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RURAL ENGLAND.—THE COTTAGE BY THE MERE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

RURAL ENGLAND.



AT SET OF SUN.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight"



CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND.

are the contours of hill and vale.
A visitor from the New World is

Vol. XLVI. No. 5.

especially struck with the noble park-like scenery which spreads on every side. A recent American traveller thus describes his impressions of this old historic land, with its stately parks and mansions its quaint farmsteads and graiiges, the red-tiled or straw-thatched cottages, the ivy-grown churches, the fields cultivated like a garden, the hawthorn hedges just as we see them all in Birket Foster's pictures :

Wordsworth, standing on Westminster Bridge in the early dawn, wrote his exquisite sonnet beginning,

Earth hath not anything to show more fair,

and the words echoed in my mind all the two hundred miles between Liverpool and London. Scenery wilder, grander, more impressive is to be found in many lands; but search the wide world over, and you will see nothing to equal the rich beauty of an English rural

landscape. With us it is common for large farms to be cared for under the disadvantage of small incomes; here immense wealth has been lavished on small areas, giving a result that is a perpetual feast to the eye. Land is incalculably more precious than in the New World, yet clumps of noble trees have been left standing here and there in the fields, as well as in the picturesque hedges, serving as divisions between them.

The superlative finish evidenced on every hand made it seem incredible that the whole stretch of rolling country, as far as the eye could reach, had not been laid out as a great park by some wonderful landscape gardener. There stood the gray stone church, ancient and hoary, and smothered in ivy, and a rectory a fitting match

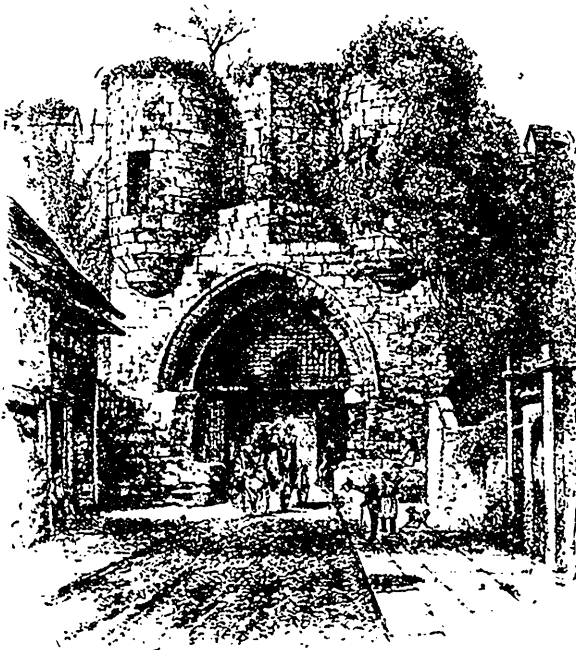


WAYSIDE INN.

for it in each particular, and between them the "country churchyard," bearing every mark of the one which inspired Gray's immortal "Elegy." Through clustering foliage showed tantalizing glimpses of one of "the stately homes of England," and at a respectful distance below rested the irregular street of tiny thatched

cottages, and the quaint old inn with its swinging sign—"The Dun Cow," "The Angel," "The Dumb Bell," or some other title equally appropriate. Lastly, half a mile or so from the village, lay the homes of the tenant farmer, the dusky purplish-red of the walls, and the lighter hue of the tiled roof contrasting beautifully with the deep, rich green of the surrounding fields, which enviable tint, by the way, is due to the moisture of the much-abused English climate.

The number of very pretty little



"A RARE OLD PLANT IS THE IVY-GREEN."



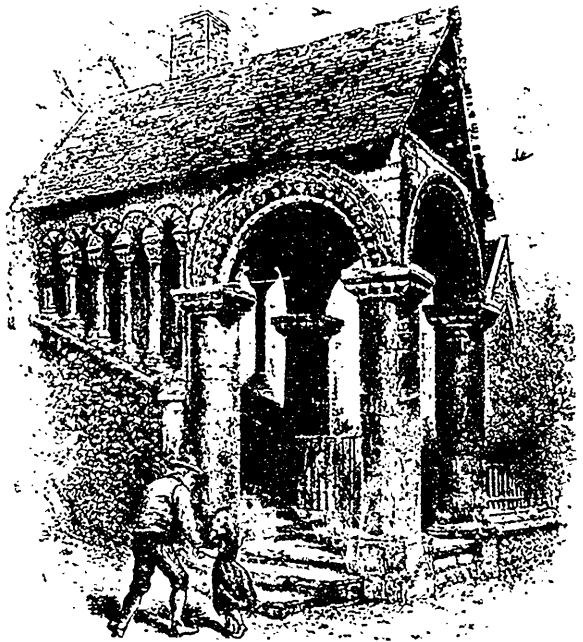
"YONDER IVY-MANTLED TOWER."

country homes, quite remote from any other habitation, was especially noticeable, and memory will always retain a strong impression of such an one, a model of quiet beauty. The picturesque, many-gabled old house, its latticed windows framed in ivy, and its porch covered with honeysuckle, was embowered in an old-fashioned garden, round which ran a hedge, its original prim lines well-nigh obliterated by the rich broidery of pink blossoms which a tangle of brier roses had thrown over it. Two sunny-haired children were playing on the lawn, which sloped gradually down to a tiny lake on which several snowy swans were gracefully gliding, and whose surface reflected the dappled rose and gold of the sunset sky,

and over the whole beautiful picture brooded an atmosphere of calm serenity of unutterable peace.

Another genial writer, "to the manner born," Professor Goldwin Smith, thus describes from an intimate acquaintance of many years the varied aspects of rural England :

A charm attaches in all our minds to the idea of English country life. Everywhere in the rural districts as you shoot along in the train your eye catches the tower or spire of the parish church, with the rectory adjoining, the hall of the squire, the homestead of the tenant-farmer, and the labourer's cottage. The parish is the unit, and the parish church is still the centre. The clergyman is the parish almoner; by him or his wife, a personage who, if she is good and active, is second only to him in importance, charitable and philanthropic organizations are headed. But the king of the little



NORMAN PORCH—CANTERBURY.



“THE BREEZY CALL OF INCENSE-
BREATHING MORN.”

realm is the master of the hall, which is seen standing in the lordly seclusion of its park. “The stately homes of England,” is a phrase full of poetry to our ears, and the life of the dwellers in such homes, as fancy presents it, is the object of our envious admiration. Life in a home of beauty with family portraits and memories, fair gardens, and ancestral trees, with useful and important occupa-

tions such as offer themselves to the conscientious squire, yet without any of the dust and sweat of the vulgar working world, ought to be not only pleasant but poetic; and the “Summer Place” of Tennyson’s “Talking Oak,” no doubt, has its charming counterpart in reality.

But all depends on the voluntary performance of social duties, without which life in the loveliest and most historic of manor houses is merely sybaritism, aggravated by contrast with the opportunities and surroundings; and unfortunately the voluntary performance of duty of any kind is not the thing to which human nature in any of us is most inclined. The country gentlemen of England are seldom dissolute, the healthiness of their sports in itself is an antidote to sensuality; but many of them are sportsmen and nothing more. Till lately, however, the squire at all events lived in his country-house among his tenants and people; even Squire Western did this and he thus retained his local influence and a certain amount of local popularity. But now the squire,



“THE COTTAGE HOMES OF ENGLAND.”

infected by the general restlessness and thirst of pleasure, has taken to living much in London or in the pleasure cities of the Continent. The tie between him and the village has thus been loosened, and in many cases entirely broken.

And now another blow, and one of the most fatal kind, is struck at squirearchy by the political reform which is introducing elective government into the counties. Hitherto the old feudal connection between land and local government has been so far retained that the chief landowners, as justices of the peace, have administered rural justice and collectively managed the affairs of the county in Quarter Sessions. The justice, no doubt, has sometimes been very rural, especially in the case of the poacher, but the management has been good, and it has been entirely free from corruption. Quarter Sessions, however, are now, in deference to the tendencies of the age, to be replaced by elective councils, from which the small local politician is pretty sure in the end to oust the squire, who, thus left without local dignity or occu-



"OFF DID THE HARVEST TO THEIR SICKLE YIELD."

pation, will have nothing but field sports to draw him to his country seat. Even of field sports the end may be near. Game-preserving will die unlamented by anybody but the game-preserver, for slaughtering barn-door pheasants is sorry work, imprisoning peasants for poaching is sorrier work still, and the temptation to poach is a



WINTER SUNSET.

"The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

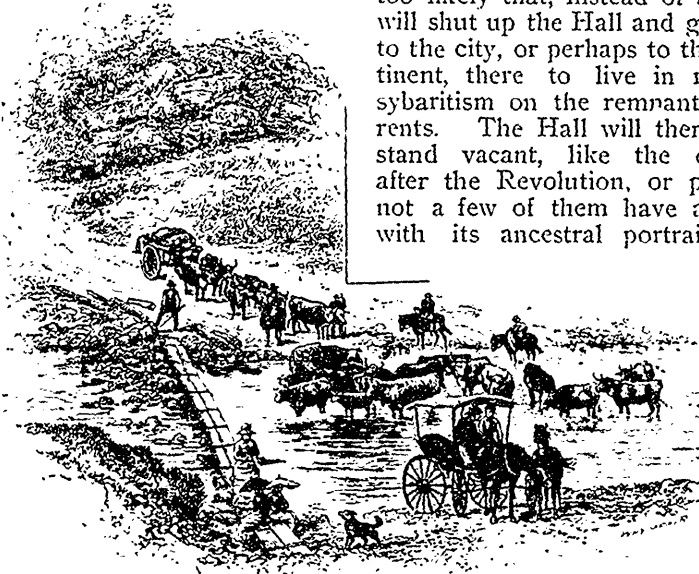
serious source of rustic demoralization.

Rents have fallen immensely in consequence of the agricultural depression, caused by the influx of American and Indian grain into the British market; nor is there much hope of better times. Mortgage debts are heavy, and allowances to widows and younger brothers, which the system of primogeniture entails, have still to be paid. Thus the situation of the squire, and of the social structure which he crowns, is perilous. Will he bravely face it? Will he cut down his unnecessary luxuries, learn agriculture, become his own bailiff, give up game preserving, and renounce idleness and pleasure-hunting, for a life of labour



OLD NORMAN DOORWAY—ELSTOW CHURCH.

and duty? If he does, agricultural depression may prove to him a blessing in disguise. But it is too likely that, instead of this, he will shut up the Hall and go away to the city, or perhaps to the Continent, there to live in reduced sybaritism on the remnant of his rents. The Hall will then either stand vacant, like the chateau after the Revolution, or pass, as not a few of them have already, with its ancestral portraits and



AT THE FORD.

memories, into the hands of the rich trader or the Jew, perhaps of the American millionaire, who finds better service and more enjoyment of wealth in the less democratic world. A change is evidently at hand, for land can no longer support the three orders

tenant-farmer is known to us all from a hundred caricatures. It is he in fact who figures as John Bull. He is not very refined or highly educated; sometimes perhaps he is not so well educated as the labourer who has been taught in the village school. Tennyson's



BITS IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering mound."

of agriculture, landlord, tenant-farmer, and labourer. If the Established Church is abolished, as in all likelihood it will be, and the rector departs as well as the squire, the revolution in the rural society of England will be complete.

The bodily form of the British

Lincolnshire farmer is the portrait of the class as it exists or existed in Tennyson's boyhood.

The British farmer is strongly conservative, in all senses, and, if left to himself, unimproving. Left to himself he would still be ploughing with four horses to his plough. To make him yield to



A MIDLAND COUNTY FARMSTEAD.—DALLOW-FARM.

the exigency of the time and give up his immemorial trade of wheat-growing for other kinds of production, is very hard. Being so tenacious of old habit, he does not make the best of settlers in a new country. Nevertheless, he has managed to make the soil of his island, though not the most fertile, bear the largest harvests in the world.

A great change has come within two generations over the outward vesture of English country life. The old style of farming, with its

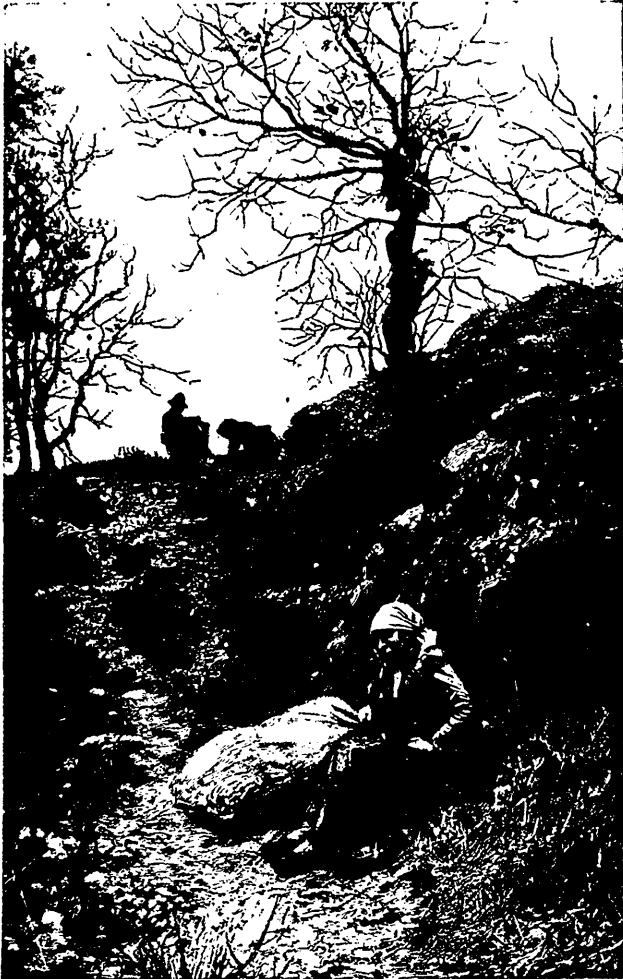
primitive implements and antiquated ways, with its line of mowers and haymakers in the summer field, with the sound of its flail in the frosty air, and with many other sights and sounds which linger in the memory of one who was a boy in England half a century ago, has been passing away; the new agriculture with machinery has been taking its place. Gone too, or fast going, is the clay cottage, with the thatched roof, which was the characteristic abode of Hodge, the farm labourer, and the undermost



ENGLISH MIDLAND VILLAGE.—ELSTOW, THE HOME OF BUNYAN.

in the three grades of the agricultural hierarchy. Improving and philanthropic landlordism has now generally substituted the brick house, with slated roof, more civilized than the thatched cottage,

It was much needed. Within those picturesque cottages, even when they were covered with roses, too often dwelt not only penury but misery, together with the grossest ignorance, the unclean-



A COUNTRY LANE IN NUTTING TIME.— "*Chill penury.*"

though not so picturesque, nor perhaps so comfortable, for the thatch was much warmer than the slate in winter and much cooler in summer.

A corresponding change has been taking place in Hodge's lot.

ness, physical and moral, which is the consequence of overcrowding, and the hardening of the heart which must ensue when parent and child cannot both be fed. The Union Workhouse, which with its grim hideousness deforms the rural landscape, was too often the symbol of Hodge's condition, as well as the miserable haven of his toil-worn and rheumatic age. But now his wages have been raised, his dwelling and his habits have been improved, and the State has put him to school; while the railroad has opened to him the labour market of the whole country, whereas, before, he was confined to that of his parish, and was practically, like the serf of old, bound to the soil, and took

whatever wages the farmer of his parish chose to give him.

In his own sphere he deserves the highest respect. No man has done so hard a day's work as an English labourer; no man has stood so indomitably as a soldier

on the bloodstained hillside. If he has too much frequented the village ale-house, in his home he has been generally true and kind to "his old woman," as she has been to "her old man," and there has been a touching dignity in his resignation to his hard lot and in the mournful complacency with which he has looked forward to "a decent burial." He has kept out of the workhouse when he could.

bounds." Not a few of these are very large and magnificent. The architecture of those recently built challenges attention and generally marks the reversion of taste to the old English style. But the general aspect is rather that of luxury than



"SEEK'ST THOU
THE PLASHY
BRINK
OF WEEDY LAKE
OR MARGE OF
RIVER WIDE."
—*Bryant's Water-
fowl.*



The mansions of the squires are not the only mansions meeting the traveller's eye. Almost on every pleasant spot, especially near London, you see handsome dwellings, many of them newly built, the offspring of the wealth which since the installation of Free Trade has been advancing "by leaps and

that of stateliness, in which these mansions of the new aristocracy of wealth certainly fall below those of the Tudor age. The details may be studied and correct, but the mass is not imposing and the front is seldom fine.

People who lived in England half a century ago remember the old country town, as it is depicted in Miss Mitford's "Belford Regis," with its remnant of timbered and gabled houses and its unrestored church. They remember the quiet that reigned in its streets, except on market-day, or at the time of the annual fair, which, with its wandering merchants and showmen, told of the commercial habits of the Middle Ages. They remember the equipages of the county magnates drawn up at the principal haberdashery store. They remember the orthodox and somewhat drowsy parson, the banker or man of business going placidly on with his one post a day and no telegraph or telephone, the old-fashioned physician driving about in his chariot to give his patient the satisfaction of "dying regularly by the Faculty," the retired admiral whose fast frigate had made his fortune in the great war, the retired general who has served under Wellington, the retired East Indian, the dowager who dwelt in a solid-looking mansion, surrounded by shade trees, in the outskirts. Those people hardy ever left home; they knew repose, which is now a lost art; the workers among them enjoyed their holiday in leisure, not in travelling as far as they could by rail. They were very social, too, though not in the most intellectual way.

The same town now has become a railroad centre; it has trebled its size; its old buildings have been pulled down; its crooked streets have been made straight by local improvement; its churches have been restored past recognition; it throbs and whizzes with progress; its society is no longer stationary and quiet, but emigrating and restless; and next-door neighbours know nothing of each other. In some of the old towns in very rural districts which commerce has

passed by, the ancient tranquillity reigns, few new houses are built, and people still know their neighbours.

The characteristic beauty of England, the beauty in which she has no rival, is of a kind of which mention is fittingly made after a description of her rural society and life. It is the beauty of a land which combines the highest cultivation with sylvan greenness, of an ancient land and a land of lovely homes. The eastern counties are flat and tame. But elsewhere the country is rolling, and from every rising ground the eye ranges over a landscape of extraordinary richness and extraordinary finish. The finish, which is the product of immense wealth laid out on a small area, is perhaps more striking than anything else to the stranger who comes from a raw land of promise. Trees being left in the hedgerows as well as in the parks and pleasure grounds and in the copses, which serve as covers for game, the general appearance is that of woodland, though every rood of the land is under the highest tillage.

Gray church towers, hamlets, mansions, homesteads, cottages, showing themselves everywhere, fill the landscape with human interest. There is many a more picturesque, there is no lovelier land, than Old England, and a great body of essentially English poetry from Cowper to Tennyson attests at once the unique character and the potency of the charm. The sweetest season is spring, when the landscape is most intensely green, when the May is in bloom in all the hedges, and the air is full of its fragrance, when the meadows are full of cowslips, the banks of primroses and violets, the woods of the wild hyacinth. Then you feel the joyous spirit that breathes through certain idyllic passages of Shakespeare.

Her perpetual greenness England owes to her much maligned climate. The rain falls not in a three days' storm or a water-spout, but in frequent showers throughout the year. On the Western coast, which receives the clouds from the Atlantic, the climate is wet. But the rainfall elsewhere is not extraordinary. England is in the latitude of Labrador. She owes the comparative mildness of

her climate to the Gulf Stream and other oceanic influences, the range of which is limited, so that there are in fact several climates in the island. In the south, tender evergreens flourish and the fig ripens. In the south-west, on the coast of Devonshire and Cornwall, where the Gulf Stream warms the air, the myrtle flourishes and flowers are seen at Christmas.



"And drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold."

BEYOND THE RIVER.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Hark to the sounds that from heaven are winging,
 Sounds of sweet voices so joyously singing,
 Voices of those who have crossed the dark river,
 With Christ to be dwelling for ever and ever:

 "Rough waves are past,
 Winds stayed at last,
 Storms cannot reach to this radiant shore:
 Dried is each tear,
 Fled every fear:
 Weakness and weariness feel we no more.

 "Faces beam bright,
 Garments gleam white,
 Sin hath no power o'er our purified souls:
 Joyous we sing
 Praise of our King,
 Through the broad heavens the glad harmony rolls.

 "See we His face,
 Laud we His grace
 Who safely hath brought us to Canaan's fair shore:
 Ended life's quest—
 Found is our Rest:
 From His blest Presence we pass nevermore."

List we, O list, who on earth still are dwelling,
 List to the song which so sweetly is swelling:
 And while that we hearken be banished our sadness—
 Remember we only our home and its gladness:

For we, too, shall leave this world's suffering and sighing
 To be where there never is sorrow nor crying;
 We, too, all unharmed, shall ford death's gloomy river -
 And live with our Jesus for ever and ever!

TORONTO.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EMPEROR WILLIAM I. OF GERMANY.*

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.



GERMANIA VICTRIX.

Colossal Statue of Germania on the Rhine.

The evolution of modern Germany to a first-class position among the empires of the world is cotemporaneous with the personal career of Emperor William I.

The Empire, in no small measure, made King William, and King William, in no small degree, made the Empire.

"The eighteenth century," Car-

"William I., German Emperor, and His Successors." By Mary Cochrane, LL.A. W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh and London. William Briggs, Toronto.

lyle has said, "had nothing grand in it, purblind and rotten, opulent only in accumulated falsities—a bankrupt century that blew its brains out in the French Revolution."

Whatever political truth there is in that—it was at least a germinal century, whose fruitage has appeared in many of the most splendid results of the nineteenth.

On March the 22nd, 1797, a son was born to the Prince of Prussia. It was the future German Emperor. His grandfather, William the Fat, was nearing the close of his dissolute life. He had done one good thing. He had left his son free in the choice of a wife—a thing too rare among royal personages.

The son had fortunately married Louisa of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She was an extremely beautiful young woman, and as wise and good as she was beautiful. Napoleon remarked when she died, "The king has lost his best minister." Her name is regarded in Prussia with almost the reverence due to a saint, and her son William, to the last year of his life, paid a devout annual visit to her tomb.

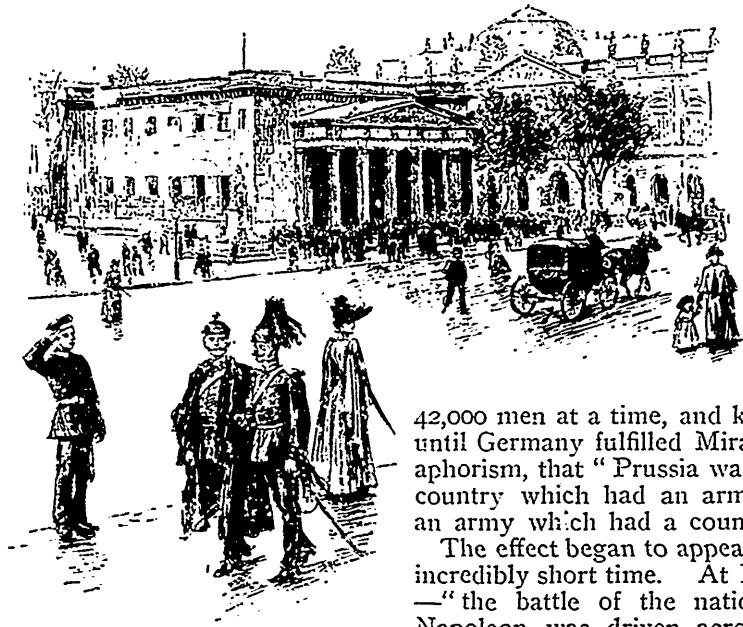
Many years, and a chequered life, awaited the young prince, ere he ascended the throne. His father was but poorly fitted to cope with the tremendous genius and unscrupulous aggression of Napoleon. The battle of Jena witnessed the all but complete overthrow of Prussia. At Schwedt, whither the royal family had fled for safety, the queen made her famous speech to her children.

"You see my tears," she said.

"I am weeping for the destruction of our army. Prussia, its army, and its traditional glory, are things of the past. Ah! my children, you are too young to fully comprehend the great calamity that has befallen us. But after my death, and when you recall this unfortunate hour, do not content yourselves with merely shedding tears. Act! Unite your powers! Liberate your people from the dis-

Palace of Versailles and was crowned Emperor of Germany.

There were others whose resolutions were taken on these lines, and who began to carry them out without delay. Napoleon had resolved that Prussia should never rise again. So he decreed that its standing army should never exceed 42,000 men. The genius of Scharnhorst gave a surprising turn to this hard decree. He trained



KING'S GUARD-HOUSE AND
ARSENAL, BERLIN.

grace and degradation they will have to endure. Conquer France, and retrieve the glory of your ancestors. Be men, and strive to be great generals. If you have not that ambition, then you are unworthy to be the descendants of Frederick the Great."

One little boy, at least, never forgot these words. He remembered them well some sixty-four years afterwards, as he stood in the

42,000 men at a time, and kept on until Germany fulfilled Mirabeau's aphorism, that "Prussia was not a country which had an army, but an army which had a country."

The effect began to appear in an incredibly short time. At Leipsic—"the battle of the nations,"—Napoleon was driven across the Rhine, and Germany was freed from his intolerable yoke. On the 30th of March, 1814, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia made a triumphal entry into Paris.

Young William heard the fickle Parisian mob, who had so recently shouted, "Vive l'Empereur," shout lustily, "Vivent nos amis, les ennemis."

Our hero is then described as "a slip of a lad in the uniform of the Prussian Guards, and with the down not yet budded on his lip." The Prussian royalties dined sev-

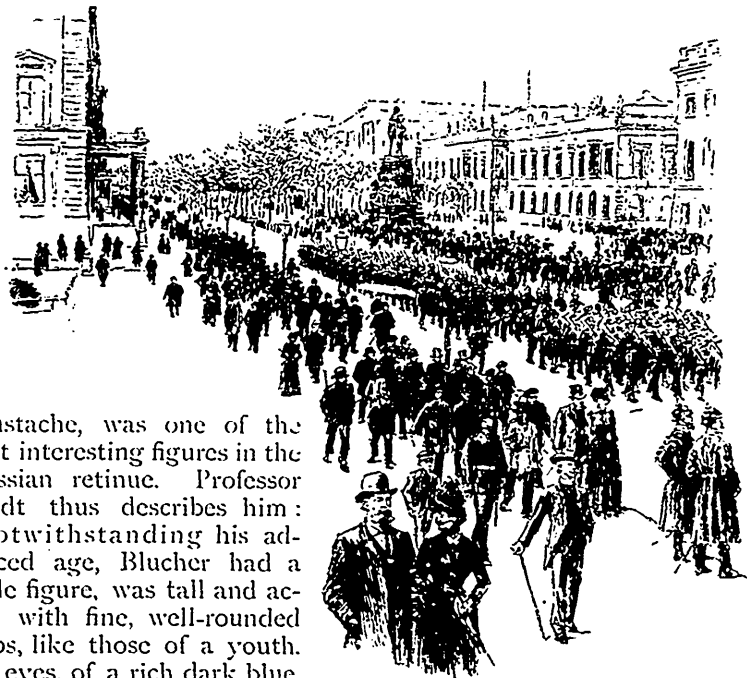
eral times with Napoleon's first Empress, Josephine, at Malmaison, and sometimes joined the brilliant circle of her daughter, Hortense, wife of the ex-king of Holland, at St. Leu.

It was the younger son of Hortense—quite a child in those days—who afterwards became Napoleon III., the ill-starred hero of Sedan.

Blucher, with his enormous

In 1815, Prince William was confirmed, and received his first communion. And to the son of pious Queen Louisa this was a matter of no small gravity and importance.

Besides this, at such a time, a Hohenzollern was expected to write out a "Profession of Faith," as a test of his fitness for admission into the Church. In addition, Prince William wrote some "Life



moustache, was one of the most interesting figures in the Prussian retinue. Professor Arndt thus describes him: "Notwithstanding his advanced age, Blucher had a noble figure, was tall and active, with fine, well-rounded limbs, like those of a youth. His eyes, of a rich dark blue, were capable of a very merry expression, but they often suddenly darkened in a terrible sternness and anger. After the disasters of 1806-7, he had been for some time out of his mind, and, at times, would thrust his drawn sword against the flies and spots on the wall, yelling out, 'Napoleon.'"

Forbes further tells us that the "old savage smoked his pipe in the drawing-room of St. Cloud, and threw it at the head of a French diplomatist."

UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN.

Principles," a few of which may be interesting here.

"I will never forget that a Prince is a man—before God only a man—having his origin, as well as all the weaknesses and wants of human nature, in common with the humblest of the people; that the laws prescribed for general observance are also binding on him; and that he, like all the rest, will be judged one day for his behaviour.

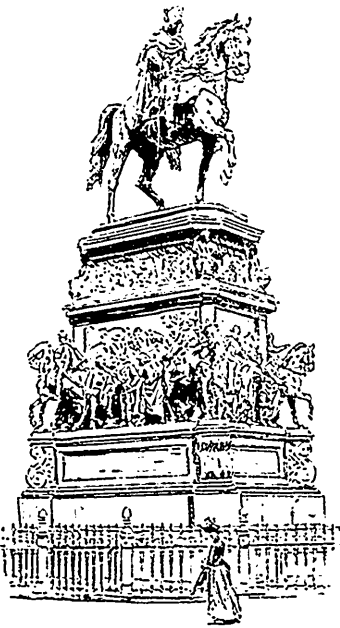
"My princely rank shall always serve to remind me of the greater obligations

it imposes upon me, of the greater effort it requires me to make and of the greater temptations to which it exposes me.

“For all good things that fall to my share I will look up gratefully to God; and in all misfortunes that may befall me I will submit myself to God, in the firm conviction that He will always do what is best for me.

“I will cultivate in me a kindly disposition to all men— for are not all men my brethren?

“Whenever I meet with merit, I will encourage and reward it—especially modest and hidden merit.



STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, IN
UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN.

“I will strictly perform all the duties incumbent upon me. From those under me I will exact the strict performance of their duty; but I will always treat them with kindness and urbanity.

“I will unceasingly labour to improve my heart and life.

“I will begin every morning of my life with devotional thoughts of God Almighty, and the most earnest contemplation of my duties; and every evening I will review and carefully examine all I have done and performed, in the course of the day.

“Corrupt men and flatterers I will resolutely turn away from me. I will seek my favourites among the good, the true-minded, the upright, the sincere. Those shall ever be dearest to my heart who tell me the truth, even at the risk of my displeasure.

“For the King, my father, I entertain a respectful and tender affection. To live in such sort that I may be a joy to him will be my utmost endeavour. I yield the most punctilious obedience to his commands. And I entirely submit myself to the laws and constitution of the State.

“I will do all I can to destroy the works of hypocrisy and malignity, to bring to scorn whatever is wicked and shameful, and to visit crime with its due measure of punishment; no feeling of compassion shall hinder me therefrom.

“To the utmost of my ability I will be helper and advocate of those unfortunates who may seek my aid, or of whose misdeeds I may be informed—especially of widows, orphans, aged people, men who have faithfully served the State, and those whom such men have left behind them in poverty.”

That these grave resolutions were neither lightly made nor afterwards lightly broken, the subsequent life of King William, as a whole, clearly shows. A stern sense of what he considered duty was the guiding principle of his life.

For a long time it seemed extremely unlikely that he would ever reach the throne. He was forty-three before he became Prince of Prussia, and next heir to his brother, Frederick-William IV.

Old things were passing away, and new things clamoured to take their place, yet Frederick-William IV. was no discerner of the times. He only grew distracted with the noise, and tried to quell the unruly democrat infant with sugar-plums. But it was all in vain. The sugar-plums took the form of grape-shot by-and-bye when the Berliners grew turbulent. The king made concessions, but the people did not forget that the military had been

called out against them, nor who ordered the soldiers to fire. Their demands were for a constitutional government, and that the king promised they should have in time. Prince William said nothing, and was dubbed an "absolutist." His palace had to be placarded "National Property" to save it from the violence of the mob, while his life was far from safe in Berlin. He was persuaded to leave for a time, but a report arose that he meant to return with an avenging army, and he was ordered by the king to leave the country.

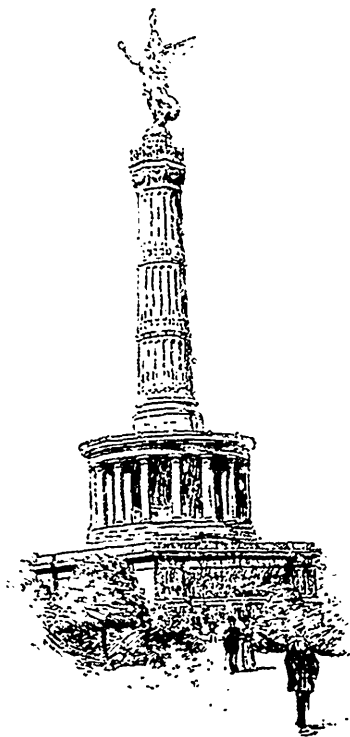
His exile was spent in England, where he became very friendly with Peel, Russell and Palmerston, and had much interchange of opinion with the Prince Consort. On his recall, as he left England, Queen Victoria wrote of him to the King of the Belgians: "He is very noble-minded and honest, and most cruelly wronged. May God protect him."

From 1857 to 1861 Prince William had to assume the responsibilities of the Regency, through the hopeless illness of the king. These were stormy years. On Jan. 2nd, 1861, Frederick-William IV. died, and Prince William at last mounted the throne. He placed the crown on his head with his own hands, and with a vigorous sweep of his sword, avowed his determination "to strengthen the empire." It was well understood what that meant.

The army was where the king first began his "strengthening" process. And so, a Reorganization Bill was soon introduced into the Chamber of Representatives. But that was precisely what the Chamber did not want, and would not have. It thought that Prussia might best be strengthened by larger freedom and national unison. Session after session the Bill was rejected, until the king exclaimed

at last, "If it is impossible to pass the Bill, tell me where I will find a man with courage enough to uphold it, in defiance of the Deputies?" That man was found. It was Count von Bismarck.

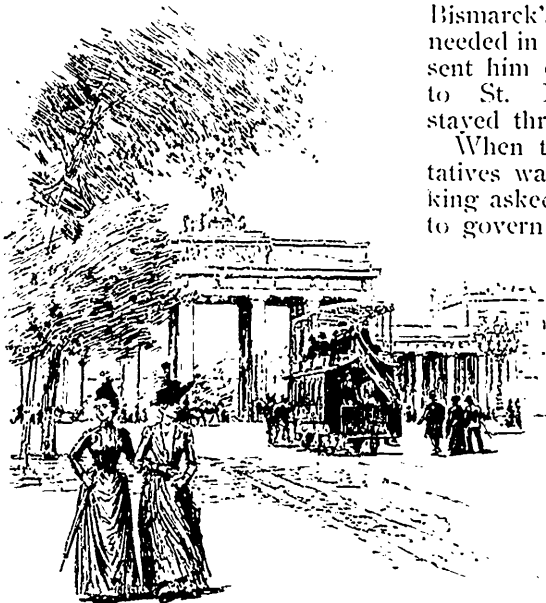
Among Bismarck's first utterances after his accession to power occur these words: "It is not by speechifying and majorities that the great questions of the time



THE VICTORY COLUMN, BERLIN.

will have to be decided—but by blood and iron." That was the key-note of his subsequent marvellous career. Wild, wayward, ungovernable, Bismarck had at school in Berlin been more distinguished by duelling than study. For, when he left, he had been victorious in no fewer than twenty-eight contests.

Returning home, he attended fairs, sold wool, inspected timber,



BRANDENBURG GATE, BERLIN.

handled grain, drove hard bargains, gathered rents, and sat as deputy in the Local Assembly. His wild ways, his dancings, his demon rides, his drinking bouts, procured him the uncanny name of "Mad Bismarck." He awoke his guests in the morning by firing off pistols close to their ears, and he terrified his lady cousins by turning foxes into the drawing-room.

He is described at this time as "the narrow-minded, mediaeval spirit in the very flesh." The army he averred was "Prussia's life-nerve." Freedom of all kinds he felt to be inimical to the interests of the nation, and the growing power of the press he especially abhorred.

He described the Diet of Frankfort, of which he was a member, as an "insipid set of drowsy creatures, endurable only when he appeared among them like so much pepper."

The Prince Regent thought that

Bismarck's "pepper" was scarcely needed in the Diet just then, so he sent him on a diplomatic mission to St. Petersburg. Here he stayed three years.

When the House of Representatives was found intractable, the king asked him if he was prepared to govern against the majority of the National Representatives. He boldly answered, "Yes." Bismarck's attitude is well set forth in his speech of January 13, 1863:

"The Government would be guilty of a grave neglect of duty if the reconstruction of the military establishment, begun on the strength of former grants of the Legislature, should now be abandoned, with the sacrifice of previous outlays, and at the cost of Prussia's interests, be cause of a vote of the House of Deputies. We

find ourselves obliged to provide for the expenses of the Government without that legislative authorization for which the constitution provides. We are fully conscious of the responsibility which this unfortunate state of things imposes upon us; but we also remember the duty which we have toward the land, and in that we find our authority for making, without the sanction of the Diet, the outlays that are necessary to the maintenance of the existing institutions of state, and to the furthering of the public welfare, feeling sure that eventually they will receive the constitutional ratification."

The perils of the course thus marked out by King William and



OLD ELECTORAL CASTLE, TANGERMÜNDE.

Bismarck were great enough even in the hands of men of such strength of character and iron-power of will as they, but the results might have been vastly different had not a series of great wars ensued, which crowned Prussia with the glory of splendid military victories, and added enor-

Moltke was as remarkable for his great simplicity, fidelity to what he believed to be his duty, and self-contained reticence, as for extraordinary genius. In the Reichstag, he rarely spoke, but when he did there was dead silence, and every word was listened to with eager attention. Some of the sentiments



PARK OF SANS SOUCI, POTSDAM.

mously to her territory and to her prestige among the nations of the world.

King William had called to his aid one of the strongest political absolutists the world has ever seen—Bismarck. He also called to his aid one of the greatest military strategists the world has ever seen—Count von Moltke.

culled from his speeches are as follows :

“Eternal peace is only a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. War is one of God's own institutions and a principle of order in this world. In war the noblest virtues of man are brought out : courage and self-abnegation, fidelity to duty, as well as love of self-sacrifice. The soldier offers his life. Without war, the world would decay and be lost in material-

ism. In war, everything should be done to bring the struggle to a swift end. With that object in mind, it must be considered that all means, even those otherwise condemnable, may be employed. We must direct our attack against all means of defence in possession of the enemy: against his finances, his railways, his provisions, and even against his prestige."



ARTIFICIAL RUINS—PARK OF SANS SOUCI.

Infinitely nobler and essentially different—because it was true—was the utterance of the aged Moltke, at eighty: "My path in life is well-nigh ended. But what a different standard will be applied to our earthly work in a future world! Not the splendour of success, but purity of endeavour, and faithful perseverance in duty, even when the thing done was hardly visible, will decide the value of human life."

First came the Austro-Prussian war with Denmark, in 1864, by which Denmark lost Schleswig-Holstein and Sauenburg.

Then the war between Prussia and Austria, in 1866, with the disastrous defeat of Austria at Sadowa, which added to Prussia

Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Hesse-Homburg, part of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the little principality of Hohenzollern.

The Prussian Chambers were all smiles. An Act of Indemnity was passed, which freed the king and Bismarck from all blame for the illegal taxation by which they had raised the money they deemed necessary for the reorganization of the army. France could ill brook the rapid strides Prussia was making, and so Napoleon provoked the Franco-German war of 1870. The full strength of both nations was tested to the utmost. Germany was everywhere victorious. King William commanded the German army in person.

Sir William Howard Russell, as an eye-witness, said: "So far as I can see, there never was a more real commander-in-chief than this aged king. He exercises the most active influence and control over the military operations, and is absolutely and entirely paramount in his administration of the army, and in his direction of its personnel. It was he who created this vast host, and it is he who knows how to use it. His eye is as clear and as keen as if he were twenty instead of seventy-three, and he understands the soldier from his boot-heel to the spike of his helmet."

Sedan witnessed the utter discomfiture of the French forces, and Napoleon, in his dire extremity, was compelled to surrender himself a prisoner of war. Paris, after a siege of almost unparalleled horrors, capitulated, and the humiliation of France was complete.

On the 18th of December, 1870, King William accepted the title of Emperor of Germany. His installation took place in the Galerie des Glaces of the chateau of Versailles, amid the crash of cannon, heralded by strains of music from the military bands, and amid the cheers of an enthusiastic soldiery.

The remainder of Emperor William's reign was occupied in the
pire—no easy task—but one he never surrendered to another until

ENTRY OF GERMAN ARMY INTO ORLEANS DURING FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

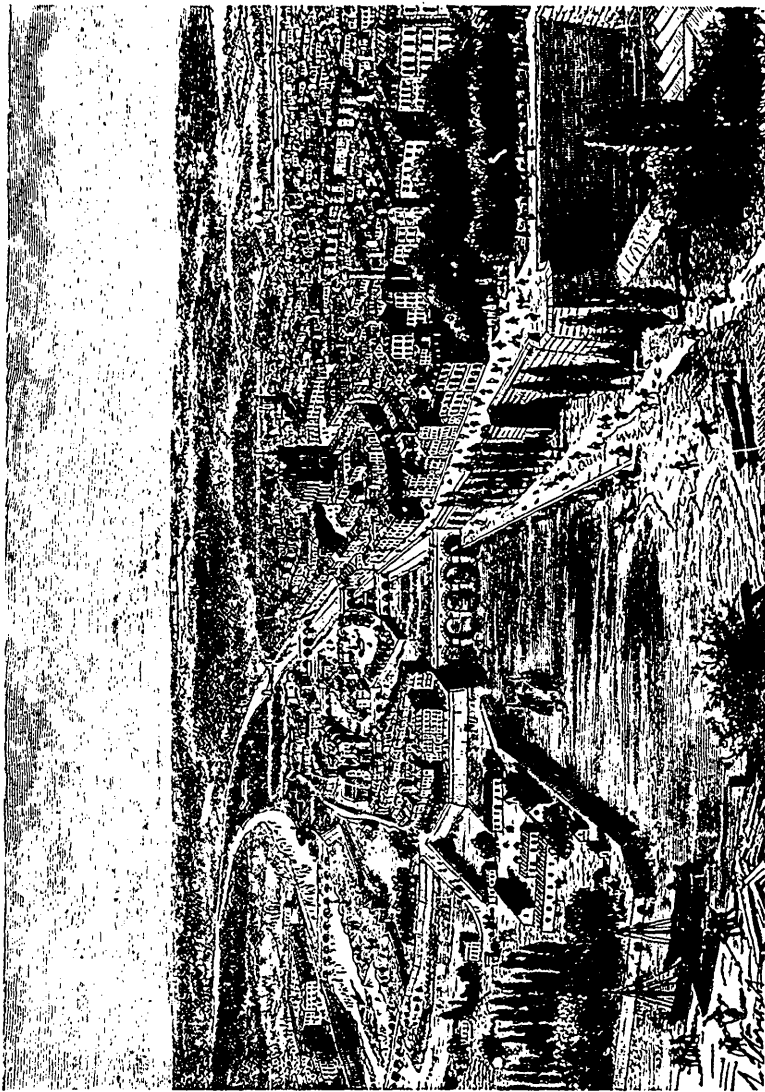


attempt to consolidate the vast and heterogeneous elements of his em- he drew his last breath. On the 9th of March, 1888, he quietly

passed away, within thirteen days of completing his 91st year.

His son succeeded him as Frederick III. His ninety-nine days of reign—an incessant struggle

erick's son—a distinguished writer says: "William has one of those nervous, delicately-poised, highly-sensitized temperaments, which responds readily and without reserve



METZ, CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS IN FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

with death—has left his name in history as "Frederick the Noble,"—a title as deserving as it will be enduring.

Of the present Kaiser—Fred-

to the emotion of the moment. Increasing years seem to be strengthening his judgment, but they do not advance him out of the impressionable age. In the

romantic idealism and mysticism of his mind, and in the histrionic bent of his impulses, he is a true son of his father, a genuine heir of the strange fantastic Askanian strain, which meant greatness in

deeply-rooted personality. The wide difference between him and his father arises from this very similitude. Frederic spent all his adult life under the influence of the broad-minded, cultured, and



Lord Beaconsfield.

CONGRESS OF BERLIN.

Count Andrassy.

Prince Bismarck.

General Schouvaloff.

Catharine II., madness in her son Paul, and whimsical staginess in his granddaughter, Augusta.

“Like his father, too, his nature is peculiarly susceptible to the domination of a stronger and more

high-thinking English princess, his wife. William, during these years now under notice, was in the grip of the Bismarcks.”

The “whimsical staginess” seems to be a developing quality

in the present Kaiser. Its operations have not so far commanded the admiration of his own subjects, much less that of other nations, and least of all of the people of the British Empire.

What its outcome will be, for himself and the great people he rules, still remains to be seen.

Paisley, Ont.

ELIJAH AND ELISHA.

BY ISABELLA.

Forth with the morn from Gilgal rose the prophet of the Lord,
The mighty Tishbite, he who seemed the echo of God's word.
Appearing on a stormy scene, unheard of and unknown,
A fierce, wild man, he hurls at once defiance at the throne.
"Thus saith the Lord!" And words of doom rush out to meet the King,
No trembling, weighing the result such messages might bring.
The monster monarch, Ahab, far all basest men surpassed,
Elijah thought he stood alone of all God's prophets last:
By fire, and sword, in every place God's standard-bearers fell,
And Baal's priests, and Baal, ruled supreme in Israel!

Scorning the luxuries of earth, scorning its ease and rest,
He stood upon his mountain height in coarsest raiment drest.
A madman, thus to stand alone against such fearful odds!
So men might judge; Elijah knew a mightier power was God's,
And swept like mighty tidal wave or whirlwind o'er the land,
With garment girt, waiting to do whate'er was God's command,
Unquestioning of time or place. God spake, and it was done;
As warrior brave, as servant true, obedient as a son,
Clad in God's armour there he stood, a man invincible!
'Gainst all the might of Israel, Ahab and Jezebel.

And now at last his work was done, and his successor found,
Elisha! who would follow, fain to see the victor crowned.
Changeless as ever at the end, he still would be alone;
Not even Elisha—upon whom his mantle he had thrown;
He wished to witness what the Lord had called him to receive
At Gilgal—Bethel—Jericho—he fain his friend would leave.
So gentle, yet so firm and strong, Elisha's purpose proved,
We hear his solemn vow he ne'er would leave his friend beloved.
On, on to Jordan's banks they go, but how that river cross?
Faith, mighty faith! Who trusts in God can never suffer loss.

Elijah's folded mantle strikes the Jordan's waves asunder,
And these two prophets passed dryshod, with neither doubt nor wonder.
In peaceful, holy converse passed, till thro' the riven heaven,
In matchless glorious state appeared a fiery chariot driven,
With fiery horses! Quick as thought the loving friends are parted,
Elijah heavenward; but on earth Elisha, broken-hearted,
"My father, oh, my father" cries, of sudden loss he sense!
O Israel's chariot horsemen gone, forever gone from hence,
But faith's keen eye his master's caught, and down his mantle fell!
And with what rapturous joy 'twas seized, what mortal tongue may tell?
The promised double portion given of all Elijah's power,
And with his mantle wrapped around he triumphed from that hour.

O blessed Love! stronger than death thy mighty power we own,
And praise our God for Love's great gift—mightier than crown or throne,
That never seeks a resting-place, but goes unto the end,
And blest rewarding often sees, their loved redeemed ascend.
And with our loved redeemed have we not seemed to enter heaven?
And oh! what transports of delight to our rapt souls been given!
The grief, the loss, the sorrow, that we thought we could not bear,
Forgotten as they ne'er had been, and we have trod on air!
Cling close in death to saintly ones, in faith, in hope, in love,
And you will surely share a joy, all earthly joys above.

MADAME DE STAËL.*

BY THE LATE ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.



MADAME DE STAËL.

The greatest authors suffer a sort of displacement by time, but not a loss of worth, or rank; they may be consigned to the ceme-

teries of the past, but not to oblivion; their writings are still their monuments, and, like those of the Memphian Kings, may be

A pathetic interest is given the accompanying character-study by Dr. Abel Stevens, from the fact that on the 11th of September this distinguished writer passed away at the ripe age of eighty-two.

Dr. Stevens was probably the most distinguished literary product of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. His great work is, of course, his "History of Methodism," one of the most fascinating

books of its class ever written. It has much of the literary grace of Macaulay, with more than his fairness of treatment. It was not written to prove a theory, but as a record of facts. This work Dr. Buckley, himself an author of an admirable History of Methodism, describes as "the finest contribution ever made by a single man to the movement of the denomination to which he belonged."

Dr. Stevens was born in Philadelphia, and

eternal pyramids—out of date, yet never out of recognition. Madame de Stael's works have been peculiarly fortunate; they are neither out of date nor out of recognition as popular books.

Besides her purely literary rank, her claims as an historical character are manifold. She was a great social power; by almost universal consent of contemporary witnesses, her conversational eloquence was unrivalled, and was the wonder of the best circles in nearly all the capitals of Europe. Assuredly we have no record of any other woman who wielded a similar social sway, for as many years, from Paris to St. Petersburg, from London to Rome. Thirdly, she was notable as a philanthropist, and her good deeds in this respect entitle her to a place by the side of Elizabeth Fry or Florence Nightingale. Through all the terrors of the French Revolution she was the most active, of recorded persons, in the rescue of the proscribed; she confronted death itself for this purpose, her Swiss home was, for years, a sort of public asylum for them; she saved more lives from the guillotine than any other known person. Lastly, like many other historic French women, she exercised a remarkable power in the politics of her times.

Though she was one of the most vigorous thinkers and most beautiful, womanly souls, she has often been virtually caricatured as a sort

of his genius and literary culture. He afterwards became editor of the *National Magazine*, and in 1856 of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, and subsequently for eight years was associate editor of *The Methodist*.

The present writer, eighteen years ago, made a call on Dr. Stevens at his beautiful residence in Geneva, Switzerland, and subsequently met him in his happy and sunny old age in California. He was one of the most sweet and serene specimens of Christian scholarship that we ever met. He kept in touch with aggressive Christian work to the very end of his long and happy life.

was of such slender physique that he is described as in his youth a "pocket edition of humanity." After studying at Wesleyan University he served a short pastorate in Boston. In 1837 he visited Europe, and was one of the few surviving witnesses of the coronation of Queen Victoria.

In addition to numerous contributions to Reviews and newspapers, he wrote "The Life and Times of Nathan Bangs," "Centenary of American Methodism," and "The Women of Methodism."

For twelve years he was editor of *Zion's Herald*, Boston, to which he gave the stamp

of literary sham, a sentimental Amazon, an obstreperous talker, a "philosopher in petticoats." No conception of her character could be more false, more contrary to the profound sincerity and integrity of her intellectual nature—to the manliness of her mind, the womanliness of her heart. No woman, in literary history, ever gathered about her a larger or more brilliant circle of intellectual men; and no such men have ever been more fervent in their admiration of such a woman.

Her more than ten years' struggle against Bonaparte—which, as a simple matter of fact, is one of the most heroic examples in the history of her sex—has been caricatured as the caprice of a woman ambitious for notoriety. It cost her two millions of money—a conceded claim which would have been paid at any moment in which she would consent to be reconciled to him; it involved her dearest friends in her proscription and exile; it sacrificed not only the pecuniary fortunes, but the careers, of her children, and menaced her with imprisonment in Vincennes—all this for notoriety by a woman who had already a European reputation!

Most of her critics esteem the *Allemagne*—"Germany"—as her culminating literary production. Though we place her French Revolution higher, we may take the *Allemagne* as the best illustration of her varied powers, the best ex-

of his genius and literary culture. He afterwards became editor of the *National Magazine*, and in 1856 of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, and subsequently for eight years was associate editor of *The Methodist*.

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ponent of her literary history and personality. Its history is extremely interesting. It was not a temporary book, to be rendered obsolete by time, no more so than the *Germania* of Tacitus. It is stamped with genius, and genius is essentially immortal.

The *Allemagne* was a result, and also a further provocation, of that remarkable persecution with which Napoleon pursued its writer through her "ten years of exile," a persecution which has hardly had a parallel in literary history, and which at last afforded to the world one of the best examples on record of the triumph of truth over the sceptre and the sword. She had passed through all the stages of the Revolution, from its very inception. She abhorred its excesses, but never abandoned the essential principles of political reform, of popular liberty, which it promulgated, and which, in spite of its atrocities, have rendered it, in the estimation of impartial writers, the epoch of modern history.

Though she always insisted that she had no "animal courage," she had superlative moral courage, and faced bravely the worst horrors of the revolutionary terrorism to save her friends, and in some instances her enemies, from the guillotine. She was dragged through the jeering mobs of the streets of Paris to the tribunal of Robespierre, passed into the Hotel de Ville under an arch of pikes, was struck at on the stairs by one of the mob, and saved from death only by the sword of the gendarme who conducted her and averted the blow. She thus came near being the first female victim of the Revolution. On the next day the beautiful Princess de Lamballe became its first feminine sacrifice, amid bloody orgies, which history has hardly dared to record—hewed in pieces, one of her limbs shot

from a cannon, and her heart and head borne on the points of sabres through the streets in what has been called "an infernal march."

Fleeing to her Swiss home at Coppet, Madame de Staël made her chateau, as we have said, an asylum for the proscribed. It was crowded with refugees; some years. No man or woman rescued a greater number of such sufferers. M. de Jacours knew, personally, at least twenty whom she saved from death. No one was more eminently the heroine of the Revolution than she, not excepting Madame Roland. But on coming out of its terrors she affirmed, down to her last hour, the genuine rights of the people, which it had so emphatically asserted and so much abused. When almost every conspicuous literary character remaining in France had compromised with the usurpations of Napoleon, she was still loyal to liberty.

She would not, because she could not consistently with the instincts of her genius and of her generous heart, compromise with Napoleon. At first she shared the universal enthusiasm of France for the young conqueror of Italy. He professed entire loyalty to the republic. She hailed him as the restorer of order and the protector of freedom. But in conversations with him she detected, as by the intuition of her genius, his ulterior designs. He perceived that he was detected, and tried to win her. Through his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, he made her tempting offers. He proposed even to pay her the debt of the Government for two millions loaned by her father, an honest debt formally acknowledged by the Government, but which he afterward refused to pay, and which she recovered only after his downfall. It was a splendid opportunity for her and her sons; but she never wavered.

She could not sacrifice her political principles, for, with her, they were moral convictions. She chose rather to wander, a proscribed exile, over Europe through all the years of the imperial reign. Napoleon came to fear this solitary woman of genius more than any royal antagonist on the Continent.

"No one enters her salon," he said, "who does not leave it my opponent." "Coppet is an arsenal furnishing arms against me to all Europe." He could hardly have paid her a higher compliment. She was, in fact, the oracle of the opposition; and her friend, Benjamin Constant, one of the most effective publicists of the day, was her representative in the Legislature. At her instance he delivered a speech against the monarchical designs of Napoleon. The evening before he whispered in her ear, "You see your salon crowded; if I speak to-morrow it will be deserted. Think again." "It is necessary to follow our convictions," was her only reply. On the next evening, which had been appointed for a special gathering, all her usual guests were absent. They sent apologies, and recoiled before the rising power of the First Consul. Fouché, the head of police, went to her and advised her to "retire into the country, and in a few days all would be appeased." "But on my return," she says, "I found it quite otherwise." She knew, however, that an invincible power remained in her otherwise feeble woman's hand—the pen. In this time of desertion and of the worst chagrins that a woman can suffer, she composed her essay on "Literature." It produced an immediate and surprising impression. No woman had ever attempted so elaborate a literary work. "Its success," she says, "entirely restored my position in society; my salon was again filled." Even Napoleon's brothers, Joseph and

Lucien, could not be kept away. Napoleon could never forgive her; she had struck at all his hidden designs. He waited and watched for his opportunity of revenge.

Necker, her father, not long afterward published his "Last Views of Politics and Finance." She was with him, at Coppet, at the time, and Napoleon falsely attributed it to her. Necker wished him to be a Washington for France. Napoleon sent an order to him to let politics alone, and threatened his daughter with banishment. She subsequently ventured furtively back toward the capital, and hired a house ten leagues from it where her friends again flocked to her. Napoleon was told that she was holding court there, and seized the occasion as a pretext for exiling her. She was informed that a gendarme would soon take charge of her and her children. He tortured her with delays.

Unable to bear this painful suspense, she recalled, with hope, the image of a friend, the loveliest woman in soul as well as in person then in Europe—one whose transcendent beauty produced a sensation in the streets wherever she passed, converged upon her the gaze of public assemblies even when Napoleon himself was speaking, and was excelled only by the grace of her manners and the purity of her heart—a woman who subdued the jealousy of women as well as the passion of men, "invincibly protected by the aureole of virtue which always surrounded her;" whose "presence everywhere was an event, and produced a tumult of admiration, of curiosity, of enthusiasm;" even the common people in public places calling upon her with shouts to rise, that they might pay their homage to beauty in her person. When it was known that she was to be a collector for a public charity at St.

Roche, she found it impossible to make her way, without assistance, through the throng that crowded the aisles, stood upon chairs, hung upon the pillars, mounted even the altars of the side chapels, and gave twenty thousand francs, more for the sight of her than for the sacred design of the occasion. She declined the proffered hearts of princes, and even the possibility of a throne, that she might maintain the obligations of a marriage of "convenience," made when she was but fifteen years old with a man who was forty-two. When her opulent fortune was lost, and after the Restoration had re-established the factitious distinctions of society, and even in old age and blindness, could still hold spell-bound around her the elite society of Paris.

Napoleon himself was smitten by her charms, and, through Fouché, persecuted her with his importunities to induce her to become a lady of his court, ("dame de palais;") but she disliked the man, and declined the brilliant offer. He seized the first opportunity of involving her in the exile of Madame de Staël, compelling her to leave her family and the charmed circle of her innumerable Parisian friends, and wander obscurely in the southern provinces and Italy for years. It was a remarkable coincidence that in these degenerate times two women, one the most beautiful, the other the most intellectual, in modern history, should appear in the same country, and should be united in an inseparable sisterhood. Through all the remainder of Madame de Staël's life Madame Recamier was her most intimate friend, and consoled her in her last hours.

She now found shelter under her friend's roof at Saint-Brice. But the gendarme reached her at last, bringing an order, signed by Napoleon, and requiring her to de-

part within twenty-four hours. After harassing trials she escaped to Germany, and thus did her great enemy open the way for the production of one of her greatest literary monuments, the "*Allemagne*," the work which, by a striking coincidence, was to crown her fame in the very year in which the crown was to fall from his head.

The death of her father recalled her, heart-broken, to Coppet, where her health gave way. Proscribed in France, she sought relief in Italy. Her travels in Italy produced "*Corinne*." On her return she ventured again, clandestinely, to within some leagues of Paris, to publish it. Suddenly there broke in upon her almost utter solitude the burst of enthusiasm with which Europe hailed its appearance.

Napoleon, whose egotism was as petulant as his ambition was great, was mortified by this success. The official journals attacked the book, and Villemain says that Napoleon himself wrote the hostile criticism of the *Moniteur*. But neither his sceptre nor his pen could touch the indefeasible honours of her genius. She stood out before all Europe crowned, like her own *Corinne*, on the capital of the world. But he could still annoy and oppress her, and he now resumed his persecutions of not only herself, but of her dearest friends, with incredible minuteness, cruelty, and perseverance. He renewed her exile. She went to Coppet, where a court of the best minds of Europe gathered about her; and then again to Germany, to resume her preparations for the *Allemagne*: to Weimar, to Berlin, to Vienna.

In 1808, she was again at Coppet, working on the *Allemagne*. Six years were devoted to its preparation. When it was completed she again entered France to pub-

lish it, but kept at the prescribed distance of forty leagues from the capital. She obtained the necessary authorization of the Censorship, after the elimination of a few sentences. When it was printed, Napoleon changed his mind; the French had conquered Germany, but he was not mentioned in the book. The ten thousand printed copies were cut into pieces, and converted into pasteboard, and she was ordered to leave France immediately. A hint was given her, by the Minister of Police, of imprisonment in Vincennes, where the Duc d'Enghien had been murdered by her persecutor. "Ah!" she wrote to Madame Recamier, "I am the Orestes of Exile, and fate pursues me!"

She was in despair, but was inflexible. The police demanded her manuscript, for they wished to destroy the book utterly; but her son escaped with the precious original, and an imperfect copy was given them. She took refuge again in her chateau at Coppet, and dreary months of anxiety were spent there, though she was soon surrounded by faithful friends, the elite minds of the age. All continental Europe, except Russia, was now controlled by Napoleon. His Swiss gendarmes demanded again her manuscript, but she would not surrender it. Her home was under the surveillance of police spies. She was not permitted to travel, even in Switzerland, except between Coppet and Geneva. Schlegel was torn from her household and exiled; the Duke of Montmorency visited her, and was exiled; Madame Recamier, who, against her remonstrances, spent a night under her roof on her way to the baths of Aix, was exiled, and could never again return to Paris till the downfall of the tyrant.

These painful details can be tedious to no man of letters, to no

woman of heart. With similar facts before, and worse ones afterward, for which we have not room, they present a spectacle for the contemplation of the intellectual world; the little, great man of empire pursuing, with minutest inhumanity and egotism, a helpless woman of genius—helpless, yet greatest of her age, if not of any age. Great enough to conquer Europe, this man was not great enough to conquer himself. He was conquered by his own pettiest passions, and the truest function of history regarding him is to hold him forth before all eyes with the lesson that there is no greatness of genius without greatness of heart. After breaking down the whole political fabric of the continent for his own glory and that of his family; after sacrificing millions of French and other lives to his selfish ambition, he was to be cast out of Europe as an unendurable political nuisance. His restored dynasty was again to corrupt France till it should dissolve in official rottenness, and the bravest, most brilliant nation of modern times be overrun by foreign troops and trodden in the dust with a humiliation unparalleled in the history of nations.

The bewildered world still cries "Hosanna!" to the memory of Napoleon, but in the coming ages of better light and juster sentiments, when the glory of war shall be rightly estimated as barbarism, which shall stand out worthiest and brightest in the recognition of mankind, the genius of the great military tyrant or that of the great, suffering writer? Which alternative will enlighten France then choose for her homage, her greatest man of blood or her greatest woman of intellect?

Madame de Staël dreaded imprisonment with a morbid terror. It might be for life. She would flee, but whither? She would

escape to England or America, and had invested funds in the latter for the purpose; but Napoleon controlled all the ports, except those of Russia, and he was about to invade that country. Taking with her the *Allemagne*, she left secretly, with her children and her second husband, *Rocca*. They hastened through Germany, through Austria, through Poland. *Rocca* disguised himself as a French courier, for, though he had resigned as a French officer, and was disabled by his honourable wounds, Napoleon tried to tear him from her by reclaiming him for the army. Descriptions of his person were distributed along their route. They read placards at the police stations everywhere for their detection or obstruction. The events of their flight were, indeed, thrilling, but we cannot delay for them. Fleeing before the nearly half-million hosts of the conqueror, they at last enter Russia with thankful hearts; but the French army is between them and *St. Petersburg*; they hasten to *Moscow*, but the invaders march thitherward—to their doom, indeed—but the exiles could not have anticipated that doom. They flee again, and by a wide detour reach the northern capital, where the Emperor *Alexander* receives them gladly. They reach the capital of *Sweden*, and are sheltered by her faithful friend, *Bernadotte*, the ally of the *Czar*. They at last reach *London* and are safe, and the *Allemagne* is saved to the intellectual world forever.

England knows little or nothing yet of the proscribed book, but the genius of its author is known there by her other books; she is recognized as the most distinguished woman in literature, and her persecutions by Napoleon command for her enthusiastic sympathy. She is immediately the idol of its best circles; and such is the eagerness

to see her that “the ordinary restraints of high society,” we are told, are quite disregarded; at the houses of cabinet ministers the first ladies of the kingdom mount chairs and tables to catch a glimpse of her. She dines daily with statesmen, authors, and artists, at the tables of *Lords Lansdowne*, *Holland*, *Grey*, *Jersey*, *Harrowby*, and surpasses all by her splendid conversation, not excepting *Sheridan*, *Mackintosh*, *Erskine*, and *Byron*.

The interest excited by her social qualities, her literary fame, and her persecutions, was suddenly and immeasurably enhanced by the publication of her *Germany*, in *London*, in the autumn of 1813. No work from a feminine hand had ever equalled it in masculine vigour and depth of thought, as well as of sentiment.

We have seen how the precious manuscript escaped the hands of the Government at *Paris* by the forethought of her son, and afterward by her own evasion of the police at *Coppet*. Secretly carried through all her flight over *Germany*, *Poland*, *Russia*, the *Baltic Sea*, and *Sweden*, it was now secured to the world by the press of *England*, and all intelligent Frenchmen have ever since been proud of it as one of the monuments of their national literature. The petty, persecuting policy on the part of Napoleon was inconceivable to the British mind, accustomed to the utmost liberty of thought and speech, and almost as unrestricted liberty of the press. The incredible history of the work now gave it incredible success. Editions and translations followed in all the principal tongues of *Europe*.

Vinet, like *Sainte-Beuve*, claims for the work a high moral and political purport. He says: “It was one of those life-boats which, in the stress of the storm, is employed courageously for the salva-

tion of a ship in distress. The ship was France, all the liberties of which were, in the opinion of Madame de Stael, perishing at the time. Persuaded that the nations are called to help one another, she went this time to demand from Germany—humiliated and conquered Germany—the salvation of France.”

The *Allemagne* is imbued with the richest genius of its author—with exalted sentiment, with profound thought, with grand moral truth, with the eloquence of style, with the power, the essence, of a great soul. There is scarcely a page of it which does not present something that the world can never willingly let die. As a monument of intellect, especially of a woman's intellect, it is classic and immortal. In its peculiar circumstances it is a spectacle for generous, for enthusiastic admiration. It is a vindication of the supremacy of the human intellect, of that sovereignty of mind which, from the prisons of Boethius, Tasso, Cervantes, and Bunyan, from the exile of Ovid, Dante, and Spinoza, and from the humiliation of the old age and poverty of Milton, have sent forth through all the world and all time proofs of the invincibility of genius, irradiating their names with honour when the sword or the sceptre which oppressed them has sunk into oblivion or ignominy. Corinne was crowned anew, in the land of constitutional liberty, with laurels gathered in “the land of thought.”

Meanwhile the crown was falling from the brow of her heartless persecutor. She had fled over Europe with her proscribed manuscript, before his armed hosts. He knew that she was fleeing in his front, as we have seen by his attempts to embarrass her flight and to seize Rocca. His hosts have been rolled back in disastrous overthrow from the ruins of the

ancient capital of the land which then gave her shelter, leaving in their retreat more than 250,000 dead men, victims of the sword or the climate. His unparalleled energies rallied again, and he triumphed at Lutzen, at Bautzen, at Dresden. But in the very month in which the *Allemagne* issued from the London press was fought the great “battle of the nations.” Germany, united, rose with overwhelming resentment, and, on the battle-field of Leipsic, broke forever the domination of the tyrant. In less than six months Napoleon abdicated, and the authoress, now the most distinguished woman of Europe, re-entered the French capital. Her Corinne had been the apotheosis of Italy; her *Allemagne*, delayed by her persecutor till the resurrection of Germany and his own downfall, was now her own apotheosis.

A battle was fought on the 30th of March, 1814, under the walls of Paris, and the allies entered the city. Madame de Stael's reappearance there was another social triumph. Her salon was again opened and thronged. Her friends returned; Montmorency and Chateaubriand to take office, and Madame Recamier, from her exile in Italy, to embellish the society of the capital with her undiminished beauty. The Government paid to the authoress the two millions of Necker's claim. She saw her daughter married to the Duc de Broglie, and placed in the highest ranks of French society. Her fame filled Europe; no queen had more. She had been faithful, and had triumphed at last. The “Hundred Days” threatened that triumph, but Waterloo secured it.

The world knows well the remainder of the remarkable story. The persecutor—the greatest captain of his age, if not of any age—died, himself an exile on the rock

of St. Helena ; his victim—the greatest woman writer of her age, if not of any age—became the idol of his lost capital, the intellectual empress of Europe, and died peacefully in her restored Parisian home—La Fayette, Wellington, royal personages from the Tuileries, the representatives of all European Courts, inquiring daily at her door, and the world feeling that by her death, in the language of Chateaubriand, “society was struck with a general disaster.”

The history of such a woman teaches its own lessons more effectively than could any dissertation, or preachments of her eulogists. She vindicates the highest claims of her sex, for emancipation and

fair play in the life of humanity. She takes her place among the elect minds of history. She harmonized her literary and other public activity with rare filial devotion and the faithful education of her children, for she was a genuine woman as well as a virile intellect. Her whole history shows that she possessed a profound morale which never yielded to the corrupt “philosophy” of her times; which ever craved the happiness of pure relations; and which, especially after the death of her father, developed, more and more, into high religious aspirations; and she died, at last, sustained by her Christian faith, in peace with God and all the world.

THE SLEEP.*

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift ' ' grace, surpassing this—
“He giveth His beloved sleep?”

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake;
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids
Creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

O earth so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers heap!

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
“And giveth His beloved sleep.”

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap,
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard—
“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers
Leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would oh! like on His love repose,
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, “Not a tear must o'er her fall!”
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

* Sung at the funeral of Robert Browning.

LIGHT, A BRANCH OF ELECTRICITY.*

BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

The most distinguishing feature of the science of our age has been the establishing of comprehensive general principles as results from closely-reasoned processes of induction. Any branch of science is chosen, and after analyzing its almost countless phenomena in order to discover as well as possible their true nature, the reverse process is taken, objects with analogous properties are classed together, these classes again are co-ordinated, until at last we reach a grand unity held together by a single broad principle.

Illustrations will at once suggest themselves. In Biology we have the great principle of evolution. Many gaps, no doubt, still exist in a complete statement of it, but the general theory itself is so firmly based on hard experimental fact, that it must be true in its general outline at least. In Chemistry, although the non-predictable nature of many of its combinations gives to it a certain arbitrary or empirical aspect, has as its fundamental ground-work the principle of the Conservation of Matter, that is, matter cannot be created or destroyed, but only transformed from one shape to another. From the time that this was first solidly established a little over a hundred years ago, the science has continued to grow in a healthy way. Of late it has become somewhat more physical in nature, due to its employment of physical methods and working on the border line between physics and chemistry. In Physics we have the grand principle of the Conservation of Energy, a fitting complement to the base-principle of Chemistry.

These are probably the greatest

illustrations of the statement I have made, but there is another, not quite so wide in its nature, of which I wish to speak, namely, of the intimate relation between radiant heat, light and electricity which has been triumphantly demonstrated in very recent years, and which is usually known as the Electro-magnetic Theory of Light.

Since this theory has come into prominence so lately, many are inclined, on learning of it, to think of it as a purely recent production. But such is not the case. No great scientific principle ever sprang from the mind of man full-grown. As a matter of fact the seeds of the theory were sown more than half a century ago by that prince of experimental philosophers, Michael Faraday; the plant was cultivated and brought into bloom by Clerk Maxwell as much as thirty years ago; while, led by Hertz, the world has plucked the ready fruit during the last decade. A discovery may be flashed over the world in a day, for instance, the Roentgen X Rays; but almost two years have passed and we have scarcely begun to learn their inner nature by which alone we can rationally classify them.

I shall attempt to explain in a few words how light has come to be regarded as included in electricity.

We are all familiar with the old experiment of rubbing sealing-wax on a woollen coat-sleeve and then picking up bits of paper. By rubbing we are said to charge the wax with electricity. Electrical machines, with glass plates, are more efficient in producing a similar effect. Suppose we sus-

pend two metal balls by means of silk thread (Fig. 1), and then charge each of these by means of an electrical machine.

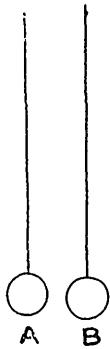


FIG. 1.

It has been found that there is then a force exerted between A and B, variable with the distance between them. In this case they mutually repel each other. This fact was an old, old one; but Faraday conceived that the action of A on B must have something to do with the space between them.

To test this, he filled the space between the two attracting or repelling bodies with various substances, such as paraffine, petroleum, etc.; and, just as he suspected, the mutual action was thereby much altered. He therefore concluded that this "electric force" was handed on from one body to the other by means of something between them. But this force is exerted even in a vacuum, and so the handing-on medium must be quite distinct from ordinary matter.

In a similar way let us consider



FIG. 2.

two magnets (Fig. 2) with two poles N and S, near together, but so long that the other poles may be neglected in our reasoning. There is an attraction between N and S. If we immerse them in water, or oil, the change in this attraction is so slight that we cannot detect it. But if we could surround the magnets in an atmosphere of iron, this force would be very greatly diminished. As before, the action depends on what is between the two poles, and so magnetic force is also to be considered as being handed on from

one body to the other by means of something in the space between.

But if a body transmits through its mass a motion given at one point, time is required to do it. For instance, sound takes time to pass through the air, water, iron, or any other substance. The question is naturally suggested, With what speed are the electric and magnetic forces transmitted from one body to another? Faraday tried to measure this for magnetic force. Indeed, Lord Kelvin tells us that the very last time he saw him at work in the Royal Institution he was down in the basement, far from disturbance, endeavouring to determine the time required for the magnetic action to travel from an electro-magnet to a magnetized needle many yards away; but the attempt failed, no time was observed.

Maxwell followed, and on applying his great mathematical ability, he succeeded in deducing a theoretical value for this speed, and this value when calculated turned out to be extraordinarily near to the velocity of light—so near, indeed, that he was led to believe that they were really identical.

Now, for many years the wave-theory of light has been accepted as true, and this theory requires us to believe that light-action is handed on from one point to another by a medium pervading all space, known as the ether. At once we grasp at the suggestion that this ether is the very medium required for the transmission of electrical and magnetic effects, and when Maxwell found that the speed of transmission in each case is the same—that of the velocity of light, 186,000 miles per second—he considered this suggestion

practically demonstrated to be true. He then propounded the theory that the disturbance known to us as light is really electro-magnetic in its nature. Very recently the actual velocity of the transmission of electric and magnetic actions has been measured; and is, as nearly as could be measured, the same as the velocity of light. If, then, light is an electro-magnetic phenomenon, optics must be but a branch of the imperial science of electricity.

Again, energy, in the form of light, is transmitted in the ether by means of undulations or waves; electrical energy should likewise be transmitted through the same ether in waves. We are well acquainted with methods of generating and of detecting light waves; how can we generate and then detect electric waves? Hertz answered this question. One of his radiators, or generators of electrical waves, is illustrated in Fig. 3.

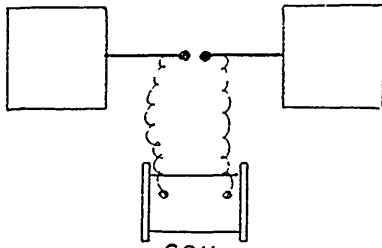


FIG. 3.

It consists of two sheets of metal from which run out rods ending in knobs near together. If, now, this be joined to an induction coil, and the coil be put in action, sparks will pass between the knobs, and every time a spark passes the ether about the metal will be agitated and the disturbance thus caused will spread in every direction, just as light radiates from a candle.

But how shall we detect these waves? The eye, which is so marvellously sensitive to light waves, is entirely unaffected by

these longer ones. But Hertz discovered that by taking a wire with a knob on each end and bending it round, as in Fig. 4, he

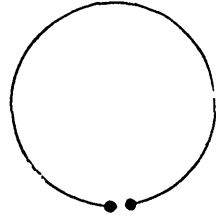


FIG. 4.

could use this for his purpose. Holding it almost anywhere near the radiator, small sparks would pass between the knobs, caused by the electric energy transmitted to it. By suitable arrangements sparks could be seen more than twelve yards away. By means of such radiators and receivers (or detectors), Hertz investigated the nature of the electric radiation, and found that it was in waves which, he showed, possess all the ordinary properties of light, i.e., they both follow the same physical laws.

Since these researches (1887-1890), radiators and receivers of many different forms have been devised to more easily illustrate the discovery of Hertz. A very convenient form of radiator, due to Righi, Professor of Physics in the University of Bologna, is illustrated in Fig. 5. A and B are

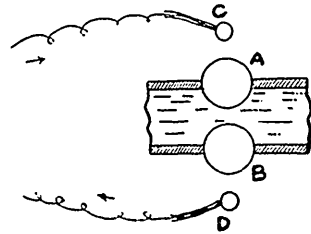


FIG. 5.

two metal spheres fitting tightly in the centres of two ebonite discs which form the top and bottom of a cylinder with flexible walls. This cylinder is filled with vaseline

oil, so that half of each ball is in the oil. The knobs C and D are connected to the coil, which, when excited, causes sparks to pass from C to A and D to B, and then from A to B through the oil. By this means electric waves are sent out in every direction. If the cylinder be placed in a parabolic reflector (of sheet metal) the radiation may be projected forward in a single direction, like light from a locomotive headlight.

One of the most convenient receivers is what Lodge has termed a "coherer." It consists simply of a glass tube nearly filled with metallic turnings or filings (Fig. 6). When this is placed in the path of electric waves, the bits of metal seem to cohere, so that an electric current can pass through them more freely. The arrangement to show this is given in Fig. 6. T is the tube, and pieces of wire run

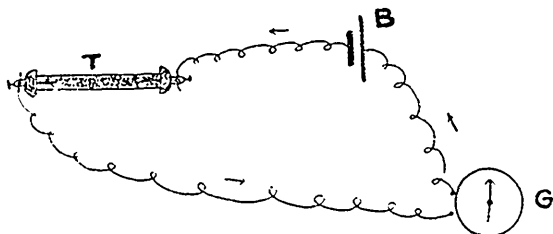


FIG. 6.

into each end and terminate amongst the turnings. B is a voltaic battery, and G is a galvanometer for measuring the electric current. These are joined as in the figure. Usually the resistance of T is so great that no appreciable current flows and the galvanometer needle is undeflected, but as soon as the electric waves "cohere," the resistance falls, a current passes, and round goes the needle! By simply tapping the tube the coherence disappears and all is ready for another trial. This tube may also be enclosed in a parabolic reflector, and thus made

more sensitive in certain directions. Using these instruments the various laws of optics can be verified for electric waves.

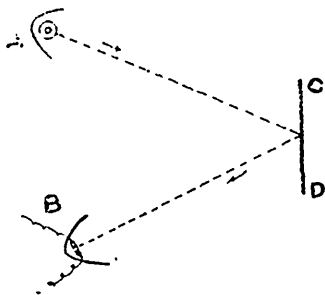


FIG. 7.

To show reflexion, let us arrange the radiator and receiver as A, B in Fig. 7. The radiation goes out from A in the direction indicated by the arrow, and if a metal sheet (tin foil on a board will do) be held at C D the beam is reflected toward B and will be indicated on the galvanometer.

Refraction is very interesting. To show this, we place the radiator and receiver as shown in Fig. 8. The receiver is little affected on working the radiator; but on putting a prism of some good non-conductor, such as paraffine or pitch, at C D E, the galvanometer at once registers a strong action. The radiation is bent from its original direction by the prism C D E. Hertz's original experiment is a famous one. His radiator and receiver were of great size, and the section of the prism, made of hard pitch, was an isosceles triangle, having a side of nearly four feet and refracting angle, C, of 30 degrees. The height of the prism was nearly five feet, and it weighed over 1,300 pounds.

Experiments on total reflexion, double refraction, polarization, and other well-known optical effects

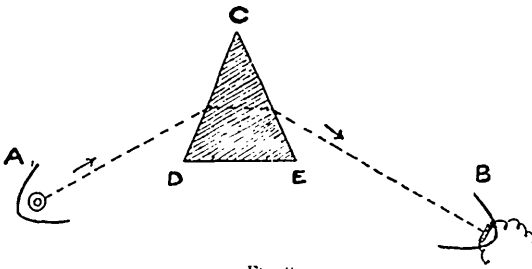


FIG. 8.

have been successfully made, thus completely identifying electric and light waves.

Great interest has been shown during the last year or two in the experiments made by Preece and Marconi on signalling without wires. The former is chief of the British Postal Telegraph, and the latter is a young Italian who showed some of his apparatus to Preece and secured his co-operation in the experiments. The method used by these men is precisely that described above—by means of electric waves.

A general diagram of the apparatus is given in Fig. 9, the upper part showing the transmitting, the lower part the receiving, apparatus. The radiator is the same as that illustrated in Fig. 5. Its two spheres, A, B are of solid brass, four inches in diameter, each projecting into an enclosure filled with oil. The induction coil, shown in Fig. 9, which produces the spark discharge between the spheres and thus excites the electric waves, is a very powerful one, capable of giving a twenty-inch spark. K is a key for starting and stopping the coil.

Marconi's receiver is a slight modification of that in Fig. 6. It consists of a small glass tube 1 3-4 inches long, into which two silver pole pieces are tightly fitted, the ends being about 1-50th of an inch apart. This narrow space between the ends is filled with a mixture of

nickel and silver flings mixed with a trace of mercury. The tube is then pretty well exhausted of air and sealed up. Thus constructed, the receiver is very sensitive. From each end of the tube extends metallic wings W, W which assist in collecting

the radiation, in 'tuning' the receiver to the radiator, and perhaps in other ways not yet explained.

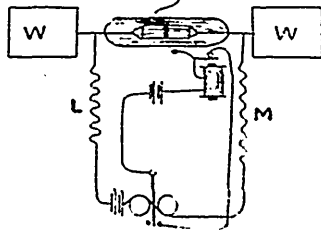
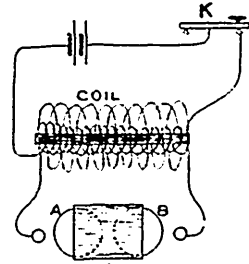


FIG. 9.

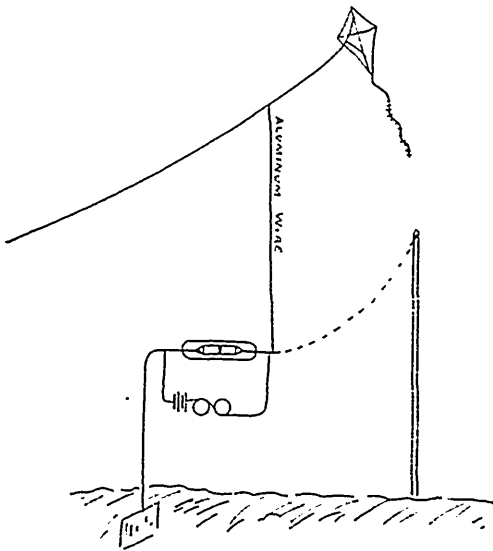


FIG. 10.

In place of the galvanometer in Fig. 6, is put a sensitive telegraph relay, which "clicks" when the waves reach the receiver tube. To "decohere" the particles in the tube and make it ready for a second signal, the current which works the sounder is also arranged to work a small hammer (shown in Fig. 9), which taps the tube and produces the desired effect.

For short distances, where noth-

ing obstructs the passage of the waves to the receiver, no great difficulty is experienced in transmitting signals; but when the space to be traversed is great some new arrangement is required. Sometimes the radiator or receiver is raised to a sufficient height, or the expedient exhibited in Fig. 10 is adopted. Here the wings *W*, *W* are removed and an aluminum wire runs up from the receiver to the kite. This wire has the power of 'picking up' the waves and sending on the disturbance to the receiving tube, and thus producing the signal.

Using these two instruments, excellent signals have been transmitted between Penarth and Brean Down, near Weston-super-Mare, across the Bristol Channel, a distance of nearly nine miles.

Marconi found that his receiver responded even when enclosed in a perfectly tight metallic box, and this fact has given rise to the rumour that he could blow up an ironclad. The difficulty which might be experienced in putting such an apparatus into the powder magazine of an enemy's ship seems to have been entirely ignored.

University of Toronto.

BEYOND.

The stranger wandering in the Switzers' land,
Before its awful mountain-tops afraid—
Who yet with patient toil hath gained his stand—
On the bare summit where all life is stayed—

Sees far, far down, beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,
Another country, golden to the shore,
Where a new passion and new hopes arise,
Where Southern blooms unfold for evermore.

And I, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,
Think of another wanderer in the snows,
And on more perilous mountain-tops I gaze
Than ever frowned above the vine and rose.

Yet courage, soul! nor hold thy strength in vain;
In hope o'ercome the steep's God set for thee;
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lie thine Italy.

—Rose Terry Cook.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.*

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

Professor in Victoria University.

I.

To study with sympathetic attention the great persons and the heroic epochs of the past, is to receive inspiration for the duties and conflicts of the present. In the brilliant volume in which the veteran pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, sketches so nobly the life and times of the Abbot of Clairvaux, we find this suggestive vindication of such study :

“To bring a former period of time distinctly before us, to become familiar with its picturesque or presaging movements, to apprehend clearly the moral and intellectual forces by which it was either graced or shamed, above all to come into personal sympathy with those who wrought in it, with mighty endeavour, for noble ends—this is an exercise of mind and spirit whose instruction and fine incitement can scarcely be surpassed. . . . We may not absolutely select our associates among the present multitudes who surround us. We may select them with unhindered freedom as we walk amid the populous spaces which history opens; and by any true moral conference with the gentle and gracious yet dauntless persons who have wrought heretofore with a supreme ardour for illustrious aims, we ought to be ourselves ennobled, our indolence being rebuked, our timidity expelled, a certain elasticity of vigour coming into our souls, with a gladder consecration to ideal ends. . . . No romance, I think, can stir the soul, no lofty rhyme can so uplift it, as does this vital contact with minds now vanished from the earth, but the impulse of whose life continues with us, of the fruit of whose work Christendom partakes.”

Such intellectual and spiritual stimulus may confidently be pro-

* “Bernard of Clairvaux, the Times, the Man and His Work.” By Richard S. Storrs. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

mised to the readers of the majestic pages of Storrs’ “Bernard of Clairvaux.”

If great men are men who have developed great power of doing and enduring, men who wield a wide and beneficent influence over their own generation, men who help to shape the fortunes of the ages that follow them, then Bernard of Clairvaux is one of the great men of the Christian Church, one of the great men of European history, and “his name will not be forgotten while men still honour genius and virtue, exhibited in high action with supreme consecration.”

There are two ways of studying such a career as that of Bernard. We may devote our undivided attention to the man, investigate all details of his life and character, opinions, teachings, actions. But such microscopical attention to the man, apart from the history of his times, may produce a false impression, the hero may appear isolated and inexplicable, an unexpected meteor flashing through the obscurity of night. It is better to study the man in relation to his age. So do we gain not only a wider but a far truer knowledge. Only as we understand the action of the age upon the man do we understand the action of the man upon the age. Few books afford to the ordinary reader a more vivid glimpse into the true character, the prevailing tendencies, the vast significance of the Middle Ages, than Dr. Storrs’ “Bernard,” for in it the monk of Clairvaux is painted with the history of his own time and of the preceding centuries for the background of the picture.

In those remote ages we may trace the footprints of Him who is marching through all history to the consummation of human destiny in the perfected kingdom of "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Those who lived in them were dismayed at their fierce frenzies, their vices, their darkness, and in all changes were tempted to see signs of the approaching dissolution of all things. But from our vantage-ground we see the influences gradually taking form which have produced our modern Europe and America, and we thank God and take courage. From the contemplation of the past we gain the temper which believes in and hopes for the triumph of the Gospel. Christ was in that olden history as the controlling and developing power. Amid the uncertainties, difficulties, and changes of to-day, we may, in the light of history, see signs and promises of a brighter day to-morrow. For now, as then,

"God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world."

But the study of such an age and of such a career as those of Bernard of Clairvaux forces upon us another conclusion, and that of vast practical value in relation to our own present duty. It is this, that God fulfils His high purposes for humanity through the faithfulness, energy, and ability of choice spirits, men who not only believe in the coming of God's kingdom among men, but who work for it with unflagging zeal; men who hear and obey the Divine voice; men who are influenced by the age in which they live, but are not controlled by it; men whose loyalty to God and truth and duty makes them superior to all lower motives and so available as God's agents in the development of His purposes for mankind.

He who would serve his age effectively, must be of it, must know it, must sympathize with it, must be affected by its tendencies of thought and sentiment, must be a man of the time. But, beyond that, he must be a man of God. He who would serve and save his age must before all things serve his God. The age in which a man lives gives him his opportunity, and by its general friction polishes and perfects his character. But he only can uplift his age who stands higher than it, in virtue of his nobler ideals, in virtue of his sympathy with God.

Such a man was Bernard of Clairvaux. Much in his character and in his career may be accounted for from the moulding and modifying influence of his environment. But no earthly environment produced him. He was God's workmanship. And the divine life in him enabled him to live at once in and above his age. Living in God, he lived in all ages; living for God, he lived for all ages. Such a man moulds and modifies his earthly environment as much as he is moulded and modified by it. At many points Bernard influenced the history of his own times; and by the power of his great example he moves individuals and so affects the currents of history to this day.

Those comparatively unknown centuries, hence often called the Dark Ages, from the fifth century to the fifteenth, in the midst of which Bernard lived and wrought, constitute a long and varied period of gradual development, in which the ancient Roman civilization, the barbarism and yet physical and moral strength of the Northern races, and the regenerating energy of the Christian faith were working together to produce the forces and the forms, the life and the society of these modern times. Progress was not steady, light and darkness mingled; but the battle

was on the whole to the right and the true; even the triumph of evil produced a reaction of good; and the net result of all the commingling and conflicting elements we see in Church and State to-day.

The first great epoch after the fall of the Western empire was that of Charlemagne—that masterful spirit who set himself the task, and in a measure accomplished it, of welding the divergent elements and interests of the new races and the new life of Europe into a coherent unity. But his empire perished with him. His institutions were swept away by encroaching barbarism. Feudalism took the place of imperial unity. Ignorance silenced learning. The world relapsed almost into intellectual and moral chaos.

“No one thought of common defence or wide organization; the strong built castles, the weak became their bondsmen, or took shelter under the cowl. . . . The grand vision of a universal Christian empire was utterly lost in the isolation, the antagonism, the increasing localization of all powers; it might seem to have been but a passing gleam from an older and a better world.”* But that vision remained in the memory of the noblest spirits as an inspiration to hope and effort.

The most serious feature in those dark centuries between Charlemagne and Bernard was the degeneracy and degradation of religion. Unbelief, superstition, the foulest vice prevailed, not only throughout the remoter regions, but at the very centre of Christendom. Christian Rome was as corrupt as Pagan Rome had been. Murder emptied the chair of St. Peter, intrigue filled it again. Courtesans controlled the pontificate and made

their paramours and sons popes. The excesses of such “holy fathers” rivalled those of Tiberius and Nero. Toward the close of that awful nadir of Christian history, the tenth century, the end of the Christian religion and the dissolution of Christendom seemed at hand.

Then fell upon the hearts of all the pall of a terrible fear, the fear of the imminent second advent of Christ to judge the world and to terminate its wicked history. The thousand years of the Apocalypse would soon be ended. Good men and had alike trembled. Many forsook their sins, serfs were freed, lands and treasure were donated to the Church, and so men prepared for judgment. But on the whole the effect of this delirium of expectation was evil. Excitement paralyzed industry; extreme fear produced as its reaction extreme recklessness; society was disorganized; and when the event discredited the expectation, the natural result was a sceptical reaction. The history of the end of the tenth century is a suggestive commentary on the assurance often expressed in our own day that such a faith in the imminence of the second advent of our Lord would revive and reform the Church.

But gradually the dire dread of the end of all things passed away. Men renewed their interest in present duty. Disgust with the evil administration of Church and State deepened. The better elements in the Northern races, their vigour and courage, made themselves felt, and Christianity afforded higher ideals and the impulse to their realization. The forces of decay and disintegration had done their worst. Those of life and unity now had their chance. The eleventh century was a distinct advance on the tenth. There was improvement in the papacy be-

* Bryce, “Holy Roman Empire,” quoted in Storrs.

fore and especially under the great Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII. (1073-1085). Under him the old vision of a united Europe reappeared.

Under Charlemagne there had been a nearly universal European empire, recalling that of ancient Rome. Such imperial unity was no longer possible. Europe had many kings and kingdoms, and to unite them was impossible. But the Church was one. A reformed, purified, and vigorous Church was the one possible centre of European unity. The people must take the place of the emperor, Hildebrand of Charlemagne. Such was the high and not ignoble ambition of this great man, an ambition in which he but expressed the blind tendency of his age.

To accomplish his purpose he must reform the Church, for a corrupt Church could never hold the allegiance of the world, and subordinate secular rulers. The pope must be recognized as God's vicegerent on earth, not merely in things sacred but in things secular. In all the dramatic struggle of his brief pontificate against licentious and recalcitrant ecclesiastics, and against the rulers of all Europe, in his fierce use of excommunication and of interdict, in the humiliation of the emperor at Canossa, Hildebrand seems to have been controlled not by a merely selfish lust of power (however much that may have mingled with higher motives), but in the main by the noble vision of a purified Church, which should unite the nations and make the righteousness of God's kingdom the rule of their life.

The Crusades were another expression of that revived sense of unity among the nations of Europe, of that renewed zeal for religion, in the midst of which Bernard was born, and without which his unique influence would have been impossible.

The terror and gloom of the end of the tenth century had given way by the end of the eleventh to a new hope of better things, to a new sense of the unity of Christendom centring in the Church, to a new zeal in building churches and establishing schools, to new possibilities of improvement, and development in Church and State. The times were ripe for the man, and God sent the man.

Bernard was born at his father's castle of Fontaines, in Burgundy, in the year A.D. 1091, three hundred years from the age of Charlemagne, twenty-five years after the Norman conquest of England, and six years after the death of Hildebrand. His father, Tescelin, was a pious, brave, and warlike knight of Burgundy. His mother, Aletta, was one of those noble Christian women whose gentle grace, whose benignant charity, whose devotion to the Church, whose characters as wives and mothers adorn the annals of those wild, early ages. Her earnest hope and effort was to transmit to her son her own Christian faith and loyalty to the Church. And her prayers and labours for him were not in vain. Much that is most admirable in his character seems to have been hereditary. In his marvellous courage, sense of duty, energy, skill in public affairs, patience, tenderness, intensity of religious devotion, we may see the gallant knight and the gracious lady living again in their son.

Bernard's boyhood was passed during the stirring times of the first Crusade, when enthusiasm for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre had set fire to the hearts of all ranks, when barons and serfs in their martial array, and poor, foolish fanatics in their rude waggons, started in "the way of God" to recover Jerusalem; an age when the attraction and the choice for a young man of the upper class

lay between the din of arms, the license of the camp, the madness of the battle-field, on the one hand, and, on the other, the quiet seclusion of the monastery, hidden deep in the wild wood, with its pealing bell, its incessant religious services, its hospitable welcome to the traveller, its simple, humble, monotonous, though calm and peaceful life.

The gallant, fearless temper of the knight shines out in Bernard's character throughout his whole career. But the gentle influence of his loving and devoted mother prevailed to lead the ardent youth to what was then considered the distinctively "religious life." Aletta died while Bernard was yet a boy. But in the growing youth the sweet memory of his mother and her desires for his future, preserved him spotlessly chaste, earnest in his pursuit of truth, eager to do his duty, zealous in his study of Holy Scripture, and in the crisis of his life turned his steps toward the house and service of God.

Riding one day to join his brothers in the camp of the Duke of Burgundy, the image of his mother, her sweet face saddened with disapproval and disappointment, filled his heart; he turned aside into a little roadside church to pray, and in an agony of prayer and weeping he once for all yielded himself to God and to that monastic life to which he felt that God and his mother were calling him. His enthusiasm was not spasmodic, but as steady as it was intense. Having put his hand to the plough he never looked back.

Not content to enter alone upon his new career, he exerted his remarkable personal influence over relatives and friends with such success as to cast the spell over about thirty, who entered the monastery with him. So extraordinary was the fascination which he exercised over other men that mothers hid

their sons, wives their husbands, and friends their friends, lest they should forsake all the ties of kinship and all the duties of the home to follow Bernard.

The monastic life is not our ideal of Christian service; it was not our Lord's ideal. But we must not be unjust to the good that was in it, nor allow our knowledge of the later corruption of the various monastic orders to blind our eyes to the sincere and intense piety of their founders and of their heroic period. The quietness of the hermitage, or the monastery, has had its powerful attraction for many of the noblest characters of Christian history, and to none nobler than Bernard, of whom the great monk, Luther, said: "If ever there lived on this earth a God-fearing and holy monk, it was St. Bernard of Clairvaux."

When Bernard would be a monk, he would be a monk of the severest type, he would seek a home where the whole life should be in the most marked contrast to the worldliness which marked and discredited the clergy of his time, he would not enter the rich and venerable abbey of Clugny, then the most famous of Burgundian abbeys, but the poor, humble, recently founded monastery of Citeaux.

So severe were its discipline and life but that few candidates for a holy life were allured to its uninviting doors. The number of its inmates was decreasing, and its end seemed approaching. One meal a day; never meat, fish, or eggs, rarely milk; hard work in the fields; sombre and incessant services in the chapel—such was the austere rule of Citeaux, such was the life which attracted the heroic youth of twenty-two and his attached companions. But even so stern a life as that of Citeaux did not satisfy; he increased the severity of the rule for himself,

laying many an extra burden on his always frail body; and after two years he went forth at the head of twelve monks to found a new monastery where he might develop his own plans and realize his own ideals.

Leaving behind him Citeaux and its monks sorrowing for his departure, Bernard struck north about one hundred miles, and laid the foundations of his new home in a remote valley, wild, deep, and thickly wooded, which had been granted by its knightly owner to the abbey of Citeaux for a new monastery. This desolate place had been known as the Valley of Wormwood, but it is better known by the name of Clara Vallis, or Clairvaux. This wild spot was gradually redeemed from its ruggedness by the hard and patient toil of Bernard's monks, until it became a scene of fertility, industry, and beauty, very dear to the affections of its inhabitants.

The original abbey was hastily constructed to afford shelter from approaching winter, and was a rude, rough, wooden building. The floors were of earth; the beds were wooden bins, strewn with chaff and leaves. The pillows were not much improvement upon that of the patriarch Jacob, for they were logs of wood. The food in summer was coarse, half-cooked bread of barley and millet, with beech-leaves for a relish. For the winter there were beech-nuts and roots.

During the first winter the monks well-nigh perished of starvation. In answer to prayer, food came, in their utmost extremity, from a neighbouring convent. Henceforth the cultivated fields yielded food sufficient, and the monastery prospered. So terribly severe were Bernard's austerities during the earliest years of his monastic toils, that his life was within a little of being the forfeit

for his pious folly. He lost the power of distinguishing flavours; he drank oil, thinking it to be wine; he almost lost the power of assimilating any food at all; his whole after life was one long physical distress. Indeed, his career would have been soon cut short but for the ingenious kindness of Bishop William, of Champeaux, who for a year withdrew him from all active supervision of the abbey and confined him to a hut without its limits. From that year's rest he returned to live and labour for his monastery and for the Church through many a year of physical infirmity, but of prodigious energy of will, vigour of thought, and intensity of spirit.

The fame of the holy abbot spread; like-minded men flocked to his side; the valley rang with axe and hammer, as loftier and more beautiful buildings were erected; colonies went forth from Clairvaux every year into various countries, until there were finally 800 abbeys thus founded from Clairvaux, while at Bernard's death there were 700 monks in the monastery at Clairvaux.

Bernard's life in the monastery was one of great activity, in the assiduous study of the Scriptures, daily preaching, literary labour, and the discipline of the monks. His correspondence was large and varied. Visitors were frequent; his help was sought in many a crisis in the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of Europe. He visited many countries; he strove not without effect to reform the rough and reckless life of marauding barons and of simoniacal prelates. He made himself, by the purity of his character, the unswerving righteousness of his decisions, the magic of his personal magnetism, and the sweep of his eloquence, the moral arbiter of Europe.

The sources of his enormous influence may be found in his steady

and persistent pursuit of unselfish aims, such as commended themselves to the conscience of his fellows and produced absolute confidence in his disinterestedness; in his intellectual vigour; his gentle breeding and sweet courtesy; his concentration of all his energies upon the task of the hour; his high unflinching courage. He stood without a tremor before dukes and emperors. He cowed iron warriors with the terrors of his office and his intense personality. He hurled vehement invective against the Pope himself. He even stood before enraged and murderous mobs, clamouring for the blood and treasures of the Jews, and scattered them as chaff before the wind. So commanding was his personality that men attributed many miracles to his power.

The one great inner secret of his life and influence lay in his profound piety. He lived the life of God. Christ lived in him. In the midst of the formalities and corruptions of the Church, in the midst, as it appears to us, of much

error of theology, he maintained a blessed communion with God and unswerving love and loyalty to Jesus Christ. His religious exercises consisted largely of the adoring contemplation of the tenderness, the grace, the atoning sufferings of the Saviour. He said: "These things are often on my lips, as you know; they are ever familiar to my pen, as is evident to all; and this is constantly my highest philosophy, to know Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

His contemplation of Christ was often absorbing, ecstatic, so that he became practically insensible to all his surroundings. One day he rode from morning till evening along the shore of the lovely Lake of Geneva, and did not know until evening that the lake was near him.

"For, oh! the Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banished men,
That they who catch it unaware
Can never rest on earth again.
But they who see Him risen afar
To God's right hand to welcome them,
Forgetful stand of home and land,
Remembering fair Jerusalem."

FOR GOOD.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

For good?—

This weary spirit and this frame enfeebled?
These hopes laid by? these hours of loneliness?
These troublous thoughts that press their weight upon me?

For good, for good alone. Unshaken stands
The promise of thy God. All crosses, borne
On earth by those who love Him, tend to add
Lustre more bright unto the radiant crowns
He keeps for them in heaven. And these, thy woes
(Which are but transient and will pass away,
As vanisheth a dream when dawns the day,
As flee the frost and snow at Spring's approach,
Their mission o'er), shall surely work for thee
A bliss imperishable. Be this thought
Once more thy solace. Set thyself again
To patient waiting for God's chosen hour—
The welcome hour when He shall bid thee pass
From this world's shadows to His bright beyond.
And since He doth vouchsafe thee, even now,
Glimpses, though faint and far, of coming gladness,
Wrought out by present sorrows,—canst thou not
Add to thy patience even joyfulness,
While here a little longer thou dost wait
For His sweet call to thy eternal Home?

TORONTO.

RELIGION IN HIGH PLACES.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

A new sphere of Christian activity opened in the great Mildmay Christian Conferences, in which Sir Arthur, as we must now call him, for many years took a prominent part. His mode of preparation was peculiar. Leaving home with a packet of sandwiches, he would walk for thirty miles over hill and dale, and return "rested and refreshed," with his subject ready. This was his practice for twenty years. It was also his custom when some postal reform occupied his mind.

The secret of his spiritual power was his dependence on God. Appointed to speak at a church congress at Brighton to four or five thousand persons on the spiritual life, he wrote to a friend: "Hold me up—do—I am nothing. But the Holy Ghost can fill my heart and lips."

After twenty-two years in the Treasury, Sir Arthur was created permanent chief of the General Post-Office—an organization controlling 131,000 persons. Leaving the Treasury, he writes:

"I said good-bye to everybody to-day. It's very pleasant to leave a place of twenty-two years' service, amidst so much real feeling, and such hearty expressions even from those who could not but dislike my religion."

Sir Arthur was always in earnest sympathy with young men. He began an important work at Cambridge University. Forty prayer-meetings had been held in its anticipation. Twelve hundred young men, some of the wildest young collegians, were present, and many were "soundly converted." Sir

Arthur combined love of athletics with hearty religious endeavour. He writes to his wife:

"Daily prayer-meeting, attended by seventy downright men—a marvellous sight. Then down the river to see boat race. Great fun. All the rowing men there."

He employed his pen as well as tongue freely in Christian service. He wrote a number of penny tracts on "Living Water," "Eternal Life," "Assurance of Salvation," and a number of volumes containing the very marrow and fatness of the Gospel. A colporteur reports that a man, converted by one of his pamphlets, bought twenty-five copies for his friends, of whom thirteen were thereby brought to Christ. His little book on "Eternal Life," was dropped into the pocket of a blaspheming infidel. He tore it up in a rage and threw it on the floor. But he put the pieces together and read them, to his soul's salvation. He would not change the torn tract, he declared, for the best thousand pounds one could give him.

Turning his back upon the traditions and customs of his class, Sir Arthur Blackwood became a total abstainer, and vice-president of the National Temperance League, and of the Band of Hope Union. He took an active interest in the postal and policemen's temperance societies, and wore the temperance blue ribbon on his coat till his death. When objection was made to postal employees wearing the ribbon, Sir Arthur appealed for them to the Postmaster-General, Professor Fawcett, who promptly replied that "the men might wear all the colours of the

rainbow, if it would keep them from drink."

Sir Arthur took also an active interest in the Young Men's Christian Association, Religious Tract Society, social purity, and movement against the opium trade. He "stood shoulder to shoulder with the Salvation Army at Coventry Fair," but protested earnestly against some of its methods.

He was utterly opposed to the ritualistic tendencies, then recently developed. He became vice-president of the association organized to resist them, and took an active part in the newspaper and platform controversies which resulted.

While fervent in spirit, he was diligent in business, and was earnestly devoted to the improvement of the postal system. Among the projects he promoted were the parcel post, sixpenny telegrams, the postal order system, the money telegraph system, reply cards, and others. "He was honestly proud of the post-office," says his wife, "and never slow to fight its battles."

Sir Arthur was a pre-eminently happy Christian. One day, when walking through the city, he had run up against a small boy, who looked up and shouted, "Look out! who are yer a-shuv'in' of, yer six foot o' misery?"

"Ah," said Sir Arthur, "he made a mistake there! It's only a Christian who's a really happy man."

In 1872 the Civil Service Prayer Union was formed in the post-office, similar to the Army and Navy Prayer Union, the Lawyers' Prayer Union, and the Bankers' Prayer Union of London. This was attended then by from thirty to eighty gentlemen. For twenty-one years, unless detained by illness or official duty, Sir Arthur did not once fail to be in his place. On his visit to Canada, the Prayer Union was extended to the Do-

minion, "thus," to use his own words, "completing a circle of prayer which unites our brethren in the East before we arise from our beds, and as we lie down to rest carries carries the same petitions from our brethren in the far west."

Sir Arthur Blackwood was the official representative of Great Britain at several International Postal Congresses. He carried into these his busy energy, his religious fervour, his genial bonhomie. Representing the dignity of Great Britain, India, and Canada, he had to adopt a style foreign to his modest disposition. Of a reception at the French Foreign Office, he writes :

"Went in a magnificent carriage driven by a splendacious *cocher*. As the head of the mission, I thought it well to follow Nelson's example at Trafalgar, and wear all my decorations. . . . We made sixty bows, and shook sixty hands, and then sat down at one enormous round table covered with green cloth, in a splendid salon of the F. O."—[Foreign Office.]

Instead of accepting tickets for the races or opera, he preached on Sunday at the McAll Mission. He says :

"As I knew that I must make a speech in French on Monday in the service of my country, I thought I ought at least to attempt to speak on Sunday in the service of my God."

Like a true Britisher he stood up for the interests of his country. "We seem to be at considerable cross-purposes at present, and great pressure and some blarney are used to make us give way. But our policy is to be firm, and stick to our guns, and I think they may give way."

He thus describes a reception at the Foreign Office :

"Had to wear evening dress, orders, etc., and again drove in state to F. O. where we were ushered, in alphabetical order, into a grand salon, and ranged

round the wall like a lot of statues, or undertaker's men. Dinner, a grand affair. Mounted Life Guards at the gates, and all manner of splendour. These entertainments very useful. They serve to soften the asperities, and to smooth feathers which are ruffled in debate, and put us all on good terms with each other for the next day's struggle."

He thus describes a tilt at the Congress between Cochery, a French delegate, and Gunther, a German delegate :

"Cochery smote his breast, he stretched out his hands, he shrugged his shoulders, he raised and lowered his voice, took up and threw down knives, pens, pencils in succession, and finally knocked poor old Gunther into a cocked-hat, or, at least, so flabbergasted the good German that, able and persistent as he is, he could only say a few words in reply.

"Gunther came to thank me for my complimentary allusion to him in my speech. I like him very much, and was glad to please him thus, though I had to fight and beat him."

The habit of early rising secured to him quiet times, alone with God, every morning before going out. Without that, the day, private and official, must go wrong. He was very fond of athletics, and an hour of lawn tennis before breakfast, winter and summer alike, fitted him for the mental wear and tear of the day. Even his seasons of recreation were turned to religious account. On a visit to Chillingham Castle the court-yard was turned into an impromptu church, where Sir Arthur gave a religious address of much power.

In 1885, as representative of Great Britain, he attended the universal Postal Congress at Lisbon. He arranged with his wife that they should read the same portions of Scripture every day.

He commends the courteousness of the Spanish and Portuguese people, and the air of dignity of even the beggars. "On entering a shop we take off our hats, and don't put them on again till the

shop-keeper says, 'Couvrez vous, monsieur?'"

There was no end of receptions, royal banquets, and the like, at which the King and Queen were very gracious. At a ten-course dinner, with five or six sorts of wine, Sir Arthur's drinking the toasts in "Adam's ale" attracted considerable attention. He found time for religious addresses at the Sailors' Reading-room and Presbyterian Church, where the Russian, Swedish, Indian, and American postal delegates were all present.

Vigorous exercise was a physical necessity. He used to get up at unearthly hours, and take long walks and climbs. He writes to his wife :

"Fortunately *nous Anglais* have an excellent and healthy resource in lawn tennis, and the grounds are capital. We excite immense interest as we pass through the streets in lawn tennis costume, with racquets and shoes in hand, and F— with a red Tam o'Shanter. I fully echo a sentiment of Kingsley's, 'I can't work hard when I don't play hard, and unless I get frantic exercise of body, my mind won't work.'"

He greatly enjoyed a visit to Granada and the Alhambra.

"The only sad thought, and it was a very sad one, was that the masses of people in the beautiful city beneath were lying, with but few exceptions, in darkness, bound hand and foot by Romish priestcraft. If the ruins of an earthly palace are so wonderfully entrancing, what will the first sight of the city be whose gates are pearl, whose streets are gold, and from which the inhabitants 'shall no more go out'?"

In 1887 he received the honour of Knight Commander of the Bath, and thus describes the investiture at Osborne :

"Special train to Portsmouth, with about forty-five G. and K. C. B.'s, steamer to take us over, and a lot of Queen's carriages at Osborne on landing. Guard of honour and band. Then assembled in ante-room, and the Queen came in at

three, the Prince of Wales bustling downstairs rather late. Two very pretty princesses of Hesse behind Her Majesty. Then we all advanced in turn, very solitary and stately, Garter escorting each on Her Majesty's left, and Spencer Ponsonby on her right; Garter carrying the baubles on cushion. Three bows in advancing, kneel, two touches with a sword, one on each shoulder, kiss hand, collar placed round neck by Her Majesty's hands, who then handed one the star, kiss hand again, rise, bow, retreat backwards, bowing. Her Majesty seemed greatly amused when any old admiral flopped down on both knees instead of one, forgot to kiss hand second time, backed out wrong way, or tumbled over his sword. Then we all decamped in our new glories, of which we speedily divested ourselves, and returned as we came. So that's all."

The same year he visited Canada and the United States on official business, addressing large audiences in Canada, at Chautauqua, and at Mr. Moody's Northfield School, besides holding religious services on shipboard.

Sir Arthur was no ascetic Christian. He was the life of a Christmas party. Games of hide-and-seek, etc., were never quite so good as when he could join, and sometimes "grave and reverend" evangelists, staying in the house, would take part too, refreshing body and spirit, while becoming boys again for the time. Conjuring, in which in early life he had obtained no inconsiderable skill, was often put in requisition at Christmas and other times for the benefit of the children—he disguising himself in attires brought from the Crimea or Constantinople. He was ever the cheeriest of the party—always up to some bit of fun. He was full of practical jokes as a boy—as, for instance, turning off the electric light and, with a hearty guffaw, letting his colleague grope after him in the dark, to dine at the Embassy at Vienna.

After a day's outing he would take a meeting in the barn in the evening, speak to the village folk

the words of life, and on Sunday afternoon in the wood on the hill, where many would assemble.

The following is a characteristic entry in his note-book :

"Three days of much enjoyment. Several hundreds of tracts distributed, and several interesting conversations with wayfarers. Hallelujah !"

He was very fond of boating, and describes with enthusiasm a yachting cruise around the coast of Scotland with Lord Lorne, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and other notables, and preached three times on two yachts on Sunday. He occupied the Queen's rooms at Belvoir Castle, and slept at Glamis, in the room in which King Malcolm died, but had no nocturnal experiences. His official position gave him the entree to the highest circles and functions. We note his presence at the Duke of York's wedding, at a garden party at Marlborough House, and at a private reception at St. James' Palace.

As the years passed by the pressure of official work increased. He writes : "Oh ! when will this pressure cease ? I seem almost bewildered with the drive—drive—drive of work of all kinds."

"Oh ! for the rest of lying
Forever at His feet !"

In 1890, a serious strike took place in the Parcel Post department. Sir Arthur, roused from his bed, promptly dismissed a hundred strikers, secured extra hands, and maintained without interruption the public service. His energy won the ill-will of some of the strikers, as the following entry indicates :

"Got an anonymous letter last week with death's head and cross-bones, telling me I was to die that Monday at six, by the knife. Was 'shadowed' to the station by some of our detectives. I have no doubt the Lord had some angels 'shadowing' me too, and was not far off

Himself. May have been a hoax. But I have had to dismiss so many, some poor man may have gone off his head."

As a stalwart Ulster man, he was strongly opposed to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme, and spoke and wrote vigorously against it.

His last official visit was to the Universal Postal Congress at Vienna in 1891, having as travelling companion the Duke of Edinburgh. He was appointed president of the Congress, and notes as a coincidence: "My chapter today, Dan. vi., is appropriate in this Babylon, and curiously so as president of an assembly of a hundred and twenty-one princes!"

He had a little plan of the seats made, with the names and country of the delegates, that he might identify them as they arose. He writes:

"We have many divisions, and fight like fun for a farthing! The questions of order are difficult, but I generally manage to carry the house with me. One great business is that of handshaking. It is done all round about four times a day in the Congress, and additionally if we meet one another in the street or at dinner, or elsewhere."

He thus describes a State dinner:

"We all assembled in full uniform, only with stars, ribbons, medals, then went to the great Ritter Saal, or Hall of Knights, where the banquet was spread, and where fifty gold and scarlet footmen, chasseurs, etc., stood ready to serve. As representative of Great Britain a place of special honour, the third from the Emperor, was allotted me. At six we took refuge in our pair-horse shay, and departed to private life once again, amid the admiring gaze of certain butcher-boys and washerwomen who appeared to have the entree to the palace on such occasions.

"Never did I see such a frivolous, pleasure-loving people. 'The lust of the eye' seems supreme. Paris is nothing to it. Dress, fashion, splendour, swagger, frivolity, reign supreme. It is appalling, and very saddening. But I do

believe I have not been sent here in vain."

He was distinguished in high society at Vienna, first, as the preaching English delegate; second, the delegate who did not go to the theatre; third, the delegate who had beaten the champion Viennese lawn tennis player. As usual he found opportunity for drawing-room service with the Baroness Langenau,* whose acquaintance he had made in London. He was able to speak for over half an hour in German, only once lacking a word. At a drawing-room meeting, attended by Grand Dukes and Ambassadors, he gave each a copy of his "Eternal Life," in either English, French, or German. But he found it not easy to pray in Hoch Deutsch.

He preached thirty times during his attendance at the Congress. He modestly says: "For such a duffer as I am, and so contrary to many of their ways, to have won their regard is a marvel. And I can only say that God has given

*The Baroness Langenau was the widow of the Austrian Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg. During her early life she had been devoted to a round of pleasure in two of the gayest capitals of Europe, Vienna and St. Petersburg. The death of her beloved husband made her life a blank and her heart an aching void. She devoted herself to good works.

Sir Arthur counselled the Baroness to cast in her religious lot with the German Wesleyan congregation of Vienna. The Wesleyan mission had suffered most annoying persecutions instituted by the ecclesiastics of the State Church. It would assuredly have been closed had not Baroness Langenau thrown open her own house for its service, and established on her own property a Sunday-school, an orphanage, a deaconess home, and other charities. Her wealth, her assured position, her powerful influence, secured for the Methodists in Vienna justice, by which they have been able to withstand the plottings and persecutions of the Church of Rome. At a Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary in London, a couple of years ago, the Baroness presented the Society with \$10,000, the proceeds of the sale of valuable jewels.

me favour in their sight. The seven weeks have been filled with mercies."

He greatly enjoyed an official excursion over the Semmering Railway through the magnificent scenery of Styria, especially a seventeen miles' walk through the mountains. On his journey homeward he visited the scenes of his youth at Proseken, on the Baltic, and stood under the tree where he "smoked his first cigar and was very sick."

On his sixtieth birthday he wrote: "In my 60th year! Hurrah! Another decade fulfilled. Will another be completed here? 'Lord, it belongs not to my care.' Fifty-nine years of unspeakable mercies and infinite grace. And 'more to follow,' even 'length of days forever and ever,' and 'pleasures for evermore.'"

In the dreary December weather of 1891 he writes:

"The leaf may fade and perish,
Not less the spring will come.
Like wind and rain of winter
Our earthly sighs and tears,
Till the golden summer dawneth
Of the endless year of years!"

The passing years brought no sense of sadness. He writes in 1892:

"Getting on for seventy now am I. Hurrah! Oh, that I may bring forth fruit in old age, that now when I am 'old and grey-headed, I may show forth His strength to this generation,' and thus, though at a great distance, tread in the steps of my loved and honoured old Marny."

Sir Arthur had a happy disposition which enabled him to rejoice in tribulation also. During a severe illness he writes: "There are no 'thorns,' not even a

crumpled rose-leaf." Recovering sufficiently for a trip to the Engadine, he describes himself in his hilarious way as "feeling scrumptious." He enjoyed intensely this last visit to his beloved Alps, and revelled like a boy in the mountain scenery. His failing health, however, demanded an immediate return to England. He was carried on a stretcher and literally "borne of four," except when reclining in the carriage or steamer.

In reply to his inquiry if there was any hope of his recovery, the doctor said, "No, there is not." In his next interview with his nurse, Sir Arthur says, "I have just had some pleasant news." He was permitted however, he believed in answer to prayer, to reach his beloved England, and at the hotel at Harwich, surrounded by all his family except his son in Canada, while his beloved wife repeated the words, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," he passed into the presence of Him, whom having not seen, he loved, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and very full of glory.

The expression of spontaneous grief at his funeral is explained by the words of one of the humble mourners, "It is because he cared for our souls." "There is a death," said one postmaster, "in every office in the kingdom today."

One of the most touching tributes to his memory was a voluntary contribution among the postal employees of over \$5,000, in shillings and pence, for the purchase and endowment of a lifeboat, and another endowment for hospital beds and cots.

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity;
These are its sign and note and character.

—*Browning.*

THE SLAVE AND HIS CHAMPIONS.

BY OSBORN R. LAMBLY, M.A., D.D.

The closing years of the century are being signalized, as were the opening ones, by a mighty conflict with a mighty and unscrupulous foe. To-day, for greed of gain, the agents and allies of the legalized liquor traffic are enslaving the bodies and souls of their fellowmen. A hundred years ago, actuated by the same purpose, there were not wanting men so devoid of all the nobler instincts of humanity as to engage in the traffic of buying and selling their brother-men. The liquor traffic will not yield a single inch of uncontested ground. But this ruthless robber of human hopes, homes and happiness, must and shall be vanquished. The African slave-trade was fortified by usage, power, and gain; but patience, perseverance, and prayer were the weapons by which mighty victories were obtained, and this "sum of all villainies" driven from the soil over which Albion's flag was unfurled.

To recount the virtues and valour of some of these heroic souls, through whose persistent efforts the foul blot of the toleration of slavery was effaced from England's fair name, is the purpose of this paper.

It is impossible to determine when human slavery was introduced. Certain it is that among the olden-time nations, the practice of holding property in their fellowmen largely obtained. But none of the horrors and cruelties attending the modern slave-trade were known or indulged in by those ancient peoples. The record of the wrongs and indignities perpetrated upon the dusky sons of Africa, forms a black page in the history of Christian England. Looking back upon those scenes witnessed

during the opening years of the century, we are at a loss to understand how such a foul system as that which trafficked in human flesh and blood, could ever have been adopted by any great portion of any civilized nation. Much less can we understand how it could be defended and maintained by the representatives of the people in the British House of Commons for over a score of years. All honour to the men who championed the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden slave, and after years of persistent and disheartening opposition, gained the inalienable blessings of liberty and freedom for all who dwell on British soil.

Foremost among the pioneers who endeavoured to abolish this nefarious traffic were the members of the Society of Friends. With generous heart and liberal hand they gave all possible help to those who were fighting the battles of the oppressed. The four great men who championed the cause of abolition, and who, by their indomitable energies, persistent efforts, and unshaken trust in God, have won the lasting gratitude of a race, and the unstinted praise of mankind, are Granville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson, William Wilberforce, and Sir T. F. Buxton.

The first named upon this illustrious honour-roll was the son of an Anglican clergyman, and the grandson of an Anglican bishop. When a lad of fourteen, he was taken from school and apprenticed to learn the linen-drafter's trade. At the age of twenty, he entered into the service of the Government. Seven years afterwards, we find the first mention of his work on behalf of the slaves. Refugees from slave plantations began to find

their way to the great English metropolis. Granville Sharp at once espoused their cause. When planters and owners endeavoured to carry these poor creatures back again into bondage, Sharp declared that British law and human rights were being outraged by these attempts. He took the matter into the courts, and after years of persistent effort, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the rights of his proteges were vindicated and maintained, both by English law and public sentiment.

As a result of Granville Sharp's achievements, many victims of the traffic sought an asylum in London. The number became so large that Mr. Sharp's resources were taxed beyond their utmost limit. At length their benefactor devised a scheme for their future and permanent support. This led to the founding of the free colony of Sierra Leone; and to this part of their native soil these poor people were transferred. Here, with such safeguards and fostering care as England has given, they and their posterity have enjoyed the blessings of civilization and religion for many years. Thus to this distinguished philanthropist belongs the honour of laying the foundations of freedom and Christianity in the African continent.

About the time of the founding of this distant colony, the forces at work for the abolition of slavery were greatly augmented by the accession of two men, whose names must ever be enshrined in the great heart of humanity. These were Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce. Clarkson, the son of a clergyman, was destined and educated for the Church. But he gave up all honours and dignities to which he might have attained in his father's profession, to champion the cause of the down-trodden slave. He was a man of ardent piety. His soul was filled with love for God and man. His

literary tastes and talents were of a high order, and he cheerfully devoted them to the enfranchisement of the African race.

Twenty years were spent in travelling throughout the British Isles, visiting all the seaport towns, again and again boarling slave-ships, gathering facts and figures from traders and merchants, furnishing evidence for Parliamentary committees, going throughout the country stirring up the people to petition the legislature to do away with the abominable and demoralizing traffic. Such were his life and achievements that he is recognized by the world to-day as one of the most heroic champions of Africa's enslaved millions; in whose interests he published over a score of books, kept up a continued correspondence with over four hundred people, and travelled over thirty-five thousand miles.

Wilberforce was a man of slender physical proportions, but splendid intellectual endowments. At the age of twenty he was elected to the British House of Commons, and for five successive terms he represented York, the largest county in England. Shortly after entering public life, he consecrated himself, first to the service of God, and then to the service of his fellowmen. Early in his Parliamentary career he allied himself with the champions of the slave. Henceforth, trusting in the power of the Almighty, his brilliant talents, his persuasive eloquence, his unflinching zeal, all were devoted to the cause of suffering humanity. Bill after bill was introduced by him into the Commons, for the limitation, regulation, and finally for the abolition of the slave-trade. But such were the power and persistence of the opposing forces with which he had to contend, that for twenty years every measure brought in by him for the curtailment and destruction of the accursed traffic suffered ignominious

defeat. A man with less force of conviction and less faith in God would have abandoned the unequal struggle. But Wilberforce girded himself afresh after every defeat, and with unflinching purpose, assailed this giant evil year after year, until final success rewarded his faithful toil.

On the 23rd of February, 1807, the debate on the bill for the abolition of slavery was commenced, and on the 23rd of the following month, the bill was finally passed, and two days afterwards received the royal assent. By this Act of Parliament the British slave-trade was forever outlawed. This glorious victory, in behalf of human freedom, cost Mr. Wilberforce over twenty years of unceasing effort, attended by defeat, ridicule, and persecution. His eloquent voice, his gifted pen, his splendid talents, his worldly substance, all he had was laid on the altar of service, in behalf of the down-trodden slave.*

Having secured the abolition of this vile traffic throughout the British dominions, Mr. Wilberforce now sought to persuade the people and governments of surrounding nations to follow England's worthy example. After twelve years of continued and exhaustive labours, victory once more crowned his earnest toil; and he had the joy of knowing that on no portion of European soil could any one traffic in the blood of his fellow-man. The slave-trade was now happily abolished. But the cruel institution still survived, and held within its iron grasp thousands of suffering victims. To break these chains and set these captives free, Wilberforce conse-

crated whatever of time and strength to him remained. But it soon became apparent that the thirty-six years of unceasing toil in behalf of the African slave had so exhausted his physical powers as to disqualify him for leadership in the final struggle for emancipation.

Providence, however, provided a fitting successor; and the mantle of the illustrious Wilberforce fell upon the none less distinguished T. F. Buxton. Early in his public life Mr. Buxton had espoused the cause of the slave, and now that the hero of many a hard-fought battle on the floor of the House of Commons, was enfeebled by age and sickness, the banner of human freedom was grasped by the hands of Buxton, and carried to final victory. The struggle, however, was long and severe. The forces arrayed against him were the planters in all the colonies abroad, and the majority of the House of Commons at home. For nine years the emancipation crusade was waged under the skilful leadership of Mr. Buxton. At length, by overwhelming evidences gathered from all the colonies where slavery existed, by successful appeals to the sympathies and good will of the English people, and by the most powerful and convincing arguments on the floor of the House of Commons, the cause of human freedom triumphed. On the 29th of July, 1833, Mr. Wilberforce, the slave's most ardent friend, passed to his eternal coronation. Nine days later, the bill for the emancipation of all colonial slaves passed the House, and shortly afterwards received the royal sanction. And on the first day of the following August (1834) the foul blot of slavery was effaced from British soil, and the great life-work of these champions of human freedom was crowned with success.

* Among the very last letters, written by John Wesley in age and feebleness extreme, was one to Wilberforce of sympathy and encouragement in his noble efforts for the abolition of "that sum of all villainies," the African slave trade.—Ed.

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Adam Curtright's Will," etc.

CHAP. XV.—Continued.

William Tucker's wife lay dying in the parlour. She was very weak now and sinking fast. Parson Thornleigh had called to pray with the dying woman, and to console her sorrowing husband. He had found her in a far more serious state than he had anticipated, and had seen fit to administer to her the last Sacrament. It was at this moment that Stephen Grainger entered, and at the sound of his angry voice, quickly followed by the loud knocking at the parlour door, the parson turned to William Tucker and pointed to the door.

The broken-hearted man rose softly from his chair and went on tiptoe out of the room. His face

was wet with tears, and as pale as death, but even the sad sight of him found no chord of sympathy in the agent's heart.

"When you're called, why don't you come?" he cried. "Didn't I shout loud enough, or do you want to keep me here all day?"

"You shouted brutally loud," replied Tucker, with sudden passion, "and if you would just walk out this very minute it'd please me better than anything."

"What!" gasped the agent, scarcely believing his ears.

"My wife is very ill, sir," said Tucker, his momentary passion dying out, and a fear chilling his heart that he may have spoken rudely to the agent, "and she can

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The writer of this story is a Methodist local preacher, and teacher in a Methodist school at Monmouthshire, Wales. His "Methodist Idylls," just completed in the *Methodist Times*, won him marked name and fame in Great Britain. The story of "Rhoda Roberts" gives a very vivid picture of Methodist mining life in the principality of Wales. Chapter I. describes an accident in a Welsh coal mine whereby George Ford, a reckless and somewhat sceptical miner, is seriously injured. The next chapter introduces Seth Roberts, a Methodist local preacher, and his lovely daughter Rhoda, the village school-mistress, with whom Dick Fowler, a young Methodist miner, is very much in love. He has a rival in Mr. Edward Trethyn, son and heir of the mine owner; but whose father, for mercenary reasons, wishes him to marry Miss Montgomery, daughter and heiress of his neighbour, Sir Charles Montgomery, of Bucklands Park. The Methodist miners asked the Squire to sell the site for their chapel, which he scornfully refuses. The sturdy colliers strongly resent this feudal tyranny. A strong deputation waits upon the Squire urging the sale under menace of a strike of the miners.

Stephen Grainger, the mine agent, the villain of the story, exasperates Squire

Trethyn both against the miners and against his son, who is endeavouring to act as peacemaker between them. The harsh replies of the Squire lead to a riot of the miners, in which the agent's house is burned, and Squire Trethyn is found mysteriously murdered. Grainger procures the arrest of Edward Trethyn, who had had high words with his father, and charges him with the murder.

In his exasperation at his son, Squire Trethyn had left his estate to his nephew, Arthur Trethyn, supposed to be in Australia, and Grainger, a stern, hard man, is put in full management of the estate and mines. Young Edward Trethyn foolishly escapes, by the aid of Rhoda, from prison, and takes refuge for the time in the house of Seth Roberts, Rhoda's father. Rhoda, who refused to marry the young heir while his father was living, now that he is impoverished and a fugitive under ban of the law, confesses her love. Edward has a secret interview with his mother, who is also convinced of his innocence. Meanwhile suspicion falls upon Stephen Grainger of the murder of the Squire, and Mr. Carlyle, a shrewd Scotland Yard detective, comes upon his track. Grainger grows to be more than ever stern and cruel. His oppression of the tenants and miners becomes almost unendurable.

At this point Chapter XV. of our story continues.

stand no noise. She is dying, sir, and a sudden fright might kill her. You wouldn't wish that, sir."

"You impudent rascal!" cried the agent, still regardless of the near presence of death in the next room. "Next, I suppose, you'll charge me with murdering her?"

"I didn't say or hint at anything of the kind, sir," replied William Tucker, "but I tell you the terrible truth."

Thunderstruck with amazement, the agent stood staring at the poor fellow in rage.

"Who are you talking to?" he almost shrieked. "I'll stand none of your impudence, I won't. We'll reckon this up another day. But now, look here, what have you been saying to the parson about me?"

"Nothing, sir."

"What!"

"Nothing whatever."

"You lie, you hound; you know you lie! You've been—"

"I spoke to Mr. Thornleigh about myself," quietly observed Tucker; "I told him that I had had no wages for three whole weeks, and I said that much in your presence also."

"You did?" sneered the agent.

"Yes."

"And what else did you tell him?"

"Nothing."

"Didn't you tell him that I was robbing you?"

"No."

"Didn't you say that I was starving you to death—that I was a cruel monster, and—?"

"No," replied Tucker angrily.

"You didn't?"

"No."

"What a pity! You didn't half libel me, then! Well, I'm going to give you another chance. P'raps you'll lie more strongly then. Listen. Not a single penny of your wages will you get until I think fit, and if you dare

insult me again in the public streets I'll smite you to the earth."

"No, you won't," said Tucker doggedly.

"Won't I? I'll dismiss you from the estate."

"That can be done at once, sir," replied Tucker; "I'll dismiss myself. You may take a week's notice. But, remember this, all Trethyn shall know the truth of it."

Livid with passion, the agent turned angrily upon him, but whether he was going to strike him or curse him must ever remain a mystery, for at that moment Parson Thornleigh came into the room and put a sudden end to the agent's intent.

"What is all this about?" asked Mr. Thornleigh.

For several moments no one answered. William Tucker was too agitated to reply, and Stephen Grainger too stupefied. Like a bravo with a poisoned dagger in his hand he had entered the gardener's home, that dagger his cruel tongue, and was caught in the very act of using it. And by Parson Thornleigh! By the very man in all the parish with whom he had laboured for esteem. It was a humiliating moment. He had not known that the rector was in the next room, or he would not have spoken so loudly or cruelly. What would the rector think of him? How completely he had betrayed himself. He had exposed his true nature, his utter wantonness, as William Tucker had put it, and now Mr. Thornleigh would know him for what he really was. The thought was bitterness and gall to Stephen Grainger.

"I ask," repeated Mr. Thornleigh, "what is the meaning of all this unseemly noise and commotion?"

Stephen Grainger evaded the question.

"I had not known you were here," he said.

"Mr. Grainger," said the rector, very quietly but impressively, "you know full well that there is a serious illness in this house, and that your unseemly, un-Christian behaviour may bring the end to this poor man's wife much sooner than it otherwise would come. Permit me to ask you to do your business quietly, or to retire."

There could be no mistaking either the rector's words or his mood, and Stephen Grainger ground his teeth in vexation. But he was not to be completely cowed by them.

"Your letter brought me here," he said.

"I am glad of it," answered the rector; "but really there's no need for all these angry words in paying Tucker his wages."

"I haven't paid him," said Stephen Grainger emphatically.

"But you're going to do it now?"

"Not a penny."

Mr. Thornleigh glanced at him in wonder. To his mind the wrong already done the poor struggling gardener was so palpably cruel that he could not conceive it being perpetuated.

"You may stare," impudently exclaimed the agent, "but I certainly mean what I say. I have reasons for acting as I am doing. This man has neglected his work. He is an idle, dissolute, good-for-nothing wretch, and neither you, Mr. Thornleigh, nor anyone else will cajole me into permitting such a thing to take place on the Trethyn estate. Besides, sir," went on the agent, waxing bolder, "what right have you to interfere? You just stick to your preaching and mind your own business entirely, and then things will go along without any bother."

All the time that the agent had been speaking William Tucker was crying out against his lies.

"Mr. Thornleigh," he cried,

"every word he is saying is untrue. I've not neglected my work. I've not—"

"Hush!" cautioned the rector, pointing towards the sick-room. "On no account can we permit her to be disturbed. You can go in to her, Tucker, and leave this matter with me for settlement."

Without the slightest remonstrance William Tucker obeyed the rector's behest. His wife was more to him than everything, and not even the cruel words of the agent could wholly divert his mind from her sad and pitiable condition.

"Now, Mr. Grainger," said the rector softly, when they were left alone, and the door was closed upon them, "let us come to an understanding."

"I've no wish to prolong this tomfoolery," said the agent curtly. "You've got nothing to do with me or my affairs. So there!"

"I am sorry," responded the rector, "that you are so very, very unreasonable. You have spoken cruelly and—and—yes, I must say it—untruthfully. No gentleman could have acted as you have done. I'm more than surprised—I'm perfectly amazed. Why, you seem to be living a double life. The part you've played here to-day is very much different from the commonly accepted opinion of you. How you could treat—"

"Have you finished," sneeringly queried Stephen Grainger.

"No, sir, I've not," sharply replied the rector; "not by any means finished. How you could treat any poor man as you've done I'm at a loss to know. And in regard to his rightful wages, his own hard-earned money, which you have buttoned up in your pocket, how dare you accuse him of telling me that you were robbing him?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say, sir. Was your passion so great that you forget

already your own dastardly words! If so, I've not forgotten them. I heard every cruel word you said, sir—"

"Have you now finished?" cynically inquired the agent, endeavouring to keep a cool temper, and now speaking quietly, but plainly raging within, a very storm of ill-temper and bad blood seething within his soul. "Because if you haven't I must leave you to harangue the walls. My time's too precious to waste in listening to your brainless chatter."

Parson Thornleigh was overwhelmed with astonishment. Never before had he thus been spoken to, though, indeed, never before had he so cuttingly addressed any man. For years and years he had gone on his own even way without once having had occasion to lose his temper, but the agent's conduct had been so flagrantly cruel and unjust that even the parson's temperament, calm and gentle as it usually was, could not submit to let it pass unnoticed.

"There is one thing I insist upon saying to you before you go," he said quietly, addressing the leering agent, whose hand was already on the door-latch.

"Insist?"

"Yes, sir, insist."

"You forget whom you are talking to," replied the agent. "I'm not used to being spoken to thus. No man says insist to me."

"Well, I say it," retorted the rector quickly, a shade of angry warmth in his tone. "I speak of the wages due to the poor man inside there."

Stephen Grainger laughed scornfully.

"It means either this," said the rector, dropping his voice to a whisper so that his words might only reach the agent's ears, "that you will pay this man his due before you leave this house, or I

will apply, on his behalf, to Sir Charles Montgomery for it."

The mention of the name of Sir Charles suddenly arrested the agent's feet, and changed his sneering countenance to one of palpable alarm. He had not anticipated such a move. He had thought to ride roughshod over the good-natured rector as he had done over the bleeding heart of William Tucker, but he was brought to a sudden stop. At all hazards he must keep the facts from the master of Bucklands Park, for even now that gentleman looked upon him with no particular favour, and, as it seemed to the agent, would only be too glad for any excuse to summarily dismiss him from his post.

"You forget," he said, addressing the rector in a much humbler tone, "that he has been negligent—"

"I won't listen to any excuse," replied the rector, quickly observing Stephen Grainger's changed mood. "This man's wages must be paid, else I carry out my threat. He has earned them, and he ought to have them. Besides, his present condition is so needy and distressing that it cannot brook delay."

"I will do it for your sake—" Stephen Grainger was beginning, when the rector interrupted him.

"Not for my sake," he said, "but because of the righteousness of the act."

"What I mean is," explained the agent, "I consent to do it simply because you ask it, not—"

"Then is this injustice to be repeated at some future time? Do you mean to tell me that you are only going to pay this poor man his wages when I request you and threaten you with informing Sir Charles Montgomery?"

Stephen Grainger was nonplussed. He was beaten at every

point. Never before had he met with such humiliation. His fear brought him to his knees. Sullenly, but without another word, he slowly counted out from his purse the thirty-six shillings due to Tucker, and pushed the coins over the table to the rector.

The rector moved towards the parlour door, and knocked lightly.

"Let Tucker himself receive them," he said; and as Tucker almost immediately appeared he turned towards him and said, "Your wages, Tucker. Mr. Grainger wishes to pay you."

Struck dumb with astonishment the poor man stared from one to the other as if he hardly knew what to do or say.

"Pick them up and put them in your pocket," urged the rector; and as the man eagerly did so, the rector went on: "And mind you, Tucker, you must not think that Mr. Grainger has accepted your week's notice to leave. Mr. Grainger does not wish it;" and then, as if to impress the agent's mind, he added, "nor would Sir Charles Montgomery permit it. Your services are too well appreciated to be lost to the Trethyn estate. You withdraw the notice, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then; there's an end of it. Now you can go back to your wife again. I will just drop in a moment before I go."

The next moment, however, there was a loud cry of anguish, and hastily opening the door to see the cause of it, the rector found the poor grief-stricken husband wringing his hands and lamenting bitterly.

"Oh, sir, she's gone!" he cried piteously, as the rector laid his hand gently upon his shoulder and whispered to him a few soothing words. "Gone—gone—gone while I was dallying with that fiend outside."

"Hush!" whispered the rector; "before what lies there," pointing to the pale corpse lying already rigid on the mean bed, "let all hard names and words be forgotten."

But William Tucker was in no mood for comfort. His loss was too fresh, and the circumstances attending it too fearful to contemplate calmly. His grief was too real and poignant.

"He's killed her! He's killed her!" he wailed aloud. "With his brutal conduct and coarse, ruffianly noise he's killed my poor, poor wife."

"What's that you say?" cried the agent, putting in his head at the door.

"Mr. Grainger," said the rector, turning towards him, "you'd better retire altogether. Your business is over now, and you are not wanted here."

"Does he charge me with accelerating his wife's death?" demanded the agent.

"He does, and there's truth in what he says," replied the rector; "but this strong feeling will wear off in time. You'd better go."

"Truth?" the agent was beginning, when the rector interrupted him.

"Go!" he said imperiously.

"If he charges me with—"

The straining-point was reached and passed in William Tucker's endurance. With a fierce exclamation he sprang towards the agent and hustled him out of the house. It was all the work of a moment, and Stephen Grainger, taken unawares, could not but be worsted in the affray. But at the street door he turned and faced his antagonist as if he meant mischief. It was the most fatal thing he could have done, for besides being worked up to the highest pitch of anger, and therefore dangerous, William Tucker was a physically powerful man, and the next mo-

ment after the agent showed fight he was lying stunned and bleeding on the ground from a terrible, murderous blow from the gardener's mighty fist.

Out rushed the rector to stay the fight and to assist the fallen man.

"Tucker!" he exclaimed, "this is terrible, terrible; a bad ending to a bad day."

"I'm sorry, sir," replied the gardener candidly, "very sorry indeed. But he drove me to it."

"He did," assented the rector, "and he'll never forgive you for it. But now show your forgiving spirit by assisting me to bring him round. A glass of water, quick!"

And William Tucker at once stirred himself with as much alacrity as he had a moment before displayed in working the present mischief.

CHAPTER XVI.

INVESTIGATIONS.

Going slowly, wearily, painfully homewards after his severe chastisement at the hands of the long-suffering, but at last too much ill-used, gardener, Mr. Stephen Grainger, land agent, and general manager of all the Trethyn estates, at the turning of a road which led right up to the Manor came suddenly upon Mr. Detective Carlyle. That gentleman, free now from all his camera impedimenta, was on his way to Seth Roberts' home to have a little private talk with the fireman and his accomplished daughter. The mist which had been hanging about the town since noon had now broken into a steady downpour of rain, and, with the gathering darkness, rendered everything gloomy and cheerless. But neither the gloom nor the darkness prevented the sharp eyes of the detective from at once recognizing the person of Trethyn's

agent in the slow-crawling figure before him.

"A wet night, Mr. Grainger," saluted the detective cheerily, his voice in strong contrast to the wretched weather.

Stephen Grainger stopped suddenly and faced the detective.

"Oh, you!" he exclaimed, recognizing him; "you quite startled me. I did not observe you coming along."

"Naturally," said the detective, "for we both came round opposite corners of the road. Though the night is dark enough to hide anything. But I at once knew you. The moment the outline of your figure loomed in view I knew you."

"Yes," said the agent, after a short pause, and disregarding the direct issue of the conversation, "it is a fearful night," and when he had said the words he paused again a moment as if to take breath, and as he did so held on to some railings of a house hard by.

"You're tired?" queried the detective. "Had a hard day?"

"I'm ill," replied the agent feebly.

"Ill! I'm sorry to hear that. Will you take my arm and allow me to escort you home?"

"Thank you," softly responded Stephen Grainger, "I shall be much obliged to you. I feel very weak indeed; but I shall be all right again when I've rested."

"Are you in pain?" asked Mr. Carlyle, as they went along slowly, arm-in-arm, together, pausing every few minutes for the agent to get breath.

"My head is wild—reeling," answered Stephen Grainger.

"Are you subject to these attacks?"

"What attacks?"

"Such as the one you've got now."

The detective's answer was re-

assuring to the conscience-stricken agent, who suspected that already the news of his humiliation had been noised abroad.

"I'm not attacked with any recurring malady," he said, "but I have been attacked—brutally attacked by a villain whom I doubt not would have murdered me outright had it not been for the rector's interference."

"You don't mean it!" cried the detective. "Who was the villain?"

"My assailant," said Stephen Grainger slowly, "was that very man who stopped us this morning as we came from the church."

"William Tucker?"

"Yes."

"Did he waylay you?"

"No. I had called upon him to pay his wages," went on the agent, regardless of the truth, "when he attacked me ferociously and threw me to the ground."

Mr. Detective Carlyle gallantly conducted the stricken agent home, at the door of his house pausing a moment or two to give him sundry pieces of advice in reference to his health and strength, then, bidding him good-night, quickly took his way to the fireman's cottage.

To the detective's disappointment Seth Roberts was not at home, nor was anyone else in the house to answer his importunate knocking. He then steered his steps towards the rectory.

This time he was not disappointed. Mr. Thornleigh was at home, and received him graciously.

"I've come, Mr. Thornleigh, to wish you good-bye," said the detective when they were at length closeted in the dining-room together. "I've had instructions to hasten back to London."

"Very sudden, isn't it?"

"Yes; I didn't know of it when I saw you this morning."

"When will you return? Are you intending to return, for, of

course, you've not nearly finished your view-taking?"

"I intend returning to Trethyn," replied Mr. Carlyle, "but when, I cannot say."

"Well, when you do return, we shall be glad to see you at the church again," said the rector. "You must let me know."

The conversation was continued about matters in general for a while, when the detective mentioned in a casual kind of way having assisted Stephen Grainger home.

"Assisted!" exclaimed Mr. Thornleigh in great surprise.

"Yes, he appeared very weak and ill."

"He certainly had a nasty fall," mused the rector, "but I didn't think it had so seriously affected him."

"He says William Tucker brutally attacked him?"

"Yes, it was Tucker, but Mr. Grainger richly merited it. He, however, made light of the fall, and when he came to himself went haughtily away, disdaining all assistance."

"You say he merited it?"

"He did indeed," said the rector warmly.

"From what he told me it appeared to be quite an unprovoked attack."

Mr. Thornleigh took a few rapid paces up and down the room, and then suddenly faced the detective.

"If that man managed to give you that impression," he said, with suppressed anger, "then he's capable of any wrong—" almost the same thing as the detective had remarked to Mr. Superintendent James a few hours before, and he now made a mental note of it.

"I say," continued the rector, "that Stephen Grainger thoroughly deserved all he got. It was he who was brutal, not William Tucker. I'm perfectly amazed that he got off so easily. Many

another man would have killed him on the spot."

"Which he says," remarked Mr. Carlyle, "that Tucker would have done only for your interference."

Mr. Thornleigh stood aghast.

"I didn't think it possible," he said, a few moments afterwards, "that any man could fabricate such lies."

Mr. Carlyle raised his brows in wonderment, but said nothing. He was anxious for the rector to proceed.

"William Tucker's wife lies dead—" he was beginning, when the announcement now effectually opened the detective's mouth.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean it, surely?"

"Yes, she's dead, poor thing! Starved to death, too, in my opinion. But let me tell it you from the beginning."

With subdued voice and much feeling the rector then related to the eagerly listening detective all that had happened at William Tucker's that day.

"The agent is a brute!" exclaimed the detective when the rector had finished.

"He's certainly hardly human," assented the rector; "but, Mr. —. Excuse me, but I've forgotten your name. And now I come to think of it, you didn't tell it me, did you?"

The detective was trapped. Hitherto he had managed to keep his name unknown.

"Didn't I tell you?" he queried, with feigned surprise. "My name is —."

A sudden but gentle knocking at the door.

"Come in!" cried the rector.

"If you please, sir," said a maid-servant, entering, and dropping a curtsey, "Thomas Price is at the door. He says he wants to see you particular, sir. His missus is taken awful bad."

"I'll come directly, Martha," re-

plied the rector. "Tell Thomas Price to wait a moment."

"And I will go, too," said Mr. Carlyle, much pleased with the chance of escaping awkward questioning. "I mustn't detain you."

"I was going to say," remarked the rector, "that if—nay, as sure as there is a merciful and just God above, Stephen Grainger will yet meet with his just deserts for his hard-heartedness and cruelty. Good-bye, good-bye, and success to you!"

Mr. Detective Carlyle, much relieved by the turn events had taken, once clear from the rectory, made his way with all possible speed towards William Tucker's house, intending first to have a little chat with the gardener, and afterwards to go back again to the fireman's cottage.

As he went along his mind was filled with what he had just heard from Mr. Thornleigh.

"A cruel man," he muttered to himself, "and one quite unfit for his position. Shouldn't be at all surprised to hear of him getting into still more hot water over this. When the facts become known—"

The detective stopped short, and stood to listen. Two men, just before him, were standing under a gas-lamp, hotly debating something or other.

"I tell you poor Mrs. Tucker was all right afore that Grainger entered the house. He killed her."

"It's a very serious charge to make, Rake Swinton," remarked the other,

"Look here," said Rake Swinton, addressing his companion; "if I had my way I'd be one of any two delegated to waylay him some dark night and give him a jolly good hiding."

The men moved away from the gas-lamp, and went slowly down a dark street, while Mr. Carlyle vigorously pursued his way.

In a few moments more he ar-

rived at the gardener's house. To Detective Carlyle's great surprise the windows were lit up with a bright light instead of being in darkness and gloom, as he had expected to find them. Several people were also inside, for, as the detective stood on the doorstep a moment or two to listen, he could hear voices talking within.

Very quietly he knocked for admittance, and very quietly the door was opened to his knock. Someone, evidently a young woman, put her head out to see who was there.

"I've called to see Mr. Tucker," said the detective.

"Will you please step inside?" asked the owner of the head in a very quiet tone.

Mr. Detective Carlyle stepped inside.

It had been all surprises for the detective that night, and another one awaited him here. The little kitchen was filled with people, and at that moment they were all kneeling on the bare floor, while one of their number—well known to the readers of this story as old Moses Watkins—was engaging in prayer. He was praying for the bereaved husband, praying earnestly that he might be strengthened to bear his sore trouble, and that he might have grace given to him to submit himself to the merciful dispensations of Providence.

After the prayer they rose to sing a hymn. This gave the detective an opportunity of observing who were present. To his satisfaction he espied present the very people he had been searching for—Seth Roberts and his gifted daughter, besides other people whose acquaintance Mr. Detective Carlyle was destined to make; amongst them Dick Fowler, George Ford, and Jehu Morris.

Seth was evidently the leader of the meeting, for he gave out the hymn they were about to sing. A very solemn hymn indeed, and

given out by the leader two lines at a time, so that all present might be able to join in the singing of it.

Dangers stand thick through all the
ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Depends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

Sung with much feeling, and set to a very solemn tune, the effect was truly impressive, and wrought the people into a profound state of subdued feeling. And despite himself Detective Carlyle was awed. And the words of the hymn were so appropriate. Almost every man amongst them was a miner, and therefore the words, "Dangers stand thick through all the ground," etc., were exceedingly applicable to the risks of their hazardous calling.

Once more they rose from their knees. For several moments a solemn silence prevailed, after which the fireman whispered to his daughter.

"Let us all stand," said the fireman. "Rhoda will sing, 'Shall we gather at the river.'"

In a voice sweet and clear, thrilling with love and heartfelt emotion, the schoolmistress commenced the hymn so well-known and so well-beloved throughout the Christian world. After each verse all present joined in the chorus, answering the sweet singer's question with the glad and triumphant refrain, "Yes, we will gather at the river;" and the last chorus was sung again and again by the whole of the company in a very delirium of rapturous feeling.

It was an affecting and overwhelming scene, and many were the wet, though joyous eyes. Even Mr. Detective Carlyle was visibly affected. Through a long professional career it had been his

lot to witness scores of striking scenes, some of them very affecting and touching in their character, too, but never had he witnessed one such as that.

All the solemnities of the service now being over, and while one and another were pressing into the little parlour to take a last look at the mortal remains of poor Mrs. Tucker, Seth Roberts advanced towards the detective, and warmly shook him by the hand.

"We're very glad to see you, sir," he said; "and when I say we, I mean all our people here."

"Ay, ay," responded several. "God bless him!"

"We're met on a very solemn occasion," said the fireman.

"Very," simply answered the detective.

"It'll come our turn one day," said Seth, "to be laid thus."

"Yes."

"What a mercy, sir," he said, "if when it does come we're prepared!"

Mr. Detective Carlyle, seeing William Tucker gazing at him, crossed the room to speak with him.

"I called, Mr. Tucker," he said, in a low voice, "to express my sympathy with you."

"You are very kind, sir," replied Tucker, his voice broken with sobs.

"I've been talking to Mr. Thornleigh," he said. "He has told me all about your sad loss, and the insults Mr. Stephen Grainger offered you."

William Tucker did not answer, but sat sobbing silently.

"How long have you worked for him?"

"Since he came to Trethyn."

"About three years?"

"Rather better than that, sir."

"You don't know where he came from?"

William Tucker looked up into the detective's face wonderingly.

"I'm anxious to know," explained the detective. "I've a reason for it."

"I don't rightly know, sir," replied the gardener. "I've heerd folks say that he came here from Lunnon way somewhere."

"Could you find out? That is, without letting anyone else know?"

William Tucker had risen, and was now facing the detective, who was talking in so low a tone that not a syllable could be heard by even the acutest ear in the room, other than the gardener's.

"If you could discover it," went on the detective, "it'd mean money to you. I'd pay you for the information."

"I will try, sir," answered the man, "but I don't know whether I can do it or not. Sometimes there's a young gen'lman comes down to see him—from Lunnon, too, I think it is. When he does come he's very affable-like with me, and allus comes to me for a flower for his coat. He might tell me something."

"But on no account must you let him see that you ask because you're anxious to know," said the detective; "you must just mention it indirectly, you know. D'you know what I mean? This way—"

"I understand's exactly what you wants. Trust me, sir. But may I ask why you want to know?"

"Yes, but not now. I will tell you some day again. You'll be very careful about it. By-the-bye," he said, as if he had almost forgotten it, though, in truth, it was one of the chief reasons for his visit, "has Mr. Grainger ever kept you waiting over the time for your wages before?"

"Latterly, sir," replied the gardener. "During the past month or two it has always been a week or two weeks after the time afore I got it."

"Is it similar with the other men on the estate?"

"I can't answer for more'n three or four," said Tucker, "but I knows it is just the same along with them."

Further conversation was cut short by a movement on the part of those in the room to depart. But Mr. Carlyle had learned all that he wished to know, and as he was anxious to ask Seth Roberts and his daughter a few questions, he bade William Tucker good-night, and was soon walking leisurely along the road with a group of the people from the prayer-meeting.

"It is clearer now," remarked Mr. Carlyle, glancing at the sky. "I think the rain is finished."

"For the present," replied old Moses Watkins; "but the wind is in the wrong quarter for dry weather."

They came to a turning of the road, and Seth and Rhoda going alone together towards their home. Mr. Detective Carlyle joined them, and talked with them as they went along, for some little time, about matters in general.

"Mr. Roberts," he said, "do you know where Edward Trethyn is hiding?"

"No, sir; I do not know."

"You don't?"

"I haven't the smallest conception."

Mr. Detective Carlyle was nonplussed. He could have staked his professional reputation upon the suspicion which he had formed of Seth's knowledge of Edward Trethyn's whereabouts. He felt convinced that Seth was honest and true. But another thought occurred to him.

"Perhaps Miss Roberts knows?" he queried.

"No," she replied; "I'm totally ignorant of it."

"Why do you ask us this question?" asked Rhoda presently.

Instantly Mr. Carlyle was roused

from his reverie, and all alert again.

"Because," he frankly explained, "I was told that you, Miss Roberts, knew more of Edward Trethyn's doings than any other person in the parish."

Rhoda's heart throbbed terribly at the words. But she endeavoured to be brave.

"You were told that?"

"Yes; by Mr. Stephen Granger," said the detective.

"You have some strong interest in knowing?" asked Rhoda.

"Yes," replied Mr. Carlyle, "a very strong interest, and I just thought I'd ask you outright; relying upon your candour to answer me honestly."

"What is your interest in Edward Trethyn?" asked Rhoda.

Mr. Detective Carlyle evaded the question, and said something about the shame of the young man being blamed for that which he did not do.

"Do you, then, think him innocent?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "as far as I can judge. Of course I was not here when the case was tried.

"Mr. —," Rhoda was beginning, but paused for him to supply the name, and when he hesitated she pointedly inquired it: "Mr. —. What is your name, sir?"

"My name is Carlyle," he said.

"Well, Mr. Carlyle," went on Rhoda, in nowise affected by the mention of the name, "we are Mr. Edward Trethyn's friends, and if we knew where he was, which, however, we do not, we would not tell you lest harm might befall him. We not only believe him innocent, but know it, and would do anything to shield him."

So onwards to the station, to the train, and to London had Mr. Detective Carlyle to go without having made any substantial progress in his researches.

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

"For hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow his steps."

CHAPTER I.

It was Friday morning, and the Rev. Henry Maxwell was trying to finish his Sunday morning sermon. He had been interrupted several times and was growing nervous as the morning wore away and the sermon grew very slowly toward a satisfactory finish.

"Mary," he called to his wife, as he went upstairs after the last interruption, "if any one comes after this, I wish you would say that I am very busy and cannot come down unless it is something very important."

"Yes, Henry. But I am going over to visit the Kindergarten and you will have the house all to yourself."

The minister went up into his study and shut the door. In a few minutes he heard his wife go out.

He settled himself at his desk with a sigh of relief and began to write. His text was from 1 Peter ii. 21.

"For hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow his steps."

Presently the bell rang sharply. Henry Maxwell sat at his desk and frowned a little. He made no movement to answer the bell. Very soon it rang again. Then he rose and walked over to one of his windows which commanded a view of the front door.

A man was standing on the steps. He was a young man very shabbily dressed.

"Looks like a tramp," said the

minister. "I suppose I'll have to go down, and—"

He did not finish the sentence, but he went downstairs and opened the front door.

There was a moment's pause as the two men stood facing each other; then the shabby-looking young man said,

"I'm out of a job, sir, and thought maybe you might put me in the way of getting something."

"I don't know of anything. Jobs are scarce," replied the minister, beginning to shut the door slowly.

"I didn't know but you might perhaps be able to give me a line to the city railway or superintendent of the shops or something," continued the young man, shifting his faded hat from one hand to the other nervously.

"It would be of no use. You will have to excuse me. I am very busy this morning. I hope you will find something. Sorry I can't give you something to do here. But I keep only a horse and a cow and do the work myself."

The Rev. Henry Maxwell closed the door and heard the man walk down the steps. As he went up into his study he saw from his hall window that the man was going slowly down the street, still holding his hat between his hands. There was something in the figure so dejected, homeless and forsaken, that the minister hesitated a moment as he stood looking at it. Then he turned to his desk, and with a sigh began the writing where he had left off.

He had no more interruptions

and when his wife came in two hours later, the sermon was finished, the loose leaves gathered up and neatly tied together and laid on his Bible, all ready for the Sunday morning service.

"A queer thing happened at the Kindergarten this morning, Henry," said his wife while they were eating dinner. "You know I went over with Mrs. Brown to visit the school, and just after the games, while the children were at the tables, the door opened and a young man came in, holding a dirty hat in both hands. He sat down near the door and never said a word. Only looked at the children. He was evidently a tramp, and Miss Wren and her assistant, Miss Kyle, were a little frightened at first, but he sat there very quietly and after a few minutes he went out."

"Perhaps he was tired and wanted to rest somewhere. The same man called here, I think. Did you say he looked like a tramp?"

"Yes, very dusty, shabby and generally tramp-like. Not more than thirty or thirty-three years old, I should think."

"The same man," said Rev. Henry Maxwell thoughtfully.

"Did you finish your sermon, Henry?" his wife asked after a pause.

"Yes, all done. It has been a busy week with me. The two sermons cost me a good deal of labour."

"They will be appreciated by a large audience to-morrow, I hope," replied his wife smiling. "I hope it won't rain. We have had so many rainy days lately."

But Sunday morning dawned on the town of Raymond one of those perfect days that sometimes come after long periods of wind and rain and mud. When the service opened at eleven o'clock, the large building was filled with an audi-

ence of the best-dressed, most comfortable looking people in Raymond.

The First Church of Raymond believed in having the best music that money could buy and its quartette choir this morning was a great source of pleasure to the congregation. The anthem was inspiring. All the music was in keeping with the subject of the sermon. And the anthem was an elaborate adaptation to the most modern music, of the hymn.

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee."

Just before the sermon the soprano sang a solo, the well-known hymn,

"Where He leads me I will follow,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way."

Rachel Winslow looked very beautiful that morning as she stood up behind the screen of carved oak which was significantly marked with the emblems of the cross and the crown. Her voice was even more beautiful than her face, and that meant a great deal. There was a general rustle of expectation over the audience as she rose. Henry Maxwell settled himself contentedly behind the pulpit. Rachel Winslow's singing always helped him. He generally arranged for a song before the sermon. It made possible a certain inspiration of feeling that he knew made his delivery more impressive.

No one had ever accused Henry Maxwell of being a dull preacher. On the contrary he had often been charged with being sensational. Not in what he said so much as in his way of saying it. But the First Church people liked that. It gave their preacher and their parish a pleasant distinction that was agreeable.

It was also true that the pastor of the First Church loved to preach. The church was the first

in the city. It had the best choir. It had a membership composed of the leading people, representatives of the wealth, society, and intelligence of Raymond.

The sermon was interesting. It was full of striking sentences. They would have commanded attention printed. Spoken with the passion of a dramatic utterance that had the good taste never to offend with a suspicion of ranting or declamation, they were very effective. If the Rev. Henry Maxwell that morning felt satisfied with the conditions of his pastorate, the parish of First Church also had a similar feeling as it congratulated itself on the presence in the pulpit of this scholarly, refined, somewhat striking face and figure, preaching with such animation and freedom from all vulgar, noisy, or disagreeable mannerism.

Suddenly, in the midst of this perfect accord and concord between preacher and audience, there came a very remarkable interruption. It would be difficult to indicate the extent of the shock this interruption measured. It was so unexpected, so entirely contrary to any thought of any person present that it offered no room for argument, or, for the time being, of resistance.

The sermon had come to a close. The Rev. Henry Maxwell had turned the half of the big Bible over upon his manuscript and was about to sit down, as the quartette prepared to rise and sing the closing selection,

“All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All my being's ransomed powers,”

when the entire congregation was startled by the sound of a man's voice. It came from the rear of the church, from one of the seats under the gallery. The next moment the figure of a man came out of the shadow there and walked down the middle aisle.

Before the startled congregation realized what was being done, the man had reached the open space in front of the pulpit and had turned about, facing the people.

“I've been wondering since I came in here—” they were the words he used under the gallery, and he repeated them, “if it would be just the thing to say a word at the close of this service. I'm not drunk and I'm not crazy, and I'm perfectly harmless; but if I die, as there is every likelihood I shall in a few days, I want the satisfaction of thinking that I said my say in a place like this, before just this sort of a crowd.”

Henry Maxwell had not taken his seat, and he now remained standing, leaning on his pulpit, looking down at the stranger. It was the man who had come to his house Friday morning, the same dusty, worn, shabby-looking young man. He held his faded hat in his two hands. It seemed to be a favourite gesture. He had not been shaved and his hair was rough and tangled. It was doubtful if any one like this had ever confronted the First Church within the sanctuary. It was tolerably familiar with this sort of humanity out on the street, around the railroad shops, wandering up and down the avenue, but it had never dreamed of such an incident as this so near.

There was nothing offensive in the man's manner or tone. He was not excited and he spoke in a low but distinct voice. Henry Maxwell was conscious, even as he stood there smitten into dumb astonishment at the event, that somehow the man's action reminded him of a person he had once seen walking and talking in his sleep.

No one in the church made any motion to stop the stranger or in any way interrupt him. Perhaps the first shock of his sudden ap-

pearance deepened into genuine perplexity concerning what was best to do. However that may be, he went on as if he had no thought of interruption and no thought of the unusual element he had introduced into the decorum of the First Church service. And all the while he was speaking, Henry Maxwell leaned over the pulpit, his face growing more white and sad every moment. But he made no movement to stop him and the people sat smitten into breathless silence. One other face, that of Rachel Winslow, from the choir seats, stared white and intent down at the shabby figure with the faded hat. Her face was striking at any time. Under the pressure of the present unheard-of incident, it was as personally distinct as if it had been framed in fire.

"I'm not an ordinary tramp, though I don't know of any teaching of Jesus that makes one kind of a tramp less worth saving than another. Do you?" He put the question as naturally as if the whole congregation had been a small Bible-class. He paused just a moment and coughed painfully. Then he went on.

"I lost my job ten months ago. I never learned but the one trade and that's all I can do. I've tramped all over the country trying to find something. There are a good many others like me. I'm not complaining, am I? Just stating facts. But I was wondering, as I sat there under the gallery, if what you call following Jesus is the same thing as what he taught. What did he mean when he said, 'Follow me'? The minister said," here the man turned about and looked up at the pulpit, "that it was necessary for the disciple of Jesus to follow his steps, and he said the steps were, obedience, faith, love, and imitation. But I did not hear him tell just what he

meant that to mean, especially the last step. What do Christians mean by following the steps of Jesus? I've tramped through this city for three days trying to find a job, and in all that time I've not had a word of sympathy or comfort except from your minister here, who said he was sorry for me and hoped I would find a job somewhere.

"I suppose it is because you get so imposed on by the professional tramp that you have lost your interest in the other sort. I'm not blaming anybody, am I? Just stating facts. Of course I understand you can't all go out of your way to hunt up jobs for people like me. I'm not asking you to, but what I feel puzzled about is, what is meant by following Jesus? Do you mean that you are suffering and denying yourselves and trying to save lost suffering humanity just as I understand Jesus did? What do you mean by it? I see the ragged edge of things a good deal. I understand there are more than five hundred men in this city in my case. Most of them have families. My wife died four months ago. I'm glad she is out of trouble. My little girl is staying with a printer's family until I find a job.

"Somehow I get puzzled when I see so many Christians living in luxury and singing, 'Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee, and remember how my wife died in a tenement in New York city, gasping for air and asking God to take the little girl too. Of course I don't expect you people can prevent everyone from dying of starvation, lack of proper nourishment and tenement air, but what does following Jesus mean? I understand that Christian people own a good many of the tenements. A member of a church was the owner of the one where my wife died, and I have wondered if following Jesus all the way was

true in his case. I heard some people singing at a church prayer-meeting the other night,

“All for Jesus, all for Jesus;
All my being's ransomed powers;
All my thoughts and all my doings,
All my days and all my hours;”

and I kept wondering as I sat on the steps outside just what they meant by it. It seems to me there's an awful lot of trouble in the world that somehow wouldn't exist if all the people who sing such songs went and lived them out. I suppose I don't understand. But what would Jesus do? Is that what you mean by following His steps?”

The man gave a queer lurch over in the direction of the communion table and laid one grimy hand on it. His hat fell upon the carpet at his feet. A stir went through the congregation. Dr. West half rose from his feet, but as yet the silence was unbroken by any voice or movement worth mentioning in the audience. The man passed his other hand across his eyes, and then, without any warning, fell heavily forward on his face, full length, up the aisle.

Henry Maxwell spoke, “We will consider the service dismissed.” He was down the pulpit stairs and kneeling by the prostrate form before any one else. The audience instantly rose and the aisle was crowded. Dr. West pronounced the man alive. He had fainted away. “Some heart trouble,” the doctor also muttered as he helped carry him into the pastor's study.

Henry Maxwell and a group of his church members remained some time in the study. The man lay on the couch there and breathed heavily. When the question of what to do with him came up, the minister insisted upon taking him to his house. He lived near by and had an extra room.

Rachel Winslow said, “Mother has no company at present. I am sure we would be glad to give him a place with us.” She looked strangely agitated. No one noticed it particularly. They were all excited over the strange event, the strangest that First Church people could remember. But the minister insisted on taking charge of the man, and when a carriage came the unconscious but living form was carried to his house and with the entrance of that humanity into the minister's spare room a new chapter in Henry Maxwell's life began, and yet no one, himself least of all, dreamed of the remarkable change it was destined to make in all his after definition of Christian discipleship.

The event created a great sensation in the First Church parish. People talked of nothing else for a week. It was the general impression that the man had wandered into the church in a condition of mental disturbance caused by his troubles, and that all the time he was talking he was in a strange delirium of fever and really ignorant of his surroundings. That was the most charitable construction to put upon his action; it was the general agreement also that there was a singular absence of anything bitter or complaining in what the man had said. He had throughout spoken in a mild, apologetic tone, almost as if he were one of the congregation seeking for light on a very difficult subject.

The third day after his removal to the minister's house there was a marked change in his condition. The doctor spoke of it and offered no hope. Saturday morning he still lingered, although he had rapidly failed as the week drew near to its close. Sunday morning, just before the clock struck one, he rallied and asked if his child had come. The minister had

sent for her at once as soon as he had been able to secure her address from some letters found in the man's pocket. He had been conscious and able to talk coherently only a few moments since his attack. "The child is coming. She will be here," Henry Maxwell said as he sat there, his face showing marks of the strain of the week's vigil. For he had insisted on sitting up nearly every night.

"I shall never see her in this world," the man whispered. Then he uttered with great difficulty the words, "You have been good to me. Somehow I feel as if it was what Jesus would do." After a few moments he turned his head slightly, and before Henry Maxwell could realize the fact, the doctor said, "He is gone."

The Sunday morning that dawned on the city of Raymond was exactly like the Sunday of the week before. Henry Maxwell entered his pulpit to face one of the largest congregations that had ever crowded First Church. He was haggard and looked as if he had just risen from a long illness. His wife was at home with the little girl who had come on the morning train an hour after her father died. He lay in that spare room, his troubles over, and Henry Maxwell could see the face as he opened the Bible and arranged his different notices on the side of the desk as he had been in the habit of doing for ten years.

The service that morning contained a new element. No one could remember when the minister had preached in the morning without notes. As a matter of fact he had done so occasionally when he first entered the ministry, but for a long time he had carefully written out every word of his morning sermon, and nearly always his evening discourse as well. It cannot be said that his sermon this morning was very striking or impres-

sive. He talked with considerable hesitation. It was evident that some great idea struggled in his thought for utterance but it was not expressed in the theme he had chosen for his preaching. It was near the close of his sermon that he began to gather a certain strength that had been painfully lacking at the beginning. He closed the Bible and stepping out at the side of the desk, he faced his people, and began to talk to them about the remarkable scene of the week before.

"Our brother," somehow the words sounded a little strange coming from Henry Maxwell's lips, "passed away this morning. I have not yet had time to learn all his history. He had one sister living in Chicago. I have written her and have not yet received an answer. His little girl is with us and will remain for the time."

He paused and looked over the house. He thought he had never seen so many earnest faces during the entire pastorate. He was not able yet to tell his people his experiences, the crisis through which he was even now moving. But something of his feeling passed from him to them, and it did not seem to him that he was acting under a careless impulse at all to go on and break to them, this morning, something of the message he bore in his heart. So he went on.

"The appearance and words of this stranger in the church last Sunday made a very powerful impression on me. I am not able to conceal from you or myself the fact that what he said, followed as it has been by his death in my house, has compelled me to ask as I never asked before, 'What does following Jesus mean?' I am not in a position yet to utter any condemnation of this people, or to a certain extent, of myself, either in our Christlike relations to this man

or the number he represents in the world. But all that does not prevent me from feeling that much that the man said was so vitally true that we must face it in an attempt to answer it or else stand condemned as Christian disciples. I do not know that any time is more appropriate than the present for me to propose a plan or a purpose which has been forming in my mind as a satisfactory reply to much that was said here last Sunday."

Again Henry Maxwell paused and looked into the faces of his people. There were some strong, earnest men and women in the First Church. The minister could see Edward Norman, editor of the *Raymond Daily News*. He had been a member of First Church for ten years. No man was more honoured in the community. There was Alexander Powers, superintendent of the railroad shops. There was Donald Marsh, President of Lincoln College, situated in the suburbs of Raymond. There was Milton Wright, one of the great merchants of Raymond, having in his employ at least one hundred men in various shops. There was Dr. West who, although still comparatively young, was quoted as authority in special surgical cases. There was young Jasper Chase, the author, who had written one successful book and was said to be at work on another. There was Miss Virginia Page, the heiress, who, through the recent death of her father, had inherited a million at least, and was gifted with unusual attractions of person and intellect. And not least of all, Rachel Winslow, from her seat in the choir, glowed with her peculiar beauty of light this morning because she was so intensely interested in the whole scene.

"What I am going to propose now is something which ought not to appear unusual or at all impos-

sible of execution. Yet I am aware that it will be so regarded by a large number, perhaps, of the members of this church. But in order that we may have a thorough understanding of what we are considering, I will put my proposition very plainly, perhaps bluntly. I want volunteers from the First Church who will pledge themselves earnestly and honestly for an entire year not to do anything without first asking the question, 'What would Jesus do?' And after asking that question, each one will follow Jesus as exactly as he knows how, no matter what the results may be. I will, of course, include myself in this company of volunteers, and shall take for granted that my church here will not be surprised at my future conduct as based upon this standard of action, and will not oppose whatever is done if they think Christ would do it. Have I made my meaning clear? At the close of the service here I want all those members of the church who are willing to join such a company to remain, and we will talk over the details of the plan. Our motto will be, 'What would Jesus do?' Our aim will be to act just as He would if He were in our places, regardless of immediate results. In other words, we propose to follow Jesus' steps as closely and as literally as we believe He taught His disciples to do. And those who volunteer to do this will pledge themselves for an entire year, beginning with to-day, so to act."

Henry Maxwell paused again and looked over his church. It is not easy to describe the sensation that such a simple proposition apparently made. Men glanced at one another in astonishment. It was not like Henry Maxwell to define Christian discipleship in this way. There was evident confusion of thought over his proposi-

tion. It was understood well enough, but there was apparently a great difference of opinion as to the application of Jesus' teaching and example.

Henry Maxwell calmly closed the service with a brief prayer. The organist began his postlude immediately after the benediction and the people began to go out. There was a great deal of conversation. Animated groups stood all over the church discussing the minister's proposition. It was evidently provoking great discussion. After several minutes Henry Maxwell asked all who expected to remain, to pass into the lecture-room on the side. He himself was detained at the front of the church talking with several persons there, and when he finally turned around, the church was empty. He walked over to the lecture-room entrance and went in. He was almost startled to see the people who were there. He had not made up his mind about any of his members, but he had hardly expected that so many were ready to enter into such a literal testing of their discipleship as now awaited them. There were perhaps fifty members present. Among them were Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page, Mr. Norman, President Marsh, Alexander Powers, the Railroad Superintendent, Milton Wright, Dr. West, and Jasper Chase.

The pastor closed the door of the lecture-room and stood before the little group. His face was pale and his lips trembled with emotion. It was to him a genuine crisis in his own life and that of his parish. No man can tell until he is moved by the Divine Spirit what he may do, or how he may change the current of a lifetime of fixed habits of thought and speech and action.

It seemed to Henry Maxwell that the most fitting word to be spoken first was that of prayer.

He asked them all to pray with him. And almost with the first syllable he uttered there was a distinct presence of the Spirit felt by them all. As the prayer went on, this presence grew in power. They all felt it. The room was filled with it as plainly as if it had been visible. When the prayer closed there was a silence that lasted several moments. All the heads were bowed. Henry Maxwell's face was wet with tears. If an audible voice from heaven had sanctioned their pledge to follow the Master's steps, not one person present could have felt more certain of the Divine blessing. And so the most serious movement ever started in the First Church of Raymond was begun.

"We all understand," said Henry Maxwell, speaking very quietly, "what we have undertaken to do. We pledge ourselves to do everything in our daily lives after asking the question, 'What would Jesus do?' regardless of what may be the result to us. Some time I shall be able to tell you what a marvellous change has come over my life within a week's time. I cannot now. But the experience I have been through since last Sunday has left me so dissatisfied with my previous definition of discipleship that I have been compelled to take this action. I did not dare begin it alone. I know that I am being held by the hand of divine love in all this. The same divine impulse must have led you also. Do we understand fully what we have undertaken?"

"I want to ask a question," said Rachel Winslow.

Every one turned towards her. Her face glowed with a beauty that no loveliness could ever create.

"I am a little in doubt as to the source of our knowledge concerning what Jesus would do. Who is to decide for me just what He would do in my case? It is a

different age. There are many perplexing questions in our civilization that are not mentioned in the teaching of Jesus. How am I going to tell what He would do?"

"There is no way that I know of," replied Mr. Maxwell, "except as we study Jesus through the medium of the Holy Spirit. You remember what Christ said speaking to His disciples about the Holy Spirit:

"Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth is come, He shall guide you into all the truth; for He shall not speak from Himself; but what things soever He shall hear, these shall He speak; and He shall declare unto you the things that are to come. He shall glorify me; for he shall take of mine and shall declare it unto you. All things whatsoever the Father hath are mine; therefore said I that He taketh of mine and shall declare it unto you."

"There is no other test that I know of. We shall all have to decide what Jesus would do after going to that source of knowledge."

"What if others say of us when we do certain things, that Jesus would not do so?" asked the superintendent of railroads.

"We cannot prevent that. But we must be absolutely honest with ourselves. The standard of Christian action cannot vary in most of our acts."

"And yet what one church member thinks Jesus would do, another refuses to accept as his possible course of action. What is to render our conduct uniformly Christ-like? Will it be possible to reach the same conclusions always in our cases?" asked President Marsh.

Henry Maxwell was silent some time. Then he answered:

"No. I don't know that we can expect that. But when it comes to a genuine, honest, en-

lightened following of Jesus' steps, I cannot believe there will be any confusion either in our own minds or in the judgment of others. We must be free from fanaticism on one hand and too much caution on the other. If Jesus' example is the example for the world, it certainly must be feasible to follow it. But we need to remember this great fact. After we have asked the Spirit to tell us what Jesus would do and have received an answer to it, we are to act regardless of the results to ourselves. Is that understood?"

All the faces in the room were raised toward the minister in solemn assent. There was no misunderstanding the proposition. Henry Maxwell's face quivered again as he noted the President of the Endeavour Society, with several members, seated back of the older men and women.

They remained a little longer talking over details and asking questions, and agreed to report to one another every week at a regular meeting the result of their experiences in following Jesus in this way. Henry Maxwell prayed again. And again, as before, the Spirit made Himself manifest. Every head remained bowed a long time. They went away finally in silence. There was a feeling that prevented speech. Henry Maxwell shook hands with them all as they went out. Then he went to his own study-room back of the pulpit and kneeled down. He remained there alone nearly half an hour. When he went home, he went into the room where the dead body lay. As he looked at the face, he cried in his heart again for strength and wisdom. But not even yet did he realize that a movement had been begun which would lead to the most remarkable series of events that the city of Raymond had ever known.

THE SUPERANNUATED MINISTERS' FUND.

BY W. J. ROBERTSON, M.A.

The editorial note in the September number of the *METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW* regarding our superannuates calls for a few remarks.

No one familiar with the salaries paid the great majority of our ministers, in the present as well as in the past, should fail to recognize the justice of the claim of most of our superannuates to an adequate support in their old age. It is, however, unfortunately true that there are yet many among our people who resent the superannuation tax as an imposition, and who for one reason or another find an excuse for refusing to pay any portion of it. This is an exceedingly common occurrence in many of our congregations, in spite of the fact that the ministers are now bearing twice the burden they did three years ago. Perhaps as time passes a more liberal conception of what is due to our pastors may prevail, and not only will the Superannuation Fund be better sustained but more adequate salaries paid.

So much for the layman's failure to discharge his duty. But there is another side to the shield. The cry that now goes up about superannuates not receiving their full allowance, is undoubtedly one worthy of all serious consideration. It is a hardship to a great many to have ten per cent. taken off their superannuation grant, and the cause of this deduction should not be forgotten for a moment. The laity of our Church are certainly not responsible for this hardship; the evil lies at the doors of our Annual Conferences. It should never be forgotten that the income of the Superannuation Fund is practically a fixed and uncontrollable amount. On the other hand the claims on the fund are limited only by the self-control and prudence of the clerical element in our Annual Conferences. Given a limited supply and an unlimited demand, it is easy to see what must follow, if good judgment is not exercised in placing claimants on the fund.

It may be said that the new claimants on the fund—and a very liberal allotment there has been recently—have been placed there only after careful consideration on the part of the members in our Annual Conferences. Permit me to question the entire accuracy of this

assertion. While I am prepared to admit that many of them have every right to this honourable retirement, it is quite obvious that some have been put on the fund for insufficient reasons, if not in a very few cases for reasons worse than insufficient.

The moral effect of placing upon the fund men who should be in the active work is an important factor in creating distrust and in checking liberality. Other evil consequences are found in forcing out of the active ministry men who would prefer to remain in it, and in lowering the annual grants of those who have every right to their full allowance. The remedy for this condition of things, as already indicated, lies with our ministerial brethren of the Annual Conferences. If greater prudence and self-control is not exercised in the future some means will have to be found by which to keep the number of claimants on the fund down to a normal number.

It may be said that another solution is available—and that is an increase in the income sufficient to meet all claims. But it is evident that as long as the Conferences are left without check in their power to superannuate men, so long will the demands on the fund tend to exceed the revenue. Aside from this, it is well to bear in mind that an increase in the assessment of the churches would be resisted with a unanimity truly surprising to those who make such a suggestion. Now that the rate of assessment has been lowered, it is a moral impossibility to raise it again.

St. Catharines, Ont.

In the above communication Mr. Robertson has touched a vital spot in our superannuation system. The very success of Methodist Union in Canada in so economizing labour by the consolidating of circuits, made it impossible to give suitable stations to a number of ministers of the various uniting bodies. To relieve this embarrassment some of these, who but for this congestion of the ranks would have continued longer in the active work, were placed upon the Superannuation Fund.

Another cause has also added to the embarrassment of this fund. The very success of our work in attracting bright

and promising young men and calling them into the ministry, and of our theological schools and colleges in training them for the work, has overcrowded the ranks. The old-time two or three men circuits have been divided and subdivided till it has become difficult, in addition to their self-support, to raise as large a sum therefrom for the Superannuation and other connexional funds as under the old régime. Several of the

Conferences have, in consequence, been compelled to place a limit on the number of young men to be received, and to place many of them on the list of reserves. The improvement in the times and the prospect of increased additions to our population will facilitate the expansion of our work both at home and abroad, and thus tend to relieve the embarrassment of our Superannuation as well as our Missionary Fund.—*Ed.*

THE FUTURE LIFE.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASII, S.T.D., LL.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

The doctrine of the future life has always held a foremost place in the interest of the Christian Church. From the first century downwards every age has had its eschatology, giving us every variety of belief and teaching, from the purgatory of Rome and the material pictures of Dante and the personal earthly reign of the modern Millenarians to the more purely spiritual and general refinements of moral progress and development. The Church is to-day, seemingly, as far as ever from anything like a consensus of doctrine. The reason of this is obvious. The doctrine is one which gathers but little from the teachings of natural religion, from the investigations of science or even of philosophy, nor yet from the developed illumination of the Christian consciousness. It is entirely dependent upon recorded revelation, and chiefly upon that of the New Testament. It is true that the foundation is laid in that doctrine of moral consequences which is so clearly stated in Isaiah iii. 10, 11: "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him," etc., and in the doctrine of a future life and of the final triumph of right which appears in the prophets, the Psalms and the Book of Job; but these go only a little beyond the full assurance and clear statement of truth which forms part of what we may call natural religion.

The present volume is the work of a man eminent alike for his work in the field of missions, his broad scholarship and his deep piety. It is thoroughly

conservative in spirit, and at every point lays its foundations in a thorough and scholarly exegesis. At the same time it never loses sight of the history of the doctrine, and discusses in a most exhaustive manner every question which has been raised either in ancient or modern times. The author maintains a firm self-restraint of all speculative tendencies, and but rarely speaks beyond what is written.

But notwithstanding this wise restraint the book is rich in matter, and is anything but a compilation of old dogma. In many places the work illustrates the soundest principles of modern exegesis, and indirectly throws light on questions quite outside of its own immediate subject. A paragraph like the following, coming from a source so eminently conservative, is peculiarly instructive.

"Before we leave the Old Testament we must still dwell for a moment on the difficult question: Do the Old Testament ideas of the kingdom of death depend only on a revelation that is defective? or is it, indeed, the case that the souls of the deceased at that time entered upon such a dark and still unsettled state as the Old Testament teaching concerning Sheol seems to indicate? Hitherto we have taken the former view for granted. But several theologians of ancient and modern days are in favour of the latter view. Their idea is that the Old Testament believers at their death did not go to God, or attain to bliss, but were gathered together in the kingdom of death until Christ in His descent to hell (of which we shall have more to say in due time) came and set them free. It is manifest that this latter view in one respect has something very plausible

* "Life After Death, and the Future of the Kingdom of God." By Bishop Lars Nielsen Dahle. Translated from the Norse by the Rev. John Beveridge, M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

ible in it. To those who confidently regard the whole Scripture as being intended for guidance to every people, in the sense that all parts of it contain the whole and perfect truth nearly as clearly as the New Testament, it is naturally somewhat easier to maintain such a view. . . . Those who argue thus overlook the gradual progress of the revelation which casts even more light upon the state hereafter. An imperfect revelation is not on that account a false or untrue revelation. And that in the revelation there is such a progress and gradual unfolding of the truth appears clearly at so many points, that there are comparatively few now who venture to deny it. For instance, who now dares to maintain that the Trinity or justification by faith without works is taught just as clearly in the Pentateuch as in the New Testament?"

We cannot in this brief notice enter fully into the author's exhaustive discussion of the Descent in Hades and the

preaching to the spirits in prison. We can only note that he strongly maintains these as literal facts which he weaves in with a theory of *post-mortem* probation for those who in this life have not directly heard of Christ, his entire view of saving faith requiring a direct personal acceptance of the atonement. On this and many other points the author evidently holds a much narrower type of evangelical theology than could be accepted among Methodists.

On the other hand the view of the Millennium and the Second Advent which is associated with the narrower evangelical theology in England is very thoroughly overturned by the careful exegesis of our author. We can commend the book to our readers, not as an infallible guide on all points of this important doctrine, but as a work which will stimulate thought and leave the student with a much clearer grasp of the questions involved.

PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will avail to make:
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower:
We rise, and all—the distant and the near—
Stands out in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or restless be,
Anxious, or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee!

When hearts are full of yearning tenderness
For the loved absent whom we cannot reach,
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,
The spirit's true affection to express,
When hearts are full of innermost distress
And we are doomed to stand inactive,
Watching the soul's or body's agony
Which human effort helps not to make less,
Then like a cup capacious to contain
The overflowing of the heart is prayer:
The longing of the soul is satisfied;
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are;
And though we have not ceased to yearn or grieve
Yet we may learn in patience to abide.

—*Rev. R. C. Trench.*

OUR CONNEXIONAL MONTHLY.

A LOOK FORWARD.

We begin in this number a new story of exceptional power. It is one not only of absorbing interest, but of spiritual inspiration. We think we never read one by which we were more profoundly stirred. We anticipate a similar verdict from our readers. It is confessedly a story with a purpose. We do not feel at liberty to print any other in this magazine. Tales of mere amusement, or those which are only a sort of intellectual cigar, have, from our point of view, no excuse for being. Life is too real and too earnest, has too many throbbing problems waiting for solution, to waste its precious hours on the

"Idle singer of an empty day."

This story, "In His Steps," by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, whose "Crucifixion of Phillip Strong" created such a sensation, will set before our readers nobler ideals of Christian manhood and womanhood, and inspire to truer discipleship of our blessed Master and Lord. It grapples with the pressing social and religious problems of the day.

Another story of intense interest will be one by a lady writer entitled, "A Princess in Calico," an example of life made sublime by the discharge of every-day duties. "Rhoda Roberts," our tale of Methodist life in England, will be followed with increasing zest. The author, Mr. Harry Lindsay, has won much credit by his recently-issued volume of "Methodist Idylls," which have been the conspicuous feature for the year in the *Methodist Times*. These have won very high commendation of the British press. Of it the *Methodist Recorder* says: "Its lovely prose chapters give an insight into the true romance, the April sunshine of Methodist life."

We have not yet completed our arrangements for the New Year, but confidently anticipate that this MAGAZINE AND REVIEW will be made a more acceptable family magazine than it has ever been before.

The New York *Christian Advocate*, in describing the life and labours of the late Dr. Abel Stevens, one of which was the editing for three years of the *National Magazine*, established by the Methodist Episcopal Church, states that he found it difficult and practically impossible to secure from the denomination popularly

written articles, and was overweighted by the heavy, and often dry, contributions from theologians and others occupying high positions in the Church. This magazine was, therefore, suspended in less than three years. Two subsequent attempts of our Methodist Episcopal friends to establish a popular monthly were also unsuccessful.

It is, we think, to the credit of our Canadian Church that we have had so many popularly-written articles, learned without being dull, vivacious without being frivolous, as have for four-and-twenty years enriched its pages. We are assured of still further contributions that we believe would do credit to any magazine in Christendom.

From the very beginning this MAGAZINE AND REVIEW, while thoroughly loyal to Canadian institutions, has also been an ardent supporter of that broader ideal which has received such emphasis during this Jubilee year, of the Unity of the British Empire and the brotherhood and moral alliance of the English-speaking race throughout the world. We purpose that, by copiously illustrated articles, the varied interests and elements of this great Empire shall be presented in these pages.

Special prominence shall be given to

OUR OWN COUNTRY,

its social, religious, and economic problems, its vast and varied resources, its historic sites, its scenic and romantic attractions. In "Highways and Byways of Tourist Travel in Canada" some of its fairest scenes will be depicted with pen and pencil. "Improved Roads in Canada" will treat an important economic topic.

The interests and enterprises of our own Church will, of course, have a foremost place. Whatever may minister to the spiritual life, to advancement of our Church and country, shall have warmest sympathy and support. An early article by a competent pen will be presented of our new scheme of "Connexional Fire Insurance." The missior operations of our own and other Churches, that noblest sphere of Christian heroism, will be treated in a number of special papers. Important contributions by the professors in our colleges and universities, especially digests of the best recent books in every

department of literature, will be especially valuable to our ministers and thoughtful lay readers.

As heretofore, high-class illustration will be a prominent feature of this periodical. Among numerous

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES

we can announce the following: "The Dardanelles and the Golden Horn"; "Pompeii, the City of the Dead"; "Snap Shots in Jamaica," by a Canadian writer; "Sundays Abroad," by the Editor. "With the Sponge Fishers," an account of an interesting industry; "Old and New Carthage, Exploration in Northern Africa"; "In Andalusia"; "Granada and the Alhambra," beautifully illustrated articles on Spain. "In Calabria"; "Capri, an Artist's Paradise"; and "The Campi Santi, or the Holy Fields of

Italy," will be beautifully illustrated. Other illustrated articles will be: "Old and New Japan," "A Railway up the Jung Frau," "Famous Hymns and Their Writers," "The Religious Life of the Modern Jews," "Among the Gypsies," and many others.

CHARACTER SKETCHES AND STUDIES

will be a conspicuous feature of the year. We announce, among others, a paper on Louis Napoleon and His Times; St. Elizabeth of Hungary; Weirtz, the Mad Painter of Brussels; the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain; Kaiser William II.; Maria Theresa; Queen Louise of Prussia; Pastor Arnauld and Voltaire and Wesley, by the late Dr. Abel Stevens; Some of the Maxims of Methodism in this and other Lands, and others of the saints and heroes of the church universal.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Fourteen Months For One Year's Subscription.

It is confidently anticipated that the attractive programme of which the above is a partial announcement, will secure a large increase. Let us have the cordial co-operation of every minister of our Church and every reader of this MAGAZINE AND REVIEW. The times are improving. Dollar wheat means plenty and prosperity for the entire community. Canada is bulking larger in the world's view than ever before. We are more truly a nation than ever before. We are developing on every side a sturdy patriotism. Let us, by the blessing of God, look for a year of great religious prosperity, a true *Annus Domini* year of the right hand of the Most High. Let every department in Church life, and Church work, and Church literature, share the upward impulse.

Let the grand old *Guardian* and the *Westonian* have a joint increase of at least 10,000 copies. We covet for our Connexional monthly an increase of at

least half that number, and for our Sunday-school periodicals, which will be further enlarged and improved to meet the growing needs of our Church, such an increase as will permit their still further development.

The Publisher makes the following special offer to induce an immediate increase of this magazine without waiting for the New Year.

New Subscribers for 1898 will receive the November and December Numbers for 1897 Free.

They will thus secure the opening chapters of our new and stirring story, "In His Steps," the whole of our new story, "A Princess in Calico," the story of "Rhoda Roberts," with a synopsis of its opening chapters, and many other valuable articles. Let the canvass begin; let each reader send another subscription in addition to his own, and each minister strive to at least double his list.

THE MOUNTAINS.

I saw the mountains stand
Silent, wonderful and grand,
Looking out across the land
When the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire,
And I heard a low voice calling,
"Come up higher, come up higher,
From the lowland and the mire,
From the mist of earth desire,

From the vain pursuit of self,
From the attitude of self;
Come up higher, come up higher—
Think not that we are cold,
Though eternal snows have crowned us;
Underneath our breasts of snow
Silver fountains sing and flow
And restore the hungry lands.
—James G. Clark.

THE NEW LOGIA.

BY PROF. W. W. DAVIES, PH.D.

Egypt, the paradise of the archæologist, has once more surprised the Christian world. Some 120 miles south of Cairo, on the very edge of the Libyan Desert, is the site of ancient Oxyrhyncus, now known as Behnesa, during the early ages of our era an important centre of the Christian Church. It was in this deserted spot that Mr. Grenfell and Mr. Hunt, of England, discovered many baskets full of ancient papyri, for the most part written in Greek, and belonging to the early centuries of Christianity. The most important thing so far examined is one single leaf, evidently detached from a book, containing what are supposed to be some hitherto unrecorded sayings of our Lord. This papyrus leaf now measures $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. It was doubtless somewhat larger at first, for it is damaged at the bottom. It is clear, from marks found upon the fragment, that originally it must have belonged to a book, and it is not at all improbable that other portions may yet come to light among the mounds of Behnesa, if not among the papyri already discovered.

These new sayings of Jesus have already attracted the attention of Christian scholars all over the world. Various suggestions have been given, many interpretations presented, and a large number of translations made, which, however, in the main, agree. The Greek text is mutilated in several places; several words have, in the course of ages, been rubbed out, or so defaced as to defy anything like absolute restoration.

The sayings as translated by Grenfell and Hunt, are as follows:

1. . . . and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

2. Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father.

3. Jesus saith, I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I seen of them; and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them; and my soul grieveth over the sons of men, because they are blind in their heart. . .

4. (This logion is so mutilated and defaced as to be absolutely unintelligible.)

5. Jesus saith, Wherever there are and there is one . . . alone, I am with him. Raise the stone, and

there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I.

6. Jesus saith, A prophet is not acceptable in his own country; neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him.

7. Jesus saith, A city built upon the top of a high hill, and stablished, can neither fall nor be hid.

8. (This logion, like the fourth, is too indistinct to be read.)

The reader will at once notice that Logia 1, 6 and 7 have their counterpart in the Gospels. With the first, compare Matt. vii. 5; Luke vi. 42; with the sixth, Luke iv. 23, 24; and with the seventh, Matt. v. 14. Logion 2 is new, and its correct meaning is so far an open question. Are we to understand the two commandments therein contained literally, or must we seek in them some spiritual or mystical signification? As far as known, our Lord nowhere, in so many words, commanded fasting or the observance of the Jewish Sabbath. This logion, therefore, may have originated from a Judaizing sect. Logion 3 has been regarded by many as belonging to the post-resurrection writings, to the time when early heretics claimed that Christ "communicated his most important revelation to his chosen disciples." Others think it only a fragment of a parable "actually uttered by Christ." The fourth logion is too much mutilated in the first part to allow anyone to speak dogmatically. The most plausible explanation of the fifth is that given by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, who regard it as a parallel to Matt. xviii. 20: "For where two or three are gathered together in my name," etc. The second part is, however, a real puzzle, and naturally the interpretations suggested are very numerous. Harnack, in his recent pamphlet entitled, "*Ueber einige jüngst entdeckte Sprüche Jesu*," translates the logion as follows: "Jesus saith, Wherever they may be, there they are not without God; and as just as one is alone, in the same way, I am with him. Erect the stone, and by so doing thou wilt find me; split the wood and I am here."

The passage indeed may be a parallel to the well-known words of Jesus to His disciples, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world,"—not only with the favoured few, whose business it is to

preach the Gospel, but also with the humble day-labourer, whose business is to handle heavy stones and split and chop wood.

The discovery of these logia, which has created so great a stir in the religious press of the world, is not as important as some had expected. The logia themselves have brought no new light, or new gospel, or new truth to us. We have, however, only a fragment of these logia; therefore prudence suggests silence; for, should other portions of the book come to light, theories may have to be changed.

The finding of these sayings shows

very conclusively that the early Christian Church had some literature which we do not now possess. The question naturally arises, *What are these logia?* Certainly they are not the Logia of Papias, nor portions of any one Gospel, canonical or extra-canonical, of which we have any knowledge. They are probably a private collection of sayings collected from the mouth of some of the early Christian teachers or preachers.

The date of the fragment is not absolutely certain; but those best able to express an opinion agree in placing it prior to 200 A.D.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

CANADA'S OPPORTUNITY.

We can all see that Canada has vast potential wealth, and we find it difficult not to believe that she must have a great and splendid future. She has not, of course, the marvellous resources of her southern neighbour, for much of her territory is barren, and will remain so unless unforeseen changes take place in the climate of the earth. Her winter cold is intense, but it is also invigorating to the strong and healthy. She has every means of satisfying the reasonable demands of a great and expanding population. Her progress, if slow, is at least sure, and she is exempt from many of the peculiar difficulties which beset the United States. The soil of Canada has never known the curse of slavery, there are not within her borders millions of blacks to perplex her statesmen, nor has she yet bred a slum population like that of New York and Chicago. Sharing the world's civilization, she shares, of course, the world's problems, but they assume with her a less exigent form than in most other lands. Her cities are better governed than those of the Union, and if she has to put up with the class of professional politicians, at any rate they have not the power for mischief enjoyed by those of the United States. She is exempt from the turmoil of a Presidential election, as she is free from the waves of passionate excitement which every now and then inundate the great Republic. Surely here are peculiarly happy conditions for the production of a great nation which shall give to the world an object-lesson in ordered liberty, real self-government, freedom sustained by law, and law dictated by the spirit of freedom.

When a great English-speaking Re-

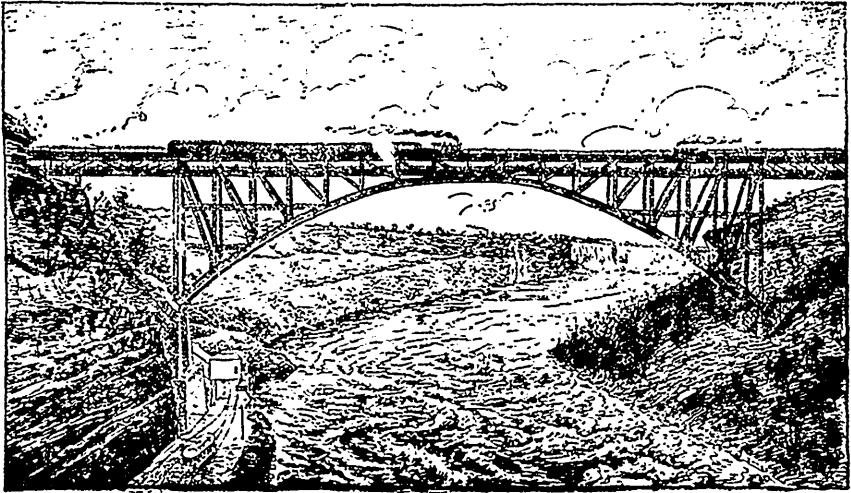
public, freed from the tyrannies and old evil customs of an elder world, started on its career, men hoped for a new and better day to dawn for the race, and were prepared with Bishop Berkeley to say that "Time's noblest offspring was the last." Yet there is little doubt that the United States have disappointed men. It may be that too much was expected, that allowance was not made for the inherent difficulty of the problem of a free commonwealth; but it is certainly mortifying to find, after more than a century has passed away, corruption and Mammon enthroned, and the very principles on which the Republic is based trampled under foot. It is not pleasant to see millionaires dictating their terms to subservient legislative bodies, and the whole policy of a great nation arranged expressly to coin wealth for a privileged and protected few. This is assuredly not the democracy to whose advent hopeful dreamers were looking forward a hundred years ago.

The United States have scarcely succeeded in gaining the deep respect of the world, and have certainly not secured its affectionate regard. We cannot look with veneration or love on a nascent oligarchy of oil, sugar, lumber, and coal magnates, who pull the wires and make the political puppets dance to their sinister piping. We do not ignore the millions of honest citizens who hate this state of things; but their apparent inability to overthrow it does not increase our belief in the political forms of the Republic. One would be inclined to say that the United States had the very greatest chance ever offered by Providence to mankind, and that up to the

present the opportunity has not been embraced. We know that the American nation is still in the making, that it is not a definitely finished product like France or England, that the building is scarcely more than half completed, and that the scaffolding is still up, and we make allowance for the fact. But we cannot also help seeing that bad material

is being used, that dishonest workmanship is too palpable, that something dangerously approaching disaster is being courted. We do not like the present aspect, and we feel apprehension as to the future. We feel that the Sibylline Books may be closed before a worthy choice is made.—*London Spectator*.

The World's Progress.



THE NEW NIAGARA BRIDGE.

THE NEW NIAGARA BRIDGE.

The old Railway Suspension Bridge across Niagara river below the Falls has been replaced by a beautiful single steel arch, as shown in the above illustration. The new structure is said to be the largest single arch steel railway bridge in the world. The old bridge was completed in 1855, and has passed into history as a remarkable engineering work. It has now disappeared, and exactly upon the same spot stands the new structure. This work was done without the interruption of traffic, and must be regarded as a remarkable achievement of engineering skill. The new bridge, erected for the Grand Trunk Railway, is a single steel arch of 550 feet in length, supplemented by a trussed span, at either end, of 115 feet in length. This, with the approaches, makes the total length of the bridge slightly over 1,100 feet. The

railway tracks surmounting the bridge are 252 feet above the water. The bridge has two decks or floors. On the upper floor there are two tracks for railway purposes exclusively, while the lower floor contains a wide central carriageway, double electric railway tracks, and on either side passages for pedestrians. The new bridge is calculated to sustain a weight of something over six times the sustaining capacity of the historic Suspension Bridge which it replaces.

While regretting the disappearance of so historic a landmark as the famous Suspension Bridge, one may rejoice that the Grand Trunk Railway system, yielding to the demands of a large and ever-increasing international traffic, has replaced it with so substantial, and at the same time, so beautiful a structure, and one well worthy its situation, in sight and sound of the most wonderful of God's creations—Niagara Falls.

ENGLAND IN INDIA.

Great Britain is almost never without her "little wars" in some part of her far-extended frontier. Now it is in Buluwayo, now on the upper waters of



KHYBER PASS.

the Niger, again on the passes of the Himalayas. At present it is on the upper waters of the Nile, where the Mahdist is gradually being reduced to subjection, and on the frontier of Afghanistan. Our map and cut show some of the difficulties of this mountain warfare.

Mr. Charles Warner thus describes the general features of the historic Khyber Pass, where a few years ago the British forces suffered a severe defeat, which was amply avenged by the capture of Kabul.

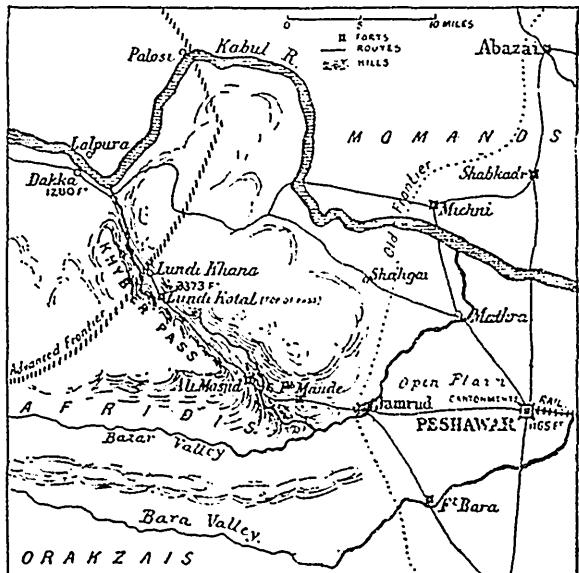
Khyber Pass, which is now held by the rebellious tribes of Northern India, is the great north-western gateway to England's Asiatic province. It connects India with Afghanistan, that turbulent country which both Russia and England would like to hold, but which neither one dares to grab.

The pass itself is a narrow defile through the heart of the mountains. It is about thirty miles long and of varying width, running between precipitous walls from 600 to 1,000 feet high. Through this defile runs a river, and along its

banks is the only military road between Western Asia and the Indian peninsula. To the south-east of the pass lies Peshawar, an English stronghold which has been made the base of the British military force. Back from the western end of the pass lies Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. The British end of the pass is guarded by forts. The most important of these has been stormed and taken by the hill tribes, and other garrisons along the pass are expected to give in if not soon relieved.

The most active of the rebels are the Afridis, who are the most powerful of all the border tribes. Their armed strength is about 27,000 men. They are fierce, athletic mountaineers, who are tough customers on any ordinary occasion, and when, as at present, their natural ferocity is increased by religious fanaticism they are like so many demons. Up to the present time the Afridis have been loyal to the English.

It is hard for us to understand what bloodthirsty beings these tribesmen are. For centuries they have lived in these wild mountain fastnesses, following rob-



THE KHYBER PASS.

bery and brigandage as a business and indulging in homicide as a pastime. When other excitement fails, they make war on each other just to keep their hands in.

The irresistible might of the Empire

is being shown in the conquest of the turbulent native tribes, and the Weary Titan will probably have to assume the responsibility of civilizing and controlling another big bit of barbarism. It is said that Fort Chakdara, which held out against a fierce attack by the tribesmen, was constructed by a graduate of our own Military College at Kingston. We note from its last calendar that a couple of graduates of the Toronto School of Science hold responsible positions at Johannesburg, in South Africa. Others are scattered over this whole continent from old Mexico to the Alaskan boundary survey. Thus the sons of Canada are coming to the front, bearing their part in the work of subduing and civilizing the earth.

CANADA FIRST.

Canada is certainly being well boomed in this Jubilee year. Following the brilliant reception of the Canadian Premier and Canadian contingent in London, the discovery of gold at Klondike and Wawa, and our splendid harvests, are advertising our country throughout the civilized world. The gold of its waving wheatfields is, we judge, a truer source of prosperity than the nuggets of the Klondike, or the auriferous quartz of Rossland. In a mining lottery there are many blanks. In our farming industries there are prizes for all. We trust the vigorous immigration policy will attract to our shores a sturdy phalanx of founders of Empire.

We hope there will be no retaliation, for retaliation's sake, on the, as we judge, unwise discrimination of the American Protective Tariff against Canada and other countries. Already the Attorney-General of the United States has interpreted the clause which it was feared would give a ten per cent. discrimination against our railways and steamships, in a sense favourable to Canadian interests. Let us rather cultivate a large-minded and liberal policy, that shall command the respect of our neighbours and the respect of the world. We heartily concur with the following words of the Chicago *Western British-American*:

"We trust that ere long wiser and more generous counsels will prevail, and the two countries be brought into more friendly relations that shall exclude all such iniquitous discrimination and unworthy rivalry as have led to the present uncomfortable tension between the two countries."

INDUSTRIAL WAR.

The great strikes of the engineers in Great Britain and miners in Pennsylvania are but another form of civil war. In the dislocated economic conditions of the times it seems that strikes, or lockouts, are the inevitable but clumsy methods of obtaining a reduction of hours, as in Great Britain, or an increase of wages as at Pennsylvania. But these methods are essentially barbaric and wasteful. Many millions of money have been already lost to both countries and much heart burning and bitterness engendered. In Great Britain this has been a bloodless war, although the wives and children, on whom the brunt of the suffering falls, will long feel the pinch of penury and want.

At Hazelton, Pennsylvania, the results have been more tragical. One hundred and two deputies, who are, we understand, a sort of hired police, fired point blank with repeating rifles on a group of one hundred and fifty marching miners quite unarmed, and over a score were slain. The *Western Christian Advocate* denounces in the following vigorous language this reckless truculence:

"All were poor and hungry, and making an orderly demonstration to forward the cause for which they were contending. Yet were they butchered as cruelly as ever were Armenians by pitiless Kurds. The first resort was ball-cartridges, well-aimed, at close range. The deputies did not even try the butts of their guns, effective as they would have been, and far less deadly. They were hired to kill, and could not have shot down a drove of swine with greater nonchalance. It was cowardly, dastardly, devilish."

Unhappily, the maintenance of law and order in the Republic is much less assured than in Great Britain. The recent killing of several white men in Ohio, accused of burglary, and the chronic lynching of negroes in the Southern States, are a blot upon a civilization which has so many splendid features.

HAWAII AND CUBA.

It seems to be the desire of both these islands to become a part of the American Republic. If that be so it would be a distinct gain to civilization if the unstable equilibrium of Hawaii and the cruel atrocities which have devastated the Queen of the Antilles, should give place to a strong and settled government.

Whether it would be a gain to the United States is another question. The separation of that country from the political entanglements of the Old World has enabled it to develop its civilization free from the incubus of a large standing army or a great navy. By annexing Hawaii, or Cuba, it adopts also the obligation to defend them. This will require a change of policy from that of the Republic for the last hundred years. But that country well may share the burdens of civilizing the islands of the sea and waste places of the earth. Certainly, none of the nations of Europe, with their great colonial dependencies, have any right to object.

A NEW CONCERT OF EUROPE.

The recent visits of the Emperor of Germany and the President of France to the court of Russia have created much speculation. Some imagine that they see herein the beginning of a great combination which may be disastrous to Great Britain in its splendid isolation. We are not alarmed about that. Since the Mistress of the Seas gave up her endeavour, which cost such treasure and such blood, to restore the Bourbons to the throne of France, she has grown enormously stronger both at home and abroad. Her very isolation, her freedom from the entangling alliances of the Con-

tinents, enables her to act with greater vigour in Egypt, in South and Central Africa, in India, and on all the seas. If there be a combination of the great powers it will be more likely for the preservation of peace, which they all avow to be their object, than for the partitioning of the British Empire—a somewhat extensive contract.

An interesting Methodist Convention has just been held in Indianapolis. It was a gathering of representative laymen who seek a larger share in the legislation and administration of that great Church. The members were all Methodist officials of high standing. They expressed only sentiments of love and loyalty to their Church and its ministry, but strongly urged the importance for its highest welfare of a larger degree of lay co-operation. Dr. Edwards, of the *North-Western Christian Advocate*, was present, and promised the Convention the support of that paper.

We believe that the largest possible co-operation of the laity with the ministry will greatly promote the highest interests and success of the Methodist Church. Our American friends might in this respect, we think, with advantage follow the example of Canadian Methodism, which, in its government and institutions, is more democratic than is either branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Current Topics.

CANADA'S NEW NATIONALISM.

Nothing is more striking in the history of Canada than the recent development of a new sense of nationality such as we have never felt before. This is not the growth of a day, but is like the flowering of an aloe, toward which preparation has been making for years. The British recognition of the splendid position of Canada as the keystone of the Imperial arch which spans the world, has much to do with it. But we must not depend on help from abroad. We must rely on our own resources. The unfriendly response of our American neighbours towards our overtures for reciprocity have thrown us more upon our own resources and made us seek markets at the very Antipodes.

Mr. Laurier's splendid utterance at the Toronto Board of Trade banquet, focuses

in a phrase this new spirit. Our motto must be, not "Canada for Canadians," but "the World for Canadian Enterprise." Canada asks a fair field and no favour. As Mr. Edward Gurney remarked: "Canadians stand prepared to fulfil their own destiny, to be judged by their own work. They ask no man to take from them anything that can be got better anywhere else in the world."

Canada's products of the field, the forest, and the mine, of the forge, the factory, and the loom, are needed in the great markets of the world. We have exhaustless resources, limitless water power, a national energy in enterprise and industry second to none, and, we believe, sounder fiscal, financial, and economic conditions than our American neighbours. We are prepared to compete with them in South and Central

America, in the West Indies, in Australasia, in China, in Japan, and in the great markets of Europe. With our splendid waterways, our new fast Atlantic line, our cold storage system by land and sea, the markets of Great Britain are brought almost to our very doors. Our trade is susceptible of almost indefinite expansion. Holland had a much less population than Canada when she created a world-wide commerce. Now is the day of Canada's opportunity. Its marine is already fifth in rank of the great nations of the world. Let it press forward and fulfil the prophecy of the lines:

"I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the maple wreath;
Thy swift keels cleave the further seas,
Thy white sails swell with alien gales."

If we are to develop this high type of national life it must be by following the example of the great captains of industry, the great traders who have placed England's honour so high in all the markets of the world. We must cultivate a business integrity, a political purity, a high sense of morality, which are alone the foundation of national greatness.

Sir Wilfred Laurier was right when he said, "that honest trade was more glorious than war or conquest. The life-blood in this young nation can be made to exploit its great natural resources for the building up of a world-wide trade."

Nothing will strike a more sympathetic chord in the hearts of the wage-workers of Canada than the determination of the Government to employ no "sweaters" labour in its contracts. It will follow the example of Great Britain, in demanding that in the many forms in which it employs labour and procures manufactured articles, a living wage must be paid. This strikes the key-note of an improved condition of things in every department of manufacture. The soulless competitive system which sweats the very life out of men, women, and even children, by slop labour, is a thing for which we have no room in Canada.

CONNEXIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

Our readers are aware that a movement is on foot for the creation of a Connexional fire insurance company. A commission was appointed by the General Conference of 1894 to organize such a company. The necessary Act of Incorporation has been secured from the

Dominion Parliament and arrangements made for the issuing of shares. The capital has been placed at \$500,000, with power to increase it to \$1,000,000. Shares are of \$20 each, the first call on which, when \$250,000 has been subscribed, will be twenty-five per cent., and no subsequent instalment of more than ten per cent.

Our Connexion has met with serious losses from fire, many valuable churches being only partially insured, or not at all. From information received it is believed that not much more than half of our Church and parsonage property is insured. The Wesleyan Methodist and Primitive Methodist fire insurance companies, of England, have been exceedingly successful. The first paid last year £2,047 in interest and dividends, and made a grant to the Worn-Out Ministers' Fund of £1,100. It has also accumulated a reserve fund of £60,000 since 1872.

A distinct advantage of this mode of insurance will be the cultivation of that Connexional spirit—a sense of unity and solidarity of the whole Church—which is the very essence of Methodism. Besides this will accrue a very substantial benefit to the Superannuated and Supernumerary Ministers' Funds, to which all the profits of the enterprise will be devoted. We have obtained the promise of an article specifically dealing with this subject at an early date.

THE GUARDIAN READING CLUBS.

The Editor of the *Christian Guardian* is rendering very valuable service to our ministers by the institution of these reading clubs. Ministers, of all men, are those who most desire to keep in touch with the fresh and vigorous thought of the times—to keep abreast of the current discussions in theology, in philosophy, in social, economical, and physical science. Yet few can afford to purchase all the important books on these subjects, and many cannot well afford to purchase outright such a selection of them as is provided for in the *Guardian* Reading Clubs. By means of these clubs the reading of five books of current interest and permanent value is secured for the sum of \$1.

The plan is for five members of any district to form a club by investing one dollar each, and arranging for some one of them to forward the five dollars, and the names and addresses of the five members, to the office of the *Christian*

Guardian. Mr. Courtice invests the five dollars in purchasing five books. Each member will have one book for a month for reading, and at the close of the month will mail the book to another member. The following books are in view as suitable to make selection from : 1. "Christian Citizenship," by Carlos Martyn ; 2. "The Cure of Souls," by John Watson (Ian Maclaren) ; 3. "Through the Eternal Spirit," by J. Elder Cumming, D.D. ; 4. "Christ in the New Testament," by Thomas A. Tidball ; 5. "Evil and Evolution" ; 6. "The Social Horizon" ; 7. "The Creed and the Prayer," by J. W. Johnston ; 8. "The Old Testament Under Fire," by Dr. Behrends.

The selection of books for the year, made by Bro. Courtice, is a very admirable one. We hope his thoughtful and generous plan will be very widely adopted by those of our ministers who cannot otherwise have access to such books. If the brethren after reading the volume would write a brief review of it, and forward it with the book to the next reader, it would rivet in their own minds the teachings of the volume and give enhanced interest to its reading by the other members of the club. If it were possible to meet for an informal discussion of the volumes, still greater advantage would result from their study.

Mr. Courtice states the advantage of this course as follows : "The merit of this plan to men with small salaries, is, that it enables them, at small expense, to look into current literature and keep abreast of the times. Pleasure, profit, suggestion, enlarged view, improved mind, inspiration, deepened spirituality and ennobled character—these are the ends to be served by this reading."

DIPLOMACY BY NEWSPAPER.

We have long been familiar with the good taste which forbids discussion of criminal trials during their progress—*pendente lite*. Trial by newspaper is recognized by most civilized countries as contempt of court and is punished accordingly. Jurymen when impanelled must avow freedom from prejudice. It is a pity that the dispassionate weighing of evidence that is demanded in our petty courts, cannot obtain in grave questions affecting the weal of nations. Every newspaper critic feels at liberty to pronounce off-hand upon the most delicate

diplomatic questions. Too often he dips his pen in gall or vitriol and indites most bitter and exasperating flings at a friendly nation.

In navigating the rapids of the St. Lawrence we feel the wisdom of non-interference with the man at the wheel. He knows the sunken rocks, the swirling currents, the veering flaws. He is responsible for the safety of the ship. But thousands of amateur statesmen (?) feel competent to denounce off-hand Lord Salisbury or President McKinley, in ignorance of the difficulties and dangers which they see. Often have nations been hurried into war by just such irresponsible and senseless popular clamour.

Lord Dufferin, one of the most astute diplomats of Europe, in a recent address in Paris said, "If anyone of half a dozen august personages raises his voice above a whisper a shiver runs through all the exchanges and through all the barracks of Europe." "Consequently," remarks a leading American journal, "the august personages do not raise their voices above a whisper unless they mean something very serious indeed."

We are glad to note the moderation of tone of the more respectable English and Canadian, as well as American, journals on the subject of the Behring Sea sealing question—a moderation which might well be imitated by the sensational papers which use scare headlines to sell big editions.

We profess brotherly love and good will to other nations, especially to our American kinsmen. Can we not give them credit for the same honesty of purpose which we profess ourselves? The facts about the seal herds, and the best way of preserving them, can surely be settled without brag and bluster, inuendo and insult.

The great heart of the American nation loves right and justice, we are persuaded, as fully as we do ourselves. In no nation has Christian sentiment, noble benefactions or missionary zeal grander illustrations. Let us cultivate a love of peace and fair play which will secure our self-respect and will command the respect of our neighbours. No gentleman finds it necessary to bluster and threaten to obtain his rights or resent any real or imaginary wrong. So should it be with nations. Misunderstandings can be far better removed in calmness of spirit than in a heated and exasperated mood.

A MORAL CRUSADER.

The death of Neal Dow removes from life's stage of action one of God's heroes. Fifty years ago, when temperance was almost as unpopular as abolitionism, he became the sturdy champion of both. Like a knight crusader he set his lance in rest and tilted bravely at both these great wrongs, nor ceased his efforts till slavery was abolished, and the liquor traffic placed under ban in his own and many other States. Though of slender physique he fought bravely in the war. He raised a regiment of a thousand men, and a battery of artillery, served in the Gulf States, was twice wounded, and for eight months was confined in Libby Prison.

But his grandest heroism was his fight against the liquor traffic. Twice as member of the Legislature, and as Governor of the State, he led this moral crusade, and made his State from one of the poorest to one of the most thrifty States in the Union. "The Maine farmers took the red paint off their noses," he humorously said, "and put it on their barns."

We called on Neal Dow, then in his ninety-first year, in his pleasant home in Portland. The old veteran was still full of enthusiasm, and spoke with warmest admiration of our Canadian Deborah in Israel, Mrs. Youmans. Up to almost the last he wrote and spoke for the great reform to which he gave his life, and passed quietly away full of years and full of honours, surrounded by love, obedience, and troops of friends. His

memory will be a watchword and inspiration to every fighter against wrong.

THE RETIREMENT OF SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

This veteran Canadian statesman, after giving over half a century of public service to his country, is about retiring from public life—in so far as the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario includes retirement.

We believe no English-speaking statesman has ever held continuously for nearly a quarter of a century the office of Premier of a Province. His high status as a jurist, which has been vindicated by repeated decisions of the Privy Council of Great Britain, admirably qualified him for the office of Minister of Justice in the Dominion Government. But all other claims of Sir Oliver yield to that of his true Christian character. He has "worn the white flower of a blameless life through all this tract of years." Even his political opponents join in honouring his unblemished character. It is no light thing that the distinguished Premier of Ontario should turn aside from the cares of State to prepare for an able essay in the interests of young people on the "Evidences of Christianity," and that his pronounced sympathy has ever been given to every social and moral reform. We wish for Sir Oliver, in the exalted position of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, years of continued usefulness and happiness.

HALL CAINE'S "CHRISTIAN."*



HALL CAINE.

The very title and purpose of this book are a challenge demanding attention.

If the author intends his hero to be the type of a Christian man he has a very ignoble conception of what that word means. Notwithstanding his generous impulses, he is a poor, unbalanced egotist, and his life is a tragic failure. Other men have failed in outward success, but won an eternal triumph. But this man, half crazed by jealousy which he mistakes for inspiration, yields to a vulgar temptation and becomes a moral as well as physical wreck.

A conspicuous note of the volume is its pessimism, as opposed to the magnificent optimism of Christian ideals. The book is a tremendous arraignment of the

*"The Christian." By Hall Caine. Third Edition. Toronto: George N. Morang and Wm. Briggs. Pp. 440. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.

alleged worldliness of the Established Church and the drunkenness and immorality of English social life. We cannot believe that Canon Wealthy and the Rev. Josiah Golithly are representative types of that Church. We hope that it is not a typical thing for an archdeacon of the Church of England to be a stockholder in a music-hall and to attend a theatrical dinner on Sunday. Indeed, nearly all the figures strike us as abnormal degenerates.

The book is unquestionably a powerful study, especially of the underworld, the "submerged tenth" of London. While it points out the evils of the time, it sets forth no adequate remedy. The wrongs which John Storm fails to touch are being manfully grappled with by William Booth and Hugh Price Hughes.

The author seems to know intimately the theatrical profession and brings against it a strong indictment. He makes his hero say, "It is impossible for a girl to live long in an atmosphere like that and be a good woman."

The author has little sympathy with the Anglican monastic system in which John Storm sought refuge. It is based, that hero himself confessed, on a "faulty ideal of Christianity." It is little better than a Judaic Phariseism, hugging itself in its own righteousness, and passing the bruised Samaritan by on the other side.

There are many noble sentiments expressed, as, "If God is our Father, then all men are our brothers, and all women are our sisters, whether we like it or not." "Charity is the salt of riches." "What is the use of saying to these people, 'Don't drink, don't steal.' They will answer, 'If you lived in these slums you would drink, too.' But we'll show them that we can live there and do neither—that will be the true preaching." "Who would not rather be St. Theresa in her cell than Catharine of Russia on her throne."

John Storm, in his way, is a sort of Jonah preaching the fall of Nineveh. "The morality of the nation," he declares, "is on the decline; when morality is lacking the end is not far off. England is given up to idle pomp, dissolute practices, pleasure, always pleasure, the vice

of intemperance, the mania for gambling. These are the vultures that are consuming the vitals of our people."

The appalling influence of the drink traffic in Great Britain oppresses like a nightmare every visitor to London. An article in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* asserts that in the region near Cleveland Hall, one of the centres of Hugh Price Hughes' mission, there are seventy-seven public-houses, nineteen hotels, thirty-nine restaurants, and thirty-five dining-rooms, in an area less than a quarter of a mile square. One landlord in the district said that at busy times each of his barmaids took money at the rate of a pound a minute! Public-houses sometimes have as many as eleven entrances. Within a few minutes' walk of St. James' Hall, the headquarters of the Wesleyan mission, the same article affirms that there are five hundred houses of still worse resort known to the police.

Our author thus sums up the failure of this hero's life: "John Storm was pallid and thin and grey. The sublime faith that he had built up for himself had fallen to ruins. A cloud had hidden the face of the Father which was in heaven, and the death he had waited for as the crown of his life seemed to be no better than an abject end to a career that had failed."

This book is in its way a modern "Pilgrim's Progress," a record of the endeavour of an earnest human soul to escape from the City of Destruction to the New Jerusalem. The hero is sore beset by temptation, has to pass through the Valley of Humiliation, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He has to encounter Apollyon and all his fiends. He falls into the dungeon of Doubting Castle and the domains of Giant Despair. But to him comes no divine teaching of the Interpreter's House, no vision of the Delectable Mountains, no walks in the Land Beulah. Nor for him is the triumphant entry into the City of the Great King. He wallows long in the Slough of Despond, and its mire long stains and clogs his garments. The very title of the book and names of some of the characters, as Canon Wealthy and Josiah Golithly, seem also an imitation of Bunyan's manner.

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.

—Cicero.

Book Notices.

History of the Christian Church. By JOHN FLETCHER HURST. Vol. I. Octavo. Pp. xxvi-949. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$5.00.

The magnificent library of biblical and theological literature projected by the Methodist Publishing House, New York, is rapidly approaching completion. Already the following masterly works have appeared: Harman's "Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures," Terry's "Biblical Hermeneutics," Bennett's "Christian Archaeology," Miley's "Systematic Theology," 2 vols., Crooks' and Hurst's "Theological Encyclopædia." And now we have the first volume, numbering nearly a thousand pages, of Dr. Hurst's comprehensive history of the Christian Church. This series reflects lustre on the Methodist enterprise which conceived it, and the Methodist scholarship which carried it out.

Bishop Hurst brings to his task a thorough equipment. To accurate German scholarship he adds a clear, strong, graceful English style. The subject formed the theme of his lectures for nearly a decade, and of subsequent study for nearly a score of years.

The present volume treats, first, "The Science and Literature of Church History, its Sources and Value." On this subject he well remarks: "There is no admirer of human progress and no Christian believer to whom the history of the Church is not of inestimable worth. It is the record of God's hand in the guidance of humanity to its best endeavours and holiest aspirations. What experience is to human life the history of the Church is to the believer. He is a member of a great community which has a varied past, a vigorous present, and a hopeful future. What has been the past? Wherein lie the cause of its errors and the secret of its successes? It is only by a just examination of these that we can expect to acquire wisdom to meet the demands upon the Church of the future."

Bishop Hurst treats with philosophical insight the historical preparation of Christianity, the Apostolic and Patristic ages, the early persecutions and literary attacks, the Christian apologists, ecclesiastical schisms, and the development of theological literature. Exceedingly interesting are the chapters on "Early

Christian Life and Usages," "The Church in the Catacombs," "The Triumph of Christianity and Extinction of Paganism in the Empire," and the great theological controversies that followed.

The latter half of the volume is devoted to the mediæval period from Charles the Great to the Reformation. The Rise of Islam, the Division of the Eastern and Western Churches, the conversion of Germany and Britain, the Development of the Monastic Orders, the Development of Papacy, its Babylonian Captivity, the Crusades, the Waldenses and the Mediæval Dissenters, Influence of St. Anselm, Becket, Gregory the Great, Hildebrand and Boniface VIII., of Thomas Aquinas and Dante, furnish themes for a series of brilliant chapters. The Hymnology, Christian Art and Architecture, the Rise of Universities, and the Sacred Drama, also receive interesting and instructive treatment. Of much advantage to the reader is copious bibliography furnished by the learned author. Bishop Hurst does us the honour of referring to Withrow's "Catacombs," as the best popular account of these memorials of the Early Church, and quotes also our essay on the "Early English Drama."

God, the Creator and Lord of All. By SAMUEL HARRIS, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. 8vo. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$5.00, net.

Theology has well been called the Queen of Sciences. Its theme is the most august in the universe—to vindicate "eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to man." It lays under tribute all the other sciences. The theologian is especially a man who intermeddles with all wisdom. Every new discovery in the starry heavens above us or the earth beneath our feet, every page in the history of the human race or of the human mind, the widest sweep in literature, the loftiest flight in thought, may all be subservient in the unfolding of this supreme science.

The work mentioned above is worthy of this august theme. It discusses first, "God, the One, Only Absolute Spirit"; second, "God, the Creator of all Things"; third, "God, the Lord of All in Providential Government"; and last, and

most fully, "God the Lord of All in the Moral Government of the Universe." This is too important a work for a brief notice. We have, therefore, placed it in competent hands for more full and adequate review.

History of the Christian Church. By GEORGE H. DRYER, D.D. Vol. II. The Preparation for Modern Times; 600-1517, A.D. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. 635 pages. Price, \$1.50.

The first volume of Dr. Dryer's "History of the Christian Church," received some very flattering notices from the press, and we are confident that this second volume will fully sustain the author's reputation as a painstaking, discriminating historian. The volume is nearly a third larger than the former, and covers a very interesting period of history—that formative period in which the institutions of the modern Western world, both political and ecclesiastical, began to take shape. The tragic story of the Crusades, the struggle of awakening thought with ecclesiastical and political despotism in Western Europe, the unchaining of the Bible, the invention of printing and the printing press,—all these great epochal events fall within this period. Students of history, of every shade of religious belief, will find this author thoroughly impartial in recording events as they transpire, and unusually discerning in assigning them their place and true value in the general trend of history. The book has several interesting illustrations.

Manual of Ecclesiastical Architecture. Comprising a Study of its Various Styles, the Chronological Arrangements of its Elements, and its Relation to Christian Worship. By PROF. WM. WALLACE MARTIN. With over 550 illustrations. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 429. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00.

If architecture is "frozen poetry," then ecclesiastical architecture must be theology in stone. Its evolution must run parallel with the progress of the religious ideal. The soul naturally seeks an environment expressive of its loftiest sentiments and deepest emotions. This is the thought of the author in preparing this most interesting and instructive volume. It is, therefore, more than a

mere study of architectural principles and forms. It starts with the ideas of architectural grace and beauty inherited from Greece and Rome, and traces the development through all the changes down to the present. This involves a careful study of the famous cathedrals of medieval and modern Europe, and also of the prevailing types of church architecture in America. The book is profusely illustrated, and has a very complete index and a valuable glossary of technical words. It covers very thoroughly a field of historical research but little cultivated heretofore, and is a valuable addition to ecclesiastical bibliography.

This is one of the most important books issued by the Methodist Publishing House, and is worthy of a place beside Lübke's famous history of art and architecture. The present writer, having spent three years in an architect's office, and thirty more in the study of the art, confidently commends this volume as the most admirable that he knows for giving an historic outline and critical treatment of one of the most delightful subjects.

The Poet's Poet, and Other Essays. By WILLIAM A. QUAYLE. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Gilt top. Pp. 352. Price, \$1.25.

On the banks of the beautiful Lake Tahoe, in Nevada, we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Quayle, and discussing with him, amid its magnificent environment, many of the august themes treated in this volume. Dr. Quayle was then the youngest college president in the United States, and one of the ablest. We were so impressed with the eloquence, the historic insight, the masterly criticism of his lectures that we sought and obtained some contributions from his gifted pen to this magazine. The collected series of essays in this volume but deepens our admiration of the author. He is an enthusiastic lover of Browning, the "Poet's Poet," and an admirable interpreter of his genius. His essays on "King Cromwell" and "William the Great" (William III.) will stir the patriotic pulses. His essays on "Burns," "George Eliot," "Shakespeare," and "Hawthorne," reveal a keen critical faculty. One of the most interesting of the essays in this volume is "The Jew in Fiction," a demonstration of the extraordinary influence exerted by the Jewish race.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The following statistics will give our readers some idea of the amount of labour performed at the late Conference in Leeds. Ordinary telegrams forwarded, 1,255. Ordinary telegrams received, 772. Press telegrams, despatching over 200,000 words, 1,212. Total number of telegrams, 3,239. Letters posted, 17,605. Letters delivered, 8,793. There were 2,000 circulars of all sorts distributed.

The President, Rev. W. L. Watkinson, has sent a letter to all the ministers in the pastorate, of a most cheering character. He wants the year of his presidency to be emphatically a year of grace. At least 700 ministers went to new circuits. The need of the hour is "a revival in every circuit, and salvation in every home."

The Manchester Mission is making marvellous progress. Three new halls are being opened. Social work is being utilized. A labour home has been provided, a night shelter for men is to be erected, also a home for women and girls. It is hoped soon to build a coffee tavern with a night shelter, a rescue home and a servants' registry.

The people of Fiji have sent to the Mansion House, London, \$4,220 for the Indian Famine Fund, yet sixty years ago the Fijians were ferocious cannibals. They are now pronounced "the most law-abiding community in the world." Fiji is doing splendid work in supplying native agents for New Guinea and other heathen islands.

The late Robert Carr, of Kingston, Ireland, left \$2,500 for the Foreign Missionary Society; the Irish Home Mission Fund, \$500; the Strangers' Friend Society, \$250; and the Wesleyan Supernumerary Ministers' and Widows' Fund, \$500.

Rev. Leonard M. Isitt, of New Zealand, will spend the autumn and winter in the service of the United Kingdom Alliance, whose headquarters is Manchester, England.

Dr. Rigg, Dr. Stephenson and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes accepted Dean Farrar's invitation to Canterbury Cathedral during the Lambeth Conference, when a special religious service was held. The Archbishop delivered an allocution from the chair of St. Augustine.

The missionary steamer *Meda* has been wrecked on the north-eastern coast of New Guinea and went to pieces. Happily crew and passengers were saved. A large party of teachers were being conveyed from Fiji to New Guinea.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

At the celebration, in New York, of Bishop Andrews' twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration, he quoted the following significant figures, showing the progress of the Church during the past quarter of a century. In 1872 there were about 9,000 effective ministers, now there are more than 14,000. In 1872 there were about 1,400,000 church members and probationers, now there are 2,800,000. The number of churches had increased from 13,000 to 26,000.

A new church at Foochow, China, will be the largest building in the city, and will seat 2,000.

Rev. Dr. T. J. Leak thinks that the Church loses about 50,000 members a year who "remove without letter."

The Philadelphia Church Extension and City Mission has planted and developed twelve churches during the five years of its existence, six of which are self-supporting.

Methodist missionaries in India preach the Gospel in thirteen different languages.

The Board of Managers of the Missionary Society congratulated Dr. Wm. Nast on his ninetieth birthday, and that the work started by him now showed 63,000 communicants in America and 20,000 in Europe.

Bishop Joyce is completing his second round of Conferences in Japan, Corea and China. He says, "I am glad to tell you that we have had revivals everywhere at all the Conferences, and the brethren are all very happy and hopeful, and the outlook everywhere is very good."

Bishop Hurst's son, Carl Baily, will be Consul at Vienna, Austria.

A granddaughter of Bishop Simpson, Miss Vernie Weaver, will enter the Chicago training school in the fall and fit herself for mission work.

The Michigan *Christian Advocate* Publishing Company presented \$4,000 of its profits for the past year to the two Conferences in the State.

The Book Concern at New York has given \$500,000 to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund during the last four years.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

In 1874 Rev. J. J. Ransom organized the mission in Brazil. There are now in the Brazil Conference twenty-four missionaries; ten native travelling preachers; 1,571 members; 364 increase; twenty-six Sunday-schools, with 951 scholars; forty-five Epworth League members; five self-supporting churches; one boarding-school and six day-schools, and 125 pupils; and the church property is valued at \$52,052.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

Rev. Jesse Ashworth, who is more than eighty years of age, preaches nearly every Sabbath, and during the week delivers lectures on Palestine, which he visited some years ago.

The oldest minister in the Connexion is the Rev. John Hirst, who has celebrated his ninety-first birthday.

The college for training ministers has been enlarged so that the accommodation is doubled. The cost of \$50,000 has been defrayed by one gentleman, Mr. W. P. Hartley, who is a prince among his brethren.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

It is cause of great rejoicing that while deficiency of Missionary income is reported by various sister Churches, the Treasurer of our Mission Fund reports a net increase of \$2,000.

Rev. Daniel Norman, B.A., whom the present writer knew at Sunday-school, has gone to Japan, and will there be one of the representatives of the Young People's Forward Movement. He will be a good accession to our staff of labourers in the Empire of the Rising Sun.

Dr. Sutherland, the Missionary Secretary, has returned from a visit to the Indian Institutes in the North-West and British Columbia. He is gratified with the progress that the Indians are making.

Rev. C. M. Tate writes from Steveson, B.C., in a strain of rejoicing at the signs of prosperity that are visible in that country. Twenty years ago there were not more than half a dozen canneries on the Fraser River, now there are forty-four, employing from 15,000 to 20,000 people. He regrets that the Sabbath is not better observed as a sacred day by some in authority, which is productive of bad effects among their subordinates.

Rev. T. Morden, Winnipeg, states that at Kenlis, fifteen miles from Indian Head, a church which has only been built one year at a cost of \$4,000, 75 per cent. of the amount had been paid.

Rev. Dr. Leonard, who knows the Chinese well, makes the following statement: "You never saw a Chinaman drunk, nor did you ever see him starve. You never saw him beg, and you never knew a Chinaman to become a tramp."

RECENT DEATHS.

The Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, the well-known Methodist historian, died at San Jose, California, September 12th. He was in his eighty-third year. He was only in the pastorate a few years. Most of his life was spent in the Editor's chair and writing books. He was a voluminous writer, though his most important work is a "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America." He was a grand man, though for some years before his death he lived far away from the great centres of the Church, but he was neither "unemployed, nor triflingly employed." His busy pen was in daily use writing articles for the Church periodicals, and preparing an additional volume of Methodist history which will shortly be issued. Heart failure was the cause of his death.

The Rev. W. Preston, of the London Conference, in the Methodist Church, was called to his reward in September. For fifty years he was in the Methodist ministry in Canada, and also some time in England. During the last few years he was totally blind, and his death was produced by a fall. He was remarkable for a meek, quiet spirit. His ministry was confined almost entirely to hard, rugged fields of labour, but he faithfully performed his duties, and now he rests from his labours.

The Rev. James Kines, of the Bay of Quinte Conference, died also in September last. He entered the ministry in 1863, and after spending some years in Ontario, his lot was cast in the East, where he laboured with great acceptance for several years. His brethren elected him to the presidency of Montreal Conference. He was a man greatly beloved. He laboured with great zeal in the temperance cause. For some years past his health was perceptibly declining, and with a view to its recuperating he went to Clifton Springs, but, alas, a fit of apoplexy seized him, and he was not for God took him.

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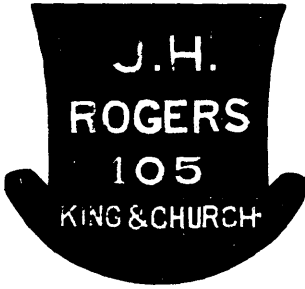
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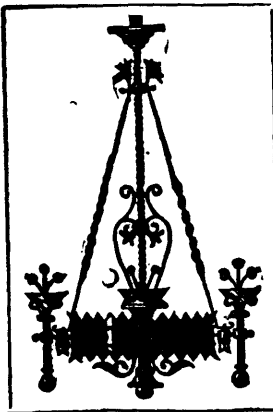
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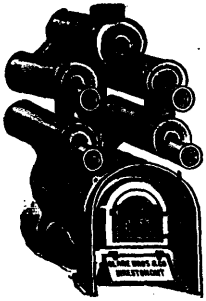
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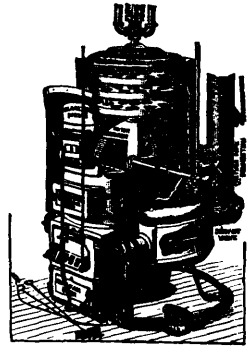
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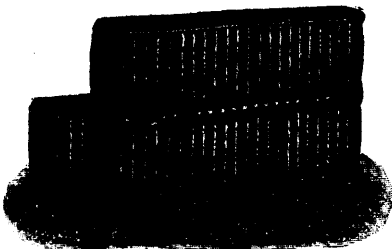
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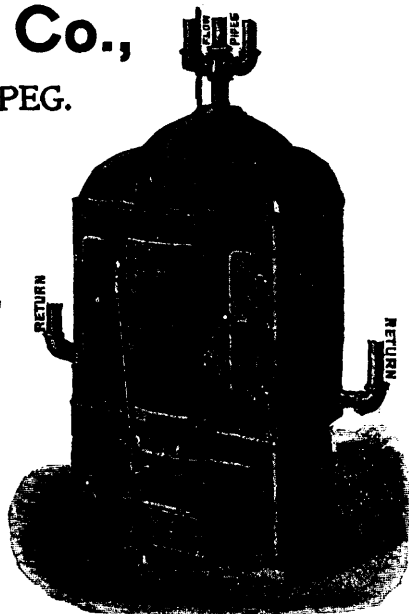
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