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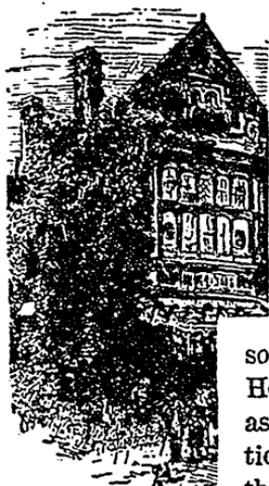
CHRISTMAS ANTHEMS.

THE Methodist Magazine.

December, 1890.

CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.



THE MANOR.

OF late years, when there has scarcely been enough snow on the ground at Christmas-time to give the country even a seasonable appearance, it has seemed almost a mockery to continue to celebrate the same old customs and to perform the same ceremonies that are connected from time immemorial in the minds of the English people with a winter sky and landscape, which, in the days of our forefathers, were so rarely absent at this season of the year.

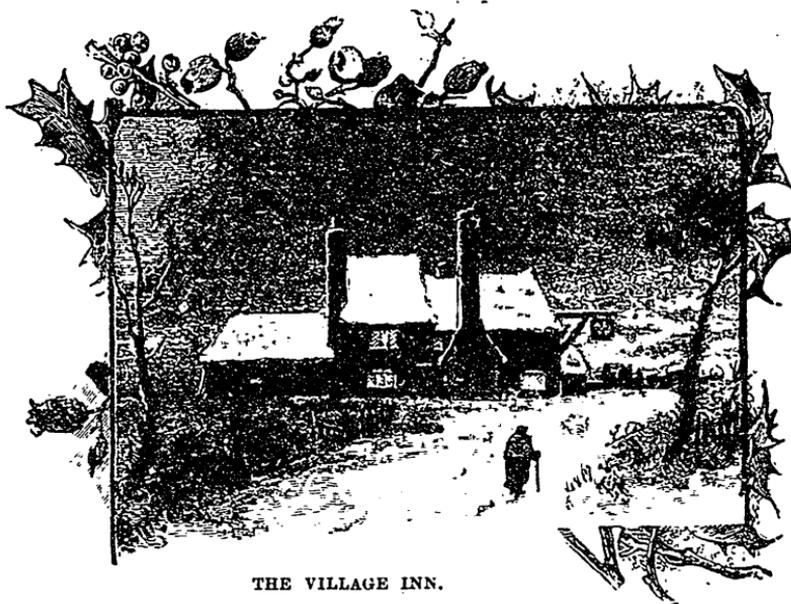
However this may be, the customs always associated with an old-fashioned Christmas-tide are still practised to a great extent; the piled-up wood fires still crackle and burn as brightly as ever in the ample old grates,

and the stout-legged oaken tables still support as tender roast beef and as tasty and indigestible a plum-pudding as they ever did in days of yore.

In England Christmas is a universal holiday. In the cities the banks are closed; offices are deserted. The stores in the towns and villages are all shut, and while the morning of Christmas-day is in every respect treated as a Sunday, the latter part of the day is given up to whatever out-door amusements the state of the weather may render suitable; the evening sees the assembly of joyous parties and friendly gatherings, which last into the small hours of the morning, and are looked forward to by the younger portion of the community with an eagerness which the passing years tend rather to increase than to diminish.

But to see Christmas as it is really kept by the people we must leave the cities and dive deep into the heart of the country; we must mingle with the crowd that at the festive season enters the gates of the squire's hospitable mansion, or in the long low rooms of the old farm-houses. The real beginning of the festivities is on Christmas-eve, when the large parties meet their friends from far and near round the festive board. Then the time passes right merrily.

The village inn represented in the sketch below, sending its ruddy glow through its lattice windows, across the snow, and with its well-known sign—say the "Red Lion"—hanging above



THE VILLAGE INN.

the door, will reap a considerable harvest; and a jovial gathering of big-boned labourers and hardy rustics, with the host himself, portly and rubicund, in their midst, will make the blackened rafters ring again with song and joke as the night wears on. There we shall hear many an odd conceit or quaint superstition which the season of the yule-log and the holly-berry again brings round to their memories. As they sit and talk over their tankards they care very little for anything else but the fact that "Ye goode old Chrismasse-tide" has come again. It matters little to them that the actual Christmas-day was not even fixed on the 25th December until the fourth century. They are prepared to celebrate the day as it is, and be merry, come what may.

As hinted before, superstition of the most absurd kind is every-



CHRISTMAS MORNING AT THE MANOR HOUSE.

where rife at this season, and few persons who have not spent Christmas among the people in the country villages can have any idea of the extent to which it prevails. In his "English Country Life," Thos. Miller tells us how he incurred the displeasure of a relative by breaking through a rule which a certain superstition

had made necessary. He says: "To give a person a light between Christmas and Twelfth Night is to bring upon yourself ill-fortune all that year. I recollect well losing the good-will of my old grandmother by allowing a benighted waggoner to light his lanthorn while her back was turned, and it was many a week before the old lady forgave me."

In the olden days our ancestors used to keep the merry season in much the same way, but during the Middle Ages a custom prevailed which has since lost its character, if it has not altogether died out. Thus, in the larger towns were performed certain mysteries—dramatic representations—in which the players wore grotesque dresses and masks. These were celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, and the country people flocked from far and near to witness them. The only custom which bears any resemblance to these, and which is only found now in certain parts of the midland counties, is called the "December Liberties," or the feast of fools and asses, which is described as "grotesque saturnalia, in which everthing serious was ridiculed." Whole villages would turn out to dance, carrying torches and evergreens, casting weird shadows on the glistening snow.

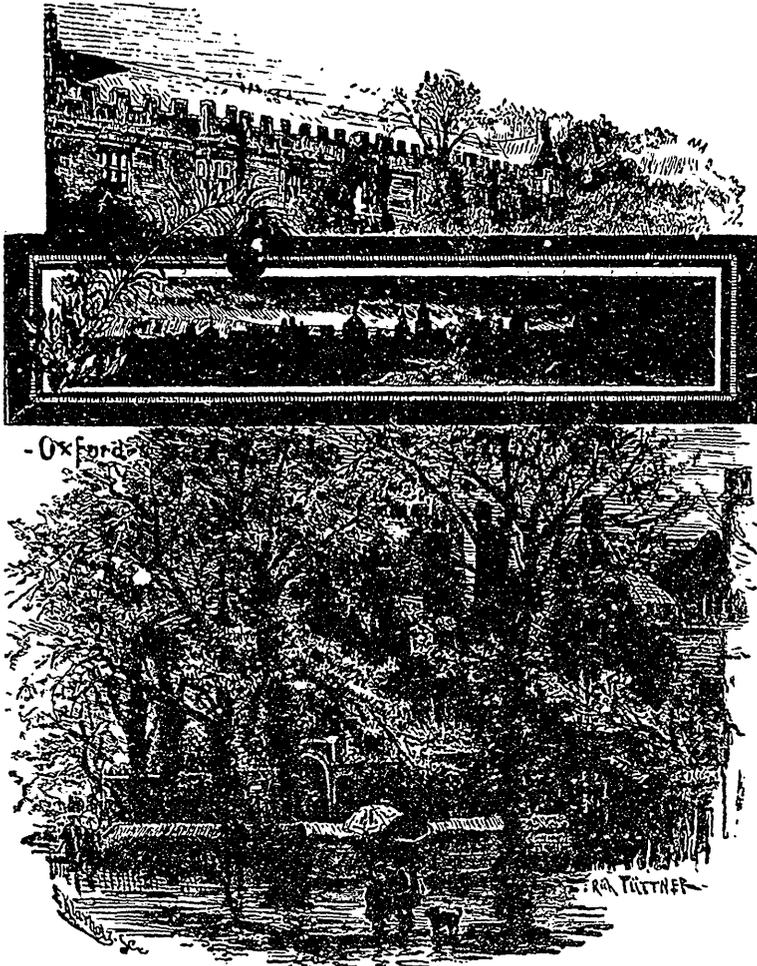
Within doors the houses at Christmas-time are very cheerful and bright. On the wide stone hearth a yule-log burns, briskly casting a ruddy glow on everything around, while the walls and pictures are decorated with holly, ivy, and several bunches of mistletoe hung up in obvious places for equally obvious reasons. These decorations are usually kept up until Twelfth Night or old Christmas-day. At this season, too, there is a plant called rosemary, which flowers about Christmas-time. It was held in high repute by our ancestors, though the purposes for which they used it have now ceased to be noticed. They held high holiday from Christmas-day until Candlemas (February 2nd), and their first feast was the occasion of bringing in the head of the wild boar,

"Upon a silver platter with minstrelsy."

Then, once the great tankards had been filled, it was the custom to stir the foaming potations with twigs of rosemary. It was also considered auspicious to use it on two other occasions of a very opposite nature, namely, a wedding and a burial. Boughs of the plant were carried before the bride or laid on the grave, as the occasion called for, and referring to this old custom in his "Hesperides," Herrick says that the rosemary plant

"Grows for two ends ; it matters not at all
Be it for my bridal or my burial."

It is only right that churches, which were built to the honour of Him whose birth we celebrate at this season, should be as brightly decorated as they are; and in the little country church there is sure to be a full congregation, from the squire, who is not so



OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

regular in his attendance, perhaps, as he might be, during the year, to the oldest peasant, who unearths from its year-long grave an ancient beaver hat, from which the silken gloss has long since fled, and which he dons in honour of the day.

Should it ever fall to the lot of a stranger to be walking through

the country lanes near midnight on Christmas-eve, he will be startled to hear, on the last stroke of twelve, the iron clang of the church bells far and near ring out the best chimes of which they are capable, and from Land's End to John o' Groat's not a church tower that possesses bells will be silent. When these cease the waits begin their rounds, and going from house to house, and village to village, they sing carols and Christmas hymns until the light begins to glimmer in the eastern sky and another Christmas-day has dawned.

The custom of singing carols at Christmas-time may be traced back through many a long century. In the classic city of Oxford, the stronghold of ancient customs and ancient opinions, Christmas has been celebrated for centuries with much of the pomp and pageantry of the Middle Ages. The procession song of the Boar's Head, the "Gaudeamus Omnes," the singing of the surpliced choir in the college chapel (as shown in our frontispiece), are still observed as in scarce any place else. And in the Bodleian Library may still be seen one of the oldest collections of carols known to exist. The volume, of which only a few pages remain, was printed in the year 1521, by Wynkin de Worde, and is entitled "Chrismasse Carolles." For some reason Oxford is particularly favourable to the laurel, and as a decorative evergreen in the chapels of the different colleges, it is used to the entire displacement of holly or ivy.

There are many other customs in the large cities, and old-fashioned traditions in the country, still preserved in many parts of England, which limit of space forbids us to mention; and though some of these may have already died out and others are now gradually becoming extinct as the years roll on, we are sure of one thing, namely, that England will ever be the home of Christmas gatherings and rejoicings of some sort; and if the old-time pastimes and quaint old ceremonies are giving way to others of a different sort, let us hope that the English people will ever thankfully remember, in their mirth and Christmas celebrations, the occasion when He who made such happiness possible, and who has made us, as a nation, what we are, was born in a stable and cradled in a manger.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
 The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands,
 Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
 Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

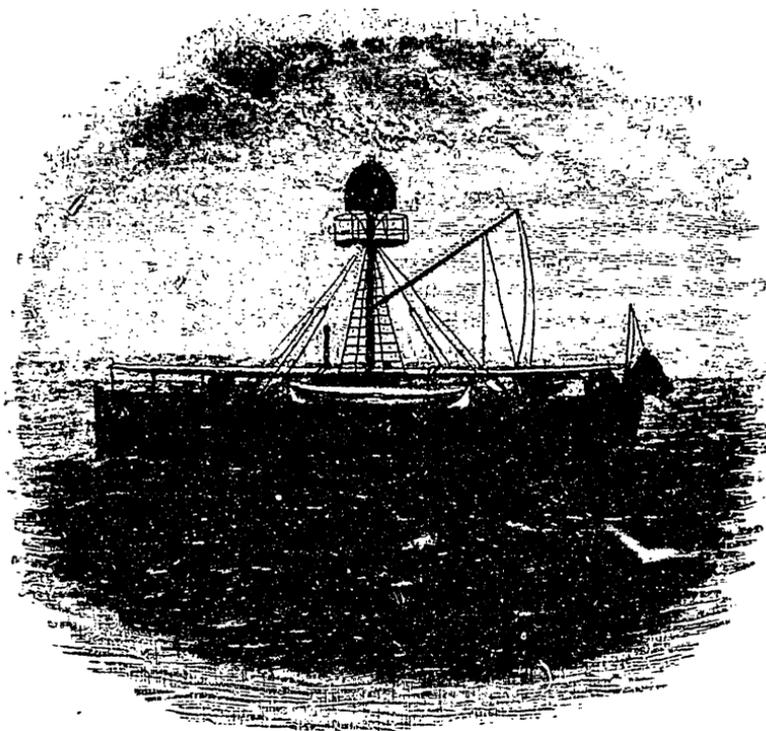
—Whittier.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

XII.

QUEENSLAND AND THE EAST COAST.



CLAREMONT ISLAND LIGHTSHIP.

Monday, August 15th.—Cooktown, in spite of the preponderance of iron houses and shops, looks rather pretty from the sea. Its small port is formed by the mouth of the Endeavour River. The Palmer River gold-diggings, and some recent discoveries of tin, which have attracted a large number of miners, are the chief sources of prosperity.

Tuesday, August 16th.—Awoke about seven, feeling much refreshed, and went early on deck. Many visitors came on board, only a few of whom I was able to see. In the afternoon we went out for a drive. We passed one or two nice stations, with com-

fortable, deep-verandaed houses, and tidy gardens and orchards. Nothing could exceed the care our driver took of me; his chief anxiety was that I should not suffer a single jolt beyond what the roughness of the road necessitated. He came out here when he was twenty-one years old, and rushed at once to the gold-fields; found £1000 in three days, on an alluvial field 300 miles inland from Sydney; lost it in two days after, by putting it into a speculative mining concern, which failed the day after he parted with his money.

Friday, August 19th.—Early this morning Tom and some of the gentlemen went on board the *Claremont* lightship. After breakfast we landed on the reef. It is a bare heap of sand and coral, save on its highest part, where a few tufts of coarse grass are growing. Here we found a native of St. John, New Brunswick, brought up, as he told us, by foreign parents, engaged in the business of collecting *bêche-de-mer*, or dried sea-slugs, for which there is a large demand in China.

This white man had in his employ thirty natives. *Bêche-de-mer* commands a high price. We were shown the accumulated casks full of this unattractive edible, representing a value of many hundreds of pounds. Lee, the head of this establishment, was living in a shelter formed of tattered canvas and battered sheets of corrugated iron, but he evidently possessed the power of command and organization, and was not without education.

Bêche-de-mer is of various qualities. The best is worth £120 per ton, the next £100, a third quality £90, and a fourth from £80 to as low as £30 per ton. The *bêche-de-mer* is a curious kind of sea-slug, rather like a sea cucumber. Its scientific name is *Holothuria*. It makes excellent soup, which is very nourishing, and is like the snail soup so much given to invalids in the south of France. In Cooktown the Europeans eat it largely, while in China, as trepang, it is a much-prized and high-priced delicacy.

Just before we were going away it seemed to suddenly dawn upon Lee that Tom was Lord Brassey. He asked the question, and when an answer in the affirmative was given shook hands most warmly, and was delighted when he was told that I was Lady Brassey, and that the children were my own dear ones. He had all our history at his fingers' end, and was extremely pleased to see the "*historical Sunbeam*" and "her spirited owners," as he called us.

We landed on the leeward side of the island, and on going to the windward shore it was curious to notice the process by which the islands gradually become covered with vegetation. The whole shore just above high-water mark was covered with little

seeds, beans, and various other atoms of vegetation which had been dropped by birds or cast up by the sea, and which in process of time will cover the island with trees and shrubs. The island did not look much bigger than half-a-dozen times the size of the yacht. At low spring tides the most beautiful corals and shells are found.

The blacks we saw are a good-looking lot of men, the finest in stature we have yet seen. Lee says he has to be most careful and always "sleep with one eye open," as they are treacherous. They would turn round on him at any moment if they saw a chance and did not know he was well armed.



THE LAST MILL IN AUSTRALIA.

Saturday, August 20th.—

At Somerset on the mainland, and immediately opposite to our anchorage at Port Albany, a pretty little station has been built, with a flagstaff in front of the bungalow. On our arrival the flag, which had been hoisted, was dipped a great many times and a large bonfire was lighted, in order to give us, I suppose, a really warm welcome.

Sunday, August 21st.—We had Litany at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon I landed with the Doctor, and sat, or rather lay quietly, on the pleasant sandy shore for an hour or two. Some cocoa-nut trees have been planted, which are doing exceedingly well, and I

rested under their shade, looking up at the sky through the long, pale green leaves. The innumerable flies, ants, and sandflies were troublesome. But what can be expected in a land where the ant-heaps are ten feet high and twenty-four feet in circumference? We had evening prayers on board at six, and after a quiet evening's reading, went to bed rather early.

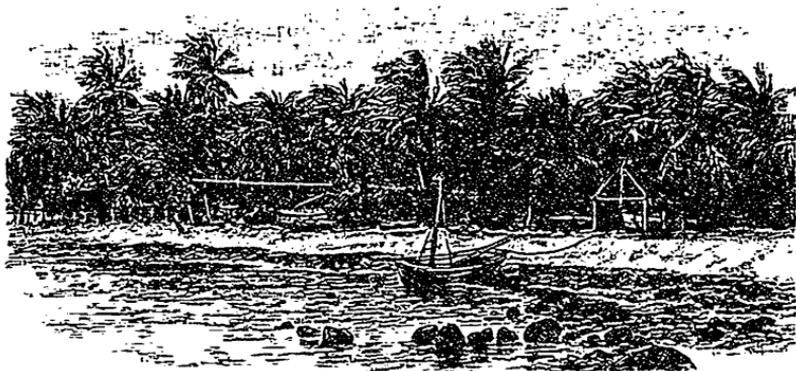
Tuesday, August 23rd.—Most of the party went early ashore at Port Kennedy to see what this uninteresting town is like. Tom spent a busy morning with Mr. Milman, going into statistics, fortification questions, and so forth. In the afternoon we steamed across to the pearl-shell station on Prince of Wales' Island, managed

by Mr. Hall. He has a nice bungalow there, and seemed very busy and happy in his occupation, contriving to keep good friends with all the "boys," as the coloured labourers from Manilla, China, the South Sea Islands, and other places, are called. These "boys" are now busily occupied in unloading the shells from the boats and cleaning and preparing them for the market, which latter process we had come to see to-day. First, we went to a small shed where about a half-a-dozen "boys" were employed, some in chopping and scraping the shells in order to reduce their weight, whilst others were washing and cleaning them with brushes made from the outside of the cocoa-nut husk, which, when split into strips, is excellent for the purpose, as it scrapes and polishes the shells without scratching them. The boxes stood ready outside for packing, each holding about two cwt. of shells, valued at £11, per cwt. The number of shells varies according to their size, from sixty to sixty-five fitting into each box. On a table in the middle of the shed the shells were being quickly packed and nailed up, ready for exportation. From the cleaning and packing shed we went to another, where the diving apparatus is kept. This was sent out from England, and is exactly the same as that in use everywhere, being made to fit tightly round the ankles, wrists, and neck, with an immense superfluity of space in the middle to hold a storage of air. Besides this heavy dress, divers wear a belt with a large knife stuck into it, to cut themselves free from any obstacle their ropes may get foul of, and they also have a hook, to which their air-pipe is attached. In addition to an enormous pair of leaden boots, two heavy pieces of lead are suspended over their shoulders, one piece lying on their chest and the other on their back. They descend with great rapidity, and can walk, *with* the current, on the bottom easily enough; but woe betide them if the tender is not careful, for if their air-line catches in anything it is absolutely impossible for them to make any headway against the tide. Unless the men above are quick and clever enough to repair the mistake promptly, they are lost.

Wednesday, August 24th.—I have been so ill lately, and necessarily left so much alone when the others were on shore, that my dog has become more than ever a companion to me, and never leaves my chair or bed for an instant if he can possibly help it. He was fairly driven away this morning to accompany Tom on his long walk to the lighthouse, for I knew the outing would do him good. Half-way up the hill he refused to follow any farther, and bolted back, in a straight line, to the beach, and had actually swum more than half-way to the yacht before he was picked up. I should hardly have thought a dog could identify the vessel at so great a distance.

Thursday, August 25th.—There are only two white men living on York Islands; one is an English gentleman, and the other bears the name of Yankee Ned. He is the proud possessor of a telescope which, he declares, belonged either to Captain Cook or Admiral La Pérouse. These two men have a very large bêche-de-mer station here, which they manage with the aid of some natives, and make over £1000 a year out of it.

Friday, August 26th.—We anchored off Darnley Island at half-past ten. It is very pretty as seen from the sea, with large groves of cocoa-nut trees growing right down to the shore. On the higher ground the cleared slopes of grass give it at a distance something of the look of an English park. I was borne in my chair straight to the house of the chief, who is called King Jack, and who, with his wife, was anxious to welcome and shake hands with us all.



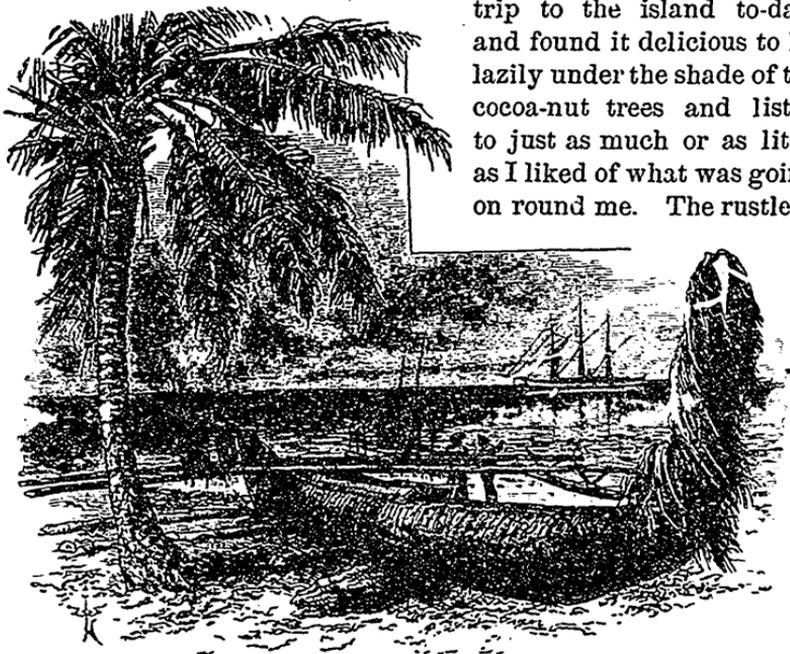
DARNLEY ISLAND—THE SHORE.

The flag flying before his trim little cottage—red with a yellow cross—did not satisfy King Jack at all, so we promised him a blue Jack for use on future festive occasions.

We took some photographs of the groups of natives and of the curious native boats, hollowed out of a single trunk, which were lying pulled up on the shore before us. The larger canoes are made from timber grown in New Guinea, which must be much larger than any trees we saw growing on the island. After a short delay, I was carried by some native policemen through a native village, consisting of a few circular and oblong houses made of plaited grass and thatch, all of which had been so familiar to one's eyes in the South Seas. It was quite like old times to see these dwellings again, and some of them were actually occupied by genuine South Sea Islanders—Kanakas. The men of these islands are very similar in appearance to that race, though I think the type here is finer.

At the end of the village stood the missionary's house, which was a superior abode to the others. It has been built and is kept for the use of white missionaries when they come over from the other islands. The native teachers generally live in a little grass hut at the side, and content themselves with gazing at the "mansion"—a small dwelling, consisting of only one main room and two side rooms off it, with deep verandas all round. The native teacher is a well-educated Kanaka. His wife is of the same race, and is pleasant and agreeable. She seemed to keep her house, hut, and children very tidy.

I thoroughly enjoyed the trip to the island to-day, and found it delicious to lie lazily under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees and listen to just as much or as little as I liked of what was going on round me. The rustle of



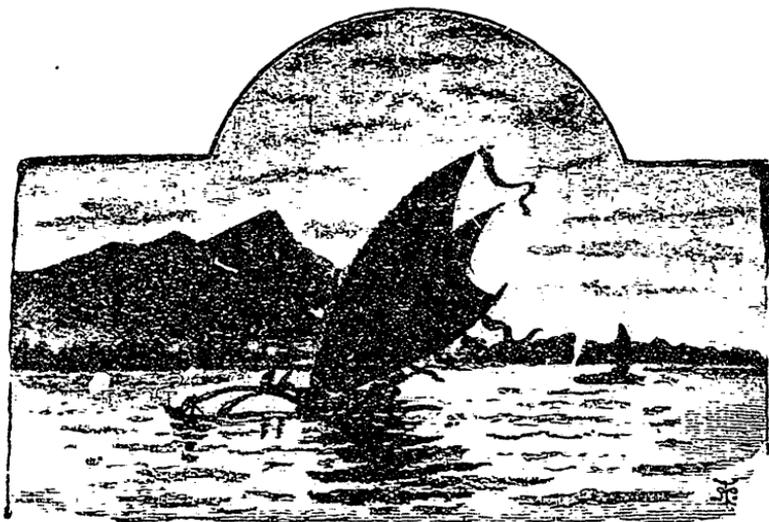
“SUNBEAM” OFF DARNLEY ISLAND.

the wind through the long leaves of the cocoa-nut trees is far more calm and peaceful than even the murmur of the “immemorial elms;” and the glimpses of the sea, dotted by small islands and coral reefs, on which the waves broke in beautiful creamy foam, were most lovely.

While we were up on the hill the crew had been engaged in procuring water to replenish our fast-failing stock. They had had great labour in bringing off the water, for the well is half-a-mile from the beach, and the sea was very rough. We only got a ton after all, when we should have liked a dozen or fourteen tons! Soon after our return on board a number of boats followed

us, laden with baskets of sweet potatoes, yams, pumpkins, coconuts, shells, carols, etc. So great was the supply that the deck of the ship soon became covered with native produce, the owners of which, like all true savages, considered it a matter of etiquette and dignity not to express the least surprise or astonishment at anything they saw, although somewhat taken aback by the pictures and large looking-glasses. They were very pleasant and obedient, doing exactly what they were told without touching anything.

The little mission schooner, the *Mary*, with a dove and olive-branch on her flag as a message of peace, was tossing and rolling



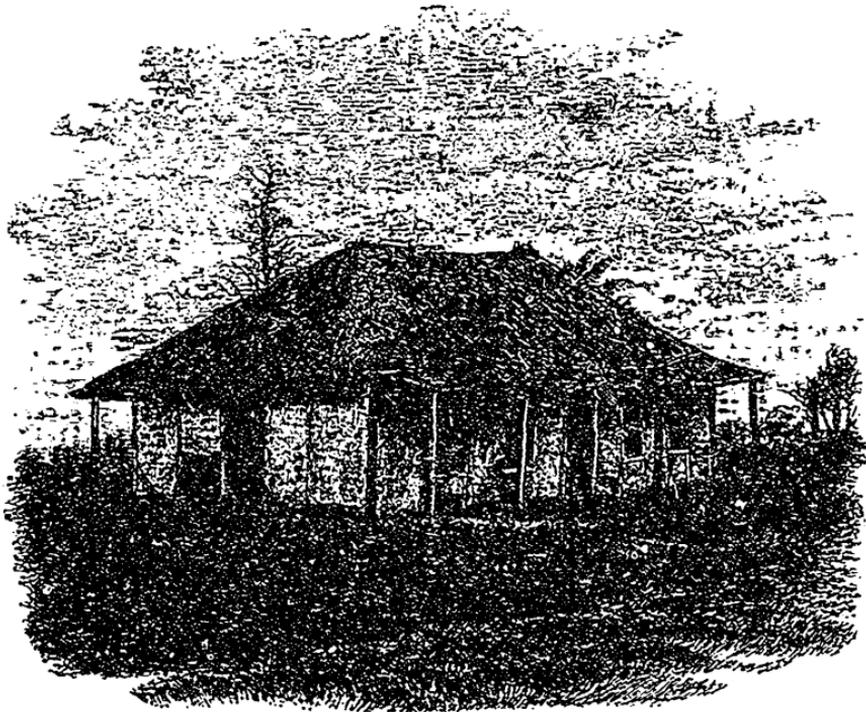
IN THE TORRES STRAITS.

about in the most unpleasant manner, exposing her keel at almost every wave, first to windward and then to leeward. Her captain and crew, a fine, determined-looking set of Kanaka men, did not seem to mind the sea at all. From Mr. Savage I heard a good deal of his work among the natives. The station here is comparatively small; but at Murray Island a training-school for native teachers has been established, that island being somewhat larger than this, surrounded by live coral reefs, and containing about 400 inhabitants. Their principal field of mission operations among the natives appears to be in the Fly River in New Guinea, which is a most unhealthy spot. Their work is now beginning to be attended with a large measure of success.

Mr. Savage has been out here for two years, thirteen months of

which time he has lived entirely by himself. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt are now going to inhabit Murray Island, with only one European carpenter as their companion. The life of these good people appears to be one of much self-abnegation. I hope with all my heart that the mission may succeed, and that the devoted missionaries will be rewarded for their self-denying exertions.

Sunday, August 28th.—As the tide was running very strong, it was decided not to start until eleven o'clock. We therefore had prayers before starting, and sailed slowly across to our old anchorage, which we reached about midday.



CHURCH ON DARNLEY ISLAND.

In the afternoon I was carried ashore to see Mrs. Milman, who appeared to be a great invalid. She has two nice little girls, who look after the house and save their mother a great deal of trouble. There was another little girl there, a daughter of Canon Taylor, who had come up from Cooktown on a visit. We returned on board at half-past five, and everybody but myself landed again later, and went to church at half-past seven at the Court House. Mr. Milman read prayers and a sermon, and Tom read the lessons.

Monday, August 29th.—The pearl divers are sometimes hoisted up to the surface asphyxiated from want of air, and requiring

almost precisely similar treatment to the apparently drowned. Only last week they had a man on board one of the schooners very nearly dead, but still able to speak and move. Instead of attempting to relieve him they brought him here, a distance of fifteen miles; and by the time he arrived, of course, the little spark of life he had possessed was quite extinguished. If only a knowledge such as that conveyed by the instructions given by the St. John Ambulance Association can be spread here, particularly among the people employed at the pearl-fishing stations, it will be most valuable. There are a great many men engaged in the pearl trade in the Torres Straits, New Guinea, and the numerous islands in the vicinity. It is, of course, impossible to establish a centre here; but I hope before I leave to set a class on foot, with Mr. Hall for the secretary, as he is most enthusiastic on the subject. Tom and I will, as usual in such cases, become life members, so as to give the movement a start.



LADY BRASSEY.

Here terminates abruptly Lady Brassey's Journal. Her last written word was one of sympathy with the suffering, as her last act and purpose were endeavours to promote their welfare.

Lady Brassey had been ill before she left Europe for the last time, and it was hoped that a long voyage, such as she so much enjoyed, and which she had more than once accomplished, would completely restore her. She made the tour, which has been described in this Journal, through India, and proceeded to Ceylon, Rangoon, Moulmein, Singapore, British North Borneo, Macassar, and thence to Albany, in Western Australia, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Cooktown,

Thursday Islands, and Port Darwin. It was Lady Brassey's intention to leave the *Sunbeam* at the Cape of Good Hope and return home by mail steamer.

As the *Sunbeam* cruised along the northern coast of Australia, it is assumed that her ladyship contracted some form of malarial fever, which frequently prevails in that region. Great uncertainty, nevertheless, prevailed as to the nature of the malady, and until the 11th of September no grave apprehensions were felt. On the following day, however, it became apparent her condition was becoming critical, and alarm was evinced by the family. No surgeon was on board, and the exact nature of the malady could not be ascertained. On Monday, the 12th of September, it became evident that recovery was hopeless, and that her ladyship was sinking. The next day the scene aboard the *Sunbeam* was an affecting one. Feeling

that her end was nigh, Lady Brassey took a touching and affectionate farewell of her family, every member of which was on board. One of her last injunctions was that the book to which she had devoted so much attention during the cruise should be published. Shortly afterwards she became unconscious, in which condition she remained till her death, about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September. The interment took place at sunset of that day, and was a melancholy and memorable ceremony. Lord Brassey read a portion of the service, and the other members of the family assisted in the last sad rites as the body was assigned to its grave in the deep sea.

It was with a deep sense of almost personal loss that the readers of this MAGAZINE heard of the tragic death of the late Lady Brassey. Thrice she laid the readers of this periodical under deep obligation by her kind permission to reprint the substance of her interesting volumes, and by generously furnishing the exquisite engravings by which they were illustrated.

Many probably who have followed the author of these famous journals in her many wanderings have pictured to themselves a lady of sturdy frame and of inexhaustible physical power, but with Lady Brassey the strength and the courage lay in the spirit, not the body. When on the verge of womanhood she was, we are told, fearfully burned, and lay for six months helpless and wrapped in cotton wool. From the shock of this calamity she appears to have suffered more or less throughout her life. Severe attacks of bronchitis clouded her early married life; and her first voyage brought upon her terrible sufferings from malarial fever. Her books grew simply out of a habit of sitting up in bed as soon as she awoke in the morning, and writing with pen and pencil a narrative of the previous day's proceedings to be sent home to her father.

Instead of subsiding into a fashionable society woman, as most ladies of her wealth and social position do, Lady Brassey devoted her time and talents to instructing an ever-widening circle of readers. Few works of travel have been so widely read, or have communicated so large an amount of interesting information, as have hers. She was a remarkably intelligent and acute observer and graceful writer. She had access to the best society everywhere, and had the amplest opportunities for seeing everything worth seeing at its best. She possessed more than an amateur acquaintance with the natural history of the many countries she visited, and had a very considerable knowledge of several of the languages of Europe. Though of delicate health, she accomplished a large amount of literary work. Few persons have any idea of the drudgery there was in the mere transcribing and proof-reading of her several large volumes. She only accomplished this by her habit of early rising, being often at her desk at four in the morning, and by her indefatigable industry.

One of her noblest characteristics was her thorough womanliness—her sympathy with the poor, with the sick and suffering, with the sailors and servants of her husband's yacht. Her sympathy embraced their religious as well as their material interests. In this she was admirably helped by her husband. He used regularly to conduct religious services on the *Sunbeam*, and his wife tells us that "he preached a very good sermon." And her practical beneficence showed that these were not sentiments merely.

Many thousands of readers through the English-speaking world will feel a sense of more than passing sorrow for the death of this amiable, accomplished, and generous lady, who made the world richer by her life, the poorer by her death.

Of very touching interest is the introductory chapter to Lady Brassey's last volume, by Lord Brassey, entitled "For my children; a brief memoir of their dear mother." With loving pen he describes her many virtues, and sets forth the plans of usefulness, by means of Working Men's Clubs and the like, which she so generously promoted. We quote the following golden words: "Your mother was always doing good to those from whom she had no hope to receive. She did not do her alms before men: when she prayed she entered into her closet and shut the door. Her life was passed in the spirit of the Apostle's exhortation, 'Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.' Her praise to God was sung in her work of practical good. Her psalm was the generous sacrifice of self to works that she believed would be of advantage to others. Your mother's heart was as large as it was tender. She was devoted as a wife to her husband, as a mother to her children. She was kind to dependents, ever thoughtful of the poor, and there was a large place in her heart for her dumb companions. In all my remembrance of her I can recall no period of life when her face was so dear to look upon as in the days of her last illness. . . . With not a murmur from her lips, nor a shade of unrest on her serene countenance, the peculiar sweetness of her expression seemed a foretaste of the peace of heaven. My dear children, I might write more. I could never tell you what your mother was to me."

Truly this is the fulfilment of the promise concerning the virtuous woman of Scripture, "The heart of her husband shall trust in her, her children shall rise up and call her blessed." We think it safe to say that no woman in the world ever before had such opportunities to see many lands and many peoples under such favourable auspices. The official position of her husband as Lord of the Admiralty gave him everywhere the *entrée* in the highest official circles, and everything that wealth and love could lavish upon her was given to make her many journeys pleasant and instructive. Her last book, for instance, describes her progress through the great cities of India, like a royal princess, with her private train, and with troops of elephants and camels, &c., placed at her service. Her journeys through the Eastern Seas in her elegant yacht, surrounded by love, obedience, troops of friends, have never been paralleled. There seems a sort of fitness that she should find her last resting-place in the deep, wide, wandering sea she loved so well.

In the next volume, for 1891, we will give Lord Brassey's graphic account of the return voyage, calling at Darnley Island, Port Darwin, Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Port Louis, Algoa Bay, Port Elizabeth, Teneriffe, Cape Town, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, St. Antonio, Fayal, Ferceira, etc.

BE prayerful; ask and thou shalt have strength equal to thy day;
 Prayer clasps the Hand that guides the world—O make it then thy stay!
 Ask largely, and thy God will be
 A kindly giver unto thee.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

NOWELL ! Nowell ! in this halle,
Make mery I praye nowe alle ;
On that chylde may we calle.

Christ was born on Christmas-day,
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay.

To Thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honour through heaven and earth ;
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent Word ;
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord.

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

THE quiet day in winter beauty closes,
And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,
As if the blushes of our faded roses
Come back to tint this sombre Christmas sky.

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly,
Dies the last gleam upon the lone hill-side,
And in the stillness growing deep and holy,
Our Christmas guests come in the eventide.

They enter softly ; some with baby faces,
Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on
life :

We bid them welcome to their vacant places ;
They won the peace, and never knew the strife.

And some with steadfast glances meet us gravely,
Their hands point backward to the paths they
trod ;

Dear ones, we know how long ye struggled bravely,
And died upon the battle-field of God !

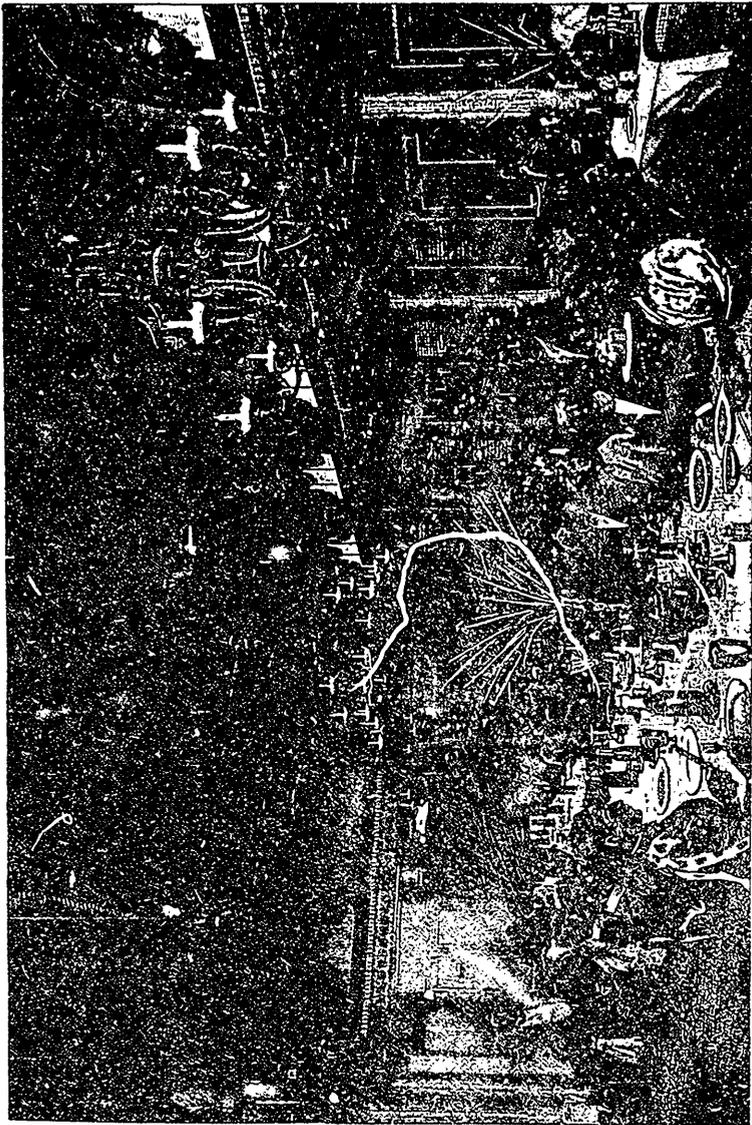
And some are here whose patient souls were riven
By our hard words and looks of cold disdain :
Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven,
Ye come to visit our dark world again !

But One there is, more kind than any other,
Whose presence fills the silent house with light,
The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder Brother ;
Come to His birthday feast with us to-night.

Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger
Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and
rest ;

O best Beloved, come not as a stranger,
But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christmas guest.





DINING SALOON OF THE HOTEL METROPOLE, INTERLAKEN.

“EAST, WEST, HOME’S BEST.”*

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the chief pleasures of going abroad, to speak Hibernically, is that of coming home again; and one of its most important lessons is that no land under the sun furnishes for the average mortal happier conditions of existence than our own Canada. The peasant hamlets of Germany may have their gift-starred Christmas-trees, the Italian churches their straw-strewn mangers and holy Bambino, the French villages their tinsel toys and sweet songs of Noel, the English cottages their holly and mistletoe; but for abundant Christmas cheer and social enjoyment our Canadian homes are without a peer on earth. Of the typical Canadian farmer, as of Chaucer’s Franklin, it may be said:

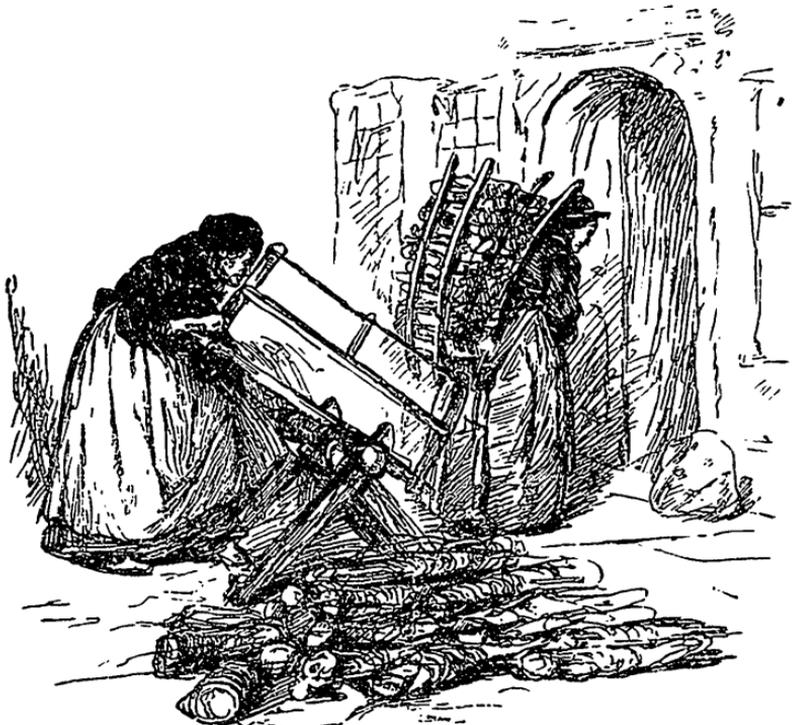
“It snowèd in his house of meat and drink.”

Good food and plenty of it, not only at Christmas, but all the year round, are the first physical conditions of happiness; and this almost every Canadian may possess. But throughout Europe the poorer peasant populations are habitually ill-fed as well as poorly housed and coarsely clothed. To one accustomed to the abundance of food and generous comfort of the average Canadian home, the pitiful economies which are a stern necessity in the peasant homes of Europe are a strange surprise. The ordinary tourist, who takes his elaborate *table d’hôte* dinner at a fashionable hotel, sees little of this; but if he turn aside to the by-ways of travel he soon sees more than enough.

Ben Jonson cynically says that one’s warmest welcome is always at an inn. It is amusing to witness the affectionate solicitude of the Swiss host for the guests’ welfare. As they ride up to the door, a lackey in waiting rings a large warning bell. Then three or four waiters in swallow-tails, or valets in uniform, swarm out to assist the travellers to dismount, and the *maître d’hôtel* gives them most unctuous greeting, and assigns them rooms in turns, to which they are conducted by neat *femmes de chambre* in Bernese costume and snowy cap. At the dining table one’s seat corresponds with the number of his room. At a signal from the head-waiter, his well-trained subordinates file in

* Reprinted from the *Christmas Globe*, 1889, with the kind permission of the Editor of that journal.

and out like automatic figures, with the several courses. These are almost invariably as follows: soup, fish, roast vegetable alone, chicken and salad together, dessert and fruit. Dinner generally lasts an hour, but after a hard day's work one does not grudge the time, and it gives an opportunity to study the various phases of tourist character, of many lands and many tongues, thus brought together. Some of my pleasantest recollections of travel are of the numerous charming acquaintances made at the *table d'hôte*. In the evening there is frequently a parlour concert of really good music by native performers—perhaps by Tyrolese in their picturesque costume, warbling their sweet mountain airs.



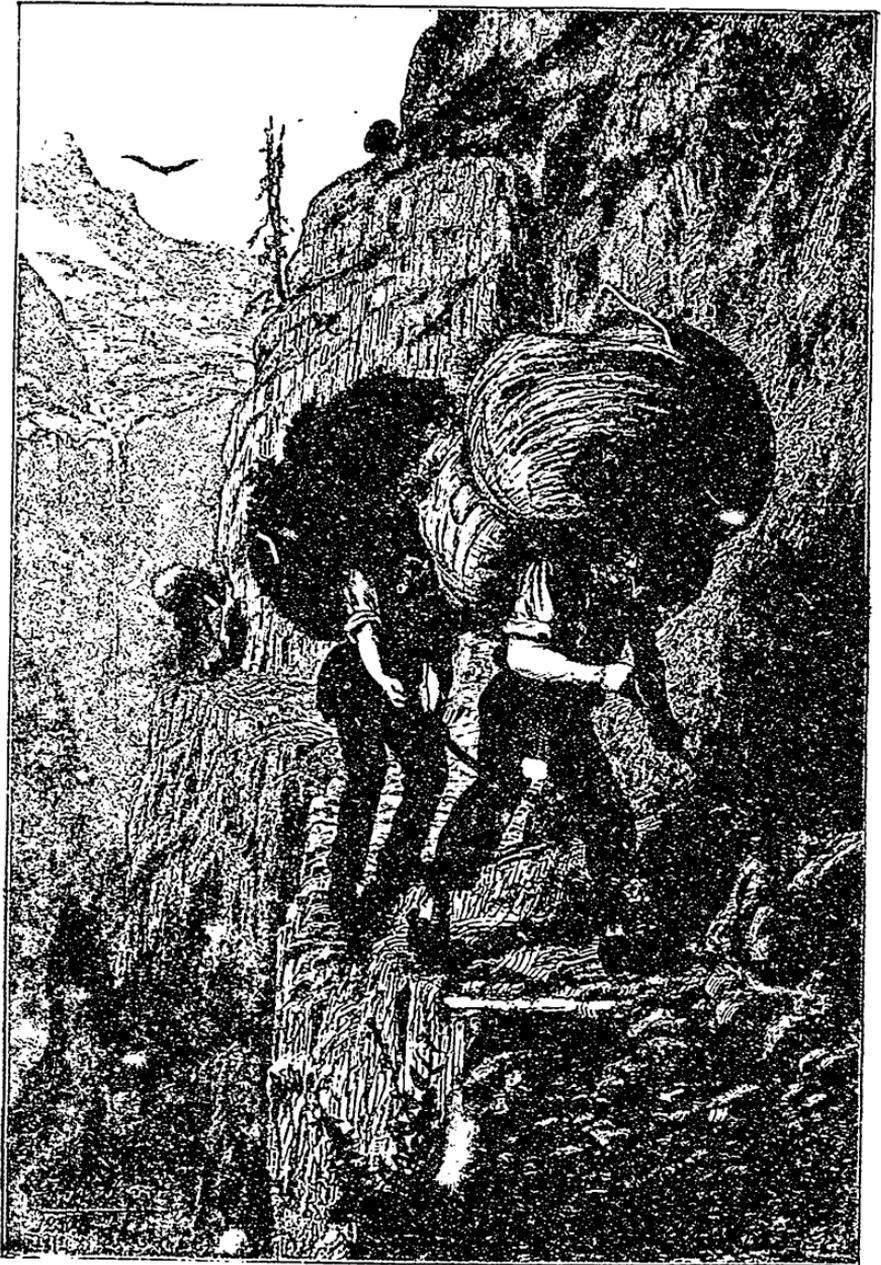
“WOMAN’S RIGHTS,” IN GERMANY.

A striking contrast to the elegance of these great hotels is the condition of the peasants of most European countries. I went one day, tired and hungry, into the cottage of my guide at Mesino, near Naples, a region of richest fertility, and asked for food. I pity the prisoners in the Castle of St. Elmo if they have poorer fare than the coarse, black bread and hard cheese that were given me. The whole contents of the house—a rude bed, two or three chairs, and a few earthenware vessels on a stone hearth—would be dear at five dollars. Yet beneath this deep there was a lower

deep in the squalor of the crowded tenements of the *Strada de Sette Dolore* in Naples—the street of the seven sorrows of the Virgin. It seemed to me to symbolize rather the sevenfold sorrows of poverty, ignorance, vice, and other miseries of the hapless people. Unlighted, unventilated, undrained, swarming like a hive of bees, small wonder that cholera and typhus here make their lair.

At Interlaken, last summer, within gunshot of one of the finest hotels in Europe, I climbed up a rickety outside stair to the living-room of a Swiss family. As is the fashion of the country, part of the house was used as a stable, the manure heap near the door announcing itself to more than one of the senses. The ceiling was grimy and shiny with smoke from a stone hearth, at which a bedraggled woman was cooking a wretched meal for some unkempt children and a sodden-looking man. What good to them that overhanging that lovely valley rose in midheavens the immortal beauty of the Jungfrau—the Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland—a shrine which attracted pilgrims from the ends of the earth. Indeed, the conditions of existence are so austere that the tillers of the soil—where there is any soil to till—have little time, and apparently less taste, to enjoy their magnificent environment. The principal crop of the country is, of course, the tourist crop, which yields about seven million dollars a year. The next is grass and hay for their extensive dairies. I don't know how Canadian farmers would like to be swung down by ropes to otherwise inaccessible cliffs to cut a few armfuls of grass. I have seen scores of women carrying great loads of hay on their heads up mountain paths so steep that I found it difficult to make my way with the help of an alpenstock. Near Leukerbad is a small village on a precipitous slope, the only access to which from the valley is by a series of ladders fastened to the cliff. Up and down these ladders men and women toil with great loads upon their backs, where most of us would be too dizzy to climb at all.

Small wonder that lovely woman loses her loveliness through such rugged toil. The fair sex is too often represented only by blowzy, frowsy, sturdy women and girls, whose chief charm is their invariable good-nature and desire to please. Even little lads and lasses climb the steep mountain paths with burdens all too heavy for their tender years, but always with the cheerful salutation, "*Gut' morgen, Herr, Gut' abend, Herr,*" and with a keen expectation of small coins. On the chief routes of travel the whining little urchins running beside one's carriage are the burden of one's life. If one gives them a few *sous* he feels that



ALPINE HAY-MAKERS.

he is demoralizing their character and encouraging habits of shameless mendicancy. If one refuses to listen to their clamour, he fears that they will run themselves into a fit of apoplexy.

The condition of women throughout Continental Europe is one that grates on one's feelings most exasperatingly, and one to which, however familiar it may become, Canadians can never be reconciled. It is bad enough to see women standing with signal flags at every railway crossing, but to see them acting as scavengers in the street, mixing mortar, sawing wood, and performing other unwomanly work, wrings one's very soul. "Woman's rights" in Europe strike one chiefly as woman's wrongs. I saw one old woman carrying heavy stones on her head out of a quarry. I saw another at Strasburg, near the magnificent new palace of the Kaiser, pushing a handcart before her and dragging behind her four others—empty, of course, but still a difficult task. A friend told me that he saw a woman and a cow harnessed together to a plough in a field. This I did not see, but I can well believe it, for I have repeatedly seen a woman and a dog harnessed to a waggon.

From the castle fortress of Ehrenbreitstein one may enjoy a magnificent view of the winding Mosel and of the vine-clad slopes of the Rhine. Yet to me all the beauty of these scenes was marred by the spectacle of a gang of women unloading military stores from railway cars, while five thousand German soldiers were polishing their bayonets and pipe-claying their belts in the adjacent barrack-yard.

The universal militarism of Europe is crushing the life out of the people, withdrawing millions of stalwart men from productive industries, training them at immense cost in the art of destruction, and rolling on the shoulders of millions of women burdens of toil that men should bear. Small wonder that mothers often weep when a male-child is born into the world, foreseeing for it only the terrors of the conscription and a bloody death in the passes of the Balkans or Carpathians.

Great Britain is the freest country in Europe, but it is not so free as Canada. To one brought up in this favoured land there is an irksome feeling of restraint in the rigid class distinctions of the Old World. The poor man is sadly handicapped in the race of life. The crowding of the wage-workers in the factory towns, and the grimy atmosphere and unsanitary condition in which they live, are in striking contrast to the favourable environment of the workingman in this new country. The condition of Hodge and Giles in Dorset and Devon is still far from realizing Joseph Arch's ideal paradise—the possession of "three acres and a cow."

In the great cities the drink curse inflicts its tyranny upon the masses to a degree unknown in Canada. In the most wretched purlieus of London, Liverpool and Glasgow the drink shops, those

social wens that grow by impoverishing all around them, largely countervail the most earnest efforts of the Christian and philanthropist. One Sunday night I heard Spurgeon pray with infinite pathos for the great city of London, "That the tide of iniquity that flowed down the streets might be stayed," and as I saw the blazing ginshops busy at their nefarious trade that Sabbath night, I felt that there was much need of prayer and faith and work for the arrest of the drink traffic and for the moral elevation of the people. I am not unaware of the noble efforts that are being made and of the great results that have already been achieved in this behalf. I rejoice in their success and in the promise of a brighter morrow for the world. Most of all am I thankful for the immunities and privileges which we in this new land possess.

If it be true, as Buckle asserts, that a civilization depends upon its physical environment—and it is true to a considerable extent—then we should develop on the virgin soil of this continent one of the noblest civilizations the world has seen. The very sky seems several stories higher than in the Old World, the air more exhilarating, and the climate unequalled in its ministry to health and pleasure. Many of those old historic lands of Europe are charming places to visit, but they are also excellent places to leave. The struggle for a bare livelihood is more keen, the chances of success less assured, the educational and social advantages are less easy attainable than in our own favoured land. Untrammelled by the fetters of the past, with its almost boundless extent and inexhaustible resources, Canada offers to its sons a fairer heritage than is, I think, to be found elsewhere on earth. Land of my birth,

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee."

CHRISTMAS.

A HAPPY Christmas-tide to every one,
Though from the festal board some guests
And yet, not gone, for to each vacant place
There cometh one who hath an angel's face ;
And there is left a store of life and love,
Links which unite us here to those above.

A happy Christmas-tide, and let the poor
Turn with a thankful heart from every door.
If in our hearts there's strife with kin or friend,
For Jesus' sake let the contention end.
So, ere the year is hidden 'neath its pall,
Thank we the Lord, to be at peace with all.

NORWAY—ITS GEOLOGY AND PEOPLE.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.

*Victoria University.**



GUDVANGEN AND THE NÆRO FJORD.

NORWAY is a most tempting country to the geologist, to the lover of grand but gloomy scenery, and to every one interested in a quaint and simple but picturesque people.

An artist would be in raptures over it, if it only did not rain so often. All these attractions wiled me over to its barren moun-

* A lecture given before the Alumni Association.

tains one summer, and the few months spent there proved so full of pleasure and profit that it may be pardoned if some memories of it are offered the readers of this MAGAZINE. The land is all the more interesting to Canadians from the resemblance of many of its features to those of our own country.

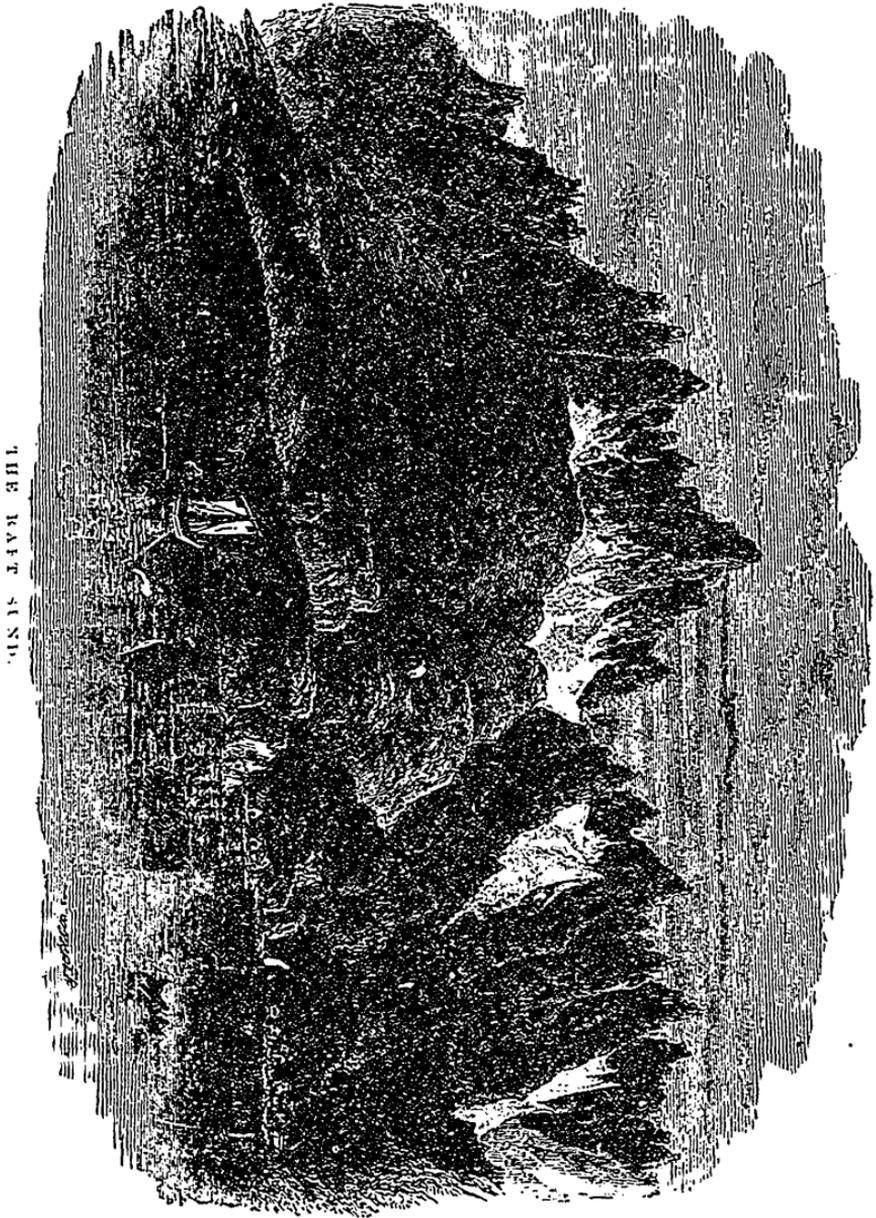
We dwellers of the North have fjords on our coasts, and an immense range of gneiss and other archæan rocks as our geological backbone, and just so it is in Norway. It lies as far north as any man could wish for; it has the grandest fjords in the world; and it has wide stretches of gneiss, in the opinion of some of its geologists, like our Laurentian; the very oldest land in the globe, whose hoary hills raised their head calmly to heaven when the rest of Europe and America lay hid beneath the waters or pushed only an island or two above their surface.

And Norway is a land, like our own, of forests, of fisheries, of cold winters, and of sturdy, democratic people; but it lacks our fertile square miles, and the latter cause may in coming years draw many of her hard-worked sons across the waters to our broad North-West.

As might be expected when a stronger nation shares with a weaker, the division of the Scandinavian peninsula is not quite fair. Sweden takes all the plains and leaves Norway the mountains. It is a mere strip of mountains beginning away up in Lapland, not twenty degrees from the Pole, and stretching with varying widths eleven hundred miles to the south-west. Its most southerly point is more than ten degrees north of Quebec. The rocks in this sea of mountains are twisted and tossed into a most perplexing confusion, and not even yet are the mysteries of their origin and relations unravelled. They are all of the very oldest formations, nothing later than Devonian having been found in the better known south of the country, and even that without fossils. The Silurian is, however, widely found and well developed. Some of the old geologists of the country think them the very first-born of rocks, remnants of the first solid crust formed in the dim and misty beginning of things on the surface of the cooling but still molten earth. A later and younger school, of which my friend Dr. Broegger is a prominent member, look on very many at least of these seemingly primeval rocks, as being of far later origin, mere youths compared with our Canadian Laurentian. They have certainly proved their point in many cases. By patient, painstaking study of their native rocks they have here and there found beneath thousands of feet of crystalline schists and quartzites a stratum containing an obscure fossil or two, half obliterated, but still plainly recognizable as Silurian—coins struck in the die

of nature—long-lost, but when found, bearing in plain characters their date and inscription.

Most borderlands of continents show marks of fierce pressure



from either side, as if the earth's coat of mail had a weak point at the juncture of sea and land. Nowhere has this sideward compression been more tremendous than in Norway. The transverse cleavage of slates, and even gneiss and quartzite, give

no doubtful evidence of the immense power that brought them about. Much of this force must have expended itself in heat. Cracks and fissures were made in every direction, through which



HARDANGER PEASANTS, NORWAY.

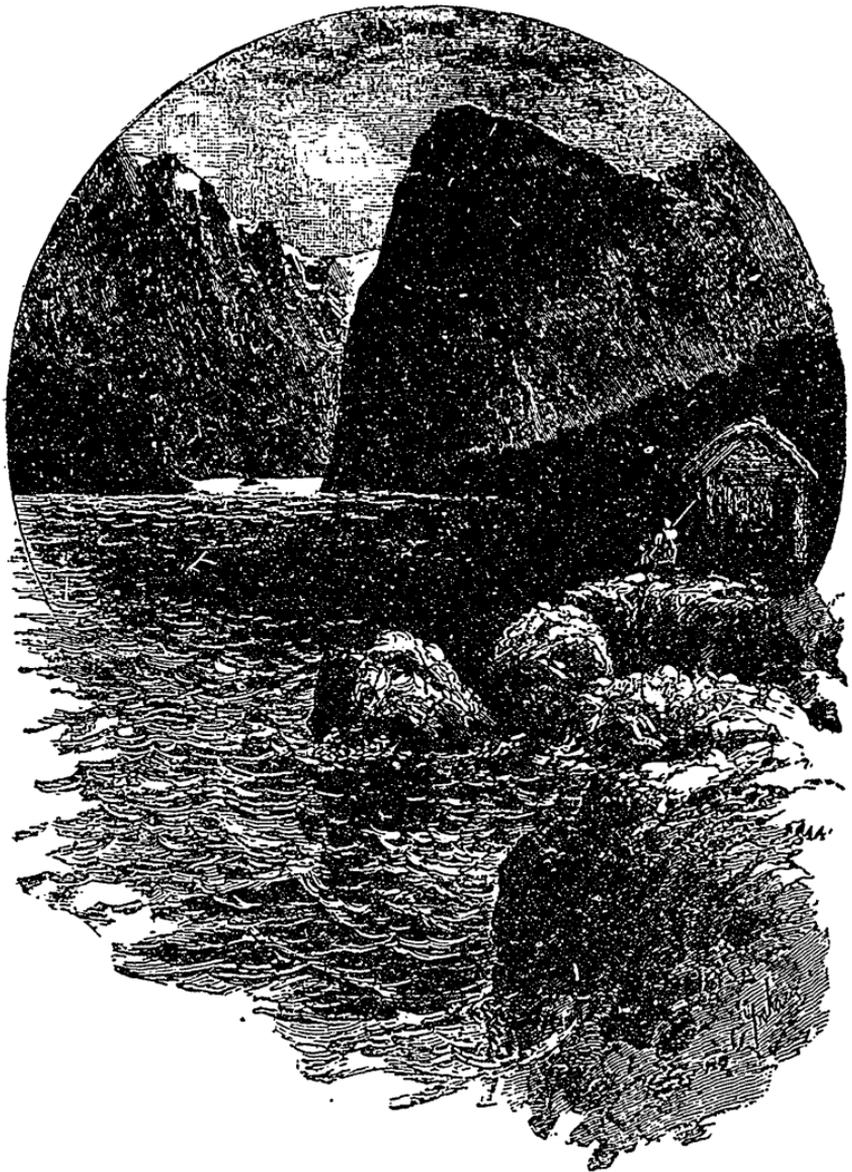
rose, in all likelihood, boiling waters charged with mineral matters in solution. To these and the heat we must ascribe the wide-spread crystallization of the rocks in question. In palæontological character the Silurian rocks of Norway do not materially

differ from those of Sweden, Russia, Wales, or even Canada. On the other hand, quite a marked difference is found between them and the Silurian rocks of Bohemia and Southern Europe, making evident the fact that some barrier must have separated the northern Silurian sea from the southern. The world must have been very unaccentuated in that age. The same steamy, tropical climate reigned at the Poles as at the Equator summer and winter. The small, unformed lands showed but slight differences of level, and seemed to have been monotonous voids, without birds or beasts or flowers. All seas so far as known were shallow, and the sluggish inhabitants showed little of the vigour and variety of the present.

The city of Christiania, the capital of Norway, is a petrographer's paradise, for splendid granites, syenites, porphyries, diorites, and diabases are all found within three or four miles. Where the city now sits peacefully on her hills, overlooking distant mountains, rugged shores, and charming islands, there was once most terrific volcanic action. There were muttered thunders that came not from storm clouds, but from the uneasy earth—mysterious warnings and premonitory shudderings. Vast cracks and chasms opened in the trembling rocks, into which welled molten fluids. Lava flowed from broad openings, and showers of ashes darkened the sun and desolated the country, while through the stifling down-pour came baleful gleams of red light reflected from lakes of fire below. The whole region was blasted again and again through successive geological ages, just as half Iceland has been turned into a desert in modern times by Hecla and Skaptar Jokul. The eruptive forces, terrible as their effects are at the time, do a most necessary work in raising lands above the ocean, but it is only on the border lands by the sea. In the interior of continents elevating forces of a slower, less revolutionary kind fulfil the same office, the tendency in either case being to begin at the north and shift southward. The volcanic powers that convulsed Norway, in time found the existing rocks too strong, and transferred their work to Central Europe towards the end of the coal period, forming the porphyry and melaphyre mountains of Bohemia and Silesia. Once more the resistance was found too great, and there was a shifting south to lift the trachyte domes of Hungary and the Auvergne in tertiary times. In our day vulcanism finds its home by the Mediterranean and torments Southern Italy and the Grecian Isles.

In no land in Europe have ice and snow played so important a part as in Norway, and one may truthfully say that the ice age still lingers in no small part of the territory, so that the action of

glaciers forms no small portion of her geology. The largest mass of eternal ice in Europe is found in Jostedalstraee, near latitude 62°. It is a waste of ice and snow, sixty miles in length



NORWEGIAN FJORD.

and covering more than four hundred square miles of surface. It rises six thousand five hundred feet above the ocean, and is a sea of ice of unknown depth, hiding everything below like a mask and sending a score of frozen rivers into the valleys around.

The chief points in regard to glacial actions are as follows: The upper part of the glacier is loaded with an ever-increasing depth of snow, which is compressed to ice by the burden above. The constant pressure drives the mass like a viscous fluid downwards and forwards every day. Rocks split from surrounding cliffs fall upon it and are carried along. Other rocks frozen in along the sides or base serve as chisels in gouging out and wearing away all unevenness or obstacles in its bed. When the glacier melts, the heavier rocks are deposited, and lighter fragments borne away by the torrents, to be spread out in the valleys and plains as beds of gravel, sand, and clay. The glacier is the ploughshare of the Almighty. It left behind it in Norway fjords and river valleys and beds of lakes. It left a country bold and strong in its outlines, but terrible in its hardness, barrenness, and desolation. As soon as the ice withdrew from any part of its territory, running water took up the work of smoothing, sifting, softening down, and spreading out what its forerunner had left unassorted and in heaps. Soils were formed, and every foothold wrested from the ice was occupied by vegetation.

But the working of another force must be considered before the history is complete. The work of water is one of degradation, and some counteracting, elevating force must be looked for. We find it in vulcanism and the slow powers of upheaval, that silent and unnoticed elevate whole countries with their mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers to a higher level.

The people whose lives and habits are influenced by the strange physical conditions described, are near relatives of our ancestors, the English. The Norwegians of to-day are of medium size, strongly built, with blue eyes, fair hair, and white and red complexion. They are a cheerful, or rather, placid race, though a tinge of melancholy shows itself in the minor key of the music, perhaps born of the gloom of nature around. The people as a whole are thoroughly democratic, and the rough fellow to whom you have given a quarter for carrying your valise, grips your hand with an overflowing cordiality in saying good-bye, that leaves it lame for the next hour. The land has several distinct classes, and the man of the interior has quite a different set of thoughts and aspirations from those of the fishermen, of the Lofodens, or the sailor on the high seas. The class of farmers and herdsmen is one of the most interesting in Norway. The small farmer—and the farms are all small—has his quaint house and barns standing in a clump together in the midst of the little fields. Every yard of ground is used for potatoes, barley, or hay; five hundred feet up the mountain side, clinging to a rock slope, there

may be an acre of turf. It is utilized for hay, and a wire stretched from a tree on the cliff to another in the valley, gives a way of bringing the little crop to the barn.

The Lapps are the most striking part of the population to the foreigner; a diminutive people, once possessors of the country,



A HOUSE IN NORWAY.

but gradually elbowed out by their sturdier neighbours, and now only found in the far north. At first sight one can hardly distinguish men from women, they are so small, so slightly built, and so scantily supplied with beard. They might all be children. Their general appearance is more picturesque than engaging. They are Mongolian in look, with sallow face, narrow eyes, high cheek bones, and unkempt hair, whose ends stick out like a

fringe all round above their wide skin collars. Their brown locks weather out to a faded yellow from exposure to the sun and rain. The chief article of dress for the men is a sort of smock of reindeer skin, with the hair either inside or out. This garment is usually a world too wide, has a high collar above, and is fastened by a broad leather belt below, but so low down on the hips as to make the body look ludicrously long. A large knife in a wooden sheath hangs from this belt. The legs are clad in close-fitting leather hose, fastened to the upper part of the moccasins by numerous turns of leather string. The moccasins have pointed, upturned toes, and are of immense size, so as to admit of padding with moss or straw to keep the feet warm. There is often a coil of rope slung over one shoulder, and used to lasso reindeer. On his head, when in holiday trim, the Lapp sets a cap of brilliantly coloured cloth, flattened on top, and somewhat academic looking, with the corners projecting like horns to the four points of the compass. Within the large coat there is plenty of room to spare for storing tobacco, biscuits, and other articles which it is convenient to carry around. When tired or intoxicated, a Lapp may be seen to fling himself on the ground, or the bottom of his boat, turn up his hairy collar, nearly covering the head, draw in his arms, and contract himself like a turtle in his shell, leaving only the spindle legs and elephantine feet out of shelter. Lying thus, face downward, he dozes comfortably in the sunshine.

The dress of the women is much the same as that of the men, except that the blouse is prolonged into a skirt reaching below the knees, and the head is covered with a close-fitting night-cap of bright colours with two lappets hanging down on each side of the cheeks and ornamented with a kind of embroidery. The gait of both sexes is wobbling and ungraceful.

The Lapps live from their herds of reindeer or are fishermen. Dozens of the crazy boats of the latter may be seen fastened to the piers of Hammerfest, in the fine summer weather, and their presence gives a very strange and picturesque life to the harbour.

The pastoral Lapps sometimes own hundreds of reindeer, which brouse on the straggling bushes and moss of the fjelds over which they wander. Once or twice in the week they are hunted up in their mountain pastures, and driven in a tumultuous throng down to the valley where the owner has his hut. There they are shut into an enclosure made of tree trunks, and one after another the females are lassoed and held by the men while the women milk them into flat bowls. Meantime the deer pulls and struggles like a wild creature, and the others rush around in terror and make a peculiar crackling noise by the spreading of their hoofs

as they run. Two tablespoonfuls make the full amount at one milking.

The reindeer provides everything for the Lapp—his food, drink, and clothing, and the material for his summer tents. Its horns are worked into spoons, its sinews into cord and thread. The reindeer drags him swiftly over the snowy hills in winter in his little boat-shaped sled. His only other domestic animal is a foxy,



OLD CHURCH AT BORGUND, NORWAY.

treacherous-looking dog, like those of our Canadian Indians. The only virtue of the brutes is their patriotism. They die of homesickness if taken south.

The Lapp dwells in a mound-shaped hut, with only two openings, a low door and a hole on top to let out the smoke. The walls are of heavy planks or small logs, standing on an end and sloping inwards, with earth and sod heaped up outside. The apartment within is like a wigwam, with a fire in the centre, around which lounge the family, including the dogs, on a carpet

of reindeer skins. The other inhabitants, which are small but numerous and friendly, require no mention here.

On the whole, the Lapp's costume and hut are well adapted for the life and climate he is exposed to. Rough as his existence may be, he is not without some artistic feeling, as shown in adornments of dress and spirited sketches of men and reindeer on bone or horn spoons and knife handles. The sketches remind one of those found in France with other relics of pre-historic man; and it is pretty certain that a race like the Lapps were the primitive inhabitants of Belgium and France, if not of the rest of Europe.

With this puny and fading race, crowded hopelessly and helplessly into the most barren corner of the frozen North, we now take leave of Norway. I have tried to describe briefly a land with a glorious history—a land once strong but now comparatively weak, though still honourable and respectable. Its glory is departing. Its might and that of some other countries of the East is slowly but surely waning, while that of the West is in the ascendant. A powerful nation is springing up around us on virgin soil. And who will shape its destinies for good or ill? The leaders of thought and of action! And who will they be? Undoubtedly the young men of intellect in our universities! On you, young men, rests the responsibility for the future. Be true to yourselves; show yourselves men of honour and strength, and the future is assured. It is yours, and it will be glorious!

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OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WHEN Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, in that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria.

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright
To them appearing with great light,
Who said: "God's Son was born this
night,"
In Excelsis Gloria.

This King has come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in
mind,
In Excelsis Gloria.

Then, Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace,
In Excelsis Gloria.

HOW PERSIMMONS GOT HIS DIVIDEND.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, D.D., LL.D.

I.

PERSIMMONS was a member of the church on one of my circuits. It makes no difference where or when; indeed, his real name was Smith, but I call him Persimmons, so that nobody can guess who he was, or where he lived, and in telling the story I shall misplace some events, and instead of what occurred at one time and place, I shall supply a similar circumstance from another period and locality, for I don't want any one to go to him or any of his family and say that I have told on him.

Now, this necessary explanation off my hands, I must say that Persimmons was a very valuable and useful member of the church. He served in the capacity of trustee and steward, and he had no superior in that region in either of these important offices. He was wealthy and prosperous, and supported every department of the church's work with reasonable liberality. Indeed, considering what men's ideas of duty in this respect generally are, and comparing himself with others, Persimmons thought himself really munificent. I thought his example worthy of imitation, because, in addition to giving money, he attended class-meeting, and was thoroughly respectable and reputable—a sort of pillar in the church and in the community as well.

We built a new church in the village, and our faith led us to plan great things. No denomination in all the country round about had a church worth from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, yet our new church was to cost as much as this. And Persimmons led off the subscription list with a cheerful thousand dollars.

Now, I don't blame him if, like most people who find themselves in a majority, or do a handsome thing in a minority, he felt a little exaltation from self-righteousness as he thought of his liberal promise, and the inevitable surprise and admiration sure to be expressed by those of less influence and importance than himself. It was only human that he should feel so.

And he was not wholly to blame when he entered on the debtor side of his heart's ledger a very indefinite claim against God. Why should he not regard the Lord as in his debt? And, seeing, as every one knows, God never strikes an exact balance when He pays a debt, but, regardless of all accounts, He just pours out bountifully and without stint, as though He can never give

enough, how shall I blame Persimmons for counting very largely upon the course of success and prosperity which he felt sure the Lord would give to him in return for his handsome contribution to the new church building? Blame him? No, indeed. He had given more than a tenth, and he had heard more than one preacher say in the pulpit and out of it that to give one-tenth was the best possible business investment, for God was sure to return it all and a great deal more. God would be in no man's debt. Why, surely He can return it all. Does He not own the earth? Are not the cattle on a thousand hills His, and the gold and the silver? How easy for Him to turn back upon your hand thousands for your hundreds.

Persimmons had heard all this over and over again, and if it did not occur to the preachers that this was rather an unspiritual and very worldly style of motive with which to appeal to men who find it hard enough to keep the world from possessing them; if they did not discover that they were appealing to the meanest kind of selfishness, then I am not going to blame Persimmons if he never thought of all that, but just went on dreaming of the high tide of prosperity which he felt sure the Lord was now about to send upon him in return for a subscription of \$1000.

It may be that I did sometimes, yea, often, talk with him about other ways in which God's unforgetfulness of a good man's work and labour of love may be shown besides returning to him a gift of money. It may be that I told him that the laughter of his happy children was music in my ears, and so tried to lead him to see how God was remembering him in this way, and that my congratulations on his uniform good health, and his wife's grace and beauty, and a score of other things crowding around him, were only an effort to show him that all these things were speaking of the great Father's bountiful love every hour of his life. If I did not succeed very well in leaving upon my dear friend's mind the impression I wished to leave, I just thought it was because I was always a miserably poor preacher, and while that flattered my vanity by making me think myself very humble, and therefore in the sure road to promotion, it always saved me from becoming censorious towards Persimmons, and so I never thought of blaming him as selfish or dull.

Also, I did sometimes venture modestly to assert that perhaps God cared something about the prosperity and well-being of sweet children whose parents had not yet seen it their duty to measure their obligations to God by using ten as a divisor, and that God might graciously bless and prosper some who in straits had not given even a twentieth of their income, as well as those who gave

more than a tenth. You see, I sò hate to see children want and suffer that I could not help thinking that God loved them more than I possibly could, and that His blessing upon their parents' efforts might not depend alone upon the one condition of giving a tenth, and that they might get some of the prosperity, and that Persimmons and I would have to take something else than money in part payment of God's obligations to us. I got all this off in more than one talk with him, and sometimes in a sermon, but, nevertheless, I could see that he felt that he had signed articles of copartnership with God on the church subscription paper, and that he was determined to work his side of the agreement for all it was worth, as boys say now, although at that time that speech was not invented.

Well, he went hopefully forward, thinking of his promised thousand, which was being regularly paid as fast as the instalments became due, and of the tens of thousands which he expected God would without fail return into his hand.

II.

But he had a most bitter disappointment. From the time of making his subscription one loss after another fell upon him. There were no gains at all, but all losses. No plan turned out to his advantage. He summoned up all his wisdom, retraced all his experience, and exercised unusual care in forming his plans, but all the same, they would return to him with loss in their hand. After a year or more of this fruitless struggle he grew fretful. At first he reflected upon God, charging Him with having broken faith with His servant who trusted in Him. Alas, my poor friend! He could not see that God has never made a dollar-and-cent bargain or promise to any one, and that in the losses which now crowded into his business Persimmons was only passing through an experience common to every one who has extensive business connections, at some time or other in his career. He could not see this, and so he grew morbid and complaining.

When this state of mind began to appear in him, one thing struck me as not less strange than painful to see. It was this. The subscription to the church was always the end of all his bitterness and complaints. That was only a trifle compared to his many losses, some of them very large sums, but to that he always returned, with it he always ended. I began to fear for his sanity, and sometimes I was afraid of that form of insanity the chief element of which is deep-seated hatred and malignity towards God. I had seen some cases of that kind, and knew that

nothing can be thought of that is harder to deal with than a mind in that disordered condition, and so I was greatly alarmed; but one day Persimmons gave me the philosophy of his complaints, and I was wonderfully relieved.

He put it in this way. He said he was more bitter about the church subscription than about all he had lost, because he said when he went into the other enterprises he knew perfectly well that they might involve him in loss, but then there were great chances of gain; indeed, it had been in just such operations that he had made all that he owned in the world. He knew that his plans were wise, though latterly everything had failed in his hands. In the future he could do nothing but pursue similar plans, and by-and-by they would succeed. But when he gave \$1000 to the church he knew that it must be all out and nothing in. From a business man's standpoint there could not possibly be any return from it with profit, any more than if he had burned the money. As a business man he was only a fool to do it, while as a man of affairs he was wise to do the things in which he had lost money, and he would do them again. But catch him acting the fool by giving another thousand dollars to a church. Then he would add that the preacher took advantage of him in a weak moment and got it out of him.

Of course, the people all heard of this, and some who had not had a brilliant success in life, and who are never very happy at a prosperous man's success, and are not deeply grieved when such a man falls upon a disaster, would get off the sarcastic remark that it was a good thing that for once the preacher found Persimmons in a weak moment, for at any other time nothing could be got out of him. But this was all malicious in the extreme, for it was not true of Persimmons at all.

But his reasoning relieved my mind very much, because I saw that Persimmons' mind was all right, and also that in the course of his despondency he had got entirely cured of the notion that God had made a bargain with him to ensure his business enterprises of success. What my attempted ministry could not do because I did not succeed in making him think on the matter at all, he had worked out correctly when he was forced to think earnestly upon it. And further, I could see that his alienation from God was only partial and temporary, as we shall see was proved in the end.

III.

Well, this morbid spirit of fretfulness and complaining went on until the collapse of the Central Bank. In this Persimmons was a great loser. He had deposits there, and he was a large holder of the stock of the bank, with the double liability. This swept away more than he had lost altogether before. Especially the payment into the funds of the wrecked concern of a dollar for every dollar he had previously paid for stock ground into his very heart, and he stormed and thrashed about like a chained lion.

Just here I cannot forbear a reflection, not in sympathy with my friend Persimmons alone, but with thousands of others as well, upon the fact that bank failures afford an interesting opportunity for the study of some phases of human nature.

In every case of bank disaster there has been on the part of the management neglect, if not fraud and shameless extravagance. In the case of the poor Central all these, and more too, combined to bring about the ruin. A few men indulge their extravagant tastes, drive fast horses, give costly suppers, spread expensive wines and cigars before empty-pated young fools and swells, who are always hungry and thirsty, and too lazy and thriftless ever to have anything themselves, but who are glad to give flattery to any one silly enough to indulge their gluttony, and so a bank's resources are frittered away, until at last scores of families find their investments worthless, and their sole dependence for support gone. They may go to the wash-tub or the street, what do these young bloods care? I knew a man whose all was invested in the stock of this bank, and his only source of the necessaries of life was the dividends. That was sufficient for the common comforts men covet in old age. He was past seventy. When the crash came he was in despair. His all was gone. He could not earn a livelihood. His mind broke down under the strain. One day a pistol shot in a closet alarmed the family. When his wife opened the door his dead body fell out toward her, with a bullet in his brain. But what are such things to the vain dudes who think the earth was created for their indulgence? Just how it is possible for men to entertain such folly and hardness is one of the things in human nature which pass the understanding of ordinary men. It helps to make a belief in eternal punishment more tolerable.

But let me get back to my friend Persimmons. He did not shoot himself, but passed into a strange state of mind, sometimes raging in unrestrained fury, then sinking into a silent and gloomy de-

spondency. Sometimes he would not go into his office for whole days together, he neglected all the services of his church entirely; and it must be admitted that he was not a pleasant person to meet, nor an agreeable companion in his family. His wife and children, after various unsuccessful attempts to comfort and cheer him, found it more pleasant to leave him to himself, and so he spent much of the time alone brooding over his misfortunes.

IV.

For a good while things had been going on in this way, and it was on in the winter. It was the evening of about as bleak a day as the Canadian winter ever gives. There had been snow and rain and snow again during the day, and now it was settling down to a night of pretty severe frost. The wind blew in that hissing way that when you hear it you know that it cuts to the skin, and the fine, shot-like, scattering sleet rattled against the window, just enough to make one feel thankful for a comfortable room and a good fire. It was decidedly a bad night.

Persimmons sat in his library, alone of course, but a good fire burned in the open fireplace, and filled the room with both a genial heat and a bright glow, so that one glancing in would have said that the inmate could well defy winter storms and broken banks and about every other calamity. However, Persimmons' thoughts were not in harmony with his immediate surroundings.

The door of the library led into the hall, and village manners are not always as ceremonious as in baronial halls, but a neighbourly freedom gives welcome to many angelic visitors as well as sometimes to guests who would give as much pleasure if they never came.

Sitting thus alone, Persimmons was slightly disturbed by the hasty opening of the hall door, and the appearance before him of a presence not at all in harmony with his mood. There stood a girl about ten years old, dressed in a print gown much the worse for wear, and hanging upon a frail figure in a lank fashion, which showed that its slender protection against the severe cold was not reinforced by any very extravagant supply of underclothing; but drawn over the head so as to form a hood, and then extending down over the body until on each side a corner dragged upon the ground, was a well worn and old, but still thick and warm, shawl which, in other and happier years, the child's mother had purchased for herself.

Persimmons saw at a glance that this was Maggie Jones, and

before he could utter the usual ejaculation, always attributed in fictitious stories to such as he, Maggie burst out in an agony of earnest appeal. She said :

“O Mr. Persimmons, whatever shall we do? Father has come home in such a way. You know how he has been drinking all along, and we have not had a thing in the house to eat since the day before yesterday, but we don't mind that because we are used to it; and mother she keeps saying we must not complain, God is good and all will come out right by-and-by, and we must just keep on praying for father, and we do pray for him every day; but to-night when the baby was crying for something to eat, and mother had nothing to give it, I tell you I found it pretty hard to pray for father then when we all knelt down before baby was put to bed, I think I hated him and that my prayer did not do much good, but I had not much time to think of that, for we were only just off of our knees when father came in in a worse way than I ever saw him before, and in his anger he jerked the baby out of his crib and struck mother and drove her out of the door and shut her out, and now mother and baby and me have no place to go to, and it's storming so bad, O Mr. Persimmons, what shall we do? Is there any God, Mr. Persimmons, do you think? Would a good God let people suffer as mother does, and a helpless baby?”

Here the poor girl broke down entirely, and burst out into a fit of hysterical weeping, and Persimmons had a moment to think. What he thought was something like this:

“So Tom Jones has come home with them bad, and has turned his family out of doors on this terrible night. What a poor good-for-nothing he is and always has been. He might have been as well off as I am if he had minded his ways. He is about my age, and we were boys on our fathers' farms close together; but I guess I've paid him all I owed him on that score, for I've helped him again and again, but now I suppose this girl of his expects me to take them all into the house. Likely story, indeed; why we would not get rid of them for months. I might as well go into the keeping of a hospital for *delirium tremens* at once. No, indeed. But I must do something for the poor creatures.”

Then he spoke in a loud voice, calling to the next room,

“Wife! wife! say, here's Maggie Jones, and they haven't had anything to eat for two days; bring them something in a basket, will you?”

Then he mused again.

“There's no use helping a drunkard's set. If you set the family up for the winter they would take him in to board with them,

and let him sell their food to get whiskey. Women are such fools in these things. There's no way to help them but from hand to mouth."

My friend Persimmons had not yet sounded all the depth of family ties. A gentleman once told me a pathetic story about his boy, who was not doing well at all. He had lost one good situation after another through drink, first in an insurance office, then in a bank, and, said the gentleman, "I am just now trying to place him with a lumbering firm, for you see he is my son. One of my friends says to me, 'If he were my son, I would place him on the door-step with his face toward the street, and say to him, Go, the world is before you and Providence the guide.' But it is very easy for one man to give that advice for another man's son, but it is not so easy to practise such heroic treatment in the case of your own boy."

I felt that this father was right.

And so Mrs. Jones must say, "Poor Tom is my husband, it is very easy for other folks to say stand him on the door-step with his face toward the world; but he is baby's father, and while I have a crust he shall share it."

Now Persimmons was no worse than thousands of other excellent people if he had not gone down into all these depths of family affection; why should he? He had a broken bank on hand, and that was enough for him. Who need know or care how deep a well may be but those who own it? There was only one deep well in his whole life.

And so he mused.

"The whole Jones tribe in here, indeed! They would make a pretty state of things here in a week. Let him mind himself, and he would soon have a place of his own good enough for anybody."

And then he would break out, calling to his wife and daughters in the next room,

"Ain't you coming with that basket? Didn't you hear me? I say they are starving. Hurry up now with something for them to eat."

Maggie stood still, not knowing whether to go or to wait; and he did not ask her to sit down.

Pretty soon Mrs. Persimmons came in with a basket of nice food which she had prepared, covered with a clean white cloth, and handed it to Maggie, not knowing anything about the tragedy which had occurred with the Joneses within an hour, and thinking only that in a great strait Maggie had come in to ask for something for the destitute family to eat. And so Maggie, loaded, went out into the merciless wind and sleet, with no shelter but God for her head, and baby's, and mother's.

Relieved with a feeling that he had got out of a pretty difficult corner, and had also dealt fairly well with the case, and yet with some little misgiving which returned to him once in a while during the bad night, Persimmons sank back into his morbid and discontented self, hating his fellow-men, and hating the bank managers more than ever because of poor little Maggie Jones, and opening no window of his soul toward God and heaven.

And the hours with leaden steps walked away into eternity, and the pitiless storm rode on in its growing fury, only the spirits of the night knowing whither.

This was on Thursday, and how the Joneses fared through the night, and on Friday and Friday night, and on Saturday and Saturday night, I need not stop to tell, further than that they proved that in times of distress some poor people have more rooms in their houses and in their hearts than some rich people, and that misery has a place to sleep in for its companions in misery, and sympathy and a healing tenderness with all, and that on stormy nights God seems to sleep with the destitute, and to guard their doors.

V.

The Sunday following Persimmons, as usual now, did not go to church, either morning or afternoon, but in the evening, weary and stupid from sitting in his warm room so long, after the family had been gone for some time, he listlessly walked to the church, scarcely knowing or caring where he went. He did not go to his own seat in the new church—a prominent one, well up to the front. Indeed, he seemed to cherish a grudge against that seat and the whole church, for causes already explained. He dropped into one of the only two vacant seats close to the door, and his entrance was not noticed by any.

When they were singing the last verse of the second hymn the door near him was pushed open slowly and stealthily, as if by some scared and timid creature afraid of himself and everybody, and most of all afraid of the place. Persimmons turned, and was almost transfixed as if he had seen a ghost, for Tom Jones's rough head and affrighted face slowly appeared through the door. Poor Jones trembled, hesitated, turned back, then came again, and falteringly slunk into the only vacant seat, the one next the door just opposite Persimmons.

The singing was ended and the preacher proceeded with the sermon. As he went on he was lifted out of himself, and had one of those experiences which every true preacher has once or twice

in his lifetime, and covets and prays for again. After the meeting was over, he described it all to his wife something in this way:

"O my dear, it seemed as if God just took the whole meeting into His own hand! I thought I had a fairly good sermon, as sermons go, but when I got into it it seemed as if I were not speaking myself but God was doing it all. Oh, such tenderness and pity and compassion for men! I believe I felt just what Christ felt in laying down His life for mankind. I thought that I could give my life to be blessed with the loving and winning power. Oh, that it could be always so!"

Well, he was led on in such a manner that when he finished the sermon he said that they would not dismiss the congregation as usual before the prayer-meeting, but they would go right on, and while they were singing

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,"

if there was any poor wanderer there who would like to prove God's power to help and save, let him just come forward and kneel at the communion railing.

The whole congregation joined heartily in singing the familiar words, and immediately Persimmons noticed Tom Jones rise up. Persimmons thought,

"Ah, he has got enough of this. I thought he would soon be satisfied."

But Tom's first step was down the nearest aisle toward the communion railing.

Then Persimmons remembered the recent attack of *tremens*, and imagined that Tom was in a crazy condition and was about to disturb the meeting, and that it would be too bad, so he rose to stop him and take charge of him. But every step Tom made was longer and quicker than any former one, in the same direction without any varying, and then Persimmons thought,

"Why, where is the chapel steward, where are the trustees? Why doesn't some one interfere? Are they all blind?"

He forgot for the moment that he was the most influential trustee of the church. But the others were not blind, it was only he who was blind at that moment. Certainly Tom Jones was not, for in less time than most men would have taken he had reached the altar and was kneeling right at the middle of the rail, and was already crying out earnestly and pitifully,

"God have mercy on me! O Lord, pity me! Jesus save me now! Oh, look upon poor Tom Jones! Forgive me for being a curse to my family."

While Tom was thus calling aloud for mercy, a touching thing, scarcely noticed by any, until just at the end, was going on. A

little girl about ten years old had come in. She was dressed in a faded and worn print gown hanging in a lank way about her thin frame, so as to wring pity from your soul, and over it all a thick woollen shawl was doubled so that a corner came down and touched the floor on each side. This girl, as if afraid she was doing some dreadful thing, crept along down the aisle next to the wall, hugging the wall closely all the way, until turning at the end she had reached the corner of the communion platform; then, as if inspired, her fear all gone, with a tremendous leap and a stride she was at the side of Tom Jones, on her knees and her arms thrown around his neck, and sobbing and crying, she was heard by every one in the house. She said,

“O my father, will you try to be a good man? O God, help you! O God, help my poor father! O God, pity us and save him!”

Of course, this could not continue very long. The feeling was intense. There were few in the great crowd, saints or sinners, who were not weeping freely in sympathy with the impressive and never-to-be-forgotten scene.

It was not many minutes before Tom was on his feet. He did not wait for the leader of the meeting to direct, but was carried along on a whirlwind of passionate feeling, and was lifted up by the solemn ecstasy which thrills a soul that has been deeply stained and securely bound for hell, when the bonds are burst and the first sense of freedom and hope comes in upon him, and he realizes that he may yet have one more chance.

Tom's face was ablaze with a glorious light, as he stood facing that great crowd, every one of whom had known him for years, and had noticed in particular his rapid downward course lately. He had no difficulty in being distinctly heard. The silence was breathless, as he went on to say that he had come to that place under some impulse which he could neither understand nor resist. He had no definite idea that he was going to change his way of living, but he just came. When he got within the door, as he listened to the sermon he reflected at first that there was nothing there for him, for he had again and again honestly tried to break his chain, but it had been all in vain. He loved his wife and his children, and if that motive had not been strong enough to brace him up, it did not seem that any power could be found to place under him strong enough to support him; but as the preacher kept talking, he found himself penetrated with the idea that God might help him, and that possibly there was yet another chance for him. Oh, could it be that God would stoop to such as he, and so save him that he might be to his family as much as good men ever are to their wives and children? At last this became such a persuasion with him, that he could hardly keep from crying out.

There was yet one power to help him which he had never tried. God could deliver such as he, when every other motive had proved too weak. When his soul was once filled with that thought he already began to feel happy. He realized that in some sense he was already restored to his family again, and this was completed when his little Maggie came and threw her arms around him at the altar railing. He felt that power had gone into him, and he had no fear but that he should be kept in all the future.

Of course, Tom's experience was like an upbursting hallelujah to the meeting, and there were no dull moments until it closed at a late hour. It is no part of my plan here to follow the progress of the revival, as I am only telling about Persimmons. That night the people noticed that when the service was over he came around to his own seat and spoke to his wife in a very subdued manner, and offered her his arm to walk home; and this was something which had not been seen for many a day.

When they got home, before he removed his hat, he went straight to his desk in the library. His wife did not understand this, as he had not, even in his worst days, attended to business on the Sabbath. It is true he had taken no part in the great meeting that had closed, but many thought that he had shown signs of being much touched by it, and why should he go to his desk now? However, his wife did as she was accustomed to do in those days, and left him alone. Pretty soon he called her into the room, and began:

"You know, my dear, about that Central Bank stock?"

Here she interrupted him.

"Oh, yes, dear, but do not go back to it now. And after such a meeting as we have just left, too! It is gone, dear, and that is all there is of it. There is no remedy. Let it go, and never think of it again. Do."

At this he turned upon her such a strange look.

"Oh, I'm not thinking of that at all," he said. "No, I've got over that. What I was going to say is, that bank stock, as our experience proves, is very uncertain, and I have considerable invested in the 'Builders' and Tanners' Bank,' and a lot more in the 'Grocers' Bank,' and I don't feel that there is any certainty in these investments. They may go any day, like the wretched Central. But this is what I've been thinking of. You've heard me say a good deal about the thousand dollars I put into the new church, and that I might as well have buried it in the ground for all the good it would do me, and that I knew when I gave it that it would never bring any dividend, and a great deal more in the same bad temper.

"Well, I'm nicely over all that now. I was at the meeting to-

night all the way through, and in witnessing the conversion of Tom Jones I received the biggest dividend on my investment of a thousand dollars in the new church that I ever received on anything. If no other good was ever to be done in it, it was worth building the church just for that one man's conversion. God forgive me for all that I have said about that thousand dollars. My conversion is as genuine as that of Tom Jones. I've received my dividend at the rate of more than one hundred per cent. And what I was going to say was that I would rather have money invested in church subscriptions than in bank stock, and if you don't object, to-morrow I will sell out this bank stock and put it all in churches. The Presbyterians here are just starting their new church, and I would like to give them five hundred dollars; and our people over in Quailtown are about building, and it will give them a good lift if I subscribe five hundred, and so in one place and another I will dispose of it all. I'm not afraid about the dividends now. I don't expect ever to see another Tom Jones converted, that would be too much happiness for one man in life; but all the same, there will be other such conversions though I do not see them, and I'd like to feel that I have a personal interest in them all. We'll still have more than enough left."

And so Persimmons got his dividend.

Of course, Mrs. Persimmons had no objection, and so in a few days he had no more bank stock, and several new church enterprises in the villages round about found suddenly a new impetus in their work; and next to Tom Jones, the happiest man in all the country was my dear friend Persimmons.

Since these events he has firmly believed that God will be in no man's debt, but that He has given no promise to pay back in cash all that is given to His cause; but there are many ways in which He can recognize and reward a liberal spirit, and that spiritual returns are more to be desired than material dividends.

But there is one thing for which he has never forgiven himself, and that is the way he treated Maggie Jones on the stormy night when she came to him after her father had driven her mother with her children out of doors into the very arms of death. On this point Persimmons is more unrelenting toward himself because he persuaded himself that he had treated them generously in giving her a basket of food. Maggie had grown into a fine, beautiful young woman, when he told me that he would give more than all he lost in the Central Bank if he could have that opportunity to pass through again, and, by improving it as he would do, blot out forever his hard, unfeeling treatment of the scared and shivering child who came to him in her great trouble on that terrible night.

MARY MOFFAT:

A MODEL MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

FEW missionaries have been more blessed than Robert Moffat in the perfect suitability of his helpmeet, who, for more than half a century, was his constant and heroic fellow-labourer in the great work to which they had both dedicated their lives. The Rev. R. Robinson, late Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society, speaks of her as a missionary second only to Dr. Moffat himself. He writes:

"I shall never forget what took place in my official room at the Mission house, soon after their return from Africa. While talking over their past labours Mrs. Moffat, looking fondly at her husband first, turned to me and said: 'Robert can never say that I hindered him in his work!' 'No, indeed!' replied Dr. Moffat; 'but I can tell you she has often sent me away from house and home for months together for evangelizing purposes, and in my absence has managed the station as well or better than I could myself!'

"No wonder that when I went to see him the morning after this dear one was called home, I should find him heart-sore and bowed down with sorrow by his sudden bereavement. He told me that on the previous evening, finding there seemed to be an unusual silence, he went to the bedside, and, looking at the invalid in alarm, he exclaimed: 'Mary, dear, only one word!' But silence was the only response, for the Master had come and called her. 'And thus,' said Moffat, with touching pathos, 'she left me, after labouring lovingly together for fifty years, without saying good-bye!'

Mary Moffat was born near Manchester, in the year 1795. Her father, Mr. James Smith, had extensive nursery gardens at Dukinfield, in which Mr. Robert Moffat was employed before he went out to Africa. Mr. Smith was a Scotchman by birth, and "a staunch Nonconformist," whilst his wife was a member of the Church of England. Both were sincerely devout, and the home influence was always for good. Mary was educated at the Moravian school at Fairfield, where she learnt many lessons of devotion and self-sacrifice which she had ample opportunity to put into practice in after life.

Those who knew her in early life, testify to Mary Smith's gentleness of character, and to her ardent zeal for God's cause. "One who saw her relates that when service was occasionally held in a carpenter's shed in Cricket's Lane, she was there, ever active and attentive to all. She often arranged the benches and other furniture of the place, in order to reduce the discomfort to a minimum, found the hymn for strangers, and invited people to attend."

Robert Moffat came to Dukinfield Nursery in 1815, and there,

finding that Mr. Smith's daughter possessed a warm missionary heart, he says, "we soon became attached to one another; but she was not permitted to join me in Africa till nearly three years after I left."

Naturally enough Mr. and Mrs. Smith felt it very difficult to consent to their only daughter going out to such an unknown and uncivilized district as that to which their young gardener had been appointed by the London Missionary Society. But in due time Providence cleared away all difficulties, and with the free and thankful assent of her much-loved parents, the young girl started from her father's house to enter upon the long and most blessed missionary labours of half a century.

Robert Moffat met his bride at the Cape, and they were married at St. George's Church on the 27th of December, 1819. A few months later she writes from the Mission station at Lattakoo :

"I was only seven months 'twixt Dukinfield and Lattakoo, and never met with one disaster. What reason have you and we to adore that God who has heard our prayers, and has gone before me and made all things pleasant and comfortable. Yes, my dear parents, and in addition to all other favours, He has brought me to that place which, of all others in the world, was fixed upon my heart as a place and a people amongst whom I should love to dwell and lend a helping hand to the work, nearly six years ago, when hearing our friend Mr. Campbell in Manchester. It was then I first dared, with tears in my eyes and an overflowing heart, to breathe the petition: 'Oh that I might spend my days at Lattakoo!' This doubtless was noticed by a heart-searching God, and so here am I. I cannot tell you what I felt on approaching the spot, when I took a retrospect of all that had passed to bring me here. I could not but exclaim: 'Is not this the finger of God?' You can hardly conceive how I feel when I sit in the house of God, surrounded with the natives; though my situation may be despicable and mean indeed in the eyes of the world, I feel an honour conferred upon me which the highest of the kings of the earth could not have done me; and add to this seeing my dear husband panting for the salvation of the people with unabated ardour, firmly resolving to direct every talent which God has given him to their good and His glory. I am happy—remarkably happy—though the present place of my habitation is a single vestry-room, with a mud wall and a mud floor."

As the years rolled on and the novelty of missionary life passed away, Mary Moffat lost nothing of her cheerful devotion, and thankfulness that God had called her and her husband to so hard and responsible service. Sickness, bereavement, loss of children and of parents, of friends and fellow-labourers, frequent disappointment in the work, long and apparently almost hopeless waiting for the first-fruits of the harvest; long, perilous, and lonely journeyings; separation from the nearest and the dearest—all these and countless other trials were borne, not without many a natural

pang, but without one complaint or one regret that ever she had joined her heart and hand with the heroic missionary whose lot was so constantly and graciously brightened by her help and counsel.

Like many other missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat had to bear the sore trial of finding that diligently as they might plant and earnestly as they might water, the "increase" was very slow in coming. "From the commencement of the Bechwana Mission, by Hamilton and Read, in 1816, for a period of more than ten years, not a ray of light shot across the gloom to cheer the hearts of the missionaries. A dull and stolid indifference reigned; the Batlapings would talk of any ordinary subject, and were willing to avail themselves of the presence of the white people in their country for any temporal advantage that might be within their reach, but the moment a word was said about divine things, their ears seemed to become deaf at once, and they would talk away determined to have nothing to do with that 'foolishness.'"

At length it began to be rumoured that the Directors of the London Missionary Society were beginning seriously to contemplate the removal of the mission to a more prominent place, and to more easily touched people. But Mary Moffat's faith never wavered. God's Word she knew would not return unto Him void. They had gone "forth weeping, bearing precious seed," and she knew that doubtless they should "come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them." And God, whose Word never fails those who persistently believe in it, proved faithful to His promises. They, on their part, did not "faint;" so "in due season" they reaped. The story of the harvest which rewarded their "long patience" is very touching, and one incident is specially striking. When things were almost at the darkest, and there seemed to be no prospect of improvement, a friend in England wrote to Mrs. Moffat asking her what she could send as a present to the mission. "Send us a communion service," was the answer; "we shall want it some day." That day came at length, though not till nearly three years after Mrs. Moffat had asked for the communion service. A sudden breaking out of revival fervour and energy, a rich outpouring of the Spirit upon the hitherto careless natives, took place, and many sought and found the Saviour. There were outbursts of emotion and excitement which astonished and even shocked the calm and sedate Scotch missionary; but there could be no doubt of the genuineness of the work; and at length, with unspeakable joy and thankfulness, six were chosen for baptism. "Few can enter into the feelings which must have animated the hearts of the missionary band when they first sat down with the little company at the table of the Lord. On the day preceding

this memorable occasion in the history of the Bechwana Mission, a box arrived which had long been on the road from England; it contained the communion vessels for which Mary Moffat had asked nearly three years before."

Writing of this manifestation of divine grace, Mrs. Moffat says:

"The converts are going on well, and though the general commotion in the minds of the people has in a great measure subsided, we have solid reason to believe that there are many persons who are the subjects of an abiding conviction of their condition as sinners before God, and are in the constant and diligent use of the means of grace, which we doubt not will be effectual through the Spirit in leading them to the Saviour of sinners. We do ardently hope and pray that what has taken place may be but the few drops before the plenteous showers. The Spirit of God has commenced His operations, and surely He will go on. O for a general spirit of prayer and supplication! I hear from my friend Miss Lees that the very time of the awakening here was the season of extraordinary prayer among the Churches at home. What a coincidence! and what an encouragement to persevere in that important part of Christian duty!"

We have not space to chronicle the further history of the mission which thus, after such long barrenness, began to "blossom as the rose." Mary Moffat rejoiced with "joy unspeakable" over the progress of the native converts, and yearned with true missionary earnestness for the further spread of the work. No sacrifice was too great for her to make for the mission. She never hesitated to bear the severest test of a wife's devotion to her husband's work—the sacrifice of his company and protection for long periods. For five months she was absent from him, travelling from the Mission station to the Cape and back to visit her children, whom she had not seen for more than two years. She travelled without any other than native escort—men who only a few years before were "mere barbarians." Of one of these men she speaks most highly: "I assure you I had continual joy in him as a brother in our Lord Jesus Christ." At other times Robert Moffat was absent for months together, and often for many weeks she had no communication with him, but was harassed by uncertain and occasionally alarming rumours. But her faith never failed. Her husband and herself and her children were all in the Heavenly Father's hand, and she could not doubt His power and love.

Once when her husband had been long absent, and she had heard nothing of him, she says: "For my own part I do not experience less support on this occasion than on former ones, believing that He who has hitherto been so gracious to us, will yet be so, notwithstanding our unfaithfulness to Him. . . I have this day considered the ninety-first Psalm, and have read Scott and Clarke on it, and am much comforted by it. The quiet and

child-like trust in the promises of God's Word was the secret of Mary Moffat's devotion and confidence. She dwelt "in the secret place of the Most High," and "abode under the shadow of the Almighty."

After an absence of more than twenty years, the Moffats returned to England, partly to recruit their health, but chiefly that the translation of the New Testament, upon which Moffat had spent so much time and toil, might be printed under his supervision. The voyage home was sad and eventful. Ere the vessel left Table Bay a daughter was born, and three days afterwards a son died. "His mother, finding all around her prostrate with sea-sickness, had him brought and laid beside her in the cot from which she could not rise. Amidst the storm he lay upon her arm, peacefully talking of the angels who should bear to the heavenly land the spirits of children, and with the words: 'O that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more!' on his lips, he fell asleep in Jesus."

It is very touching to read that when the vessel cast anchor off Cowes, after being three months on the voyage, Robert Moffat was "in no hurry to land. . . . The clergyman of the parish was the first Christian brother to welcome Robert Moffat to his 'native land. He went on board in the dark, hearing that there was a missionary, and stayed an hour or two, filling with great joy and comfort the heart of the shy and diffident man who shrunk from landing on what had come to be like a strange country to him."

The Moffats found their former circle of relatives and friends minished and brought low. Death and change had wrought havoc in their circle, but still many dear ones were left, and soon many new but true friends were made. Mrs. Moffat's mother had passed away, but her father still survived, and both Mr. Moffat's parents were still living. The meeting with these surviving parents was a subject of special gratitude to the missionary and his wife. Writing from Kuruman shortly after his return, to his then widowed mother, Robert Moffat very sweetly and characteristically expresses their mutual feeling: "I still thank my indulgent God that I was, with my family, permitted to see you once more after twenty-three years' absence. This was a great favour. I never, during that long period, expressed a wish that it should be so; for I was the bond-servant of the perishing heathen for Christ's sake; but He whom we served in the Gospel of His Son brought it about in His own good time." The example of Moffat inspired the missionary zeal of Livingstone, who became his assistant at Lattakoo, and he in course of time won the love of the eldest daughter of Mr. Moffat, who made him a noble missionary wife.

A few busy years were spent in England, and then the Moffats returned to their station at Kuruman, there to complete their half-century of service. The later years of their life in Africa were full of honour and blessing, not unmixed with sorrow, bereavement, and anxiety. We have not space to speak of this part of their life. For more than forty years their home had been at Kuruman, and it was amidst the bitter tears and heart-felt sorrow of their sable flock that "Ramary and Mamary," as the natives called them, left them forever on earth, to meet doubtless in God's good time in the eternal home.

On Sunday, March 20th, 1870, Robert Moffat preached his last sermon at Kuruman. "On Friday following the departure took place. For weeks before messages of farewell had been coming from the more distant towns and villages from those who were unable to come themselves. But the final scene was such as could scarcely be described in words. As the old missionary and his wife came out of their door and walked to their waggon, they were beset by the crowds, each longing for one more touch of the hand and one more word; as the waggon drove away it was followed by all who could walk, and a long and pitiful wail rose, enough to melt the hardest heart."

Mrs. Moffat did not long survive the return to England, but on the 10th of January, 1871, passed quietly away to her eternal rest; so quietly and unexpectedly that she had not even time to say "good-bye" to him whom she had cheered and supported for fifty-three years of such a devoted, wifely life as perhaps few even of missionaries' wives have ever lived. Her son and biographer says: "She watched over her husband's health and comfort with a care which only grew more constant in the course of fifty years. She used to say, that although not able to take a prominent part in direct missionary work, it was her satisfaction to provide for the temporal wants of a servant of Christ who was doing this work; and she felt—what was true—that he never would have been the missionary he was but for her care of him. Even when life was numbered by hours, and on the very shore of the dark river, she would not rest until assured that his wants were being attended to. Her children thank God for such a mother."

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need to spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. . . . She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."—*Christian Miscellany.*

THE NUN OF JOUARRE.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

OF all the delightful places for a summer holiday, I know none more charming in natural scenery and more rich in historic interest than Normandy. One of its picturesque little towns is Jouarre. It once possessed a famous nunnery, which, though long since in ruins, is still remembered as the home of Charlotte de Bourbon.

Charlotte was born in the middle of the sixteenth century. Her father, the Duke of Montpensier, was of the royal house of Bourbon. As his property had become reduced, and he could not give his daughter the fortune due to her rank, he resolved that she should enter a nunnery.

This was a painful decision to his wife, who was a friend to the Protestant cause in France. But the Duke was a stern Romanist, and was resolved that his will should be obeyed. Before the time came for Charlotte to be shut out from the world, the mother often took her into a private chamber where they wept and prayed together. In that retreat the young maiden was instructed in the truths of the Gospel, which were never wholly forgotten by her. And there, when a few years older, she signed, by desire of her mother, a paper in which she protested against being forced into a nunnery, and claimed the right, when of riper years, to withdraw from it.

It was at an early age—only thirteen—that Charlotte was to be closely confined by the bolts and bars of that prison-house, the Convent of Jouarre. Her young heart had its joys and hopes. She loved home. In her esteem the world was fair and bright, and full of pleasing scenes. Her nature and temper were active and lively, and she thought there was much for her to do and enjoy. But now she was called in the days of her girlhood to bid farewell to those she loved, and to be doomed to a "religious life," as it was called, and all this, falsely, in the name of Christ.

When Charlotte was taken by her father to the nunnery, her flowing hair was cut away, her elegant dress was exchanged for coarse linen and haircloth, a cord was tied round her waist, and with downcast looks, she trod the iron-bound cloisters by day, and rested at night on the floor of her tomb-like cell. Was she happy? How could she be when she felt that she had been robbed of her freedom? Did she feel the repose that had been promised her? No! There were sullen discontent and strife where she had

thought to meet with only peace and love. But never did she feel more painfully the loss of her liberty than when her mother suddenly fell ill, for either from the harsh rules of the nunnery, or from the fears of her father lest her heart should be impressed by the piety of her dying mother, she was not permitted to visit her. A daughter's care and love might have comforted the Duchess in the hour of death; but this last service of a child's affection was denied her. Neither was the young nun allowed to be present at the funeral, nor to visit the grave.

A few years passed away, and the young nun became more reconciled to her state. She was told that her self-denial and sufferings were pleasing to God, and that the reward of her life would be certain glory in heaven. She obtained so high a character that, though still very young, she was appointed to be the principal of the convent, under the title of Lady Abbess.

About this time light entered the convent of Jouarre, in the form of Protestant tracts. The Lady Abbess read them, and they recalled to mind the loving words her mother had spoken to her in the secret chamber at home. The large Bible and the truths it contained, the tears and prayers of her sainted parent, the written protest, and her childhood's happiness, were all as fresh in her memory as though they were things of yesterday. The Spirit of God blessed to her soul those plain words of the little tract—they led her to the cross of Christ. As the blind man rejoices when his eyes are open to behold the shining of the sun, so did Charlotte when the light of the Gospel beamed brightly on her heart.

It was in the year 1572 that the noise of a battle was heard around the nunnery of Jouarre. It came nearer—to the very doors. These were soon broken open, and the nuns rushed forth to find a shelter in the woods. This was a critical season for Charlotte de Bourbon. She was driven into the world; was it not a time for her, thus strangely set free, to act as her conscience told her, and to embrace the liberty that was so unexpectedly given to her? Ought she any longer to hesitate in obeying the Word of God? Should she not seek some place of safety where she might openly profess the doctrines she had cherished in her soul? Yes; the time had come; but where could she find a home in France?

In such a trying hour there was not time to deliberate—she must act, and that without delay. Charlotte, therefore, hastily set out, passing from one place to another in disguise. There was no little danger in travelling in France in those days when everyone found on the road was suspected of being a Protestant. Yet she safely crossed the country, and after a time arrived at

Heidelberg, in Germany. In that city she found many Christians ready to welcome her, and confirm her in the doctrines of the Gospel.

As might be supposed there was no small stir when her flight was known. A nun had fled! Who could have supposed that a Lady Abbess, the daughter of a Duke, and of the royal family of France, would have abandoned the Romish Church, and passed over to the Protestant faith? There was dismay in the palace of the king. Confusion and dismay were in the castles of the nobles and in the convents of the land. Her father threatened that he would never forgive her. He mourned over her as one mourns over a child who has disgraced her family.

Charlotte was now in a land where she could openly declare her faith, and that she soon did. Standing among the Protestants of Heidelberg, and upheld by their prayers and good counsels, she renounced forever the errors of the Church of Rome.

We must now turn to the Low Countries, better known now as the Netherlands. Early in the sixteenth century the Protestant faith had spread through all its town and villages. The printer was set to work; copies of the Word of God were multiplied; and many bold Reformers preached "the truth as it is in Jesus" to the people.

The Netherlands at this time belonged to the kingdom of Spain, whose sovereigns were most violent persecutors of Protestants. Large bands of soldiers were let loose among them, and thousands were put to death. The Inquisition was set up in all its terror: multitudes were confined in its dungeons, or by its stern and cruel decrees given over to the rack and burning pile. One hundred thousand are said to have suffered for the truth's sake in the course of half a century. The patience of the people, however, was at length worn out. They had suffered the greatest injustice, and they resolved to be free. They rallied under the command of William, Prince of Orange, and after a long contest, secured their liberty.

The Prince of Orange had often heard of the piety of Charlotte de Bourbon, and the sacrifices she had made in the cause of truth. And, assured that she was fitted to adorn the highest station, he sought her hand, and she became his wife.

The Nun of Jouarre was now raised, in the providence of God, to be the Princess of Orange, and the first lady of rank in the Netherlands. And she graced her high position. Meekness and prudence, charity and devotion, were at all times seen in her life. She was a pattern alike to the noble ladies at court, and to the lowly mothers in their families.

But dark shadows often come over the fairest earthly scenes. Some bitter drops mingle in the sweetest cup of worldly joy. A large reward had been offered to any one who should kill the Prince, and a young man had been engaged to attempt the horrid deed. To prepare him for his bloody work he was "confessed" by a priest; and, under the influence of his wretched superstition, he knelt in prayer that God would give him success in his design.

It was the Lord's Day. The Prince and Princess of Orange had returned from divine worship. As they were passing along the hall of their palace a shot was fired by the assassin, who had secretly obtained an entrance into the house. It entered the neck of the Prince, who fell into the arms of his attendants. For some time he lay in great danger, his Princess watching over him with the tenderest love. While dressing his wound, she at the same time spoke words of peace to encourage his hope in God. Her prayers were heard, and she had the delight of seeing him slowly restored to health.

There was great joy in the city of Antwerp when the Prince and Princess went in state to the cathedral to return thanks for his merciful deliverance from the hands of the assassin. Nobles and burgomasters, citizens and soldiers, were there to unite with one voice in a song of praise. The church bells rang merrily, flags were hung at the masthead of every ship, and sounds of gladness were heard through all the land.

Not many months, however, had passed away before the health of the Princess began to fail. Her tender frame had received a shock at the moment she saw her husband fall, which was further weakened by her labours and watchings, night and day, by the side of his sickbed. Her days were now drawing to a close, but in the midst of weariness and pain she "knew whom she had believed." Her soul and life had been given in faith to the Saviour. She had passed through many trials, and seen many changes; and now, relying on the merits of Jesus, she looked forward to "a crown of glory that fadeth not away." At her death there was great mourning in the land, and weeping crowds followed her body to its grave in the cathedral at Antwerp.

All honour to the memory of Charlotte de Bourbon! Yet it is not alone for her conversion to the Protestant faith, and for the sacrifices she made in its cause; nor is it for her virtues and piety, as the Princess of Orange, that we think of her with so much respect. Our special interest is enlisted by the fact that it is from her that the present royal house of England traces its descent. Her daughter Louisa became the wife of Frederick the Fourth,

the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and was the grandmother of Sophia, the Duchess of Brunswick, who was the mother of George the First of England, whose great-grandson, the Duke of Kent, was the father of the present sovereign of Great Britain, who has just been celebrating, with great joy and pomp, the jubilee of her happy reign. Thus does our gracious Queen Victoria derive her descent from the runaway Nun of Jouarre.—*New Connexion Magazine.*

HYMN BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

O THOU ! who once on earth was born,
When shepherds on the plain
Beheld the midnight turn to morn,
When wilt Thou come again ?

Come to Thy world, astray and sad,
That groans with want and pain ;
Come, make its desert places glad !
O Christ, be born again !

Come to Thy Church, whose weeds of woe
The sons of men disdain ;
Thy face before Thine altar show,
Our Master, come again !

Come to our darkness and our death,
Who hear Thy name in vain ;
Breathe on these bones, thou heavenly breath !
Redeemer, come again !

Come to the few who seek their Lord,
Whose homesick hearts complain ;
Renew their faith, Creative Word !
Immanuel, come again !

What gifts of good, what songs of cheer,
What wreaths to deck Thy fane,
Are worth Thy gracious presence here ?
O Saviour, come again !

Not to the manger and the cross,
To death and shame and pain,
To faithless friends, to grief and loss ;
O King, return to reign !

JAMES BLACKIE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

CHAPTER V.

THE next day David came into the bank about noon, and said, "Come wi' me to McLellan's, James, and hae a mutton pie; it's near by lunch-time." While they were eating it David said, "Donald McFarlane is to be wedded next month. He's making a grand marriage."

James bit his lip, but said nothing.

"He's spoken for Miss Margaret Napier; her father was ane o' the Lords o' Session; she's his sole heiress, and that will mean £50,000, foreby the bonnie place and lands o' Ellenshaw."

"And Christine?"

"Dinna look that way, man. Christine is content; she kens weel enough she isna like her cousin."

"God be thanked she is not. Go away from me, David Cameron, or I shall say words that will make more suffering than you can dream off. Go away, man."

David was shocked and grieved at his companion's passion. "James," he said solemnly, "dinna mak a fool o' yoursel'. I hae long seen your ill-will at Donald. Let it go. Donald's aboon your thumb now, and the anger o' a poor man aye falls on himsel'."

"For God's sake don't tempt me further. You little know what I could do if I had the ill heart to do it."

"Ow! ay!" said David, scornfully, "if the poor cat had only wings it would extirpate the race of sparrows from the world; but when the wings arena there, James lad, it is just as weel to mak no boast o' them."

James had leaned his head in his hands, and was whispering, "Christine! Christine! Christine!" in a rapid, inaudible voice. He took no notice of David's remark, and David was instantly sorry for it. "The puir lad is just sorrowful wi' love for Christine, and that's na sin that I can see," he thought. "James," he said, kindly, "I am sorry enough to grieve you. Come as soon as you can like to do it. You'll be welcome."

James slightly nodded his head, but did not move; and David left him alone in the little boarded room where they had eaten. In a few minutes he collected himself, and, like one dazed, walked back to his place in the bank. Never had its hours seemed so long, never had the noise and traffic, the tramping of feet and the banging of doors, seemed so intolerable. As early as possible, he was at David's, and David, with that fine instinct that a kind heart teaches, said as he entered, "Gude evening, James. Gae awa ben and keep Christine company. I'm that busy that I'll no shut up for half an hour yet."

James found Christine in her usual place. The hearth had been freshly swept, the fire blazed brightly, and she sat before it with

her white seam in her hand. She raised her eyes at James' entrance, and smilingly nodded to a vacant chair near her. He took it silently. Christine seemed annoyed at his silence in a little while, and asked, "Why don't you speak, James? Have you nothing to say?"

"A great deal, Christine. What now do you think of Donald McFarlane?"

"I think well of Donald."

"And of his marriage also?"

"Certainly I do. When he was here I saw how unfit I was to be his wife. I told him so, and bid him seek a mate more suitable to his position and prospects."

"Do you think it right to let yonder lady wed such a man with her eyes shut?"

"Are you going to open them?" Her face was sad and mournful, and she laid her hand gently on James' shoulder.

"I think it is my duty, Christine."

"Think again, James. Be sure it is your duty before you go on such an errand. See if you dare kneel down and ask God to bless you in this duty."

"Christine, you treat me very hardly. You know how I love you, and you use your power over me unmercifully."

"No, no, James, I only want to keep yourself out of the power of Satan. If I have any share in your heart, do not wrong me by giving Satan a place there also. Let me at least respect you, James."

Christine had never spoken in this way before to him; the majesty and purity of her character lifted him insensibly to higher thoughts, her gentleness soothed and comforted him. When David came in he found them talking in a calm, cheerful tone, and the evening that followed was one of the pleasantest he could remember. Yet James understood that Christine trusted in his forbearance, and he had no heart to grieve her, especially as she did her best to reward him by striving to make his visits to her father unusually happy.

So Donald married Miss Napier, and the newspapers were full of the bridegroom's beauty and talents, and the bride's high lineage and great possessions. After this Donald and Donald's affairs seemed to very little trouble David's humble household. His marriage put him very far away from Christine's thoughts, for her delicate conscience would have regarded it as a great sin to remember with any feeling of love another woman's affianced husband; and when the struggle became one between right and wrong, it was ended for Christine. David seldom named him, and so Donald McFarlane gradually passed out of the lives he had so sorely troubled.

Slowly but surely James continued to prosper; he rose to be cashier in the bank, and he won a calm but certain place in Christine's regard. She had never quite recovered the shock of her long illness; she was still very frail, and easily exhausted by the least fatigue or excitement. But in James' eyes she was perfect; he was always at his best in her presence, and he was a

very proud and happy man when, after eight years' patient waiting and wooing, he won from her the promise to be his wife; for he knew that with Christine the promise meant all that it ought to mean.

The marriage made few changes in her peaceful life. James left the bank, put his savings in David's business, and became his partner. But they continued to live in the same house, and year after year passed away in that happy calm which leaves no records, and has no fate days for the future to date from.

Sometimes a letter, a newspaper, or some public event, would bring back the memory of the gay, handsome lad that had once made so bright the little back parlour. Such strays from Donald's present life were always pleasant ones. In ten years he had made great strides forward. Every one had a good word for him. His legal skill was quoted as authority, his charities were munificent, his name unblemished by a single mean deed.

Had James forgotten? No, indeed. Donald's success only deepened his hatred of him. Even the silence he was compelled to keep on the subject intensified the feeling. Once after his marriage he attempted to discuss the subject with Christine, but the scene had been so painful he had never attempted it again; and David was swift and positive to dismiss any unfavourable allusion to Donald. Once, on reading that "Advocate McFarlane had joined the Free Kirk of Scotland on open confession of faith," James flung down the paper and said pointedly, "I wonder whether he confessed his wrong-doing before his faith or not."

"There's nane so weel shod, James, that they mayna slip," answered David, with a stern face. "He has united with Dr. Buchan's kirk—there's nane taken into that fellowship unworthily, as far as man can judge."

"He would be a wise minister that got at all Advocate McFarlane's sins, I am thinking."

"Dinna say all ye think, James. They walk too fair for earth that naebody can find fault wi'."

So James nursed the evil passion in his own heart; indeed, he had nursed it so long that he could not of himself resign it, and in all his prayers—and he did pray frequently, and often sincerely—he never named this subject to God, never once asked for His counsel or help in the matter.

Twelve years after his marriage with Christine David died, died as he had often wished to die, very suddenly. He was well at noon; at night he had put on the garment of eternal Sabbath. He had but a few moments of consciousness in which to bid farewell to his children. "Christine," he said cheerily, "we'll no be lang parted, dear lassie;" and to James a few words on his affairs, and then with his last breath, "James, heed what I say: 'Blessed are the merciful for they shall—obtain mercy.'"

There seemed to have been some prophetic sense in David's parting words to his daughter, for soon after his death she began to fail rapidly. What James suffered as he saw it only those can tell who have watched their beloved slowly dying, and hope

against hope day after day and week after week. Perhaps the hardest part was the knowledge that she had never recovered the health she had previous to the terrible shock which his revelation of Donald's guilt had been to her. He forgot his own share in the shock, and threw the whole blame of her early decay on Donald. "And if she dies," he kept saying in his angry heart, "I will make him suffer for it."

And Christine was drawing very near to death, though even when she was confined to her room and bed James would not believe it. And it was at this time Donald came once more to Glasgow. There was a very exciting general election for a new parliament, and Donald stood for the Conservative party in the city of Glasgow. Nothing could have so speedily ripened James' evil purpose. Should a forger represent his native city? Should he see the murderer of his Christine win honour upon honour, when he had but to speak and place him among thieves?

During the struggle he worked frantically to defeat him—and failed. That he came home like a man possessed by some malicious, ungovernable spirit of hell. He would not go to Christine's room, for he was afraid she would discover his purpose in his face, and win him from it. For now he had sworn to himself that he would only wait until the congratulatory dinner. He could get an invitation to it. All the bailies and the great men of the city would be there. The reporters would be there. His triumph would be complete. Donald would doubtless make a great speech, and after it he would say his few words.

Then he thought of Christine. But she did not move him now, for she was never likely to hear of it. She was confined to her bed; she read nothing but her Bible; she saw no one but her nurse. He would charge the nurse, and he would keep all papers and letters from her. He thought of nothing now but the near gratification of a revengeful purpose for which he had waited twenty years. Oh, how sweet it seemed to him!

The dinner was to be in a week, and during the next few days he was like a man in a bad dream. He neglected his business, and wandered restlessly about the house, and looked so fierce and haggard that Christine began to notice, to watch, and to fear. She knew that Donald was in the city, and her heart told her that it was his presence only that could alter her husband; and she poured it out in strong supplications for strength and wisdom to avert the calamity she felt approaching.

That night the nurse became sick and could not remain with her, and James, half reluctantly, took her place, for he feared Christine's influence now. She would ask him to read the Bible, to pray with her; she might talk to him of death and heaven; she might name Donald, and exact some promise from him. And he was determined now that nothing should move him. So he pretended great weariness, drew a large chair to her bedside, and said,

"I shall try and sleep awhile, darling; if you need me, you have only to speak."

CHAPTER VI.

He was more weary than he knew, and ere he was aware he fell asleep—a restless, wretched sleep, that made him glad when the half-oblivion was over. Christine, however, was apparently at rest, and he soon relapsed into the same dark, haunted state of unconsciousness. Suddenly he began to mutter and groan, and then to speak with a hoarse, whispered rapidity that had in it something frightful and unearthly. But Christine listened with wide-open eyes, and heard with sickening terror the whole wicked plot. It fell from his half-open lips over and over in every detail; and over and over he laughed low and terribly at the coming shame of the hated Donald.

She had not walked alone for weeks, nor indeed been out of her room for months, but she must go now; and she never doubted her strength. As if she had been a spirit, she slipped out of bed, walked rapidly and noiselessly into the long-unfamiliar parlour. A rushlight was burning, and the key of the old desk was always in it. Nothing valuable was kept there, and people unacquainted with the secret of the hidden drawer would have looked in vain for the entrance to it. Christine had known it for years, but her wifely honour had held it more sacred than locks or keys could have done. She was aware only that James kept some private matter of importance there, and she would as readily have robbed her husband's purse as have spied into things of which he did not speak to her.

Now, however, all mere thoughts of courtesy or honour must yield before the alternative in which James and Donald stood. She reached the desk, drew out the concealing drawer, pushed aside the slide, and touched the paper. There were other papers there, but something taught her at once the right one. To take and close the desk was but the work of a moment, then back she flew as swiftly and noiselessly as a spirit, with the condemning evidence tightly clasped in her hand.

James was still muttering and moaning in his troubled sleep, and with the consciousness of her success all her unnatural strength passed away. She could hardly secrete it in her bosom ere she fell into a semi-conscious lethargy, through which she heard with terror her husband's low, weird laughter and whispered curses.

At length the day for the dinner came. James had procured an invitation, and he made unusual personal preparations for it. He was conscious that he was going to do a very mean action, but he would look as well as possible in the act. He had even his apology for it ready; he would say that "as long as it was a private wrong he had borne the loss patiently for twenty years, but that the public welfare demanded honest men, men above reproach, and he could no longer feel it his duty," etc., etc.

After he was dressed he bid Christine "Good-bye."

He would only stay an hour, he said, and he must needs go, as Donald was her kin.

Then he went to the desk, and with hands trembling in their eagerness sought the bill. It was not there. Impossible! He looked again—again more carefully—could not believe his eyes, and looked again and again. It was really gone. If the visible hand of God had struck him, he could not have felt it more consciously. He mechanically closed the desk and sat down like one stunned. Cain might have felt as James did when God asked him, "Where is thy brother?" He did not think of prayer. No "God be merciful to me a sinner" came as yet from his dry, white lips. The fountains of his heart seemed dry as dust. The anger of God weighed down on him till

"He felt as one

Who, walking after some strange, fevered dream,
Sees a dim land and things unspeakable,
And comes to know at last that it is hell."

Meantime Christine was lying with folded hands, praying for him. She knew what an agony he was going through, and ceaselessly with pure supplications she prayed for his forgiveness. About midnight one came and told him his wife wanted to see him. He rose with a wretched sigh, and looked at the clock. He had sat there six hours. He had thought over everything, over and over—the certainty that the paper was there, the fact that no other paper had been touched, and that no human being but Christine knew of the secret place. These things shocked him beyond expression. It was to his mind a visible assertion of the Divine prerogative; he had really heard God say to him, "Vengeance is mine." The lesson that in these materialistic days we would reason away, James humbly accepted. His religious feelings were, after all, his deepest feelings, and in these six hours he had so palpably felt the frown of his angry Heavenly Father that he had quite forgotten his poor, puny wrath at Donald McFarlane.

As he slowly walked up-stairs to Christine he determined to make to her a full confession of the deed he had meditated. But when he reached her bedside he saw that she was nearly dead. She smiled faintly and said,

"Send all away, James. I must speak alone with you, dear; we are going to part, my husband."

Then he knelt down by her side and held her cold hands, and the gracious tears welled up in his hot eyes, and he covered them with the blessed rain.

"O James, how you have suffered since six o'clock!"

"You know then, Christine! I would weep tears of blood over my sin. O dear, dear wife, take no shameful memory of me into eternity with you."

"See how I trust you, James. Here is poor, weak Donald's note. I know now you will never use it against him. What if your six hours were lengthened out through life—through eternity? I ask no promise from you now, dear."

"But I give it. Before God I give it, with all my heart. My sin has found me out this night. How has God borne with me all these years? Oh, how great is His mercy!"

Then Christine told him how he had revealed his wicked plot, and how wonderful strength had been given her to defeat it; and the two souls amid their parting sighs and tears, knew each other as they had never done through all their years of life.

For a week James remained in his own room. Then Christine was laid beside her father, and the shop was re-opened, and the household returned to its ways. But James was not seen in house or shop, and the neighbours said,

"Kirsty Cameron has had a wearisome sickness, and nae doubt her gudeman was needing a rest. Dootless he has gone to the Hielands a bit."

But it was not northward James Blackie went. It was south; south past the bonnie Cumberland Hills and the great manufacturing towns of Lancashire and the rich valleys of Yorkshire; southward until he stopped at last in London. Even then, though he was weary and sick and the night had fallen, he did not rest. He took a carriage and drove at once to a fashionable mansion in Baker Street. The servant looked curiously at him, and felt half inclined to be insolent to such a visitor.

"Take that card to your master at once," he said in a voice whose authority could not be disputed, and the man went.

His master was lying on a sofa in a luxuriously-furnished room, playing with a lovely girl about four years old, and listening meanwhile to an enthusiastic account of a cricket match that two boys about twelve and fourteen years were giving him. He was a strikingly handsome man, in the prime of life, with a thoroughly happy expression. He took James' card in a careless fashion, listened to the end of his sons' story, and then looked at it. Instantly his manner changed; he stood up, and said promptly,

"Go away now, Miss Margaret, and you also, Angus and David; I have an old friend to see." Then to the servant, "Bring the gentleman here at once."

When he heard James' step he went to meet him with open hand; but James said,

"Not just yet, Mr. McFarlane; hear what I have to say. Then if you offer your hand I will take it."

"Christine is dead?"

"Dead, dead."

They sat down opposite each other, and James did not spare himself. From his discovery of the note in old Starkie's possession until the death of Christine, he confessed everything. Donald sat with downcast eyes, quite silent. Once or twice his fierce Highland blood surged into his face, and his hand stole mechanically to the place where his dirk had once been, but the motion was as transitory as a thought. When James had finished, he sat with compressed lips for a few moments, quite unable to control his speech; but at length he slowly said,

"I wish I had known all this before; it would have saved much sin and suffering. You said that my indifference at first angered you. I must correct this. I was not indifferent. No one can tell what suffering that one cowardly act cost me. But before the bill fell due I went frankly to Uncle David and confessed all my sin. What passed between us you may guess; but he forgave me freely and fully, as I trust God did also. Hence there was no cause for its memory to darken life."

"I always thought Christine had told her father," muttered James.

"Nay, but I told him myself. He said he would trace the note, and I have no doubt he knew it was in your keeping from the first."

Then James took it from his pocket-book.

"There it is, Mr. McFarlane. Christine gave it back to me the hour she died. I promised her to bring it to you and tell you all."

"Christine's soul was a white rose without a thorn. I count it an honour to have known and loved her. But the paper is yours, Mr. Blackie, unless I may pay for it."

"O man, man! what money could pay for it? I would not dare to sell it for the whole world! Take it, I pray you."

"I will not. Do as you wish with it, James. I can trust you."

Then James walked towards the table. There were wax lights burning on it, and he held it in the flame and watched it slowly consume away to ashes. The silence was so intense that they heard each other breathing, and the expression on James' face was so rapt and noble that even Donald's stately beauty was for the moment less attractive. Then he walked towards Donald and said,

"Now give me your hand, McFarlane, and I'll take it gladly."

And that was a handclasp that meant to both men what no words could have expressed.

"Farewell, McFarlane; our ways in this world lie far apart; but when we come to die it will comfort both of us to remember this meeting. God be with you!"

"And with you also, James. Farewell!"

Then James went back to his store and his shadowed household life. And people said he looked happier than ever he had done, and pitied him for his sick wife, and supposed he felt it a happy release to be rid of her. So wrongly does the world, which knows nothing of our real life, judge us.

You may see his gravestone in Glasgow Necropolis to-day, and people will tell you that he was a great philanthropist, and gave away a noble fortune to the sick and the ignorant; and you will probably wonder to see only beneath his name the solemn text, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

HOPPETY BOB'S CHRISTMAS TREAT AND SUMMER EXCURSION.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

OUR common friend the curate had told me that Hoppety Bob intended to give a Christmas treat to his pupils, and I had obtained Bob's permission to be present at it. The independent little fellow, however, stipulated that I should be present only as a guest. I might help him to wait upon the children, if I would be so kind, but I must not contribute pecuniarily to their entertainment. He had saved up a few shillings for his feast, and wished to have the pleasure of playing sole Amphitryon. "Some of the fathers and mothers," he added apologetically, "will look in, perhaps, and they'll take it kinder of you to look in like one of theirselves, than if you come to help to pay. Poor folks—some poor folks, that is—like to have money giv' 'em, but they like, too, to feel as if those who've got a bit more money than theirselves didn't come amongst 'em jest to giv' 'em money, as you might give a hungry dog a bone. We're all children of the same God, ain't we, sir? and if He's giv' more to some than t' others, that's no reason why they should look down on them as is worse off, as if they wasn't the same flesh and blood. You'll excuse me, sir—I know you don't think the worse of me because I don't make much and live in a place like this—but you'll understand, sir, that I'd rather give the little uns their feed myself, an' that we shall all on us be very proud if you'll come and take your tea with us."

Six o'clock p.m. was the hour at which Hoppety Bob had invited his Christmas guests to assemble. Of course, I took care to get to the Folly at six sharp. It was one of the dreary Christmas nights so common in London—cold, with a marrow-freezing drizzle. In spite of cork-soles and brisk walking, the sticky mud on the pavement turned one's feet to ice. The blazing public-houses were the only bright things to be seen, and, crammed as they were with half-drunken brawlers, theirs was a very dismal brightness. Quite drunken unfortunates were howling snatches of song, and cannoning off from almost every foot-passenger they passed as they waltzed with one another on the miry side-paths. Roughs were loafing about, rejoicing in the thickening fog. Tall black policemen were standing at corners, glancing up and down; and stolidly meditating, perhaps, on the small amount of merriment to be found in a London constable's Christmas.

In the Folly, as elsewhere, the inhabitants had taken more beer than was good for them (however they might have fared for beef), but Bob's little entertainment was acting outside as well as inside as a promoter of good-will. "There's a swell come to Hoppety's tea-squall," said the bricklayer's labourer with a grin, but he said it with less than his usual crustiness. His own poor little ones

were going to take tea at the dwarf's, and, since the treat would cost him nothing, he was graciously pleased to regard their unwanted enjoyment with as much complacency as if he had given it to them.

Bob's room was crammed with youngsters; for more had come to his tea than generally came to his teachings. The guests had brought their own seats—those of them, that is, who had seats. The majority squatted wherever they could find sitting-room, like a swarm of frogs. The Folly had contributed a curiously composite tea-service of cracked mugs, cups, and saucers—the last also to be used as drinking vessels. Tea had been made in the big black kettle—another loan—that brooded on the glowing fireplace like a black swan upon its nest. The “cheeks” of the grate had been taken out, but still the kettle covered the whole fire. Bob had just finished cutting bread-and-butter, and sat at his table between two piles of it that almost overtopped his head. He smiled a welcome as he sat there like a ticket-clerk at his pigeon-hole, and beckoned me to a seat of honour which he had reserved for me at his right hand.

“Now then, children,” said Bob, “stand up, an' let's sing a blessin'.” Up the little things jumped, and managed to stammer after him, in often-extemporized tune and time, and syllables also,—

“Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.”

“Now then,” Bob went on, “here's the grub; so come an' help yourselves; an' let the littlest uns come first. Don't be shame-faced; p'raps I can find some more when that's gone. And now, sir, p'raps you'd kindly help me to pour out the tea, an' then we'll have a cup ourselves. I'd have had my pot for you, but I thought you'd like to take it with the kids.”

So Bob put the brown sugar and the blue milk into the motley equipage, and I poured in the tea, and the children nearest the table passed it on to their fellows, and for some moments the room was like a stable—there was such a loud champing of fodder and a horse-like drinking.

Tea over, greasy little lips gratefully sang,—

“We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;”

and then the table and tea-things were pushed into a corner, and Bob proposed a game of blind-man's buff. Bob volunteered to be blinded first, and pegged about on his crutch like a parched pea. Some of the children had never seen the game played before, but they soon entered into it, and pulled away at the dwarf's coat-tails merrily, taking care, however, not to pull too hard. He caught them by the armful every minute, but always let them go

again, because the little man had made up his mind to catch me. I was soon hemmed in a corner, and bandaged. I was spun round, and my coat was almost pulled off my back; for as soon as the youngsters had got rid of their shyness (and they were not long in doing that), they exulted greatly in having so big a play-fellow, and buzzed about me like bees about a bear.

Then we had a game at hunt-the-slipper, in which Bob again delighted the children by his agility and cleverness, catching the slipper in mid-air, and dragging it out of the slyest hiding-places.

An interval of five minutes for a refreshment of an orange apiece followed, and then came the treat of the evening. "Now, children, I'm going to show you what I expect you've never seen afore," said Bob, with consequential mystery. (He had borrowed a cheap magic-lantern from the shop for which he worked.) "P'r'aps, sir, you'll be kind enough to help me up with the sheet?" When it was up, and the candles were out, and the fire had been shaded, and a mystic circle of light, with dim figures chasing one another through what looked like gaslit fog, began to bob up and down on the sheet, the children sat with hushed breath, and the grown-up neighbours crowded the window and the doorway. A rumour had run like wildfire through the Folly that "Hoppety was a-makin' ghosteses."

He got his focus at last, but at no time were the figures free from blurred outlines; they were clear enough for recognition, however, ere long, and then it was hard to say which were the more pleased, the men and women, or the children. They roared equally over the funny slides, which Bob illustrated with a quaint running comment. He had chosen others that were specially adapted to Christmas; and he preached pretty little sermons on them, as he pushed his gaudily-painted texts across the sheet.

"That's the star in the East a-shinin' up above them palms. The oil's bad, an' I can't make it shine as I should like. My talkin's somethin' like that. I want you to love what's right; but you see, Hoppety's oil ain't first-rate, an' so he can't make you see things as plain as he would do. That's the star, an' them in the long beards an' the blue an' red an' yellow gowns, with the things like sheets twisted round their heads, is the wise men as have come all the way from the East to see if they can find Jesus. If wise men like them wanted Him, an' took all that trouble, you may be sure you want Him; for you ain't wise men, are you? but little boys and gals that might be a deal wiser. And yet He'll let you find Him without a bit of trouble, if you only want to. He loved everybody as nobody ever loved them afore, but He seems to have been partic'lar fond of little boys an' gals. Some on ye has read about that with me—'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,' you know—an' now I'll show you a pictur' about it. That's the disciples a-shovin' the kids away; they meant well, but they didn't know no better, though they was such good men. An' that's the blessed Jesus smilin' so sweetly, with that sun like round His head. It 'ud be a poor pictur' of His dear

face, if the light was ever so good. But that don't matter much. There's some beautiful faces of Jesus you can see, when you get a bit bigger, in the Nashnal Gallery—out West-end way; but there ain't one that won't seem but what it could be beautifuller if you've got to love Jesus. Do you read about Jesus in the Testament, an' try to copy what He said an' did. That's the best pictur' of Him anybody can dror. It'll be a poor thing, after all, like this here; but you can keep on rubbing out, an' tryin' to make it a bit more like.

"An' now I'll show you the stable where Jesus was born, an' put into the manger for a cradle. It looks pretty in the pictur', with the hay, and the donkeys, an' the bullocks, an' the smart dresses; but I expect it was only a poor sort of place. If the Prince of Wales had been born in the Folly, folks wouldn't ha' believed as he was the Prince of Wales; so it ain't much to be wondered at that them as expected Christ to come into the world with a crown on His head, like, wouldn't believe there could be much in a poor carpenter's son, born in a stable. But yet there He was—just as you might find a sovereign in the mud, an' fancy it only a farden, till you come to change it—that is, if the folks you took it to was honest. If they was honest, though, p'raps they'd think you wasn't, an' wouldn't give you change. It ain't like that with Jesus Christ. The poorest child as ever was has got a right to lay hold of Him, an' can get full vally for Him.

"An' here's Joseph and Mary an' Jesus, a-goin' down into Egypt. They went there, you know, because Herod wanted to kill Jesus afore He'd done what He was sent to do. Don't that sound silly? An' here's Herod's soldiers killin' the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under; an' the poor mothers cryin' as if their hearts would break. That's hard, ain't it? But, p'raps, some of them poor little kids would ha' called out 'Crucify Him,' if they'd been left to grow up; an' God loved 'em so that He wouldn't giv' 'em the chance to go wrong. Though I'm fond o' you, an' I think you like me a bit, I know I'd rather see you dead as you are, than gettin' big boys and gals to learn bad ways.

"An' now I'll show you my last pictur', and I think it's one of the prettiest in the lot. Here's the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, that the wild beasts mayn't get hold on 'em. There's the little lambs a-snugglin' up to their mothers as nateral as babies. An' there's the angels up in the sky, with their white wings and goold rings round their heads, and them branches like rhubub-stalks in their hands—palms they're meant for. An' they're singin' jest as you may hear the singers up in the gallery at church, only a deal sweeter, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.' Them was the first Christmas Waits. It 'ud be nice to hear music like that now in the cold mornin's, wouldn't it? But now we'll have our supper, an' sing a verse, an' then we'll say good night, for it's time the little uns was in bed."

A bun apiece for the children was the supper, with a sip of elderberry wine, warmed in a vessel like a hollow horn (which the bricklayer's labourer, stirred up to abnormal activity and benevolence, borrowed from the public). And then we sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and the little party broke up; everybody wishing everybody else—our host especially—"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Custom has dimmed and chilled those cordial words; but the heartiness of the young Folly folk made them leap out again into warm light.

On another occasion my friend Hoppety Bob gave me an account of his summer excursion as follows:

"The kind gen'leman I've before told you on ain't content with gettin' me into the hospital when I want it; but he will make me go for a day into the country once a 'ear, an' he hires a wan sometimes, and finds the money for the grub, so that I may take my young uns with me. He was in only last Wednesday, askin' where we should like to go this 'ear. I'd put it to the little uns, on'y it's all the same to them, poor stived-up little souls, s'long as they can get a mouthful o' air that ain't downright gritty, an' have a tumble on some grass. Greenwich Park is nice an' near, an' we can get there without a wan. Cherry Gardens Pier is handy; and the river's a cur'ous sight for children. It's queer, livin' so close to it, that they know so little o' ships an' that. The Folly ain't a seafarin' part, but then it ain't a quarter o' an hour's walk to parts that is. When it's fine of an evenin', I sometimes hop down to the wharfs an' the yards. I like to see the water runnin' out an' in. It makes me think o' the quiet green country, an' the pure blue sea; an' the very mud's nice to smell. There's a deal o' mud in the Colchester river, an' I think o' my poor mother. I told you, sir, as she was buried in St. Leonard's church-yard.

"When I've took down the young uns to Greenwich—we went there two years runnin', and there ain't another place so nigh that's half so nice, to my fancy—the park, an' the 'eath, 'an the college, as they calls it there, together—I've told 'em tales out o' the jography book, about the places I supposed the ships that was bein' towed up was comin' from; and it was cur'ous to see how they suck it all in. Children is easy taught, if you can get 'em to listen to you. I wish I knew more to teach 'em; often they fair floor me. 'What's this?' 'What's that for, Mr. Hoppety?' 'Why was it made so?' they ax; an' oftener than not, I can't tell 'em. Hows'ever, when I don't know what a thing is, I tell 'em so, an' they mind all the more when I do tell 'em things. There ain't much gained with children by shammin' to be wiser than you are. Law bless you, sir, they find you out by the look o' yer eyes. A man's eyes can't tell a lie, try the best he can. God's so fond o' truth, that He will make folks tell it somehow, I reckon.

"When we used to go to Greenwich, the college-men were about—there ain't many left now, I've heard. Geese the Greenwich folks used to call 'em—I s'pose because they waddled so; but I liked to see 'em a rollin'; it was like gettin' a sniff o' the sea.

Sparrer, folks might call me, because I hop—though sparrers hasn't game legs, and a crutch, an' a hump on their backs, an' they has wings. But He as made me an' the sparrers looks after us both, the Testament says. Well, sir, some o' them college-men were nice old boys, an' it was improvin' talk to listen to 'em, though they couldn't tell ye much about what they'd seen, except the names o' the ships they'd sailed in, an' the places they'd been at. But the sea seemed to ha' serioused them somehow. They'd a grave way o' talk—there they were a restin' after tossin' about, an' they talked accordin'. It was queer, after walkin' up Teapot Lane, to fall in with one o' those old fellers settin' thinkin' on the grass. The holiday-folk was racin' down One-Tree Hill, an' playin' kiss-in-the-ring on the grass, but there they sot a-thinkin'. They'd wanted God close by 'em when the stormy winds did blow, an' they looked as if they felt Him close to 'em in Greenwich Park. They wasn't all like that. Some on 'em grumbled awful, an' behaved, I've heard, in a way that didn't become nobody—let alone old men like them. An' some—gray-haired old fellers, too—would tell a sight o' crams. One on 'em told my little uns that he'd seen a white bear a-top o' the North Pole, an' pitched him up a biscuit. But bless you, sir, that didn't take in the little uns. They didn't know nothin' about the North Pole, but they saw by the look o' the man that he was a-lyin', an' so they axed me. I couldn't make 'em clearly understand what the North Pole was—p'r'aps because I hain't a very clear notion on it myself. Anyhow, I made 'em understand that it wasn't a bit o' timber that you could cut your name on, as the college-man made out; so they told him that he didn't know nothing about jography.

"I do love the country, sir, though it ain't often, as you may think, that I can get into it. I've read the poet Cowper, and there's a bit in his 'Task' that I could ha' wrote myself, if I'd been on'y been a poet, an' knowed grammar. You laugh, sir—an' well you may. It do make a considerable difference if you ain't a poet, an' if you don't know grammar; but I can admire worses for all that, though these ain't rightly worses—there's no rhyme.

"I'd a beautiful musk in that pot last 'ear—the pot seemed bilin' over with green an' goold—an' you can't think, sir, what a comfort it was to me. It was cheery to look at, just for the brightness of it; an' then it had a meanin' in it, too—like them blue and red texts they put up in the churches now-a-days, 'Consider the lilies of the field,' that's what my musk used to say; and it cheered up my bird there most as much as it did me. I used to let him out, an' he'd perch on the pot, an' rub his head into the leaves, just like a babby snugglin' up to the breast. I al'ays takes my Dick out with me when I goes into the country; an' when it's warm enough, I hangs his cage in a hedge as I'm a-restin', an' he pipes away over my head as jolly as them that has got their freedom.

"How them little dears do enjoy the fresh air! It makes 'em tipsy like. That first time I was tellin' you on, the little uns

cheered pretty well all the way from the corner o' the Liverpool Road (though the air ain't over fresh there), right to the Old Crown, on Highgate Hill. That's where we got out o' the wan. I'd shown 'em Whittington's stone as we come up, an' I told 'em the story when we got out. That pleased 'em uncommon. I fancy the little chaps thought they'd only to slip out there some fine mornin', an' 'ear Bow Bells, to get made Lord Mayors of.

"It was cur'ous to see how the little uns stared up the hill. The houses was so clean an' so quiet, I thought the people couldn't be up yet; an' the ivy was hangin' over the old wail t' other side o' the way—it was a queer sight for us Folly folk. An' then we went along the lane, an' stopped to have a look down atop o' Highgate Archway. That pleased the young uns, too. I was afeared they'd topple over, or squeeze theirselves through the balusters. There was the road ever so far down so lonely, an' the birds a-singin', an' the laylock was out in the gardens, and the sun was a-shinin' quite hot where we was, an' yet you could hardly see London for the smoke. It did look uncommon dreary. I couldn't help pityin' them that was left in it, an' wishin' they could ha' been out enjoyin' themselves like us. It made me think somehow, sir, of the City of Destruction in tle 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but then there was the church spires stickin' up here an' there, so that wasn't like; an' St. Paul's looked just like a big gray balloon up in the clouds, an' the sun was a-shinin' on the goold cross, though it was so black below. I like to look at that cross, sir, when I happen to be near by, though it do give me a crick in the neck to look up at it. There's a deal o' wickedness in London, but there's goodness too; an' there's the cross, up above all the dirt, a-watchin' over us.

"When we'd got out o' Crouch End we had a race, an' I should ha' beat, if my crutch hadn't tripped me up. I must ha' looked a comical sight, but it was pretty how the little uns kept from laughin' till they see I wasn't hurt. When we got to Hornsey Church we sat down in the churchyard to have a rest, and the little uns picked daisies, an' most on 'em chattered away just like sparrers in the ivy in the old tower. But the littlest—her name was Jemima Webber, an' a sweet little gal she was, an' uncommon fond of me, pretty dear—sat as still as a little mouse. 'What are you thinkin' on, Jemima?' says I. But she never said a word. Then I see she was settin' by a babby's grave, an' pattin' it just as if it was babby. 'They'll wake the child,' says she presently, just like an old woman, 'if they make so much noise.' Pretty dear, little as she was, she'd had to lug about a babby, an' the little thing had died, an' Jemima had a'most cried her eyes out when she see it buried. Poor little Mima! She's buried herself now, an' I can't tell you, sir, how I used to miss her. She'd come in an' set with me by the hour together, when none of the others was there; an' a lonely old lamester likes a sweet little thing like that to take to him.

"When we'd had our rest, we went across the fields to our kind

friend's, an' the first thing he did was to give the little uns such a feed as must have astonished 'em; an' the way they tucked into it must have astonished him. Eatin' an' drinkin' was goin' on, more or less, all day. The gen'loman an' his good lady an' the young ladies waited on us, just as if we'd been the Royal Family. Very kind people they all was, and is. There was plenty o' sport, though, of all kinds between whiles—an' the gen'loman an' me rowed 'em about in a boat. He'd got a real nice place, with medders for the young uns to cut about in, an' cows for 'em to see milked, an' a great garden where he let 'em pick as many flowers as they liked to carry 'ome. An' what they couldn't eat he had packed up for 'em, an' he gave 'em a shillin' apiece besides. When the last eatin' an' drinkin' was over, he had us all in his big drorin'-room, an' the little unſ sang the Evening Hymn, an' one o' the young ladies played it on the pieanner, an' then we all knelt down—the little uns didn't seem to know what to make o' the fine cushions they put their little noses into—an' he said a beautiful little prayer. An' then the wan came to take us home. Just didn't the little uns cheer as we druv off! They kep' it up, too, along the road as long as they could; but most on 'em was sound asleep afore we got back to the Folly. Pleasurin's tiringer work, I fancy, 'specially when you ain't used to it, than peggin' away at what you've got to do every day. It's a wearyin' kind o' world this, anyways. I feel thankful to think that I shall get a rest afore I go to heaven even. I fear as if I shouldn't be braced up to stand its brightness else, if God in His goodness should ever let me see it. Leastways, I like to think as that's what the Psalms means when it says that He gives His beloved sleep."

CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.

We come not with a costly store,
 O Lord! like those of old;
 The masters of the starry lore,
 From Ophir's shore of gold;
 No weepings of the incense-tree
 Are with the gifts we bring;
 No odorous myrrh of Araby
 Blends with our offering.

But faith and love may bring their best,
 A spirit keenly tried
 By fierce affliction's fiery test,
 And seven times purified;
 The fragrant graces of the mind,
 The virtues that delight
 To give their perfume out, will find
 Acceptance in Thy sight.

“NOR'ARD OF THE DOGGER.”*

MISSION WORK IN THE NORTH SEA.

A FRIEND who was passing through the streets of Gorleston one Sunday afternoon observed a large crowd collected near the pier, and watching intently some vessel outside the harbour. On closer examination it proved to be a smack which had just arrived from the fishing-ground, and was standing off and on, waiting to get into the port. This in itself was nothing unusual, but at her masthead was flying a flag which some of the crowd thought to be a mission-flag; yet as it was well known that her skipper was a godless man, it was hardly possible that he would come into port flying such a flag. Just then a fisherman, who had lately come home from the fleet, informed the watchers that the skipper had been converted to God at one of the services held at sea, and that he was really flying a mission flag, which he had obtained from the *Cholmondeley*.

The next day an opportunity occurred for speaking to the new convert, and with a joyous smile he said: “I thought I'd better hoist my new colours before coming into harbour, as I didn't want to be ashamed to let my old companions see that I had come over to the Lord's side.”

Such results as this were calculated to call forth fervent thanksgiving for the genuine character of the work hitherto accomplished, and to fill our hearts with encouragement and hope. One striking feature of the efforts was (and has since continued to be) the constant habit of waiting in prayer at the throne of heavenly grace; and, as is ever the case, this practice received its own reward in very remarkable answers, or, as an aged Christian expressed it: “Remarkably like God.”

For example, two vessels in the “Short Blue” fleet, known as the *D*— and the *C*—, were so exactly alike that their own skippers scarcely knew them apart. The main difference lay in the skippers themselves. *R*—, of the *D*—, might well have born the same name as his vessel—a bright, happy, open-hearted Christian, while the master of the *C*—, though what was called “a jolly good fellow,” was a great friend of the *cooper*, or liquor-selling boat. One sultry summer's afternoon the smacks had their gear down for a day's haul, but as the wind completely died away, it was quite practicable to hold a prayer-meeting on board the mission-smack *Cholmondeley*, then stationed with the “Short Blues,” and having a special missionary on board from London. The flag was accordingly struck as a signal to the fleet that service was about to be held. Upon the deck of the *Cholmondeley* stood, amongst others, the admiral of the fleet, himself but recently

* Abridged from a book of this title, published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co. London.

converted to God, during a serious illness which had confined him for weeks to the hospital. While the hum of the conversation was at its height, the mission-skipper was observe to shade his eyes from the intense glare, and after regarding for a moment or two a vessel some two hundred yards on the port quarter, he exclaimed: "Why, there's R—— signalling! He wants to join us and his own boat is on deck. Fred, do you think you can skull and fetch alongside of him? Skipper R—— will help you to pull back."

Fred thought he could, and while he is doing so, we may note that there was one vessel there that afternoon which, having no fishing gear on board, was free to cruise about the fleet, threading her way here and there, wherever there seemed to be the chance of sale or barter. The craft of ill-omen, the devil's mission-ship, was on the look-out for prey, and while Fred, with his eye on the signal (a bread-bag or an oil-skin frock suspended on a oar, termed by the smackmen a "creagan"), was making for the supposed D——, the *coper* might have been seen bearing down in the same direction, although she had not as yet sighted the signal. Arrived within hailing distance, Fred shouted, as only a North Sea fisherman can shout, "D——, ahoy!" Instantly a head appeared above the rail, and with a broad grin the skipper responded: "This vessel ain't the D——. We're the C——. What do you want with me? I had the signal out for the *coper*, not for you."

Poor Fred was utterly chagrined, and having made his boat fast alongside the C——, with the rope the skipper had thrown, he exclaimed, "Well, skipper, here's a go! I was told that you were the D——, and was sent to bring you off to the prayer-meeting."

At this the grin developed into a loud laugh, for the skipper of the C—— was about the last man in the fleet to be guilty of attending a prayer-meeting. Still time was pressing, and although Fred had found it an easy matter to *reach* the vessel, it was absolutely impossible for him to return without assistance.

"Skipper, would you let me have one of your crew," he inquired, "to help me back to the *Cholmondeley*? We'll take care to send him home again."

"No, I can't well do that," said the skipper; "but I don't mind lending you a hand myself, if you'll send me back at once with a couple of men to pull me."

The bargain was struck, and a few minutes later, great was the astonishment of the smacksmen assembled on the *Cholmondeley's* deck at seeing the skipper of the C—— coming, as they supposed, to the prayer-meeting. The moment the boat sheered alongside, a perfect forest of hands was held over to greet the new-comer, while hearty cries of "What cheer?" "What cheer, old fellow?" "Glad to see you!" showered down upon him the warmest of welcomes. But the admiral put a stop to this with: "Come on board, old man; you will have your shoulder put out of joint!" And, indeed, there was danger of some such accident in en-

deavouring to shake hands from a boat while constantly rising and falling with the swell.

This coming on board was more than the skipper had bargained for; but he was not the man to turn his back on old friends, and many of these, the admiral included, had been his "pals" in other days on board the *coper*. So it came to pass that he, who had vowed again and again that he would give the "Bethel-ship" a wide berth, found himself the next moment standing on the deck of the *Cholmondeley*, amid the hearty greetings of the congregation, compelling the mental admission that it was not such a bad place after all! Yet even now he had no intention of remaining; but before he had time to explain that he had merely come with the object of doing a kind turn to Fred, the missionary passed the word quietly round: "Now, lads, let's go below!" and the skipper of the *C*— found himself going down with the rest, where he had never been before. After the first burst of happy song, he heard one after another speaking reverently and earnestly to their Father in heaven. It was all new and strange, and he began to feel very uneasy, for it appeared to him that if all these prayers were real, God must be very near to them, and presently when one man fervently exclaimed, "O Lord, bless the skipper of the *C*—!" there was instantly a chorus of "Amen!" from the whole assembly. This was quite too much for the poor fellow. He had never in his life drawn near to God, and now to find himself the subject of intercession, to hear the earnest pleadings of others for his soul's salvation, brought him consciously into the very presence of the living God, and made him cry out: "Lord, have mercy upon me!" The good missionary who was at that time quartered on board the *Cholmondeley* thereupon pointed this penitent to the Lamb of God, and had the joy of hearing him, before the day closed, express trust in Christ as his Saviour. At the end of the service, when the members of the congregation were chatting in groups on the deck, hailing the return of their boats, the strange event of the day was naturally the chief topic of conversation, and one skipper remarked:

"Well, that *was* a funny mistake!"

"Mistake!" exclaimed the admiral, turning sharply round. "Mistake, do you call it? At all events, *God* made no mistake. He wanted the skipper of the *C*—, and He let y^e make a mistake in order to get him here."

Here was another victory for Christ, and another blow to the *coper* traffic; for never more would a "creagan" be hoisted on board the *C*— as a signal to the grog-shop, and thus the foreigner lost the patronage of a whole ship's company.

The habit of seizing every opportunity for conducting divine service was not, however, peculiar to the "Short Blues," but other fleets observed the same wholesome custom, and were also equally fond of long-continued religious exercises, which are unknown to congregations on land, but a common practice at sea.

Skipper Cullington relates an interesting story illustrative of

this, and at the same time, proving how the Holy Spirit was working amongst the fishermen, and leading some of the worst and wildest to the Saviour's feet.

It was a lovely summer's day in the Great Northern fleet; not only very warm, but so calm that the sea had the appearance of molten glass, with not even a ripple on its surface. About two o'clock Cullington was struck with the bright idea of lashing several vessels together, so that not merely those who were able to come away in the boats, but every man and boy on board might gather to the service. The reader must not conclude that this was Sunday. Every day in the week the Mission-vessel is open for divine service, subject, of course, to the exigencies of the weather and fishing. On this particular Tuesday, Cullington remarked to a skipper sitting beside him, sipping the orthodox mug of tea: "What a grand chance to lash the wessels alongside o' one another an' hold a service!"

"You're right, old friend," responded the man addressed. Then jumping to his feet and taking a hasty survey, he exclaimed; "Let's be at it at once."

"At it" they all went in tremendous earnest, and within three-quarters of an hour no fewer than ten vessels were lashed side by side, the Mission-ship being in the centre. This was not accomplished without much labour; but boats were thrown out, and willing hands made light work, the result being that by three o'clock no fewer than fifty-two men and boys were assembled in one group on the deck of the Mission-ship, and with the exception of a brief half-hour for the evening meal, there was a continuous service for eight hours. Singing, prayer, addresses by several Christian fishermen, and by a lay-missionary who was spending a month in the fleet, occupied the time until the clock in the cabin struck eleven.

"You'd better give out, old skipper," said one of the men, addressing Cullington; "you're as hoarse as a crow."

"Well," responded the enthusiastic little man, "I'll grant ye we can't see to sing any more out here on deck, but we'll go below and pray, for I'm anxious about several o' these fellows."

So the word was passed round, and the visitors dropped one by one through the open hatchway into the hold, where lamps were provided and several earnest addresses were given, beseeching the careless and the unsaved to "be reconciled to God."

Cullington was right. There were some in that strange company who were known as the best customers of the foreign *coper*—men who, when ashore, were always in trouble themselves and causing trouble to their wives and families; and after these especially was the heart of this good man yearning. As time passed, it became evident that the word spoken was reaching some consciences, for sighs were heard from corners of the dimly-lighted hold, and presently one big, rough smacksman groaned forth: "O God, I can't hold out no longer! Lord, have mercy on me!"

Finally, the gathering dispersed at 1.30 a.m., after remaining together ten hours and a half. The lashings were cast adrift, the ten vessels hauled clear of one another, and when at last the sounds of public worship ceased, there were still silent thanksgivings in many hearts; for three skippers and a cabin-boy had not only become pledged abstainers, but had openly confessed the Saviour.

By that day's event the *coper* had lost three of its customers; nay, more than three, for when the skipper of a smack refuses drink, he refuses it for himself and his crew.

By the autumn of 1884 matters were rapidly reaching a crisis. The foreigners were growing desperate, and one of them, an Ostend skipper, openly declared: "These cursed Mission-ships are ruining our trade, and if many more of them come, there'll soon be no *copers*!"

This was cheering news indeed; and while such tidings reached me from sea, the testimony on shore was equally gatisfying. The Mayor of Grimsby remarked at a public meeting: "I regard the Mission-vessel in the Grimsby fleet as a blessing to the trade of the port." Similar pleasing statements were made in other towns by magistrates, clergy, and police; and many private residents of the fishing towns added their voluntary endorsement of the official verdict

AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

At Christmas-time last year

So many friends that now are gone were here,
 So many hopes were glowing then unspoken,
 So many faiths were strong that now lie broken,
 And loving hearts that trusted without fear,
 —At Christmas-time last year.

At Christmas-time this year

So many of us find this world a drear
 And barren desert wherein blooms no rose,
 With mountain peaks surrounding it, whose snows
 Have chilled our hearts, and turned life's foliage sere,
 —At Christmas-time this year.

At Christmas-time next year,

Who knows what changing fortunes may be near?
 Take courage, then! For night shall turn to day,
 From brightening skies the clouds must roll away,
 And faith and hope and love shall all be here,
 —At Christmas-time next year.

“IN DARKEST ENGLAND, AND THE WAY OUT.”*

BY THE REV. H. T. SMART.

A FEW years ago we heard the late Mrs. Booth insist, with much vehemence, that it was only necessary (to use her own phrase) “to save the man;” that once done, “the man” would himself improve his circumstances. This view is also taken by the lamented Mrs. Booth in what is, perhaps, her most powerful book, “Popular Christianity.” But further experience apparently convinced Mrs. Booth, and certainly has convinced General Booth, that whilst “it takes a soul to improve a body,” it is necessary to change the environment of the lapsed masses, if whole populations, now degraded beyond all description, are to be uplifted *en masse*. From this conviction has come the epoch-making book, as we trust it will prove to be, which has created so great a stir since its issue.

The earlier chapters of “In Darkest England and the Way Out” are devoted to a graphic statement of the work which needs to be done. To use the striking figure of Holy Writ, the darkness of these chapters is “darkness which may be felt.” Here we find that one-tenth of our population is submerged in direst poverty, appalling suffering, and degrading vice; and the question is raised in the ninth chapter of the book, “Is there no help?”

General Booth has undertaken to show us the way out of darkest England; and whether we are prepared or not to follow his lead, we are all bound, as we love our fellow-men, to study with the closest attention, and with candid minds, his well-considered proposals. In this first notice of the book it is not possible to pass under review the plans laid down; we can only briefly indicate the nature of the suggestions, and perhaps offer a passing remark upon one or two of them. General Booth would establish three colonies—the City Colony, the Farm Colony, and the Over-Sea Colony.

In the City Colony he would provide food and shelter for every man. Already the Army have established many cheap food depôts, where the poor obtain warm, nourishing food at a very small cost. These depôts are to be largely increased. At fourpence a head General Booth is willing to provide supper, breakfast, and bed for all the out-of-works in the land, and if your homeless wanderer has not got fourpence he is not to be sent to sleep on the Embankment, but to be taken in, only he must not leave in the morning until he has done fourpenny worth of work to pay for his bed and board.

Labour yards and factories are to be opened for the unemployed, who are to be engaged in such tasks as chopping wood, making mats, and sewing sacks. A Labour Bureau will be in full swing, and surplus labour will be drafted off to places where labour is scarce, and situations will be sought for all kinds of workers. In this way Captains of Industry will be called into existence and set to work, as Carlyle recommended forty years ago.

**In Darkest England, and the Way Out.* By GENERAL BOOTH. London: The Salvation Army; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, \$1.25.

All the horses in England that are able to work are worth to their owners at least their keep, and if able-bodied men, with heads on their shoulders, who are willing to work, are not worth *their* keep to their owners—*i.e.*, the nation—then their owners are in a bad way.

General Booth will organize a Waste Not, Want Not Brigade, whose duty it should be to collect from house-to-house broken victuals, old clothes, old newspapers, and such like exuviae. From the waste food and waste clothing of the population, collected by two thousand workers, General Booth maintains that he will be able to feed and clothe and house a vast army. Old umbrellas, old shoes, sardine cans, old bottles, rags and bones, meat tins, and the like, are no longer to be thrown into the dust-bin, but the waste of London is to be utilized for the food of the million.

Then the workers are to be sent to till the land. General Booth, unlike Don Quixote, can distinguish windmills from armies, and, therefore, does not expect large crops from Salisbury Plain, nor from the slopes of Snowdon. But he believes that he might secure an estate of some thousand acres in Kent or Essex, which could be used as a training-ground for emigrants, as well as a great market-garden for the supply of the rations with which he undertakes to provide for the out-of-works of the city.

In addition to market-gardens there is to be a Farm Colony, for sorting and utilizing the refuse of the city, which the Waste Not, Want Not Brigade have collected. Barges are to take the refuse to the farm. Broken victuals are to be steamed and dressed for human food. Other crusts are to be used as diet for horses. The poultry will eat up what the horses cannot consume, and what the poultry despise is to go to the pig as the residuary legatee. The Army piggery will be the largest in the land. Bacon factories, brush works, saddlery of all kinds will be created and run by the Army. The old bones will create button works; the grease and fat will give material for soap works; and the waste paper and rags will enable the Army to manufacture its own paper.

The third and final stage of this great remedial scheme is the establishment of a colony in the Britain over sea. A Salvation Ship would take men and women who had passed their probation on the Farm Colony to South Africa, where they would be taken in hand by officers, and set to work under favourable conditions. These emigrants would be charged with the cost of their passage, and thus, after the first initial expense, the money might be used again and again without any serious shrinkage of the capital.

The slums are to be regenerated by a Sisterhood, who will introduce the gospel of soap-suds and of the scrubbing-brush into the most dirty and verminous regions of our rookeries. The prison gates are to be visited by workers, who will endeavour to restore the criminal class to the ranks of the virtuous and self-supporting. Cheap inebriate asylums are to be opened for the cure of drunkenness, and Rescue Homes are to be multiplied for fallen women. There is to be a Poor Man's Bank, and a Poor Man's Lawyer, an Inquiry Office for Lost People, and Industrial School Refuges for street children. We are almost afraid to add that there *may be* in addition to all these a Matrimonial Bureau, for the idea may excite the ridicule of the injudicious. But if General Booth could lessen the number of premature marriages and ill-assorted alliances, he would render a great service to the community.

When all is done that can be done General Booth admits that there will be a remnant which will not work, and which ought not to be fed on the public bounty. These he would treat as moral lunatics, and lock them up for the rest of their lives.

How much will it cost? In round figures, one million sterling, but General Booth would consent to make a start if he were furnished with £100,000 down, and an assured income of £30,000 per annum. Our own opinion is that if the scheme proves to be abortive it will not be for lack of funds. If the English nation *could* deal effectually with the residuum of her population with a million of money, surely that sum would be forthcoming at once. In truth, it is impossible for any right-minded person to be quite contented in London in face of this gross darkness which is here depicted, unless he removes beyond its reach and refuses to hear or think of it. Besides, it is computed that four millions of money are given away in London alone every year, and yet the poverty of London seems to become steadily sadder and more hopeless.

We do not wish to lose our heads over this bold scheme of General Booth's; but we write with reserve when we affirm that we are as much impressed with its intellectual strength as with its compassionate sympathy; and that, in our opinion, General Booth should, without loss of time, be instructed by the public to get to work, and should be provided with the necessary funds.—*Methodist Recorder*.

HEAVEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

LORD, still Thou givest gifts to me ;
 Thy mercy, like the dew,
 From day to day my glad eyes see,
 Forever fresh and new.

Thou giv'st me loss, and joy, and pain,
 My peace, my grief are thine,
 The need that is my greater gain,
 Grief lost in love divine.

Thy face is hid behind the cloud
 That darkens all my days ;
 I know without that veiling shroud
 I could not bear Thy gaze.

Thou giv'st me lessons every hour ;
 Thou giv'st me faith to trust
 The gracious hidings of Thy power,
 To know Thee true and just.

Thou gavest me Thy greatest gift,
 When on that distant morn,
 Thou didst the gates of glory lift,
 And Christ my Lord was born.

Current Topics and Events.

CENTENNIAL OF CANADIAN METHODISM.

The year 1891 marks the Centennial of two very important events in the history of Canadian Methodism. (1) The hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Methodism into Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. (2) The death of the honoured instrument in the hands of God by whom the original Methodist societies were organized. It is eminently fitting that this remarkable coincidence of events should not be overlooked, but should be loyally commemorated by suitable thanksgiving and thank-offering services. John Wesley died on March 2, 1791, "one of the greatest of God's Englishmen," of that century, as he is called by Mr. Stead. The late General Conference gave instructions that anniversary services should be held throughout the Connexion on Sunday, March 1, 1891; and that voluntary collections should everywhere be taken for some object to be designated by the Annual Conferences. The time of the year at which these meetings were appointed to be held is perhaps not the most favourable for anniversaries and contributions. It is possible, also, that through lack of some definite object and definite amount set before our people there may not be the enthusiasm and organized effort to worthily commemorate those events. The Annual Conference Special Committees may, however, do much to give the required stimulus by indicating suitable objects and methods of reaching definite sums.

If it were possible to completely wipe out the indebtedness of \$40,000, or thereabouts, now resting upon the Embarrassed Trusts, which indebtedness was largely incurred through the recent union which has been so signally owned and blessed of God, it would be something monumental, and

would be a perpetual benediction to the Church.

There are also other worthy objects which appeal strongly to our sympathy and support. The meagre incomes of the labourers of the Home Mission fields, the need for more adequate support for the faithful veterans worn out in the service of the Church, and for the widows and orphan children of those who have died in harness, and the urgent need for a greatly enlarged building and endowment fund for the Federated Victoria University: all these furnish worthy objects for thank-offering to God for the signal mercies and prosperity vouchsafed to us as a Church during one hundred years.

CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL VOLUME.

It was also authorized by the General Conference that a memorial volume on the various aspects of Canadian Methodism should be issued in connection with this Centennial celebration. Much progress has already been made in that direction. We trust that the volume will speedily be completed and sent to the press. The true history of Methodism in these lands is largely written on the tombstones of many a lonely graveyard, where its pioneer fathers and founders sleep in peace. Others still survive among us, the memory of whom goes far back to the stirring days of early Methodism. It is highly important that the memories that otherwise would soon perish from the earth should be gathered up and placed on permanent record. Such a volume could not fail to be of great interest and value.

At no time previous would it have been possible to prepare the story of the diverse streams which have come together in the broad tide of Methodist influence in this land. But now, without a shade of unkindliness, without a harsh or unbrotherly word,

such memorials may be brought together into one volume. Some things, it is possible, had better be forgotten; but other things it would be well to keep in everlasting remembrance. We bespeak for the volume, when it shall appear, a warm reception and a large patronage. In this way, too, may the Superannuated Fund be materially helped, as the profits of such a volume go to swell its income.

JUDICIAL HANGING.

We hope that Canada has seen the last of its hangings. There is, to our thinking, something demoralizing to every better sentiment in the manner in which two continents have been watching the cell of the condemned and much be-written criminal, who by this public attention is raised to a sort of heroship instead of being consigned to merited oblivion. We do not argue here the general question of capital punishment. We merely express the conviction that, in the higher civilization of the future—we hope of the near future—it will be banished from the land. There is a growing repugnance towards it almost everywhere. Although society has a right to protect itself, it has not the right to avenge itself. "Thou shalt not kill" we think imperative upon courts and communities as well as upon individuals.

The judicial death of the unhappy man, Birchall, involves the terrible dilemma of either hanging an innocent man or else of sending a man into eternity with a lie upon his soul. From both of these we should recoil with abhorrence. Society, we judge, would be no less protected by the life-long incarceration of such an unhappy man and his employment in some useful industry, than by his tragical taking off. Nay, we think it would be better protected, for juries will be slow to convict even a guilty man when they know that the consequences of such conviction are irreparable. But we have neither time nor space to fully discuss this subject which has been so conspicuously forced of late upon the public attention.

ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS TO MAGAZINE FOR 1891.

In addition to the very full announcement of this monthly for 1891, including its many illustrated articles and its new department of "Popular Science," arrangements have also been made for a series of brief papers on "The Poets of Canada," by the Rev. Matthew Ritchie Knight, himself one of our sweetest and strongest singers and one of our best known *littérateurs*. Mr. Knight's papers will include Arthur J. Lockhart, Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Wilfred W. Campbell, Magnus Sabiston, Arthur Weir, and J. Hunter Duvar, and other young Canadian poets. This series will be of distinct literary value and of great patriotic interest.

By the kind permission of the Rev. Dr. Flood, of the firm of Flood & Vincent, of the *Chautauqua Century Press*, the American publishers, we have the privilege of reprinting in this MAGAZINE one of the most remarkable stories of the age, viz., "*All He Knew*," by John Habberton—author of that popular book, "*Helen's Babi...*"

The testimony of those who read the story of Sam Kimper and how he lived up to "all he knew," is well-nigh unanimous praise. A noted editor-author says: "I read it with the deepest appreciation. It is full of the Christ spirit."

Another popular author describes it as "the best practical religious book that has been published since 'Stepping Heavenward' appeared to bless the world."

Still another calls it: "The sweetest, most affecting little story ever written."

It will run through eight numbers. The price of this book alone is \$1.00.

MAGAZINE POSTAGE.

Although the postage of this MAGAZINE to Newfoundland and Bermuda is thirty-six cents a year, which we must pay here, we yet ask our friends in these islands to pay only twenty-four cents of that amount and we will pay the balance.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

From the Minutes of the late Conference we learn that the number of members in England, Ireland, the mission field, and the affiliated Conferences of France, South Africa and the West Indies, is 559,382, and the number on trial is 46,045. The number of young persons in junior society classes is 60,801, and there are 24,875 lay class leaders and 16,038 local preachers. The number of ministers, including supernumeraries, is 2,897. The number on trial is an encouraging fact. There are 3,569 Bands of Hope, with 370,681 enrolled members. The number of Sunday-schools is 6,926, an increase of 28 for the year. The number of scholars is 932,888, an increase of 4,382. The number of day scholars is 180,840. The total cost of the Sunday-schools exceeds \$451,000, and of the day-schools, \$1,265,000.

There have been expended on the erection of new chapels and reduction of debts, \$1,480,895. Other churches and ministers' houses are about to be erected at an estimated cost of \$1,431,970.

Adult Bible classes are now a valuable agency in connection with evangelistic movements. Those at Bristol, Hanley, Wolverhampton and Manchester occupy first rank. In one village chapel near Stockport 200 working people meet every Sunday afternoon to study the Bible. Great good has resulted from all these.

Rev. Henry Smart on leaving Manchester received a valuable testimonial in appreciation of his labours, not only as a minister, but for his services in connection with sanitary reform and other social questions. At the meeting at which the presentation was made, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford sent one of his

clergy to represent him. The Manchester *Guardian* said: "It is something to hear a Catholic prelate doing public honour to a Methodist minister and a Catholic priest taking part in a meeting held in a Methodist school-room to say farewell to him."

Rev. Peter Thompson is aided in his mission at the East End, London, by a band of thirty or forty ladies and is daily widening its area. There is a Home for girls at Blackheath, where food, clothing, and residence are provided for street waifs. A dispensary is attached to the mission, where 10,000 patients have been treated gratuitously by the mission doctor, who has also paid 1,000 visits to the homes of poor invalids.

Dr. Bowman Stevenson informed the recent Conference that this was the twenty-first year of the establishment of his "Homes" for destitute children, and this year the first instance had occurred of one of his lads passing into the ministry.

The centenary of John Wesley's death is to be celebrated in England. Mr. R. W. Parks wants a fund of \$500,000 to be raised for the erection of a Centenary Hall in London, and that \$500,000 more should be employed in erecting ten great provincial centre-halls, similar to Oldham Street, Manchester; and that another amount of \$250,000 should be raised for the extension of village Methodism.

The committee appointed by Conference to carry forward the movement have resolved to spend \$40,000 or \$50,000 in building a tomb over Mr. Wesley's grave, and setting aside Wesley's house as a museum of Methodist antiquities, and to thoroughly restore City Road Chapel, making it worthy of the Mother Church of Methodism in Great

Britain. It is designed to replace the seven wooden pillars which supported the gallery by as many marble ones, and it is hoped that one of these will be contributed by each of the following sections: United States—North and South, Canada, South Africa, Australian, West Indian and Irish Methodist Churches. Each of the pillars will cost \$500. Dr. Potts, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, will receive the contributions of Canada. The Mother Church has a right to expect that the Methodist Churches throughout the world will respond to the request now made, and prove that Methodism everywhere holds in reverence the memory of John Wesley.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The magnitude of the missionary operations of this Church is little understood. The Secretaries are appealing for a million and a quarter for missions by collections only! At home there are 3,325 missionaries and 3,645 helpers, total 6,970; German, Norwegian and Danish, Welsh, Scandinavian, French, Chinese, Japanese, Indian, Bohemian, Hungarian, Italian, and English-speaking missions in fifty-seven Conferences; \$486,699.45 was the total expenditure for these during the year. The foreign fields are: Africa, South America, China, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, India, Malaysia, Bulgaria, Italy, Mexico, Japan, Korea. Expended during the year on these, \$607,031.77. Working force, 3,313.

The late Freedmen's Aid Society Report contains several interesting incidents. In the sixteen Southern States there are forty literary institutions, in which there are 8,000 young and women and property valued at \$1,500,000; 125 physicians have been sent out. In this section of the Union there are thirty-two Conferences.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The General Mission report has the following summary: 85 chapels and 31 English missionaries, one

lady missionary and 31 native Chinese helpers; 3,526 members, 1,014 candidates for Church membership, 44 Sunday-schools, 504 teachers and 3,655 members.

The fourteenth annual report of the Chapel Committee has been issued. The Church property is valued at \$4,835,340, and the college at \$55,000, while the debts amount to \$847,330.

There are 11,328 officers and teachers in the Sunday-schools, of whom 8,914 are church members.

Rev. John Robinson has returned to his missionary work in China, where he has already laboured twelve years. He is accompanied by the Rev. J. K. Robson, who goes to China to labour five years at his own expense. Mr. F. W. Marshall will also go to China next spring as a medical missionary.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

During the past year more than \$125,000 has been raised for the erection of churches. In ten years the amount has reached \$1,305,000. The church property in Cornwall is worth \$400,000, and not less than fifty of the present ministers came from Cornish circuits.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH.

The mission at Fernando Po, West Africa, is progressing. The Spanish authorities are greatly interested in the welfare of the mission. Very encouraging reports have also been received from the Aliwal Mission, South Africa.

Harvest-home festivals have been numerous. In the town of Derby no less than sixteen congregations held such services, at some of which more than \$1,000 were collected. In the old Tunstall circuit there were nine festivals. The venerable Thomas Bateman, whom the present writer knew more than fifty years ago, is now ninety-two years of age, and yet he preached one Sabbath in the largest chapel in the town, with vigour, to crowded congregations.

There are now in the Connexion 4,488 chapels or churches, valued at \$16,349,545.

Rev. Jas. A. A. Cheesman, M.A., has five sons all ministers, and they represent the following Churches: Episcopalian, Methodist Episcopal, the Congregational, and the Primitive Methodist. Is there another family so catholic?

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Woman's Missionary Society is recommended by the General Board of Missions to consider the propriety of opening a mission in Palestine and Syria, where there are good openings for the employment of medical missionaries and the establishing of one or more girls' schools.

Rev. John McDougall has been appointed correspondent from the North-West Missions with the General Board.

Two young men have offered their services as missionaries to China, and the General Board is desirous to respond to their wishes, but to do so a special appeal is being made to friends generally to provide the means. Let those to whom the Almighty has entrusted respond liberally.

Though the grants made to the Annual Conferences for Domestic Missions are larger than last year, the deficiencies in some instances at least will be very heavy. In the Nova Scotia Conference each married minister will only receive \$593 instead of \$750. This is very similar to other Conferences.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Rev. Dr. Cheever, a veteran Congregationalist, died in New Jersey in October, aged eighty-three. He served his generation well, both as editor and pastor. He suffered much persecution years ago for his advocacy of temperance. In 1870 he retired, and gave his residence in New York to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Shortly after the Irish Methodist Conference, the Rev. Jas. Murdock died at the age of eighty-two. He was greatly beloved as an earnest and successful minister, and was

remarkable for attention to the most minute details of circuit work. He leaves a son-in-law and a grandson in the ministry.

Rev. Dr. Rule, the oldest Wesleyan minister in England, died at the age of eighty-eight. He was the first Protestant missionary sent to Spain. He was also a missionary in Malta, at Gibraltar, and the West Indies. He was a profound scholar, was acquainted with eleven languages, and translated the Bible into the Spanish tongue. His last labours whilst in the active work were given to the British Army. The soldiers loved him and owed much to him in regard to liberty of conscience.

Two Wesleyan ministers recently died in the churches where they were worshipping.

Rev. Mr. Binns, a Superannuate, was attending divine service at Southport. In the opening prayer he was seized with a fit, and died immediately. He was eighty-two years of age.

Rev. Jas. Chalmers, M.A., while addressing a meeting of the Methodist Council of Manchester, said, "I think I have said enough," and suddenly fell. He was a saintly and devoted minister.

Our brethren in the East have been called to mourn the loss of some of their fellow-labourers. Rev. Matthew Lodge, of Moncton, has been called to his reward. He and his wife celebrated their golden wedding a year ago. He leaves a son in the ministry, and one of his daughters is the wife of the Rev. Job Shenton. He was reputed as one of the greatest natural orators in Nova Scotia.

Rev. J. Embree is also numbered with the dead. He was a man greatly beloved, and laboured with great zeal to promote the interests of the Church. He was a missionary in Newfoundland, where Dr. Carman tells us that he found him in the midst of a glorious revival. He died in the triumphs of faith, and went home to join his beloved wife, who had passed on before.

Book Notices.

Savonarola: His Life and Times. By WILLIAM CLARK, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Philosophy at Trinity College, Toronto. Crown 8vo. Pp. 352. Gilt top. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

The age in which Savonarola lived was one of the most splendid in the history of European art and literature. Even during the darkness of the Middle Ages the lamp of learning was fanned into a flickering flame in many a lonely monkish cell, and the love of liberty was cherished in the free cities of the Italian peninsula. One of the most conspicuous figures of that period was the brave-souled Savonarola. As one walks the streets of the city of Florence, and especially as one visits the narrow cell at San Marco in which Savonarola wept and watched and prayed, and as one proceeds to the great square where his intrepid spirit ascended in a chariot of flame from the martyr's funeral pyre, one seems brought into living contact with the hero-soul who, four hundred years ago, spoke brave words for God, truth and liberty, and who counted not his life dear unto him for the testimony of Jesus.

The dominant personality of Savonarola and the stirring period in which he lived form the theme of Prof. Clark's noble volume. The learned professor has made this subject his study for years. He has not taken his information at second-hand, and, while availing himself of the many lives which have been written of the hero of his book, he has gone to original sources. He has studied the works of Savonarola himself, and the contemporary and more recent writers who throw light on that important period.

The book is one of absorbing interest. Like some stately tragedy, the great events chronicled move to their sombre crisis with much dramatic vividness of narration. Our

author depicts the stirring events connected with the public life and death of the Monk of San Marco. This volume is a contribution of permanent value to what we may claim as Canadian literature. There are a number of well translated extracts from the vivid writings and sermons of this great preacher who so stirred the heart of Christendom. Not merely to theological students, but to all who would understand the inner life of Florence in the fifteenth century, and one of the great religious movements of the ages, we heartily commend this admirable volume. We would like to quote the touching account of the martyrdom of Savonarola, but the space at our command will not permit.

Lux Mundi: A Series of Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation. Edited by REV. CHAS. GORE, M.A., Principal of Pusey House, Oxford. From the fifth English edition. Crown 8vo. Gilt top. Pp. 441. New York: The United States Book Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.75.

This book is the theological sensation of the day. That it has attracted an extraordinary degree of attention in Great Britain is apparent from the fact that it has reached the fifth edition within a year. It is much more advanced and even revolutionary in its position, than the famous "Essays and Reviews" which in their day attracted so much attention.

The book consists of twelve essays written by eleven clergymen of greater or less prominence of the Church of England. It is characterized by several remarkable features, among which we may mention the frank acceptance of the doctrine of evolution, a liberal concession to the new theology, especially on the subject of inspiration, and, as a consequence, of modern criticism of the

Old Testament. Resulting from these are important modifications of vital doctrines of Christianity. This is more apparent in the essay on "The Holy Spirit and Inspiration." Among the questions raised in this connection are the existence of the "Elements of Idealism" and the "Presence of Primitive Myths in the Sacred Canon."

The essay, "The Problem of Pain," is one of the most thoughtful and suggestive of the series. It regards pain as under three categories: first, punitive; second, purgatorial, and third, prophylactic, and as contributing to the development of the individual and the race. It views it further as a necessary condition of approach by sinful beings to the Divine, and looks for its fuller explanation in a future existence. It sees in pain and suffering the means of individual and social progress, the source of sympathy with man and of secret union with God.

The essay on "The Incarnation and Development" is an endeavour towards the reconciliation of theology and science. It claims that these move in different but parallel planes, the one giving the meaning, and the other the method of creation. It asserts that the doctrine of the "Eternal Word" is compatible with all the *verified* results of scientific teaching on "Energy," "The Antiquity of Man," "Mental and Moral Evolution," "The Relation of Philosophy to Theology," and "The Comparative Study of Religions," while in the Christian view it both illuminates and is illuminated by these results. To that view, if we lay sufficient emphasis on the word *verify*, even such staunchly orthodox writers as Dr. McCosh and Sir W. J. Dawson would not, we suppose, object. We are inclined to think, however, that the author of this essay hastily assumes as *verified* what these writers would claim to be but ingenious hypotheses, which, indeed, the writer of the essay admits the Darwinian theory of the descent of man to be.

An important essay is that on "Christianity and Politics." It sets forth the problem as (1) to conse-

crate, and (2) to purify society, then to support the weak against the strong, and spread Christian ideas and maintain a Christian type of character.

The essay on "Christian Ethics" postulates as dogmatic certainties the doctrine of God and of Christ as the revelation of the highest good and the source of regeneration of character. The chapter on "The Atonement" is probably the most important in the volume, but it is too comprehensive to be indicated even in outline.

The spirit of the volume is, on the whole, devout and reverent, notwithstanding some of its extreme concessions. Its conclusion is that we may expect the criticism of the Old Testament, like that of the New, to deepen and enlarge, not to impair, the reverence of the Word of God.

Among the subjects treated in the other essays are the following: "Faith," "The Preparation in History for Christ," "The Incarnation as the Basis of Dogma," "The Church," and "Sacraments." The book, of course, is deserving of careful study by all who would comprehend the trend of thought in certain quarters of some of the most profound and august subjects which can engage the human intellect.

A Digest of English and American Literature. By ALFRED H. WELSH, A. M. 8vo. Pp. 378. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co., 1890. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

It is much to be regretted by the reading public that the scholarly author of such works as "Essentials of English" and "Development of English Literature and Language" should have been removed by death from the scene of his successful labours. The Professor's last work is now before us, and we certainly feel that it fills a want long felt by the general reading and, more especially, by the writing public. The general idea of the book is founded upon the conception that, in the words of the preface, "it is impossible to appreciate the spirit of an author, unless we transport ourselves

to the country and period in which he lived; revive the characters and events among which he wrote, and fully comprehend the surroundings which coloured his mental life." This has often been recognized as true and the difficulty of its accomplishment deplored, but it need be no longer so, for this work is intended as an aid in the process of transportation, and is so arranged in parallel columns that at a glance the reader can ascertain: (1) The chief events which gave to any age its (2) general characteristics, (3) their best writers, and (4) their writings. These are arranged chronologically and divided into periods from the Anglo-Saxon to the Victorian.

Thus, to take an example, should the reader wish to see in a few lines the spirit of the age in which Ben Jonson lived and wrote, he has only to turn to the Puritan period, and on page 86 he will find under (1) Events—Galileo's system of the world published at Florence, 1632; (2) characteristics—prevalence of belief in witchcraft; (3) writers—Ben Jonson, with a short and concise criticism of his intellectual power and writings; (4) a review of his principal writings. The book is very well bound and produced, and, in addition to good arrangement and clear type, spaces have been left for the reader to enter additional authors at his own discretion.—A. B.

European Days and Ways. By ALFRED E. LEE, late Consul-General, U.S.A. Illustrated, 8vo. Pp. 376. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.25.

This is not a conventional book of travel—the hasty notes of a rapid tourist. It is the result of a prolonged residence abroad of a man enjoying, from his official position, the *entrée* to the best society of Europe. He gives us an inside view of social and domestic life and many charming pictures of travel during his journeyings and sojourns in different parts of the continent. Consul-General Lee is a shrewd observer of men and things, and had

better opportunities of seeing and learning what was best worth while to see and learn than most travellers, however well introduced. He gives us some very interesting "personalities" of such prominent characters as Kaiser Wilhelm, Prince Bismarck, and other European notabilities. Graphic sketches of German social and domestic life, glimpses of Holland, accounts of his wanderings in the Austrian Alps, of a tramp through Tyrol, of *Beiwagen* rides over the Furka and Splügen Passes, of prolonged travel through Southern Italy and Sicily, in Spain, and the like, make up a volume of singular interest. An important chapter full of valuable suggestion is entitled, "How the Germans Educate." The author is an accomplished art critic, and devoted much attention to the European galleries, and more especially to the art treasures of Spain. The book is admirably illustrated: The reproductions of Dannecker's "Ariadne," of the bas-reliefs from the Niederwald monument, a portrait bust of Seneca, the Palm Garden at Frankfort, grim Prince Bismarck, and a charming Moorish maiden, and of many other fine subjects, are of very conspicuous merit.

The Social Law of God: Sermons on the Ten Commandments. By E. A. WASHBURN, D.D. Pp. xiv-212. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

The Rev. Dr. Washburn, rector of Calvary Church, New York, was a man of strongly-marked character, of high literary culture, and of intrepid moral courage. These important discourses on the fundamental principles of social morality made a profound impression, as is evidenced by the fact that they have reached a seventh edition. The author uses great plainness of speech, and rebukes sin even in high places in the spirit of one of the old prophets; but is, nevertheless, tenderly sympathetic with the erring and the fallen. He is a thorough man of the nineteenth century, and preaches the application of the eter-

nal principles of the Decalogue to the complex society of the present day. The sermons are couched in strong, clear and forcible English. It is an omen of good augury that for such wholesome literature there is such an enduring demand.

The University Quarterly Review.
Second Quarter, 1890. \$2.00 a year.

This Review marks a very auspicious beginning of what we believe will be a high-class quarterly, occupied with subjects of current thought, especially those of Canadian interest. Among the topics treated in this number are: "The Behring Sea Question," Z. A. Lash, Q. C.; "The Equal Rights Movement," Rev. Principal Caven, D. D.; "Messenger Pigeons," Major-General Cameron, C. M. G.; "A Movement Towards Creed Revision," the Rev. W. T. Herridge, M. A., B. D.; "The Pre-Historic Naturalist," A. F. Chamberlain, M. A.; "How an Election is Won," S. T. Wood, and "Some Recent Books on Tennyson," by Archibald MacMechan, M. A., Ph. D., making up a very creditable list of topics very admirably treated.

Norman Reid, M. A. By JESSE PATRICK FINDLAY. Crown 8vo. Pp. 312. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Ferrier & Anderson. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is not, as might be thought, a clerical biography, although it treats very fully of the pastoral experience of a minister in the Free Scottish Church, Ottertown. It is a strongly-written story of parish life in a Scotch community. Our Presbyterian friends especially will find it extremely interesting reading, although human nature is very much the same, whether it be in the clerical dress of the Presbyterian minister in Scotland, or the Methodist minister in Canada. In this book, as well as in the author's previous volume, "The Lost Tide," the tragical effects of intemperance are strikingly portrayed. The somewhat biting humour of the old housekeeper and

the pathos of poor blind Mysie and her skeptical lover, whom she seeks to win to the faith, are master-touches. The book deals, too, with some of the urgent social questions of the day. The picture of the strike at the "Elder's Foundry," and its results, is an important social study. Like all the books of this firm, it is admirably printed, illustrated and bound.

Our Father's Kingdom: Lectures on the Lord's Prayer. By the REV. CHAS. B. ROSS, M. A., B. D. Edinburgh: T. T. Clarke. Montreal: W. Drysdale. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an admirable exposition of our Lord's Prayer. Twelve lectures take up consecutively the several clauses of that incomparable petition. An admirable introduction discusses the general topic which is of such vital importance for the Christian life, and meets many of the current objections as to the realm of prayer. The whole volume cannot fail to be very helpful in the cultivation of a devotional spirit. It is an excellent contribution to Canadian literature by the accomplished pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Lachine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Canadian Indian. Editors: REV. E. V. WILSON, and H. B. SMALL. Price \$2 a year. This is a thirty-two page monthly, published in the interest of the Canadian Indian Research Aid Society. It deals exclusively with subjects connected with the Indians, and will be especially useful to persons interested in the red race. The address of Mr. Small is Ottawa, Ont.

The Canadian Methodist Quarterly for October has just reached us, too late for fuller notice. It has special interest as containing the whole of Dr. Workman's article on "Messianic Prophecy," filling seventy pages, together with other valuable articles. This well-sustained Review is worthy of wide patronage.