality which may be either good or bad as it is devoted to worthy or unworthy objects. It is what Victor Hugo calls in his description of a French nun, "a sublime capacity for flinging herself away." This tendency towards self-martyrdom, which with trivial minds or low aims may be simply silly or disagreeable, placed over against the world's great need, may bring her in line with the world's great martyrs. Is it not possible that woman has come to the kingdom for such a time as this?

But while God has doubtless a great work for the womanhood of the Church as a whole, He is also calling some now, as in the early days, to special service. There is so much to be done that women who are chiefly engrossed in social and domestic cares cannot do it all, and so He must have His deaconesses and missionaries and special workers among many lines.

It may be of interest to know what kind of women He needs for this work, who they are that will most readily hear His call, how they shall be trained and how directed in the work.

First, there are some He will not call, or if He should, they will not be likely to answer, and they are the idle and frivolous women. The

aimless, butterfly lives that some women lead is a sadder sight than the famine-pinched faces we see in the city street, for these may mean only a starving body, but those a starving soul. For the soul, like the body, must live by what it feeds upon. Some one has said rather smartly that there are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business; the first is that they have no business, and the second that they have no mind. He might also have said that if they begin with no business they will end with no mind. There is nothing so fatal to spiritual and intellectual health as idleness. And yet I do not suppose there are any women who will admit that they are idle.

I remember, as a Michigan school-ma'am, a certain woman who lived quite by herself. She had neither chick nor child, nor cat nor parrot, to share her interests, and yet she used frequently to insist that she was quite "too busy" to assist in church work because, as she explained, she had all the coal to bring in and the fires and everything to look after with her one pair of hands,—there was nobody to help her. Since then I have never expected to find a woman who was not busy. But perhaps it may be well for us to ask ourselves with what are we busy. My mother once called my little brother to do some errand for her, and he answered, "I can't come; I's too busy." He was fishing in a bowl of water with a bent pin for a hook for some minnows that had been caught once. Perhaps some of us may answer to our Heavenly Father's call, "I can't come; I'm too busy," when we are only fishing in very shallow waters for social minnows.

It is not always the fault of women that their lives revolve in such a narrow circle. I believe in women. I have known many well

and a few intimately, and almost without exception I have found them to be self-sacrificing and pure and true in their aspirations. The trouble is we are so easily satisfied with little things, and foolish things, and unnecessary things. We spend hours in crocheting lace that could be easily duplicated for ten cents a yard, and making impossible sofa-pillows, or reading novels that require no more effort than to swing backward and forward in a rocking-chair. Surely it is not from such as these that God will find His special workers. I would have every woman trained to sew, to cook, to keep accounts, to teach, to nurse the sick, to do something, be it ever so humble, by which the world may be made brighter, or wiser, or better.

But what of that other evil so omnipresent that our whole life from cradle to grave must be a warfare against it? If idleness and frivolity starve the soul, selfishness poisons the very springs of life. Warrinersays, "There is not a word of evil import in human speech that is not the expression of selfishness, nor an evil thought, impulse or desire that is not inspired thereby. Hence our only possible salvation is the extermination of selfishness, for it is manifestly impossible that a selfish person should be admitted into the Kingdom of God, or that the Kingdom of God should be introduced into this world except to the degree to which we exterminate selfishness."

Long ago I read a strange, weird story of a beautiful woman who from her childhood had fed upon a certain subtle poison. Beginning with a small potion, her system had gradually adapted itself to the strange diet, and she maintained an unnatural exotic life, supported by the deadly drug that would have been instant death to one not accustomed to its effects. But the penalty of her thus setting at defi-

ance the laws of nature was that she became herself a poison. She lived in a palace inlaid with gems where silken draperies were stirred by perfumed airs, but to every one who entered her enchanted presence came a deadly faintness. Her hand was fair and white, but the fingers yielded to her cold clasp became paralyzed with a strange numbness. Her breath was intoxication, her kiss was death.

Perhaps no tale of romance was ever spun that the spinner did not weave its fibre from some true experience of heart or brain. And this story, strange as it is, is but an embodiment of a spiritual truth. The influence of a character is a savour of life unto life or of death unto death, and of all soul poisons the most subtle, the most cold and deadly, is selfishness. We give it a hundred different names, it comes to us even in the guise of sweet charity itself. The best and purest life is scarcely free from its subtle influence. A life utterly selfish curses every other with which it comes in contact.

During the last few years I have studied one such life. When I first knew this woman she was a bride, beautiful and light-hearted and merry. She was not cruel, she was not false, she was not intentionally wicked, she was simply utterly selfish, possessed with the idea that all happiness and good fortune were hers by right, and that whatever troubles came on others she should have the best of everything and be always happy. In four years she became a widow. While on his death-bed her husband's ears were tortured by her fretful complaining, and the last words he heard from her on earth were, "Oh, what will become of me?" Later, when one of her children was taken from her, she said, "Oh, why could it not have been some one else?" She brooded over her grief, and nothing could rouse her to take the slightest

interest in anything outside of herself and her own sorrows. Her mind revolved around this one centre until she became morbid, then insane, and still her cry was the same. To a friend she said, "If these troubles had come to you it would not have been so bad; you could have borne them better, but I always wanted to be happy and enjoy life." I do not know one single person in the world who can say, "My life has been happier or better for having known her." Her white-haired mother says, "She caused me much sorrow, I could wish she had never been born." Father, mother, husband, child, friend, every one who has come within the sphere of her influence has felt its blighting touch and been made unhappy in proportion to the nearness of the tie that bound them together. No sadder illustration was ever given than her broken, unhappy life, of the words of the Master: "He that seeketh his own life shall lose it."

The staff that Moses carried became once a hissing serpent as well as a power for good. It was never the same simple, harmless, oaken staff again. So either for good or for evil, when God speaks to us, the talents that he gives become potent, magical. When His call for special service comes our life will either be lifted up to greater powers and blessings, or there will be the sting of the serpent, the poison of perverted blessings and lost opportunities.

Surely it is not the selfish woman whom God can use for unselfish labour. And yet there are selfish women in Christian work. Strange as it may seem, it is strangely and sadly true that the very voice of self-love may be mistaken for the voice of God. There is so much of glamour surrounding the work of the deaconess and missionary in these days of hero-worship, and flattery is so cheap, that self-love

itself may impel it to sacrifice and efforts that are very like real service. As Christian workers, we shall need to be very sure that we have some motive deeper and more enduring than the praise or honour of men to keep us to our post. This motive we can only find in a life fully consecrated to God, looking to Him, and to Him alone, for approbation.

There is also a certain joy and uplift that comes with the service itself, the outgoing pity of our hearts for the wretched and the fallen, the keen stimulus of the feeling that we are really doing good, but even this is not enough. One of the most trying experiences that comes to the Christian worker, and it must come to every worker sooner or later, is the disillusionment of all our cherished ideals. We find that those whom we have helped or would help, instead of being grateful and eager for uplifting, would sometimes really rather be left alone in their filth and rags, or else that they are accepting our religion for the sake of the old clothes, or that they are deceiving us in some way or other. We shall find that even our fellow-labourers are very human, not at all the saints and martyrs that we deemed them, and our very souls recoil upon themselves in discouragement and disappointment. Then, if it is upon these things that we have anchored our souls, there is no reaction from the depression that settles down upon us; but if we are resting our faith upon the perfect, powerful, never disappointing, divine man, Christ Jesus, if we are really serving for His sake and in His name, none of these things will move us.

But for efficient service something more is needed than even a perfect motive. The deaconess must of necessity be a woman of ability. I am not satisfied with that word. If I were a Shakespeare I

would coin a word and say a woman of can-ness, a "canny" woman, just as king means, says Carlyle, the "canning man." Some one has said there are two kinds of people in the world, the lifters and the leaners; I should say there are the people who can and the people who can't. I need not say that the deaconess must be one of the people who can. She must be one upon whom other people may lean. Not one of those milk-and-water creatures who go about the world bewailing their own sorrows and calling people to come and sympathize. Least of all will she be one who speaks or even thinks of her present life as one of sacrifice; let others think what they will.

She need not necessarily be highly educated, though it would be better if she were; but I have known one worker, at least, who with very little education (but with this quality in abundance) is doing most efficient work. The deaconess should be a woman of magnificent health, but even this is secondary to the motive power for doing things. I can think of another who, in spite of almost constant physical pain and weakness, is a most tireless and efficient worker, accomplishing more than many another without these handicaps. The deaconess must be strong, resourceful, capable. We Yankees have summed it up in a word—she must have gumption.

I remember a few years ago when the United States was at war with Spain, and the call for volunteers came, I was not at first greatly disconcerted. I thought to myself, well, there are plenty of men in our cities just fit to stop a Spanish bullet. I can remember yet the thrill that came over me one day as I stopped a moment before a recruiting office where was posted the requirements for volunteers, and the thought came upon me for the first time that these were

not to be the riff-raff of our cities, but the youngest, the strongest, the perfectest specimens of manhood our country afforded, not those who could just as well be spared as not. And whenever during the course of the war some call came for an especially dangerous duty, some desperate venture that was almost certain death, it was still the best and the bravest who was wanted. So in the service of the King of kings the greater the sacrifice, the more trying the service, the stronger, the more capable, the more valuable must the woman be who undertakes it.

But, natural advantages being equal, God can best use the trained worker. We take our new dress to an experienced dressmaker, our gold watch to an expert jeweller, but not many years ago we did not fear to entrust the intellectual and moral training of our children to a girl just out of her teens, well versed, perhaps, in "reading, writing, and 'rithmetic," but as ignorant of child-nature as she was of Sanscrit. Even now we are possessed with the idea that almost anybody who is good can teach a Sunday-school class, entrusting to unskilled hands those two things most full of divine mystery—the Bible and the heart of the child. But more and more are we coming to see that in these lines more than any other we need the expert, the specialist. The Christian worker should have at least a good working knowledge of the Book of books. She should know enough of it to realize that after all she knows but very little, and is willing to handle it reverently, and prayerfully, and cautiously.

The ignorance of the simplest truths of the Bible among the rising generation is simply appalling. Some have said this is a reading age; it is not that, it is rather a rushing age, and the Bible especially is not studied as it should be. We read the titles of a great many

books, turn over the leaves, and skim the pages of the latest, glance over the headings of the daily paper while we comb our hair before breakfast, and perhaps imagine that we are well-read. Perhaps some of you are familiar with the experiment a professor of one of our colleges tried a few years ago. He gave twenty-two quotations from Tennyson containing allusions from the Bible to a class of thirty-four students, and asked them to explain the Biblical allusions. Of this number sixteen apparently knew nothing of Jacob's wrestling with the angel, twenty-three had never heard of Joseph of Arimathea, twenty-five were ignorant of the founding of the Church upon Peter's rock. These were not ignoramuses, they were college students, and yet too ignorant of the Bible to read their Tennyson understandingly. The deaconess should know enough of her Bible to be an inspiration to its further study; she should also know something of the solid foundation of authenticity upon which it rests—what Gladstone has called "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture"—that she may be able to meet the objections of the atheist and the free-thinker with a "sweet reasonableness." But I need not dwell upon the necessity for Bible study in the training of the Christian worker. This is never disputed, and really forms the foundation of the work in all our training schools.

But I would also have her training embrace some studies in sociology. We have drawn such foolish and arbitrary lines between "sacred" and "secular"; but just why the study of the Word of God should be considered sacred, and the study of the noblest work of God should be considered secular, is more than I can divine. To me the study of mankind in all his domestic and social relations is not less sacred than the

study of the Bible. The deaconess should be a student of human nature and child nature especially, and of all those conditions which affect human life, favourably or unfavourably. It would be as sensible for a medical student to devote himself to the study of drugs alone to the exclusion of anatomy and physiology, the clinic and the dissecting table, as for one who hopes to minister to sick souls to study her Bible and her theologies to the exclusion of that human nature to which she is to apply the healing balm. I am a little dissatisfied with our course of study in this respect.

A good woman was once listening to my account of some of the horrible conditions to be found among the poor in our great cities, and said with a little pious sigh, "And to think all this sorrow and suffering is caused by sin!" but I flashed up at that, and said, "Yes, but by whose sin? It is not always the sin of the sufferer; it may be his father's sin, or his grandfather's; it may be the sin of society; it may be your sin or my sin." When we see poverty, intemperance, wretchedness, we should learn to look beyond it for the cause, and as we shall find that the forces which drag down are manifold, even so must be the forces that lift up. We must learn "the saving grace of all good things," and come to realize that everything which improves the physical, intellectual, or social nature is also a step somewhere on the ladder that leads up to God.

Fishing for souls may include digging the bait, carrying the tackle and rowing the boat. Christ said to Peter when he protested his love for Him three times, "Feed my sheep." He preferred this even to worship. I am not afraid of your growing too pious, I am only afraid you will not be pious enough. Until you can "sweep a floor as by God's law," until you can bathe and

dress a sick woman and wash the children's faces just as devoutly as you would pray, until you can teach a sewing class or a cooking class just as sacredly as you would a Sunday-school class, you are not pious enough. I shall be glad when Strong's "New Era" and Ely's "Social Law of Service" and some good work on psychology stand on every deaconess' book-shelf beside her Bible and her "Guide to Holiness."

Then your training should include a knowledge of yourself, of your powers and limitations. This will lead you to stick to your own line of work and service. God says to each, "What is that in thine hand?" and expects us to use that, not what is in some one else's hand. It may not be even so much as an oaken staff, it may be only a broomstick, and we will look at it in discontent, and think if it were only a king's sceptre or a fairy wand how easy it would be to accomplish something in the world. But let God use your talent. It does not matter so much what the talent is, but whether it is God that is behind it.

There is an old saw that has meant much to me throughout my life:

"For every evil under the sun,  
There is a remedy or there's none;  
If there is one try to find it,  
If there is none never mind it."

There is much of practical wisdom in these four lines. There is but one clause with which I have any quarrel; I believe that "for every evil under the sun, there is a remedy." It is not for every one of us to find out every remedy, but it is our duty to find the remedy whenever we can, and not to talk too much about it. For instance, if you find a dusty corner somewhere you can go, if you choose, and get your friends to come and look at it, and see just how dreadful it is; and then you can go away and talk about it,

bewail it, and heap up the agony, until all the world is dust and ashes to you; but a better way would be to whisk out your little feather-duster and make it all right in a moment and go on your way with a smile of conscious rectitude on your lips. The world needs workers far more than talkers.

But on the other hand we must be content to let much go undone. It is your duty to find out the remedy if possible, but if not it is equally your duty to "never mind it." Nothing is so wearing as the weight of woes we cannot cure. It is this that breaks down our workers, and these are the burdens that we were never meant to carry. It is a sin to carry them.

Then I would say to all who are trying to fit themselves for Christian work, make up your mind to be always learners. The years that you have spent or will spend in training are precious and wonderful years. New experiences, new lines of thought have been opening out before you, and it may seem to you that you have never known such a year in all your lives; but next year should be better still, and the next, and the next. Be sure, that at the most you have not learned much. You have only been learning the titles of things; now you will be learning the things themselves, which is far more important.

Guard against the poison-sweet influence of flattery. If your work is blessed—if you see your humble staff performing wonders, remember that "in thine hand" it was but a rude staff until God touched it; so you will say, "it is of God," and go on with your work. Don't believe yourself an angel because other folks say so. If, on the other hand, you do not see results, you will learn to trust your Leader and leave results with Him.

Lastly, I would say, believe in your vocation. A great deal of false sentiment has been written

andsaid about woman's sphere, and we have been taught from generation to generation to believe that the sole and only honourable position for a woman to fill is that of wife and mother. Bishop Fowler recently said to a class of graduates from our Chicago Training School that this was the highest position for a woman to occupy, but that next to that he would place the vocation of deaconess. I do not come to you with any such message as that to-night. I place the vocation of a consecrated worker for God and humanity second to none in the universe. When a great and good man lays his laurels at the feet of his mother it thrills our hood can be anything but pure and noble. We lose sight of the fact that back of the wife and back of hearts, and we forget that mother—the mother is the woman, shaping all these accessories of life to her own character, and with a womanhood less than pure and noble all these relations are of the earth, earthy. If a Washington or a Wesley can say, "All that I am I owe to my mother," not less can many a criminal paying the forfeit of his crimes on the gallows say, "All that I am I owe to my mother." Margaret Jukes, whose descendants for seven generations have cursed the city and state of New

York, was a wife and mother, the well-mated wife of a scoundrel, the mother of a thousand criminals.

The worker in the city slums sees these sacred names, so revered by poets, trained in the filth of the streets, used to cover dishonour and anguish, and heart-break until they are divested of every trace of glory or of sentiment, and as often a thing to be abhorred as revered. So when the bishop of the Methodist Church says to a class of deaconesses that their vocation is only a secondary one, I say even to a bishop, "No!" The highest place for any woman to fill is the place to which God calls her, whether it be as queen of a happy home or whether it be to gather into her heart the world's sorrows, to be a sister to its unhappy ones, a mother to its motherless children. I believe God calls to this vocation as truly as to any other, and that the world needs it not less.

So, my sisters, if God is calling you to His great white harvest fields I bid you accept the call with uplifted faces as a royal commission, not less honourable than that of any queen on her throne; and if you faithfully serve "for love of Christ and in His name" you need not envy the happiness of any woman on earth.

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### THE DEEP SIGHING OF THE POOR.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS.

I heard their deep, deep sighing,  
It haunted me night and day,  
I spent my life in trying  
To drive the voices away.

I gave my wealth to still them,  
Prayed all the prayers I knew,  
Hasted to clothe and fill them,  
Yet the deep, deep sighing grew.

I prayed the Lord in anguish—  
I felt I could bear no more—

"Lord! they in sorrow languish,  
Their sighing is at my door.

"Comfort them, they are weeping,  
I'll surely die of their pain;  
Lord! are thine angels sleeping?"  
Lo, the deep sighing again!

Then I thought of beguiling  
Their sorrow for just a day—  
Gave myself to them, smiling—  
And their sighing died away.

—*The Outlook.*

## ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

*Author of "Dave Marquand," "How Billy Went Up in the World," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER IX.



FRED ALLER strolled away by himself one fine afternoon. Usually he gave Willard no peace until he accompanied him, unless young Aller could add himself to some enterprise or expedition undertaken by the young ladies. Of late neither Hope nor Katherine seemed to have as much leisure as formerly. This day Aller strode along the wide highway nodding to everybody he met, for he had talked with almost every individual in the town limits, and all liked his jovial manner. He stopped at the grocery to tell Miss Pixley that he understood she proposed the literary society, and the idea did her "infinite credit."

"Oh, well," giggled Sophie, blushing and wriggling in happy confusion, "you young folks ought to have a chance to meet somewhere."

"We young people, you mean!" corrected Fred, offering to carry the pound of starch and the bar of hard soap which Miss Pixley had just purchased, but she was going the other way.

"Oh, have you heard Mr. Willard say anything about Mrs. Ferris being very sick? Bill Bogert said they sent here for Doctor Sumners in an awful hurry night before last," she said inquiringly.

"No; she has not sent for the minister, or at least I have not heard of it. Goodness me! if she were going to die what can a young chap like Mr. Willard say to a woman of her age that would make her flitting easier?" asked Aller, with a sort of sudden flippant curiosity.

"Why, we always send for the minister if anybody has an excuse for doing it, especially for a new minister. It is the way we get acquainted with him. Well now here comes Polly Huggins herself! Polly, what is to pay up to your house?"

"Our house!" echoed Polly, with rather overdone surprise and dignity.

"Yes; ain't Mrs. Ferris very sick?"

"No, she ain't. She had a faint turn night before last," returned Polly;

adding, in a careless way, "Wonder if they have got in that coffee they were out of yesterday."

Aller bowed politely, and went on. He reached the woods, and coming to the very nook in which Miss Goddard had read Kate's letter a few months earlier in the season, Aller threw himself lazily on the turf. He had come out to meditate on a subject that was now occupying all his thoughts; and serious thinking had not been with him a frequent mental exercise.

"I don't know," he mused, "whether I am coming to my senses, or whether I am in a state of mind not exactly sane. Only to think of it—my getting daft on a country minister's girl! It is queerer yet that I cannot be sure that she likes me well enough to say, 'Yes,' if I should get in a hurry about expressing my sentiments. Of course, it would be a rather fine-thing for her, and a big uplift generally for the Hopkinses. Father would be glad to see me marrying a little Puritan, and he would start us out handsomely. I am not deceiving her about myself. I told her enough to show her that I had not been a fellow like Hugh, and had a good deal of back work to make up, so to speak. She took it awfully solemn. Mine is a kind of dubious conduct, if one looks back, but then I am looking forward, and my present is all correct. I am not half good enough for her, yet I don't know any other fellow but Willard who is, and he can't have her, because I want her myself. Moreover, from the day Hope Hopkins promises to marry me, I will be a man. All the same, I shall not ask her to-day nor tomorrow. There is such a thing as being in too great a hurry and losing by haste. How she brought me up-standing, though, that afternoon! I thought that was just the most fetching thing that a fellow in my position could possibly say to a real earnest girl (and I meant it, too)—all that about a chap behaving splendidly when he had the inspiration of a true woman's love. I could have crawled under the carriage seat when she



looked me through with those clear eyes and said surely no man would do more for such a woman than for his own grey-haired, good father. I am ashamed of myself, and father shall know it."

The young man pushed off his hat and flung himself back where he could watch the swaying tree-tops and let the soft influence of nature's beauty and peace sink into his already softened heart. He had not for years given his character and aims, his conduct and associations so sober an examination. The woods were in deep shadow, and the sun going down when he started towards the village with a firm new resolution in his deepest consciousness—"I will be a different man, and win Hope Hopkins if I can; if I cannot, I will be worthy of her, even if I lose her. I have fooled away enough of my life."

It was the afternoon for the fortnightly meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, which was to be held at Mrs. Ostrander's. The members usually assembled about half-past four, and sewed till supper time, when the gentlemen appeared. These last, by the payment of a small contribution toward ameliorating the condition of the heathen, were entitled to all the mild festivity of the later exercises. The society was very flourishing that season. A nice little sum of money had been raised for the Foreign Board, and a good box of clothing sent to the far West. Last, but not least, social harmony had been promoted. All the matrons and all the maidens attended. Some of the fathers, also, but many more of the young men, promptly at half-past six, appeared in Sunday coats, pronounced neckties, and other elegancies of attire more or less conspicuous. Of course, Mr. Willard was in great demand; for his outwardly calm demeanour was kindly deferential to the plainest and most rustic of his flock. He saw their comical provincialisms, but he was too true a man and too sincere a Christian not to value worth, if it were not allied to culture or even to good manners. Aller, with his handsome eyes, his city graces, and witty tongue set all the girls agog, and delighted their mothers by putting a dollar every time in the missionary box.

There were six "directresses" in

the society, whose duty it was to meet at the appointed place two hours earlier than the other members, and cut and prepare work for the afternoon.

On the day mentioned, Mrs. Hopkins, who was a "directress," sent Hope in her place. The young girl made her way first to Mrs. Ostrander's dining-room, for she carried a basket of cut flowers.

"I thought perhaps you might like a few more flowers for your vases," she explained. "There are not many in bloom just now."

"I am very glad of them," exclaimed Mrs. Ostrander, who was buttering biscuit enough for a regiment. "There are empty vases on the sideboard. I left them, hoping that you or Hannah Goddard would send more flowers."

"Mother was afraid if she cut work all the afternoon, she would have to go home before the society was half over; her head aches to-day. Can I do her share?" asked Hope.

"She is not needed, nor are you either, but you can help me if you will take those vases and this flat basket out on the piazza and arrange the bouquets. I have no knack at making them."

"So Mrs. Ferris has got the neuralgia?" said Miss Pixley. "And what is she taking for it, Polly?"

"Well, she ain't takin' the ginger tea I made for her, nor puttin' the roasted raisins on her gum, nor stickin' her feet into hot water, nor ironin' her face through wet flannel. So there ye be!"

"Is it in her face, then?"

"She says 'tis," said Polly, shortly. "She wanted to borrow a little laudanum she saw me have once in a bottle. I could not seem to find it, nor she won't if she is looking this blessed minit."

Hope thought Polly Huggins very unsympathetic, and then forgot her and Sophie in a pleasant reverie wherein younger persons figured. By and by she fancied that she heard her own name spoken; but no, that could not be, for Polly was only saying, "I don't know how Mrs. Ferris hears so much about things that are goin' on? She does tell me the most surprisin' news about folks once in a while."

"Why, I presume John tries to interest her in that way. I hear he wants to get her out among folks."

"That's all true, but I never hear

John Ferris gossiping about nobody; 'tain't his way," said Polly, rending a piece of cotton cloth with a loud report.

"Well, I don't see what he finds to tell her. I am sure there isn't anything going on nowadays to make much talk," said Sophie. "There is a beautiful state of feeling in the church."

"Yes, the girls are all dead set after the minister," giggled Polly, "except such as would like to catch the other fellow."

"I am sure Mr. Willard is very discreet."

"That he is, and I hope the other chap won't make a goose of any of our girls, fillin' their heads full of notions so they won't look at our own young men. He is pretty enough; but handsome is as handsome does. Mrs. Ferris says he is an awful flirt, and has a girl in every place he goes to, lots of them a-corresponding with him, and each supposin' that she is the favoured one.

"Well, Mrs. Ferris says he has been a-boastin' that he could have either Hope Hopkins or Kate Hamilton, but he guesses he might have the best time making love to Hope, for Kate Hamilton is a good deal sharper, has seen more of the world. Somebody ought to give Hope a hint. Suppose you do, Miss Pixley."

"Not for forty farms! Hope Hopkins has got spirit, I can tell you, Polly Huggins."

Polly shook her head, giving an ominous groan that meant anything if it meant doubt of Hope's ability to take care of herself, it was a pity that she did not see the minister's daughter's face during those few moments. The surprise—indignation—the impulse to step into that parlour and utter her sentiments, finally the quiet retreat to the dining-room.

"Here are the bouquets, Mrs. Ostrander, and if I am not needed I will be very glad to go home. I have not seen the others, so don't tell them that I have been here at all, for they might think I ought to have stayed."

"Very well! I am ever so much obliged for the flowers."

Hope Hopkins, like most large-hearted, noble natures, was singularly sweet-tempered, and not easily excited. In her late intercourse with Aller, she had rightly understood the young man's regret at his wasted time and wrong-doing. She had met his confidence with good faith and hearty

sympathy, as well as with a few earnest words of admonition for the future. She would have felt the same desire for the reformation of the most ignorant bumpkin to be found in all the county, but she would not have been so interested in the person to be reformed. She realized that the handsome, witty, winning fellow had come to occupy a large place in her mind, and she had trusted him. Now it seemed to her as plain as day that he had been amusing himself with her earnest simplicity, had tried to make himself interesting to her by posing as a repentant prodigal, because she, being a "pious little country girl," would in this way be easily approached. She grew hot with intense indignation, and woe to the "sordid" prodigal had he crossed her path in that brief walk to the parsonage.

For two good hours the workers in Mrs. Ostrander's rooms cut and basted and gossiped like demoralized nineteenth century Dorcas, and then the members began to arrive. Staid old ladies came first, with lace caps in baskets on their arms. They sewed and visited together with kindly talk of one another's interests, for it would be the grossest slander to say the Cairnes Missionary Society, as a whole, was a place for overmuch gossip. The younger members came later, and soon the cheerful rooms were full, and the hum of seventy voices made Marjory Hopkins think of a huge hive of bees. Kate Hamilton, in obedience to a hint from Hannah, was making herself as agreeable as possible to the young people, whom she found by no means as congenial as was Hope; but of whom it was best to make friends rather than foes. Mr. Aller arrived, beaming, and—in Miss Pixley's eyes at least—beautiful, for she whispered to Hannah Goddard, "He is a regular Apollo Belvidere," pronounced with a broad "deer."

"No, no!" whispered Hannah. "Not in the least like any picture I ever saw."

"Well, I hadn't any special picture in my mind; I meant an ideal of manly beauty," returned Sophie, a little disconcerted, but happy again when Aller, approaching, sat by her side and sedulously matched purple squares to pale yellow for her patch-work. Then he circulated among the older ladies, held one's yarn and threaded another's needle. When

Mr. Willard—a little to his dismay—was requested to read the reports of the society and a letter from the home missionary, who had just sent all the measures of his family, with a view to coats, shirts, dresses, and shoes, Aller behaved with a sweet gravity harder for his friend to endure than any pastoral work he had ever undertaken.

At supper time dozens of little tables were brought in and set about among groups of the members, who laid away work for social enjoyment. Aller insisted on helping Mrs. Ostrander and her assistants, so he passed biscuits and pickles and cheese, tarts and cold ham; only once he whispered to Marjory: "In which room is your sister?"

"She isn't coming—she—I don't know why."

For a moment the wicked young man was tempted to cast the cheese dish he held out of the window and vote societies of that sort "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" then his countenance lightened. Hope was alone at home, and nobody left the society very early in the evening; so he went on smiling and jesting and urging "more" on benevolent old ladies hesitating about "another of Sister Ostrander's nice biscuit." He gracefully submitted at last to be seated himself, and was lavishly ministered to by several rosy-cheeked, greatly fluttered damsels.

About the time supper ended, the lamps began to be lighted. It was not a difficult matter for Aller to slip behind a lace curtain to the piazza and, springing on the soft turf beyond, to beat a hasty retreat from his late scene of action. It was not dark, but a clear starlight night, delightful after the heat of crowded rooms. Once out on the highway, Aller went slowly, planning how to tell Hope of his love for her without coming at it too abruptly. Perhaps she would not give him all at once the fullest encouragement he would like, but at least he would make a beginning. The young man, going along singing softly under the stars, had never before been so hopeful, so strong in good resolutions, so benevolent toward all the world. He almost felt as if he were outwitting Willard, but then all is fair in love, and the minister ought to have been more energetic.

The Hopkins' door stood open, and he could see Hope within. She sat with a book in her hand, but was not

reading. When he tapped lightly and entered, nothing in her greeting seemed especially cool. She was not a girl given to impetuous words or ways. If soon he perceived a little restraint of manner and a deeper colour in her cheeks than usual, he fancied she was embarrassed at the idea of a "tete-a-tete so admirably adapted to his purpose." He told her about the society, and she listened quietly, but when he indulged in a mild jest, she was not in a receptive mood for nonsense. Rather pleased than otherwise to find that he might all the sooner speak out his most earnest sentiments, Aller began to give the conversation a personal turn. She did not help him in the least, but he saw her hand tremble, and the colour in her cheeks glowed deep red, leaving the rest of her face very pale. The wheezy old clock in the corner struck eight, neighbours passed the gate laughing; soon Mrs. Hopkins would be bringing Marjory home. If Aller spoke out what he had to say it must be done abruptly. He forgot his ordinary glibness, his easy grace with all the world, and hurriedly, eagerly, without picking or choosing of phrases, he told Hope how he regarded her—the portrait he drew was highly coloured, but he honestly did believe that she was angelic, beautiful, unlike any other girl on earth; that he was not half good enough for her, but if she would trust him, he would become worthy—and so on and so on. He did not ask her to marry him; for that was understood as a matter of course, and he was too much in earnest "making love" to her to come down to details in the first burst of his eloquence. But alas for poor Aller! In what a mood he had found this usually just and gentle girl! She interpreted every word he uttered by the words of Polly Huggins' text. He had "boasted" he would do this—he had played on her sympathies that day of the drive that he might soften her heart to him.

Neither of them could ever coolly recall what she said when she spoke. She would have scorned to give him a hint of the pain that shock of the afternoon had given her. She would let him suppose that she had all along understood his shallow nature. She rejected his love as if it were insincere even to call it "love." She did not use one harsh or bitter word, but she first amazed and then enraged him with the realization—coming from just

what words of hers he could not tell, but coming—that she considered him unworthy of her respect—a supercilious, unstable profligate. Afterward, in justice to her, and long before his wrath abated, he admitted to himself that she said nothing of that sort, but he then read her face, her thoughts even, clearer than her words, and he read them very nearly aright.

All need to answer was saved him. Marjory's voice was heard from a little way down the road. The young man rose up without a word, and was gone. Hope was in her room when Mrs. Hopkins arrived, and it was only Marjory who "saw a shadow by our gate."

When Aller dropped on a chair in the far corner of the Bogert House piazza, and sat there unnoticed by the loungers nearer the door, he had the stunned sensation of one who has fallen from a height and cannot at once collect his wits. But just as physical pain is likely to ensue in one case, so in a short time our young man was in such a fever of rage that he had no mind quietly to endure the real hurt and heart-ache of which he then began to be only too conscious. One moment he wondered how he had dared to think that Hope Hopkins could love him after his revelations to her, again he reasoned that because of his utter sincerity and his honest intentions to amend his life, she owed him at least respect, if not sympathy. One thing was as clear as noonday: she had not a shadow of affection for him, or she never could have repulsed him thus—nay, she must even dislike and despise him. His pride was up in arms at the thought, but later came a heartsick mood in which the poor fellow went down into the slough of despond.

"Well, I am of no account anyway, and she sees it. She looks at Willard and contrasts us."

Stung by that reflection, it seemed to Aller that he could stay no longer in Cairnes only to make himself a dark background for Willard's virtues.

"Hello!" exclaimed Bill Bogert from the door. "Is that you, Aller?" Then, not noticing the curt response given, he called out, "I am going to drive over to Kent, don't you want to go along? The roads are fine, and I'll be home before it's late. I want to show you how this colt of mine picks up her heels."

"I'll go with pleasure, Bogert," said Aller, adding, in a minute, "but, if

you don't care, I will not come back with you. I have a great mind to spent a day or two in Kent."

Bill was surprised, but, free and easy as Aller seemed, no one took liberties with him; so, thinking his boarder's movements none of his business, Bogert replied, "All right. The colt will be around in five minutes; the buggy' wheels needed greasing."

Aller rushed up to his room, and when, after five minutes, he rejoined his companion, all his belongings were left ready for transportation if he should conclude to send for them, and he carried with him what he needed for a few days.

"It is a little hard for Willard, leaving him to make explanations; but I can get up some excuse if I don't come back," thought the excited fellow, glad to find that Bill was quite satisfied to do all the talking. However, when half-way to Kent, he was recalled to his surroundings by an unexpected question, and made the effort to seem interested in Bill's conversation.

"I declare for it, this is a mighty cold wind that blows up from the lake," said Bill.

"'Tis that," returned Aller. "I wish I had thought to put on a heavier coat."

"You'd orter, especially after havin' chills as lately as you have had 'em."

"Oh, Doctor Summers has brought me past them, I hope; the old man has a large practice about here, hasn't he?" asked Aller, hoping to start Bill off again on another harangue. He succeeded, but long before they reached Kent, Aller became so tired of his rasping, monotonous voice, and so nervous from cold and excitement, that he longed to jump out of the carriage and break into a run.

"Better stay all night at the Eagle Hotel. It is the best in town," said Bogert, when they parted in the principal street, which seemed brilliant and almost thronged, by contrast with Cairnes.

"Yes, thanks; won't you tell Mr. Willard I will drop him a note to-morrow? Good-night; that is a grand pony," and Aller fairly rushed from his innocent tormentor. He walked on aimlessly, turning to quiet streets where he could think. He thought until his brain was hot, then he sought some outside excitement in which he might not think, finally he found himself before the Eagle Hotel.

There was a cheerful reading and billiard-room on the first floor, and he went in to read the newspapers that seemed unaccountably dull and that shook in his hands as if he had the palsy. He was chilled to the very marrow, and Doctor Summers had told him to avoid exposure in the night air. Across the hall was a quiet-looking bar-room. What possible harm if he warmed himself with half a glass of brandy, as any one cold and in need of it might do? Aller did not forget his late good resolutions; he assumed that he did not relinquish one of them. He had made no vow, signed no pledge debaring him from brandy as medicine.

He certainly took more than any doctor would have prescribed, before going to play a game of billiards, then he engaged his room, looked at the bar, hesitated, went out into the street.

He returned in a half-hour, and as he went slowly up-stairs to his room, the hall porter thought him as fine a gentleman as had "put up" at the Eagle within his remembrance.

The next afternoon, about three o'clock, Aller, partially dressed, was stretched on the outside of the bed in his room at the hotel. He was pale, but a bright red spot burned in each cheek, and his clear blue eyes were almost black, so brilliant were they. He had been trying to read the newspapers, but had thrown them aside, and was rolling restlessly about the bed. He did not hear a rap on the door, nor see Mr. Willard until the latter stood over him.

"Oh, good morning, parson; or is it afternoon? My confounded head aches so I can't tell the time of day," remarked Aller, adding: "This is the awful effect of that Missionary Society."

"Fred, what ails you? What made you come over here, and have you had another chill? You look feverish," said Willard, sitting on the bed and laying his hand lightly on the other's forehead.

Aller gazed nonchalantly at the window, as if studying the saddler's sign opposite, then at the anxious, friendly face so near him, and finally remarked in a would-be careless tone that Willard knew well:

"It is partly fever—partly brandy. Last night it was mostly brandy; this morning about half-and-half; now it—well, as old Summers might say, the fever seems to predominate."

He looked away, then straight into Willard's sorrowful eyes, saying, "I have not been drunk. I did not mean that. I was cold, and I felt a chill coming on last night, so I took brandy, not a great deal for me. This morning I have been ill in good earnest. I did not come over here to have a spree; I will say that in justice to myself; and I might add, for the sake of keeping truth on my side, that, ill or not, I think very likely I should have drunk the stuff all the same."

Willard went over to the window, into which a hot sun was streaming, pulled down the shade, opened the casement, asked Aller if he was taking anything for the fever, and finding he had not followed the doctor's last prescription, he prepared the medicine and gave it to him. He rightly surmised that Aller had dreaded his coming, and braced himself for the confession just given. That it was so carelessly uttered did not for an instant lead him to think Aller was not writhing under a self-contempt hard to endure.

"Your fever always runs highest about this time of day, so keep quiet until your medicine begins to act. I will go down-stairs and write a letter. You did not sleep last night, I know, for your eyes are bloodshot. Keep this wet towel on your head, and perhaps you will get asleep."

"Go along, grandmother," was the apparently unfeeling reply; "and if evil communications corrupt good manners, I advise you to stay away."

"I came to spend the night," remarked Willard, closing the door behind him. When he came back, Aller was sound asleep, and stayed so for hours; but it was evident that he was going to have a return of the chills and fever which he hoped he had conquered. That evening, when he was for the time feeling as well as usual, Willard said: "Come, Aller, what is the use of telling half a thing? There is something behind all this. If you did not come over here for that, what did start you off in such a hurry, and then sending back for your traps? What did you suppose Miss Goddard and the Hopkinses and Miss Hamilton would think?"

"Think I had gone to the devil, where I belonged."

"I don't propose to go to the devil, and I have told you more than once that I shall stick to you like a brother,

or a Dutch uncle, whichever relative sticks tightest."

"Why?" asked Aller, as if coolly seeking enlightenment about somebody's else affairs. "Because, being a minister it is your business, or has father wrought on your feelings until you feel responsible to him?"

"You know the reason well enough. I can't give you up, because you seem to belong to me, and always have so seemed since you were my torment in college. I won't give you up for your own sake, and if you put it in that way, because it is my business to look after you."

"Business promises not to be dull."

"Aller, tell me why you left Cairnes so suddenly?"

The room was unlighted save from the street below. Aller's fever had left him weak, and, after all, it would be a relief to give Willard an inkling of the truth if—

"What do you think of—Miss Pixley?" he began.

Willard made no reply.

"Well, then," resumed Aller, in a tone the minister perceived to be quite different, "what do you think of Miss Hope Hopkins, Hugh?"

"I think her a clear-headed, noble-hearted girl."

"You must have excellent opportunities to study her good qualities."

"Yes, and she is worth the study."

"No doubt; no doubt about it," quoth Aller, giving a tremendous thresh to the other side of the bed as he exclaimed, "she will make a model minister's wife."

"She ought to get a model minister, if she has any," replied Hugh, smiling in the dark, and innocently adding, "Do you think she is inclined to the ministry?"

"Haven't you found out by this time?" returned Aller, pettishly.

"I have no special interest in the matter, one way or another."

"Are you lying?" was Aller's exceedingly disrespectful question; but Mr. Willard considered its source, and the motive which prompted it.

"So you're jealous, are you? Well, don't increase your fever on that account, remarked the minister, soothingly."

"Oh, the only difference that Miss Hopkins' preferences make to me is that if you are not falling in love with her, I can talk a little more freely. I left Cairnes, for one thing, because Miss Hopkins showed me that she held me in supreme contempt—most

likely I merit it, but that knowledge does not make the fact any sweeter for meditation."

"You must be mistaken, Aller! Why, think how she has treated you all summer long."

"Yes, until of my own accord I told her that I was not worth her regard," said Aller, and then, led on by Willard, he told enough to give the minister a clear insight into his own mind, but not enough to make Hope's conduct intelligible. Willard could understand that Aller had surprised her, that she had not desired his attentions, and had no love to give him; but he was hurt for Aller, who seemed to have been very unkindly rejected. He could not think of any reason why a young girl, apparently so gentle and sympathetic, should humiliate and anger one who felt toward her as did Aller. Indeed, as Aller talked this night, Willard was stirred to admiration of certain traits in his character. He was very angry, yet he showed that even in his anger he could do Hope justice. He called her pure and good, and declared it truth that he was unworthy of her.

They talked long, and, after all, to little purpose, until Willard asked:

"Well, Aller, because one good girl cannot love you is no reason why you should not be worthy of another," and not waiting for an answer, he went on pleading with his friend as Aller had never heard him plead before. There was an earnestness in Willard's manner of showing Aller how weak his resolutions were, and an intensity about the way in which he urged him to become a thorough Christian that moved Aller deeply. He had known for months how Willard thought about the chances of his keeping any good resolutions, if subjected to great temptation, though Willard never "preached" at him.

Partly to hide his emotion, he exclaimed, "You will make your mark, Hugh, as a preacher. I did not think it was in you to be so eloquent to such a poor audience."

"No, Aller, I shall never be a popular preacher. I have had a rough struggle this last year to give up some ambitions. I doubt if I ever have a church."

"For pity sakes, man! What do you mean?" ejaculated Aller, who knew a little more than even his friend suspected of Willard's desire to "rise in his profession," as the phrase goes.

"You have made me change my plan," said Willard.

"I?"

"Yes; because the study of one soul is the study of all souls—of their needs, temptations, and capabilities. There are thousands of ministers preaching general truths and against sin in general, but I think the world needs a few more educated, trained preachers to bring particular truths to bear on particular sins. I feel called to preach the Gospel of Christ's help and all-sufficiency to those whom Satan has bound by intemperance; for, Aller, there is liberty to the captives and safety and assurance only in this faith. You won't believe it even now, because you can't realize your own weakness."

"I do. I did realize it last night. Don't think I feel most cut up by what I have told you. That hurt, but I am ashamed to the bottom of my soul that—well, that bar-room was stronger than all my good intentions. Nobody enticed me; no jolly company excited me; I just walked in because I could not keep out."

"Aller, before I go out labouring with men only allied to me because God is our common Father, and Christ died for them as for me, can't you let me have the joy of leading you to a light and help that will never fail you? Morality never can satisfy you. Pledges will be broken, but a living Saviour will be a present Helper."

"All this is in your line, Willard. I mean you have grown right into it. I have not. It does not come natural. Our people go to church, and all that, but—well, I don't know how to begin. If I were to start up and announce that I was going to be a perfect saint, of course that would be all good as far as it went, but I wouldn't go until next week Wednesday. The sinners would come giggling around and pick me up, and the good people would say, 'Just as we expected,' and there I would be, the same old sixpence."

"Do you really want help, and want to be different? Are you actually, as you say, downright ashamed and sorry, not only for this habit, but for everything in you that is not right?" urged Willard, as if he were dealing with a beloved younger brother, for Aller never had seemed more sincere, yet more boyish, than this night.

The young fellow on the bed was silent several minutes, but at last he said, "Yes."

"Then get down here on your knees with me, and if you really want to know how to begin, I will show you."

It was again a few minutes before Aller knelt by his friend; then only one prayed audibly, but all the same two prayed. No wonderful change took place in Aller's mood, no great or immediate results followed; but Willard knew that for the first time in all their intercourse he had a hold on Aller firmer even than the bond of their friendship.

The next day, before Mr. Willard returned to Cairnes, Doctor Sumners answered in person a note requesting him to call at the hotel.

"Just as I expected to find you, young man," he remarked, fitting himself into the biggest chair, and stretching his long legs.

"You have been sitting around in the damp bulrushes reading poetry to the girls, or roaming in the graveyard with them by moonlight, and this is the result."

"We will all be glad to see Mr. Hopkins again, but we don't want to spare you, Mr. Willard," he exclaimed, rolling up a great leather wallet. "I hear his vacation is pretty nearly ended. I wish this community was rich enough to keep two ministers over that Cairnes Church."

"Well, I never was more cordially treated than I have been in Cairnes, but putting me in Mr. Hopkins' place was dropping a small peg into a hole much too big for it," replied Willard, with unfeigned humility.

"What do they hear from him?" asked the doctor.

"He will be home the week after next. You must bring Aller out all right by that time, so we can go back and report at headquarters."

"Yes, doctor, I am going to work, to downright hard work," said Aller.

"Good for you!" commented the doctor, curiously studying the handsome fellow, who not only looked pale this morning, but seemed uncommonly quiet and serious. "Good for you!" he repeated earnestly.

More rambling talk followed, then it was decided that Aller should stay where he was until able to go home. A man from the hotel would attend him, and Mr. Willard received the doctor's promise to look well after him. Mr. Willard himself could drive over to see him frequently, and the fact of his being ill in Kent was a sufficient reason why he should not again return to Cairnes.

"AL."

## SCENES FROM A SKY-PILOT'S PARISH.\*

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.



THE SKY-PILOT.

HE was just out of college, ready and willing to serve his Master in any sphere to which he might be called, but all the time conscious of an inward hope that his lines might be cast in some of the pleasant places of Zion. His thoughts ran, when he was off his guard, to one or other of the comfortable charges and home-like manses he knew of in not a few of our old settled towns, where civilized life could be enjoyed to the full, while at the same time good and faithful work might be done in the cause of the Gospel. But he tried to be on his guard always against these tempting thoughts, and to maintain the spirit becoming a true soldier of the cross—a willingness to answer the call of duty without reference to his own preferences.

In due time the call came, and it was not to any of the ideal manses and works of his vision. The church needed him in the frontier work. His marching orders named the Fort Macleod and Pincher Creek country as his parish, and the cowboys of the ranches as the chief section of his flock. And it was after all with a genuine willingness he took the train for the West. He would see the grand country he had so often heard of at all events. And he was not disappointed in its expected charm. On the contrary, his spirits rose with every mile of the journey, and before he reached his destination he enjoyed not only the bodily and mental exhilaration of the clear, light atmosphere, but a corresponding exhilaration of soul—a love and enthusiasm for the people amongst whom his lot was to be cast.

\*By kind permission from the *Presbyterian Review*. The story is essentially a transcript of facts. The illustrations are specially made for this magazine by the accomplished author-artist.—J.D.

It was in the midst of the winter season that he arrived in Pincher Creek, and he was gratified to find that the climate suited him so well. He had thought of this region as being somewhat arctic in its weather tendencies, but discovered that he was equal to the worst it could do if this was a fair sample of its cold—as the stage driver assured him it was.

The reception he got from the "boys" at the Manson Ranch on his first visit was well calculated to test the ardour he felt in their behalf. The shack in which they lived when off duty was roomy enough, but had few charms in any other respect. It was poorly lighted when he walked in that night, and, though comfortably warm, bore all the usual marks of a bachelor's abode. The new Sky-Pilot at once noted the absence of the little graceful touches indicative of woman's presence, and could not help thinking what a change his dainty sisters would make in it if they had an opportunity for just a day or two. But it was not the depressing atmosphere of the place—an atmosphere, by the way, well laden with tobacco smoke—that chiefly affected him. The wet-blanket sensation he felt arose from the sort of reception the occupants gave him. He knew his arrival had been duly announced, and that he was expected. It was known to all concerned that he was to hold service on the following evening—the little school-house hard by. Moreover, he had read a good deal about cowboys, and somehow had got the impression that they were, with all their faults, a friendly and hospitable class of people. There were some score of them in the shack—disposed variously in the two rooms thereof; some playing cards, some reading papers or books, some enjoying social chats, and some lying in their bunks resting or sleeping.

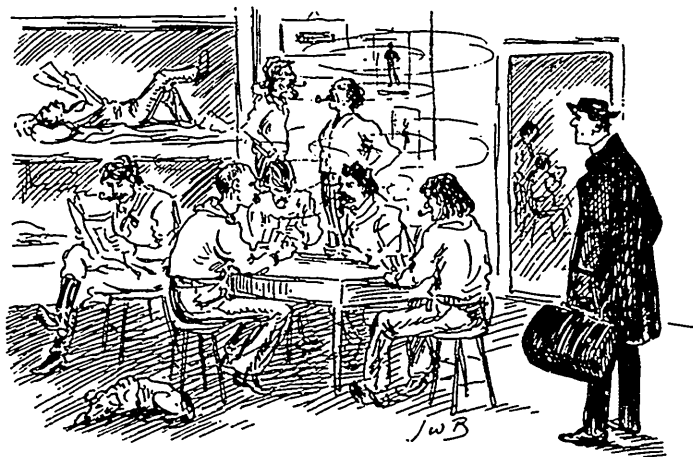
He had a vague idea that it would be in order for some of them to come forward and shake him by the hand in a rough but genuine way, and greet him with, "Hello, pard!" or some equally friendly phrase of the great West. Perhaps they would proceed



at once to ask him to have a drink, or, at least, a smoke. He didn't precisely know what form the reception would take, but it never occurred to him that it would be in any way cool. With these impressions he accordingly stepped in and closed the door behind him. It is quite possible that one or two of the boys glanced up from their cards on hearing the door closed, but on this point he could not be sure. He was certain, however, that if this measure of notice had been taken of his arrival, it was the full extent of welcome vouchsafed. Not a word was uttered to him by any of them. There was not even the sign of an "elaborate indifference" to his presence—it was a genuine indifference, and could not

himself to a seat beside the big fireplace, opened his book, and proceeded to have a quiet read. It was part of his plan to ignore his neighbours, since they ignored him; so that he took no particular notice of the figure lounging on the bunk near by, and apparently absorbed in a novel. Thus the dramatic episode of the entrance ended, and Mr. Campbell (for that, by the way, was the Pilot's name) was really beginning to feel at home, when he was all of a sudden startled to find himself actually addressed.

"Say," drawled a voice from the bunk, as a brawny hand extended the novel towards him—"what does that foreign language mean?" The question referred to a Latin quotation at the head of one of the chapters of



SOME PLAYING CARDS, SOME READING, SOME LYING IN THEIR BUNKS.

have been more complete if he had been the oldest habitue of the ranch.

There are such things as negative shocks, and this the young preacher recognized as one of them. He passed a few exceedingly awkward and uncomfortable moments, feeling meanwhile that it would be a relief if some one would break the spell by ordering him out. But before long he seemed to adjust himself to the circumstances, and then it came to him that the easiest way to deal with the matter was to make himself right at home, waiving all social formalities. Accordingly he placed his gripsack in a convenient corner, removed his overcoat and deposited it on the grip, after taking a copy of Drummond's Addresses from the pocket, calmly walked into the next room and helped

the story—it is a fashion some writers have of impressing their learning upon an innocent public. Mr. Campbell, fresh from college, and a B.A., had, of course, no difficulty in supplying the translation, which he did with marked politeness. "Ya-as," drawled the inquirer, "I had a notion that's what it meant."

So began the acquaintance with Al Urquhart, and the new Sky-Pilot considered himself now entitled at least to take a look at his first friend. His eye rested on the well-knit muscular figure of a young man of about twenty-eight, clad in the regulation cowboy fashion, and a good type of the character so familiar in the pictures of Frederic Remington. The features were good, and well bronzed with the storm and sunshine of the range.

though they bore the mark of dissipation. Al was a chap well worth knowing. This was the mental judgment Mr. Campbell passed after a moment's survey, for, of course, he took care not to seem inquisitive in his department. In another moment, indeed, he had resumed his Drummond, and left the cowboy to the undisturbed pursuit of the lovely heroine of his well-thumbed story.

For half an hour or so that paragon of beauty and grace held Al's attention, and then he laid down the novel and spoke again:

"You the new pilot?"

"Yes; I believe that will be my title in this portion of my charge."

"Thought so," came the drawling reply, after a pause. Al made up



"SAY, WHAT DOES THAT FOREIGN LANGUAGE MEAN?"

for the omission of unimportant words by dwelling leisurely on those he did use.

"Goin' to hev a service to-morrow night, I un'stan'."

"Yes;" said Mr. Campbell, putting away his book, in the hope that this friendly advance might mean the opening to a mutual good understanding—possibly a permanent friendship. "Yes," he repeated, "I believe notice has been given to that effect. I hope to see you all present."

This last rather formally-sounding phrase he put in because he felt something should be added to the bare rejoinder, and he did not think of anything better to say at the moment.

"Some of the boys will, I guess," said Al in his long-drawn-out manner.

"but I could take no hand in them games. Fact is, I don't believe in the Bible, so what's the use goin'?"

"You find difficulties in the Bible, do you?"

"Lots of 'em; it's full. Runs up agin itself all through—can't go it, no how."

"You mean it contradicts itself?"

"That's it."

"But are you sure the passages you refer to are real contradictions? May they not be capable of explanation when rightly understood?"

"Don't know 'bout that. Can't see how anybody could explain 'em so's they wouldn't jibe," said Al deliberately. "Fr' instance, it says in one part God is good and merciful, and then again in another place it says

He will visit the sins of the father on the children. How kin them ideas be hitched so's to pull together? An' that's jes' one case."

This seemed a fair opening, and the new Sky-Pilot availed himself of it wisely. He avoided all appearance of the parson, and endeavoured to meet the difficulty in a way likely to be effective with his interlocutor.

Noticing that the latter, notwithstanding his western vernacular, was a man of some education—he had evidently been quite capable of translating the Latin sentence without assistance—Mr. Campbell called his attention to the well-established principles of heredity, and the application of its laws. Al admitted the fact, often illustrated before his

own eyes, of the heritable character of certain diseases. The subject, indeed, had a painful personal interest for him, as he had reason to suspect that the taint of consumption was in his own blood, notwithstanding his present robust appearance. But he objected that this did not apply to the matter in hand. Disease might pass from parent to child, but disease was not necessarily the punishment of sin. He acknowledged that it might in most cases have originated in offences against physical laws, when that view was put to him; and he was equally candid in allowing that there certainly were many diseases which were the manifest fruits of sin. His personal observation had furnished him with an abundance of proof on this

point. Such cases were unquestionably proofs of the truth of the terrible words of Scripture, there could be no escape from that. "But," said the Pilot, after following up this line in a convincing argument, "don't you think it would be much better, since we must just accept these given facts, without pretending to understand or account for their existence, to turn our attention to the other passage, which assures us of the goodness and loving-kindness of God. That is equally true, and equally a matter of experience?"

"Wal," said the cowboy, thoughtfully—he was now sitting on the bunk with his elbows on his knees, and in a genuinely serious mood—"I don't know but what you're right thar'. It ain't much use kickin' agin' facts; and it would be a sight more pleasin' to dwell on the other idee, that's so. If I on'y could do it—thar's the thing."

"You may be able to in time," suggested Campbell. "Perhaps heretofore you have only read the Good Book to find puzzles—"

"When I've read it at all, sez you," interrupted Al. "I hain't done much in that line, I will admit. But I've got one of them books somewhar's in the shack, and I reely hev a notion to look into it careful."

"A very good notion, too," responded Campbell, smiling. "I can safely promise that you will find it a pleasant task, if you go about it in earnest. I suppose you are all pretty busy at this season on the range?"

And with this the conversation drifted peacefully to indifferent topics. The preacher had purposely refrained from touching upon religion directly, but he felt that he had made real progress toward the goal he aimed at. He was sure he might at least reckon on Al's friendship, which was a good start.

At the appointed time the door of the little log school-house in the village stood open, and some glimmering lamps invited whosoever would to enter. Mr. Campbell had begun his pastoral labours by sweeping out the room, and it must be said that he "made a good job of it," considering that he was a tenderfoot in this as in his more important line. He had also trimmed and lighted the lamps, which operation included the polishing of the chimneys—something they decidedly needed. As the hour for service approached a number of the

residents straggled in. Fisk, the captain of the round-up, was amongst the first, and he redeemed the section's reputation for hospitality by coming up and shaking hands with Campbell, and remarking in a friendly way that he "hoped the boys would turn out pretty good." This hope proved to be too sanguine; only some half-dozen of the ranch hands presented themselves—and, as it happened, Al was not amongst them. Nearly all the women of the vicinity—there were not many in that western community—were on hand, and amongst them pretty Bella Balfour, the daughter of old Simon, a canny but also drouthy old Scot, well known in the neighbour-



THE SKY-PILOT SWEEPING OUT THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

hood. At this fair damsel it was observed that Fisk occasionally cast glances that meant much for such a timorous fellow as he was known to be where the other sex was concerned; though a hero among horses, cattle, Indians, and other elements of the wild west, he was "nowhar," as he candidly confessed, in the presence of feminine charms. Altogether a congregation of a score or thereabouts assisted in the new Pilot's first service, and listened to his inaugural sermon, which was a simple and earnest presentation of the Gospel message. The attentiveness of the little company, and the heartiness of the singing betokened an encouraging amount of interest, and Campbell began to entertain high hopes of a fruitful pastorate. The "offertory" portion of the service confirmed these hopes. It is in the collection that the West

really shines, especially the cowboy element of a congregation. Nothing less than "two bits" is to be thought of—this terminology being western for a "quarter." "Shell out, boys," remarked Fisk from his place on one of the side benches, as Mr. McQuarrie, the school-teacher, passed around the plate; and the boys did not fail to do so. Mr. Campbell discovered quite early in his ministry that the collection means much to the ranchers. The explanation he usually received when he ventured to remark to one of them afterwards, upon his absence from the meeting, was, "Well, you see, Pilot, I didn't happen to hev eny money in my clothes."

The winter passed quickly, Campbell worked hard and gained the confidence of the men. It was Monday morning after the spring round-up, and as he had good services the day before he was in capital spirits when Fisk dropped in to see him. The captain of the round-up was in every respect a leading character of the vicinity, famous for his mastery of horsemanship and "roping." His latest feat in the latter science was the rescue of one of the cowboys who had been somehow swept from his horse in a rapid stream while in the act of crossing. He was being borne away in the current to certain death when Fisk, seeing his plight, galloped down the bank and lassoed him with a skilful throw of the rope.

A real good fellow was Fisk, modest, kindly and brave—excepting (as to the last quality) amongst "wimmin folks." He sat down now as if for a casual talk merely, and the conversation had gone on for some time on a variety of unimportant matters. The stock of available subjects was running low, when Campbell thought he might venture an allusion to a rumour he had heard earlier in the day: "I understand you are going to be married, Mr. Fisk." At once an expression of relief came into the latter's face; the appearance of having "something on his mind" vanished. "That's what I come to see you about," he said calmly. "I want you to tie the knot." "When do you wish to have the ceremony?" asked Campbell. "Tomorrow, I guess." "Have you the license?" "No, I hain't. But you kin git that fer me, can't you?" And so the matrimonial event was arranged. Fisk, in his easier mood, volunteered some news. "Al Urqu-

hart ain't well, I calk'late. Bin off his feed lately."

"Indeed!" said the Pilot, somewhat startled. "I must go over and see him before I leave for McLeod. Is he in the shack?"

"No, he's on the range; he hasn't quit work, but he ought to be in bed, in my opinion."

"What seems to be the matter?"

"Can't exactly say," replied Fisk, "seems to have a bad cold for one thing. But the boys tells me he's doin' too much readin'?"

"Ah!" was Campbell's laconic comment.

"Yes; readin' the Bible all the while even when he's ridin' the range, so they say."

"Well, he will get no harm from that, if his health is otherwise all right. I will see him on my return."

"An' you won't forgit about that paper?"

"Oh, no; I'll bring the license. But I scarcely think I can marry you to-morrow. Let us say Wednesday."

"All right, Pilot," replied Fisk, "I ain't perticular to a day or so."

As Campbell drove his buckboard along the trail the next evening on his return to the ranch, he heard the hoof-beats of a galloping horse behind him. Al Urquhart came up. "Guess I'll ride with you," he remarked, after the minister had greeted him heartily. So he dismounted and got into the rig, holding the bridle rein of his broncho. To immediate inquiries for his health Al admitted that he was somewhat out of sorts, and thought he would lay off for a week or so. But the keen eye of the Pilot detected something more than a casual illness. His heart warmed to the cowboy, for he felt sure the battle was spiritual rather than physical. He was confirmed in this opinion when Al said:

"I don't jest think I done right in sendin' that letter to my mother a spell ago. I'd like to get your idea on the pint. You see, she's bin writin' to me from time to time ever since I left home—"

"Is your home in the East?" Campbell asked the question more as a relief to Al than for curiosity.

"No; in England. I left when I was a boy. But mother's livin' there yet, and hes always rit to me, and I've generally answered her letters. But lately—the last time—I told her that if she didn't let up on the religious

racket in her letters, I wouldn't write to her agin'."

"I wouldn't have done that, Al; a fellow never has more than one mother, and you cannot doubt that she wrote what she felt in her heart was in your best interest. No; I wouldn't have replied in that way. It must have hurt the dear old heart," said Campbell.

There was a moisture in Al's eyes and a falter in his voice as he said:

"I guess you're right. I'm sorry I done it, now. I ain't heard from her since."

"Write again, Al, and tell her so. That's the best thing you can do."

"I believe it is," was all he said.

On Wednesday morning Fisk came round to see about the license. The precious document had been duly secured, but a new difficulty had arisen.

"Have you received old Simon's consent yet, Mr. Fisk?" Campbell asked his visitor.

"Consent? how?" Fisk was manifestly unaware of the "snag."

"Why—don't you know that he objects on the ground that the girl is not of age? It appears she is a minor by some three months, and the old gentleman considers that she has a first duty to him."

"Some of the boys hev bin puttin' this in his head for a lark—I see how it is. The old man's bin on the spree agin' and they've bin playin' on him. You go and straighten it out fer me, like a good feller. You kin do it, and we'll have the affair to-morrow accordin' to the arrangements."

It occurred to Campbell to inquire whether Fisk had got the consent of the girl herself. He could scarcely imagine how, when, or where the courting had been done, or the question popped, in view of the round-up captain's disposition toward the sex. But he concluded it would be safe to take this for granted.

Next day, "at the residence of the bride's father"—a very humble little shack—the ceremony came off. It was scarcely what the society journal would call a "pretty house wedding," but it was as lawful as any, and quite original in its own way. Campbell's diplomacy had succeeded. The old man had been played upon by the "boys," just as Fisk had surmised, and for some time protested with tipsy dignity of manner that Bella "owed him a duty." Under the arguments of the Pilot he at length

withdrew the objection, and replaced it with a very fervid consent, accompanied by the announcement that he would give the bride away in person.

It was Campbell's first wedding ceremony, and he has seen none precisely like it since. The little party almost filled the shack. Fisk, looking like a man awaiting execution, stood uneasily before the parson. Then the bride, in her ordinary everyday trousseau, came "up the aisle on her father's arm"—that is to say, the old gentleman, scarcely quite sober, came up holding her by the hand, and took his place with grave demeanour between the high contracting parties—now holding the bridegroom's hand as well. He was politely ordered to the rear, however, and under protest took his place in that humble position. Then the twain were made one, and, after due congratulations from the assembled guests, left to spend the honeymoon at Fisk's shack.

It was on a Saturday evening some three weeks after Campbell's first marriage service. He had seen little of Al Urquhart in the meanwhile, but had found increasing evidence on the occasion of two or three short conversations to confirm his belief that the work of the Holy Spirit was going on in the young man's soul. On one of the occasions referred to, Al had mentioned with unusual gentleness of manner (for I have omitted to record that he had always been noted for his brusque style and fiery temper among the "boys"—as much feared, in fact, for his quick resentment of an offence, as admired for his cleverness as an all-round range rider)—that he had written to his mother and taken back his undutiful words. Mr. Campbell happened to be thinking of him at the moment, as he approached the school-house to sweep out and set it in order for the morrow's service, when he saw the object of his thoughts comin' in his direction on horseback. He was coming in a hurry, too. Campbell stood and watched him as he galloped down the bank of the little river and dashed through its waters, and when he came up the transformation of his face and manner told the story without the need of words.

"Give us your hand, old man!" he cried—speaking almost rapidly in the new joy that had come to him. "It's all right. I've got it here. The old book is true, after all—seek and ye shall find—We will abundantly pardon?"

"Al, my boy, I thank God for this! God bless and keep you!" said Campbell, fervently.

Then Al dismounted and they walked to the schoolhouse together.

"You must tell me your experience, Al. Let's have a little Methodist love-feast right here by ourselves," said the Pilot as they went into the room together.

"Well, there ain't much to tell after all," answered Al. "It all come of that little talk we had. I jest made up my mind to read the book through, and let it do as it pleased with me. I mean I wasn't goin' to fight agin it es I read. I probably wouldn't done this if you hed started off to talk to me about my soul bein' saved, but I got to readin' and then I got interested,

got to stop right now. He's genuine, you kin tell that if you's got any sense. He'd a' used his gun afore this if he wasn't. He's a changed man for sure, 'cuz he don't shoot. He grins and bears it right along. But it's got to quit now. The first galoot that interferes with him agin has got to interfere with me!"

It was big Jim Burke who spoke, and the boys in the ranch knew that words from him "meant business."

"You gettin' pious, too, Jim?" one of them ventured to ask.

"Never mind 'bout that," retorted Jim. "What I say I mean. And I guess you'll all allow that Al Urquhart is jest as good a feller as he ever was, and better, since the change come to him."

"That's right!" assented Joe Loder, "it's a pile easier to get along with him at work these days in every shape and way!"

So it came about that a truce was called to the long series of persecutions poor Al had gone through since the night of his talk with the new Pilot. From time to time he had said to the latter, since that "love-feast" scene, "Pilot, I cannot stand it—it's awful. The boys just goad me to rage, an' the ole Adam's strong in me yit, I reckon!"

But One had said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and Al, who looked to Him for help, found it according to His promise, and conquered at last.



"GIVE US YOUR HAND, OLD MAN."

and afore long somethin' took right hold of me. It was like the risin' of the sun, somehow. In the light of them holy words, and in the presence of that lovin', tender, forgivin' Man of Sorrows dyin' on the cross so lonely for His enemies, I came to see myself as I hadn't done afore that time, and see what a mean, low-down critter I was. It come to me that there was only one thing worth while after all, and that was to be like him. Then, for the first time, I understood my mother. Pilot, she's putty much like Jesus—she's follered Him all her life, dear old mother—and I've nigh broke her heart!"

"It's no use, boys. This thing's

When the Pilot, on a visit to the Old Land in the summer, found himself in the vicinity of Al's old home, it was with great joy that he performed the duty he had promised his friend—to find out the old mother and tell her the glad tidings. And the widow's joy was equal to his own when he had found her and delivered the happy message. "Yet I have been expecting this," said the dear old lady, as her wrinkled face beamed with the light of faith and love. "I have prayed for my poor boy ever since he went away, and I knew that God would hear and answer me. And now I give Him thanks and praise—for this my son was dead and is alive again: he was lost and is found!"

## THE DEACONESS MOVEMENT IN CANADA.



METHODIST DEACONESS HOME AND TRAINING INSTITUTE, TORONTO.

Seven years ago the first germs of the Methodist deaconess organization were planted in Canada. They were planted amid doubts and fears and discouragements. The deaconess idea was misunderstood and misinterpreted. It was looked at askance by many good men and by some good women. The deaconesses were described as Protestant nuns, aping the methods of Romanism. The movement was regarded by some as a rank outgrowth of popery. It was prophesied that soon the deaconesses would be taking irrevocable vows, shaving their heads, bearing conventual names, and wearing conventual garb. They have done none of these things. Miss Scott, the superintendent of the institution, to whom the movement owes so much of its success, is as little like a nun as you can imagine; a bright, cheery, alert, sunny-souled woman. Even her buoyant nature was at first somewhat depressed. She came from the Methodist Deaconess Home, in Chicago, where was a bright and happy family of a score of deaconesses. In the little Home in Toronto, with only one or two of the gentle sisterhood, she felt somewhat lonely and discouraged. But she worked on with faith and hope and zeal, and after seven years, what is the result?

As the deaconesses mustered to walk to Broadway Tabernacle to hear

Dr. Chown's admirable anniversary sermon, they mustered twenty-six happy, consecrated souls, who had enjoyed training in the word and works of God, and had already had experience of the joys of Christian service. They have won the love and confidence and sympathy of the entire Methodism of Toronto. They occupy one of the most beautiful, commodious, well-equipped Deaconess Homes on this continent, given and furnished through the appreciation of their work by Toronto Methodists. Another home for rescue work is already opened. Seven deaconesses are constantly employed in connection with the Massey mission, and others in visitation of the sick, the suffering, the sorrowing, in helping the helpless, in remembering the forgotten, in seeking and saving them that were lost.

They established last year a Fresh Air Mission, in the town of Whitby, at which over a hundred little wilted waifs of children, blanched like potatoes in a dark cellar, struggling for the sunlight, with many of their toil-worn mothers, gained health and strength in the fresh air and sunshine of the country. Best of all, the joy and gladness and sunshine of the Gospel found their way to dark homes and dark hearts, and many have been led to the Saviour.

There is nothing of mediaeval asceticism or sacerdotalism about this movement. The deaconesses are eminently practical. They glean in all fields. They gather up fragments that would else be wasted. They run, as Miss Scott says, a great "department store," in which almost everything needful for succouring the sick and the needy can be found. This is kept replenished chiefly by the Methodist women of Toronto, who know that their gifts—from jellies for the sick, to housefurnishings and cast-off clothing for the poor—will be wisely used. Nothing is given except in cases of absolute, imperative need; but everything is sold at a price that makes it a boon to those in want. The following enumeration will indicate the variety and character of this work:

#### SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT.

Number of missionary and parish calls . . . . .	7,020
Other calls . . . . .	5,690
Total number of calls . . . . .	12,710
Number of papers, magazines, books and bibles distributed . . . . .	5,588
Number of new and half-worn garments, etc., distributed . . . . .	4,993
Number of families supplied with food . . . . .	836
Delicacies for the sick distributed . . . . .	500
Number of families supplied with fuel . . . . .	34
Number receiving fresh-air holiday in the country . . . . .	125
Persons for whom work was secured . . . . .	429
Number of times teaching . . . . .	855
Number of meetings held . . . . .	802
Number of hours spent in nursing . . . . .	1,660
Amount of emergency money spent . . . . .	\$197.00
Amount of fresh-air money . . . . .	\$208.19

The marvel is that with so little money so much good has been done. The deaconesses have the art of making a very little go a long way.

This movement, we may say, owes very much of its success to the wisdom, the consecrated common-sense, the religious devotion of Miss Scott, superintendent of our deaconess institution. It has also been greatly aided by the visits and ministrations in several of our churches of Miss Isabelle Horton, of The Deaconess Advocate, of Chicago. Miss Horton's addresses, by their human tenderness and pathos, relieved by a fine vein of humour, instinct with an earnest spirituality, and clothed with a literary grace and eloquence of a quite unique character, were an inspiration and uplift to all who heard them.

Three years ago we had the pleasure of printing in this magazine Miss Horton's admirable address, given at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on "What the Deaconess Saith Unto the

Churches." Through the great kindness of Miss Horton, we have the pleasure of reproducing the substance of some of her addresses, given in connection with the seventh anniversary of the deaconess institution, in part from her own manuscript, and in part from dictation to our own stenographer. We commend these addresses to the thoughtful study of our readers, especially to the women of Canadian Methodism. We believe that, to use Miss Horton's striking figure, a rod of power lies ready to the hand of the Church of to-day, in its consecrated womanhood, a lever of more than Archimedean strength to raise and bless the world.

We do not forget or discount the fact that in all ages of the Church women have been its most effective ministrants. But with their larger opportunities, with their increased leisure, with their broader culture, with their ampler opportunities, they have come into a kingdom such as they never knew before. Only half a century ago most of the work in the home was wrought by women's hands, they were emphatically the spinsters, the wives, the ladies—the spinners, the weavers, the loaf-givers, as the words mean—of the household. They carded the wool and spun and wove and dyed the cloth, and made the clothing. A type of these is found in the wise woman in the book of Proverbs, of whom we read, "She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. . . . She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff."

But this is now all done by the nimble fingers and tireless sinews of machinery. Woman is released in large degree from this material service. At the same time, in our schools and colleges, our daughters have kept pace step by step with their brothers in climbing the difficult steep of Parnassus. They have received larger and better equipment for intellectual, social, and religious work than ever before. Yet the very advantages of their new culture involves a new peril, that of becoming mere aesthetic dilettanti, of cultivating a refined selfishness.

At this very time God has provided a noble antidote for such a malign spell, a spell which involves spiritual atrophy and death. On every side he has opened doors of usefulness for women—in the home and foreign missionary field; in the Sunday-school



and its Home Department, and in church work; in the Christian culture and the Christian service of the Epworth League and Christian Endeavour organizations; in the opportunities of ministering to their lowly sisters, and worse than orphaned little brothers; and, thank God, many of them are finding in this sacred service a joy unspeakable.

Dr. Allen, president of the British Conference, told us, during his visit to Canada, of a spoiled daughter of fashion, of wealth, and of selfish luxury, whose bitter confession was, "I have everything that I can want, and yet I am miserable." It is still true as in the days of St. Paul, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." It is for evermore a fact of widest meaning, he that will save his life, by self-centred endeavour, shall lose it, but he that will lose his life, in a divine self-surrender and self-denegation, akin to His who loved us and gave Himself for us, shall gloriously and for ever find it.

Our daughters cannot all be technically deaconesses; they may be such

potentially, in essence and in spirit, for the word means a servant of the Church for Christ's sake. The example of these good women, these "sisters of the people," who, bound by no conventual tie, free to leave the order at any time, live a wholesome and heartsome life of service, a life throbbing with a rich, intellectual and spiritual experience, will be an inspiration to many who do not join their order to share, in their own homes and more immediate social circles, its blessings and benedictions.

We supremely honour these sisters of ours who break the alabaster box of ointment, very precious, of their heart's richest affections on the feet of Jesus, and by their ministry to his "little ones," minister even unto him. Like the holy women of old, they bring the balm and myrrh and spike-nard of saintly service to the Lord they love. They offer their choicest culture, their gifts and graces, their winsome womanhood, as new vestals to keep the holy fires burning on the altar of humanity, not for Rome, but for the whole wide world.

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"NO NEED HAVE THEY TO GO AWAY."

BY SAMUEL L. HAWORTH.

A desert place; night comes apace;  
No food supply; shall souls thus die  
When God hath sent the heavenly  
bread?  
"No need have they to go away;"  
God's manna sweet give them to eat  
And let the multitude be fed.

The multitude in want of food—  
Shall one depart with longing heart,  
In hunger seeking to be filled?  
"No need have they to go away;"  
Conditions meet; give them to eat  
That famine's craving may be stilled.

At home, abroad, on lonely road,  
Or crowded street where many greet,  
Perchance they hunger for life's food.  
"No need have they to go away;"  
In love discreet give them to eat  
And feed the suffering multitude.

Beyond the seas are feeble knees,  
In distant lands are trembling hands,  
The multitude is dying there.  
"No need have they to go away;"  
Yet time is fleet; give them to eat;  
The bread of life with them now share.  
—*The Friend.*

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WORK.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;  
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines  
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,  
And death's mild curfew shall from work assail.  
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,  
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns  
All thy tears over, like pure crystal lines,  
For younger fellow-workers of the soil  
To wear for amulets. So others shall  
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,  
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,  
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.  
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand  
And share its dewdrop with another near.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

## RELIGIOUS DRIFT.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is an impression in some minds that the religious world is, to an alarming extent, drifting away from the old established faith of the Gospel; and that the cultured thought of the age is trending toward skepticism and infidelity. We think there is no ground for this conclusion, but strong grounds for a conclusion the very opposite. It is the exceptional that excites attention, that excites remark. The regular sweep of the planets in their orbit, age after age, awakens no special interest; but should one of these break away from its orbit, or let a comet flash athwart the sky, and all the world is agaze. One erratic Professor Briggs, or one blaspheming Ingersoll, sets all the papers on the continent buzzing. But the twenty thousand Methodist preachers, who stand in the old ways and preach the grand old doctrines that have subdued the world, excite no remark.

The needs of the human soul are the same in every age. In the hour of sorrow and of sadness, of utter and sorest need, the heart and flesh cry out for the living God. The speculations of science, the blankness of infidelity, cannot satisfy its deep and immortal yearnings. It needs a positive revelation of a loving and personal Saviour. And in all the Evangelical Churches there is, we believe, a more lively apprehension of Christ as the Saviour of men, and of faith in the Crucified One, than ever before. As a consequence there is more devoted Christian effort to train the children for God, to rescue the perishing, to evangelize the masses, to raise the criminal classes, to send the gospel to the heathen, than the world ever saw before. Where Wesley and Whitefield were mobbed and stoned, Moody and Sankey have had great tabernacles erected for their services, and have had the co-operation of a host of willing workers, clerical and lay. If a blundering magistrate interferes with the services of the Salvation Army, a powerful organization is formed for its defence.

The colleges at the beginning of the century were hot-beds of infidelity. At Yale only four or five professed faith in Christianity. Princeton was no better. At Bowdoin only one was willing to avow himself a Christian. It was confidently predicted that Christianity could not survive two generations. Says Dr. Dwight, "From France, Germany and Great Britain the dregs of infidelity were

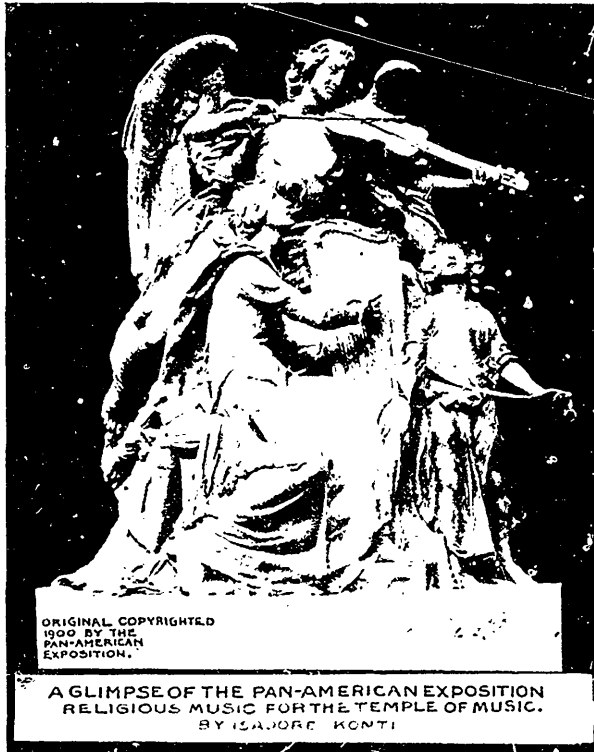
vomited upon us. An enormous edition of the 'Age of Reason' was published in France to be sold and sent over to America for a few pence per copy, or to be given away." Between 1817 and 1830, 57,680,000 volumes of the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other infidel writers were circulated on the continent.

"It is affirmed," says Dr. Dorchester, "That the Evangelical Churches have lost their hold upon the intellect of the age. How and wherein? When was it equally identified with the best, the most vigorous, the most learned culture?" The students in the evangelical colleges have increased twice as fast as the population of the country; and one-half more of these students are professing Christians than forty years ago. During ten years, of fourteen hundred graduates of Harvard, only two were skeptics; and never were there so many church members among the students as now.

All over the land the old and impressive truths of revelation, sanctioned by a book in which the hearers have not the slightest distrust as to its divine origin, and as accepted through the ages, are preached every Sabbath, and taught to susceptible childhood in the Sabbath schools. As an instance of the interest felt in Sunday-school work, may be mentioned the fact that during a single year there have been held on this continent an average of *fourteen* Sunday-school conventions for every day in the year.

Against this vast tide of evangelical influence, sweeping in ever-broadening volume down the ages, the manifestations of current skepticism are only chips upon the stream. They cannot stem the swelling tide. We have so serene a confidence in the triumph of the Gospel, that all the oppositions of science, falsely so-called, of skepticism and infidelity, alarm us not the least. In one of England's darkest hours of unbelief, brave, blind old Milton wrote: "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? For who knows not that truth is strong, next to the Almighty?" Let us, after two hundred years of added demonstrations of its invincible might, emulate his serene and lofty faith.

## Current Topics and Events.



One of the most notable features of the Pan-American is the magnificent display of sculpture, about five hundred pieces in all, by some of the foremost designers of America, together with reproductions of classic masterpieces. Beneath the blue sky and against the background of green foliage and many-coloured buildings, the pure white statuary has a charming effect. We present one of the characteristic pieces adorning the Temple of Music.

### THE PRICE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Under this title the New York Independent has a generous recognition of the righteousness of Britain's conflict in South Africa. If her war be just, then its great cost in money and in blood does not affect that righteous-

ness. Even after paying the increased income tax of "two pence in the pound," and a penny on sugar, Great Britain will still be far the most lightly taxed nation in Europe—only 9.3 per cent. of its income, with an increasing population and national resources, wealth growing rapidly from year to year. France, which expresses such commiseration for Great Britain under its burdens, with a decreasing population and little trade with its colonies, is taxed 13.6 per cent. of its income, and impoverished Italy is taxed 22 per cent. The accompanying diagram shows the relative taxation of the nations.

The following is the Independent's article :

Already the South African War has cost the British people \$733,000,000 in taxes and loans, not to speak of the



destruction of values in South Africa itself, and all the incidental losses to individuals and to commerce. It is likely to cost a round billion of dollars before it is concluded. Is it worth the cost?

Certainly the British people think it is. Whether it be the British in Great Britain or in Cape Colony, both agree that whatever the cost the war must be carried on till the conclusion of British sovereignty is attained, and the danger of the loss of South Africa is finally averted.

They are right in the valuation they put on South Africa, even taking that alone, and not considering what would be the loss of prestige to Great Britain in Europe and China and India were she to be beaten by the Boers. The question in conflict is the possession of South Africa—of the best part, the temperate part of the continent, whether it shall or shall not belong to Great Britain. A billion dollars would be a very small price to pay for it now, even as landed property, not to speak of its assured future. The territory in debate is nearly as large as all the United States east of the Mississippi.

Then there is to be considered the relation of South Africa to the rest of the British possessions in Africa. Great Britain cannot afford for any price to lose her possession of South Africa, so long as she has the ambition to be the principal power in Africa. The best of Africa she now holds, from Egypt to the Cape. France may hold as much land, but it is mainly sand; the best rivers and harbours and mines and tillable soil are held by Great Britain. To hold all this and develop it with Eng-

lish settlers she needs to hold South Africa; she must hold the way from Cairo to the Cape.

And yet it is the mastery of sentiment over financial values that controls in this matter. England could not, would not, forsake her sons in the Transvaal, nor would she yield their equal rights. It was English liberty for all, the right to be represented by equal votes, that was at stake; and for this liberty in the Transvaal she was willing to fight, and when the fight was on, to finish it at whatever cost. The previous condition was not liberty; it was the subordination of the newcomer to the old settler. The future condition will be one of absolute equality, British and Boer, a fair liberty, such as the Transvaal could never see so long as it was the policy to exploit and tyrannize over foreign settlement and wealth.

The kind of civilization that the British will give to all South Africa is worth many billion dollars more than the kind which the Boer rulers wanted, who would have made it all Dutch, of the Kruger kind, from the Cape to the Zambesi.

Whether we count money value, or whether we add the worth of British prestige abroad, or whether we take in the worth of that free self-government and equal rights, and those institutions of civilization of which Great Britain and the United States are the best promoters, the value received by Great Britain and the world in the maintenance of British sovereignty in South Africa is well worth the price for which Englishmen are now required to pay twopence extra income tax and a cent on sugar.



Such street-car strikes as those in Brooklyn, St. Louis, and Albany are a kind of civil war—not very civil either. The business of great cities is completely disorganized, and thousands of persons are put to much inconvenience and great loss, and in each case precious lives have been sacrificed. Some board of conciliation, such as has prevented strikes for many years in New Zealand, is surely not beyond the resources of civilization. It has been affirmed that more money has been lost to the labouring classes by strikes than has ever been gained, while there is a

serious peril of the substantial prosperity over which capital and labour are wrangling being scooped up by hard times, which such quarrel invites. It is affirmed that the loss of trade about which there is such outcry in Great Britain at present is the direct result of the colossal strikes of a few years ago

An American cartoon represents Mr. Pierpont Morgan as asking King Edward what he will take for his crown, and another paper describes him as negotiating for the Bank of England and the House of Parliament, or perhaps the British navy. The English people take very philosophically, however, the purchase of steamship companies at a very high rate, and the annexing of American heiresses by what are called Morgan-atic marriages. The King and the London magnates have been showing marked courtesy to the American multi-millionaires, and the nation exhibits no resentment at Mr. Carnegie's generous gift of ten millions to Scottish universities.

## Religious Intelligence.

### THE CONFERENCES.

The first Conferences of the twentieth century have been seasons of unusual interest. A feeling of expectancy and of consecration pervaded these assemblies. It was realized that the progress of the past century but gave grander opportunity and greater obligation for the century to come. The financial success of the Twentieth Century Fund it was felt would be incomplete without the outpouring of a gracious spirit of revival and soul-converting power.

It is most gratifying to note that, notwithstanding the extra effort by which nearly a million and a quarter dollars are laid upon God's altar, most of the connexional funds show no diminution, but in some cases marked increase. Best of all is the evidence of spiritual growth in a general increase of membership throughout the Connexion. Thus we regard it as the omen and harbinger of a great forward movement, when many thousands

more will be brought into the Kingdom of God.

It is significant, too, that a large proportion of this increase comes to us through the Sunday-school. This is as it should be. The school is the best recruiting ground of the church. Those who enter by this door into the school ought to be better trained, and give promise of longer years of usefulness and development, of nobler Christian character, than those who are rescued from the world after years of sin. Intrinsicly precious as all souls are, it is wise of the Church to seek first of all, and above all, the incorporation of its own children into the household of faith. The largely increased circulation of our Sunday-school periodicals is one indication of the life that throbs in this most important department of our Church's operations. Methodism in all its branches lies under an obligation of unspeakable importance to the many thousands of faithful, unwearying teachers who

devote so much of their time and thought and care and means to their blessed work of training for heaven the youthful immortals whom God and the Church commit to their loving teaching. Nor are they unrewarded. They receive in their own souls, in the deeper insight into the Word of God, in the joy of training the young in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and in witnessing their conversion to God, a hundredfold compensation for all their efforts.

Our faithful Missionary Secretary raised the warning that we are dividing our work into too many separate units, and employing in the old or settled parts of the Dominion too many agents in a limited field; while the new fields and the frontiers of the far west, and the foreign field, were earnestly calling for more labourers. Thus faithful labourers, who are able and anxious to work, are forced upon the Superannuation Fund for lack of circuits, and the maintenance of those upon the home missions is quite inadequate to their proper support. While some Churches are complaining of the dearth of candidates for the ministry, our own, notwithstanding the hardships and sometimes privations of the itinerancy, has a more than ample supply, and these are receiving more thorough scholastic training than ever before. It was urged that our Presbyterian friends are covering their home work with a less number of men, and are so able to send more missionaries to the heathen world.

It is a fact of great significance that so many of our laymen, men of affairs, conducting large business, or engaged in professional life, find time to devote several days to the sessions of Conference, and that they take such a profound interest in the spiritual as well as temporal aspects of the Lord's work. It is noteworthy, too, that men like Mr. Chester D. Massey, Mr. M. H. Peterson, and others, who have done so much for Methodism in the past, are offering to assume still further financial burdens for its extension in the immediate future.

While we have, as a Church, great ground for gratitude, we have none for self-satisfaction or surcease of effort. While we look thankfully at the past, we look hopefully for the future. "Not as though we had already attained, either were already perfect; . . . forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching

forth unto those things which are before, we press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

#### YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION JUBILEE.

The jubilee anniversary of the inauguration of the Y. M. C. A. on this side of the water has just been celebrated. It is gratifying to know that the society in Montreal is the oldest one outside of Great Britain. This organization has been one of the most successful for gathering in and ennobling young men. Lord Kinnard and Lord Strathcona are announced among the speakers at this famous jubilee.



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS,  
Father of the Young Men's Christian  
Association.

W. S. Harwood, in the June Century, writes thus of Sir George Williams:

"One dull London day I sat at luncheon in a room which is, in some ways, one of the most interesting in the world, with a man who, judged by a central act in his life, stands among the notable figures of the nineteenth century. The table at which I sat is historic. Around it, one day in June, fifty-seven years ago, a band of London young men gathered—not

more than a dozen in all. The man who sat with me was their leader. Guided by him, they established the greatest religio-civic body known among men since the dawn of Christianity.

"It was in this room, at this table, that George Williams founded the Young Men's Christian Association, recognized by progressive men, in and out of the Church, as one of the most powerful agencies of modern life for the physical, mental, moral, and religious betterment of young men. When I called at the office of this white-haired yet young-faced old man, I found him sitting in his little private office in the building in Paternoster Row known wherever there is a member of this great association. He was an old man, but his mind was clear, his intellectual grip strong.

"He invited me to go up to the room, on the third floor of his great business house, unchanged since the day when he and his young friends gathered while he outlined to them his plans for the new organization. The room remains as it was on that memorable occasion, nearly sixty years ago."

We beg to call special attention to the admirable paper on "City Mission Work," by the Rev. T. E. Egerton Shore, M.A., B.D., in this number of *The Magazine and Review*. We know no such comprehensive survey of this great subject as that which Mr. Shore has presented. He writes from intimate personal knowledge of the needs of the poor among whom he has laboured with such zeal and success. His heart is touched with their sorrows. He recognizes the only solution of the great city problem. He believes, as Robert Hall, that "the soul of improvement is the improvement of the soul." His summons rings like the call of a clarion to Methodism, which Chalmers describes as "Christianity in earnest," to be more in earnest than ever in evangelizing the cities, the strategic points of the future.

Miss Horton's beautiful address on the deaconess work will also appeal to the sympathies of our readers, not only for its literary grace, but still more for its tender and Christly spirit.

#### HARVESTED.

The grim reaper has been busy with his scythe during the month, and a

wide swath of men of mark has been harvested for the kingdom. Three distinguished missionaries—Cochran, Mackay, and Chalmers—have, like ripe sheaves, been garnered home. Of these,

THE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN, D.D., the founder of our Japanese mission, comes nearest to our hearts and homes. Brought up on a Canadian farm, he entered our ministry at the age of twenty-two. He was not the product of the schools, but of indomitable self-help, and a passion for study. His great work was his well-nigh quarter of a century spent in Japan. For six years before this he wielded commanding influence in Toronto, and was associated with Dr. Punshon in the erection of the Metropolitan Church.

In Japan, whither, with Dr. Davidson McDonald, he went to plant our mission in 1873, he at once became an important factor in the religious life of that country. At the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 the present writer asked a Japanese commissioner if he knew Dr. Cochran. The man grasped my hand eagerly, and said, "Dr. Cochran baptized me," and he introduced me to a fellow-commissioner, also a convert of our new mission. Dr. Cochran took, also, active part in the great work of translating the Bible into the Japanese language. During a brief furlough he returned to Canada and became again pastor and president of the Conference. In 1884 he returned to Japan, and devoted himself for some years, as president of the Theological College, with great earnestness and success to the training of native Japanese ministers. Failing health compelled him to seek a less enervating climate, and he became Dean successively of the Maclay Theological College and of the College of Liberal Arts of the University of Southern California. Everywhere, in the home-land, in the far-land, Dr. Cochran won warm friends. He grappled his students to his heart with hooks of steel. In positions of responsibility he was wise, just, patient, and a man of unflinching conciliation and tact.

"None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise."

It is gratifying to know that in his far-off southern home he was surrounded by "love, obedience, troops of friends." His wife, and son and

daughter, and many Canadian kinsfolk, were with him to the last. At his funeral, the Rev. E. A. Healy, Rev. William Williams, Rev. A. Hardie, and other friends of many years, joined with co-workers of later date in paying honour to his memory. A Los Angeles daily gives a portrait of Dean Cochran, and report of the glowing tributes to his character. His last words to his students were words of cheer and of encouragement for the great possibilities and opportunities which lay before them. "He magnified the cross day by day," said Dr. Cantine, at his funeral, "not only by what he said, but what he did."

Mrs. M. E. Lauder, a personal friend of Dr. Cochran, writes a poem to his memory, of which we regret we have not room for more than the following lines :

A leader of men, a leader of souls,  
He has built himself into the story  
Of that wondrous land of the Rising Sun,  
And helped form that arch to firmly unite  
The East and West in a brotherhood true,  
Lasting and strong; arch with the keystone  
of love.

#### MACKAY OF FORMOSA

was a Canadian boy, born in Zorra, Oxford county, of Highland Scotch descent. He received a thorough training at Toronto University, Knox College, Princeton, and Edinburgh. The cause of missions lay near to his heart. He offered his life to their service, and selected as his field the unevangelized island of Formosa. For well-nigh thirty years he laboured with unflinching devotion and with marvellous results.

He has been the means of establishing between sixty and seventy churches, a hospital, schools, and in addition a college, called Oxford College, for the training of a native ministry, and for the higher education of the girls of the island. There are in addition thirty-five Bible-women and eight day-schools for the education of the children of Christian homes, all established by Dr. Mackay.

Dr. Mackay further cemented his interest in his life-work by marrying a Formosan lady in 1878, and his family consists of one son and two daughters. The latter are married to Chinamen, and are engaged in the mission work.

On a visit to Canada in 1894 he was elected Moderator of the General

Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and roused extraordinary interest in Canadian churches by his fervid missionary appeals. His book, "From Far Formosa," is a classic in missionary literature, a book more fascinating than a romance.

"When Dr. Mackay landed in Formosa, in 1871," says his namesake, the Missionary Secretary of the Presbyterian Church, "there were none before him, none to welcome him. He found his home in a stable, and immediately acquainting himself with those around him, began to learn the language. He has shown a limitless amount of courage; nothing could daunt him. He was a man of intense fervour of spirit, which has never been quenched by any adverse circumstances he has met."

#### DR. BABCOCK.

More tragical than either of these deaths was that of Dr. Maltbee D. Babcock, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York. He was one of the most devoted, earnest, and eloquent ministers in America. As a relief from mental strain he was on his way to Palestine, and had reached Naples when he was attacked with fever. In a moment of delirium he took his own life. Few deaths have caused such a profound sympathy and sorrow since that of Hugh Millar, the great geologist, one of the foremost laymen of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, who, under the mental strain of his last great book on what may be called the religion of geology, ended his life in a similar manner.

The following verses, by Dr. Babcock, were received by a friend a short time before his untimely end :

- Why be afraid of Death, as though your life  
were breath?  
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. O  
glad surprise!
- Why should you be forlorn? Death only  
husks the corn;  
Why should you fear to meet the thresher  
of the wheat?
- Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you  
are dead  
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the  
skies.
- Why should it be a wrench to leave your  
wooden bench?  
Why not with happy shout run home when  
school is out?



"The dear ones left behind!" O foolish  
one, and blind,  
A day, and you will meet; a night and you  
will greet!

This is the death of Death, to breathe away  
a breath

And know the end of strife, and taste the  
deathless life,

And joy without a fear, and smile without  
a tear,

And work, nor care to rest, and find the  
last the best.

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REV. T. A. BEYNON, B.A.

This cultured and scholarly brother has been for many years the subject of physical infirmity, notwithstanding which he ceased not to labour as strength permitted. He entered into rest at Vinden, Man., on May 11. He entered our work in 1878, graduated from Victoria in 1880, and passed away at the comparatively early age of forty-nine. He is the subject of a beautiful tribute from the pen of Dr. Maclean, in *The Guardian*, which says: "For many years he was borne his burden of pain without a murmur, but at last the load became too heavy, and when he reached the top of the hill he sat down to rest, and bade farewell to the anxious watchers, who now wait in sorrow for their turn to go home."

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JAMES CHALMERS.

Another heroic missionary, James Chalmers, of the London Missionary Society, with his young colleague, Rev. Oliver Tompkins, and ten native students, were murdered by ferocious cannibals in New Guinea last April. Dr. Chalmers had been for more than thirty years a missionary in the South Sea Islands, and he had done more than any other man in the exploration of New Guinea, the largest island in the world, except Greenland.

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SIR WALTER BESANT.

The death of Sir Walter Besant removes not a man of the first class in literature, but still one of high rank. It is curious that much of his best work is little known beyond the subscribers to the Palestine Exploration Fund. He was for many years secretary of that fund, in connection with which Lord Kitchener won his first laurels, and editor of its Review. He also wrote in collaboration with Prof. Palmer, who was afterwards killed

by the Arabs, "The History of Jerusalem." His more lasting and solid work is his encyclopaedia of London, on which his late years have been spent. His novels have not the stamp of immortality, and in a few years will probably be forgotten. His truest monument will be that magnificent institution for the uplift of the masses, the People's Palace in the east-end of London, the outcome of his most popular work, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

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THE HON. A. S. HARDY.

It is a grand thing when, after forty years of public life a servant of the Crown passes away, and leaves not a single enemy behind. Yet that is the noble record of the late Premier of Ontario. When Mr. Hardy resigned his office less than two years ago, it was amid a chorus of praise from men of both political parties. This was followed by a generous gift in recognition of his long continued and faithful services to his Sovereign, in which his political opponents, as well as his own party, vied. It is to the credit of this man that amid opportunities whereby a corrupt politician might have amassed great wealth, yet he died poor. Greater honour is this than if he left a large fortune. He was a faithful follower of his gallant chief, Sir Oliver Mowat, for a score of years. When called to be his successor he proved himself a born leader of men. He had a magnetic personality that grappled friends to his heart with hooks of steel, and was found faithful in stormy as 'n halcyon weather.

The last time we saw Mr. Hardy was at the unveiling of the Wesley portraits at the Metropolitan Church a few weeks ago. In that delightful religious exercise he was an appreciative and sympathetic participant.

Public life and the power of patronage make even social relations sometimes a dread to a sensitive man. Dining with Mr. Hardy at a private party, he said to the present writer, "Where have you been; I have not seen you for some time?" We replied, "We have no favours to ask, no axe to grind, and so have not troubled a very busy man." "You are the sort of man we like to see," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye. In all his public and social relations he was the soul of honour and of courtesy. Such men live for their country, and make it worth living for.

## Book Notices.

"The Illustrated History of Methodism." By Rev. James W. Lee, D.D., Rev. N. Luccock, D.D., James M. Dixon, M.A. St. Louis and New York: The Methodist Magazine Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxiv-759. Price, \$2.75.

The most significant phenomenon of the eighteenth century is the great religious revival under the Wesleys and their helpers. One of the most striking features of the nineteenth century is the rapid spread of Methodism through all lands. This stirring story is fully told in this handsome volume. It is the most sumptuous illustrated history of Methodism that we know. It contains over a thousand engravings of persons or places connected with this great religious movement. In a series of thirty-five well-written chapters, an account is given from its origin down to the present day. When was ever a more marvellous story told? Do you wish romance, surpassing that of fiction?—here you will find it. Do you seek records of heroism equal to those of the crusaders?—it is written in these pages. Do you long for religious inspiration and uplift?—it throbs and thrills in this record of trial and triumph. A well-written chapter is devoted to the progress of Methodism in Canada, with portraits of many of the men of light and leading who have moulded the religious life of this great Dominion.

"Marvels of Modern Mechanism and Their Relation to Social Betterment." By Jerome Bruce Crabtree. With special chapters by Carroll D. Wright, LL.D., and Willard Smith, M.D. The King-Richardson Co., Springfield, Mass., and Toronto. Pp. 750.

So familiar are we with the easements and benefits of modern civilization that it requires much effort to conceive the inconvenience and hardships we should endure without them. Mark Twain humorously illustrated this in his story of a Yankee at King Arthur's court. He would gladly exchange its feudal pomp and splendour for the comfort and convenience of his village home. The book under review gives an admirable description,

free from technicalities, of a few of the most striking inventions of modern times, and illustrates the part they have played in our industrial life. It is a tribute to the men who have "thought in iron and steel," and shows of what universal benefit their work has been.

"The demands of modern life," says the author, "are so exacting that the average man is prone to forget how much he owes to those who have helped to bring civilization out of savagery. This book is issued in the belief that he is unthoughtful rather than ungrateful, and that he will be glad to have their struggles and victories recalled to him."

The many marvels of mechanism are grouped under such heads as Modern Machinery; Power, Its Production and Use; Transportation, Its Relation to Progress; Electricity, Its Practical Applications; Iron and Steel Working, the Foundation of Industrial Life; Military Art and Science; Mineral Industries, Gold, Silver, Copper, Coal, Petroleum; Means of Communication, Telephone, Telegraph, Postal Service, Printing; Agricultural Machinery, How it Increases the Food Supply of the World; Modern Surgery; Housekeeper's Debt to Invention; Woman's Work and Training. These groups cover, it will be seen, almost the whole range of mechanism. A long list of authorities has been consulted. Dr. Carroll Wright, the distinguished economist, and Dr. Willard Smith, the eminent scientist, contribute special chapters. Many scores of engravings and full-page cuts illustrate the subject. The many topics are so lucidly treated that any intelligent boy will be fascinated with the book, which is yet so comprehensive that almost any practical mechanic can learn something new from its pages. It is like a course of technology to read these successive chapters. We have found great pleasure in the reading.

"The Progress of the Century. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. iv-583. Price, \$2.50.

With the close of the century appeared many reviews of its progress from almost every point of view. One

of the best of these was a series of papers written by experts, which were published in the *New York Sun*. These are now issued in this handsome volume. The treatment is, of course, very succinct, but a vast amount of useful information is compressed within these pages. It is gratifying to know that two distinguished Canadians are among the writers—Dr. William Osler, who writes on Medicine, and Professor Goldwin Smith, whose long residence in Canada warrants us in claiming him as one of ourselves. British authorities are largely in evidence, thus Alfred R. Wallace writes on Evolution; Professor Ramsay on Chemistry; Professor Flinders-Petrie on Archaeology; Sir J. Lockyer on Astronomy; Professor Caird on Philosophy; Professor Thomson on Electricity; Sir Charles Dilke on War; Andrew Lang on Literature. Among the American contributors are Captain Mahan on Naval Matters; Thomas C. Clarke writes on Engineering; Cardinal Gibbons on Catholicism; Professor Allen, of Cambridge, on Protestantism; Professor Gottheil on The Jews and Judaism; and Professor Goldwin Smith on Free Thought. These names are a guarantee that the respective subjects are treated with the authority of experts which, in matters of fact, leaves no appeal. In matters of opinion, however, even the authority of a great name is not a court of final appeal.

"Monopolies Past and Present." An Introductory Study. By James Edward Le Rossignol, Ph.D., Professor of Economics in the University of Denver. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-253. Price, \$1.25.

It is a marked tribute to our Canadian universities that so many of their students so soon reach professorial positions in American universities, and recognition in American literature. Of these brilliant students Professor Le Rossignol, a distinguished alumnus of our own Victoria, is a conspicuous example. His book is a model of condensed information on important subjects, and of eminently sane conclusions from a wide induction of facts.

The question of monopolies is no new thing under the sun. They did not begin with Messrs. Rockefeller

and Morgan. Professor Le Rossignol traces them back to Egypt and Greece. They abounded in mediæval times. Then, as now, the Church was the champion of the poor. It demanded a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, and this economic principle was incorporated into the Canon Law.

The story of the mediæval guilds is one of romantic interest. Twelve of these survive in London, by whom the aldermen and officials of the city are still elected. Few of their members have any connection with the trade to which they nominally belong. There are generals who are Haberdashers, and scientists who are Fishmongers. Mr. Le Rossignol quotes some of the quaint rules of these old guilds:

"Item, that no man sett up a loome within hys howsse, but if he have been prentyse VII. yere at the occupation, under payne of ten pounds."

"There shall no woman worke in any worke concernyng this occupation within this town."

"None to take an apprentice or workman aliant-born."

"If any barber who is a foreigner shall draw teeth in any part of the town except in a barber's shop, he shall forfeit twelve pence each time."

"No cobler to amend shoes or bootes with bad stuffe or at unreasonable rates or keep them longer than two daies."

"Not to work after 9 p.m. on Saturdays."

"Item, that every brother of this saide brotherhoo' shall bring up reverentlie their servauntes in the feare of God."

"Any craftsman who shall brybe, purloyne, or stele above seven pence, and to persist, to be cast out utterly for ever."

The Hanseatic League embraced at one time eighty-five principal German cities, and largely controlled trade. The East and West India Companies, the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies are survivals to the present day of these merchant corporations. Interesting chapters are given on patents, copyrights, municipal, railway and capitalistic monopolies. The superb organization of the trusts and combines can certainly cause much economy of management, but that the consumer may obtain the benefit of these it is essential that the trusts and combines shall not override the authority and control of the laws.

"The Spiritual Experience of St. Paul." With Other Devotional Papers. By J. T. L. Maggs, B.A., B.D., Principal of the Wesleyan Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 227. Price, 70 cents.

In this book are collected a number of admirable studies chiefly of the life and teachings of St. Paul. Each is finished like a cameo, with a delicacy, refinement, and unity of purpose that make it a literary gem, perfect in its way. We strongly commend this book by the accomplished principal of the Wesleyan Theological College to the thoughtful study of our readers.

"A History of the Missions of the Moravian Church During the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." By J. Taylor Hamilton. Bethlehem, Pa.: Times Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-235. Price, \$2.50.

No Church in Christendom has such a splendid missionary record as the Moravian Church. It numbers in all only about 200,000 members, nearly one-half of whom have been gathered from among the heathen. The Moravians were earlier in the field than most of the Protestant Churches. They selected some of the hardest mission fields in Labrador, in Alaska, on Mesquito Coast, and in some of the strongholds of barbarism and savagery. The story is a continuation of the "Acts of the Apostles"—one of the grandest evidences of the truth and power and spell of religion that the world has ever seen. At the close of the century this little community had 390 missionaries, besides 1,863 native workers. A series of maps show their mission fields throughout the world. The faith and zeal, the chivalrous devotion and heroic endeavours of the Moravian missionaries for the glory of God and salvation of man form one of the most stirring chapters in the annals of the Christian Church.

"How We Kept the Flag Flying." The Story of the Siege of Ladysmith. By Donald Macdonald. Lon-

don, New York, and Melbourne: Ward, Lock & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-303. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

When shall the story fade? Few more heroic episodes in war are writ large upon history's page than that of the little beleaguered garrison of Ladysmith, sormed at with shot and shell, doomed—so far as Boer chivalry could doom them—to the pestilence that walketh by night, the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. When neither famine nor fever could starve them into submission, the Boers employed thousands of Kaffirs to dam the River Klip, and drown the women and children out of the warrens in which they took refuge from the remorseless fire of the Boer guns. Nearly twice as long as the siege of Lucknow was the siege of Ladysmith maintained. "And ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew." This heroic story is here told with stirring power.

"Lest We Forget." By Joseph Hocking. Author of "All Men are Liars," "The Story of Andrew Fairfax," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-384. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

Joseph Hocking is a well-known minister of the Primitive Methodist Church in England. His books all have a profoundly religious significance, and several of them are of strongly pronounced religious type. Of that number is this. We do not much admire the flamboyant Protestantism whose chief merit is denouncing the errors and crimes of the dark days of Romanism. Still it is well to remember the sufferings and blood and holy martyrdoms by which our religious liberties were bought. There is, therefore, peculiar significance in the title of this book, "Lest We Forget." The story is one of the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, but we would be very sorry to exchange for them the ampler liberties and nobler civilization of the days of Queen Victoria. The episode of the rescue of the wife by her husband at the very stake is one of thrilling pathos.

The longer on this earth we live  
And weigh the various qualities of men . .  
The more we feel the high, stern-featured  
    beauty  
Of plain devotedness to duty.

Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal  
    praise,  
But finding amplest recompense  
For life's ungarlanded expense  
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.