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MONUMENT OF THE CONQUEROR OF MONT BLANC, CHAMOUNIX.

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1900.

## THE TRAGEDY OF THE DENT BLANCHE.

BY VAGABUNDUS.

We reached the Bricolia Alp about 3 a.m., and halted for an hour for rest and refreshment. Any one who has ever been in a chalet on an alp can imagine the picture. For others I shall try to call it up. An alp, let me explain, is not a mountain, but a green spot, high in the mountains, where cattle can be pastured in summer. A few men are necessary to look after a large herd of cattle, to milk them, and to make the milk into cheese. Hence, wherever there is an alp, there is always a chalet, generally a little group of chalets (chalet is the Swiss equivalent of our English word hovel). At the Bricolla Alp there is a group of chalets. In one of these we sheltered ourselves.

Entering by a small door, where every one had to stoop to go in, we found ourselves in the one room of which these chalets generally consist. All round it were shelves, on which stood great tubs of milk or cheese in every stage of its manufacture. In a hole in the earthen floor a fire burned, the smoke of which escaped through the chinks in the roof and walls, there being no chimney or windows. That is usual in the hovels of the peasantry all over Europe. I have found it in Switzerland, in Norway, in Ireland. As we were cold, the guides soon made two more fires on the floor, so that all might crouch round them, and we ate

some of the food we carried with us, buying up all the milk that the herdsman had left in order to wash down our cold meat, bread, cheese, and chocolate.

It was a curious Rembrandt-esque sort of sight. A lot of rough, sunburnt men sitting on empty pails, blocks of wood, anything that came handy, while the fires flickered, throwing a red glare on the dark-brown smoked roof and walls, and the bronzed and bearded faces of the guides. Our lanterns, some of which we hung up on the walls or from the roof, added a feeble glimmer above, which helped us to see what we were eating, till the quantity of wood put on the main fire blazed up so brilliantly that we put the lanterns out, and saved the remnant of our candles.

About 4 a.m. we began to move forward and upward. A cold, wet mist had descended on the alp since we had taken shelter there, and the grey dawn was just beginning to break. About five, when we reached the moraine at the edge of the glacier, my strength was so far exhausted that I did not think it wise to go on. My left hand was so damaged as to be almost useless, and my general condition was such that I feared that on a difficult glacier I should be a hindrance, and not a help. So I turned back with my injured friend.

As soon as I had turned back I

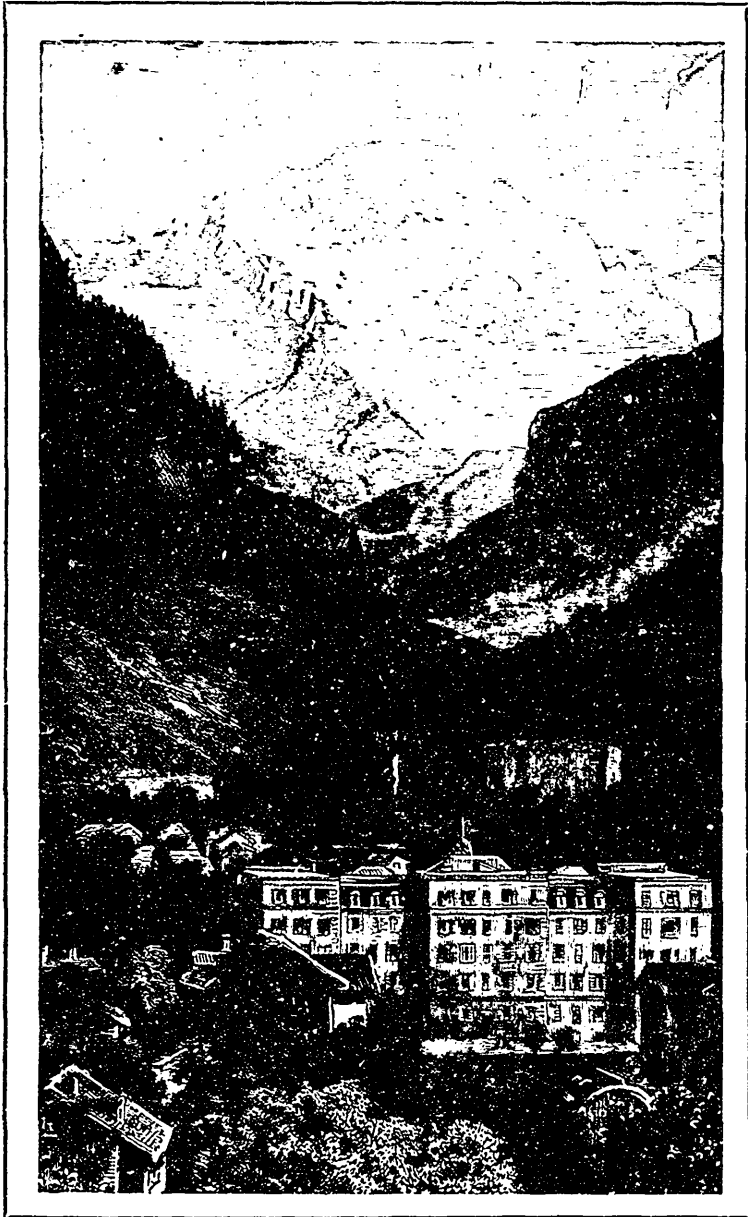


“THE TRAGEDY OF THE DENT BLANCHE.”

picked out a large and overhanging boulder, which afforded some slight shelter from the chill wind and cold, driving mist. Under this I lay down, and at once fell asleep. I wakened in about half an hour much refreshed, but very wet and cold and stiff. High above us the great grim black rocks of the west arete, in climbing which Jones lost his life, peered ever and anon through clefts in the mist. Far above us stretched the glaciers, white and ghostly, that

cling to the steep slopes of the Dent Blanche, and run on to the Col d'Herens on the sky-line. The Ferpecte glacier was beneath us. As day advanced and the sun mounted higher, the weather grew a little warmer and the mists wreathed themselves slowly up.

Presently we could see a little black winding line on the white glacier above. It was the party of Evolena guides who had just left us. Then far to the right, over the top of the Col d'Herens



THE DENT BLANCHE.

on the sky-line, came another black line, larger and moving with astounding rapidity. It was the caravan of guides coming over from Zermatt; twenty-seven of them there were and three ama-

teurs, all Germans, one of whom was a member of the English Alpine Club. The Evolena men, who were about an hour higher up the glacier on the Dent Blanche than the Zermatt party, went up

roped in fours. The Zermatt men were unroped. They went up the ice-fall—a formidable business—at a rare pace. They saw the Evolena men ahead of them, and they wanted to overtake them. It was a splendid sight to see these thirty masters of ice-craft, every one manoeuvring at such speed through an ice-fall and up the steep slopes of the glacier above it.

As the day wore on both parties disappeared from sight, hidden by a huge rock buttress on my left. What happened was this. About eleven one of the Evolena men, by means of a telescope, saw the bodies of an English tourist and three guides, who had been killed on the Alps, lying high up on a rock ledge. They got to the spot about one o'clock. Then the leader of each caravan of guides chose out six or eight of the boldest of his men—for this was the most dangerous part of the day's work—to get the bodies down to the glacier. Once on the glacier they were put into sacks and tied on the rude sledges the guides had made. In this way they were dragged down over the difficult and dangerous glacier till they reached the land.

It was three o'clock when the guides got them to the moraine above the Bricolla Alp. For some time they continued to use the sledges, as this was the quickest and best way of conveying the bodies down the steep grass slopes. When they came to the bridle track at Ferpectle they carried them, using the sledges as biers. It was eight o'clock and almost dark when the sad procession reached Hauderes. We got there shortly before them, and met Dr. Seiler and an English friend of Jones', who had come round from Zermatt in order to identify the body in conformity with Swiss law and enable it to be buried. After a few minutes' talk, we went on to

Evolena, where we arrived after an absence of twenty-one hours, and thirty-six hours after we had last been in bed.

On the following (Friday) evening Mr. Hill, the sole survivor of this terrible accident, arrived from Zermatt to attend Jones' funeral in the morning. From him I learned the full story of the accident.

They had intended climbing on two ropes, Jones and his two guides on one, Hill and his guide on the other. The difficulties they encountered on the great smooth slabs of the arete prevented this, and the two ropes were joined together. The climb was a very interesting and enjoyable one, and all went well till about ten o'clock. (It may be as well to explain to those who are not mountaineers that in climbing a big mountain it is usual to sleep at a hut, or shepherd's hovel if there is no climbers' hut, as high up and as close to the 'ottom of the mountain as possible. A start is made about 1.30 or 2 a.m. by lantern light, so as to get as much climbing as possible done before the sun becomes hot, and so as to get up and down during one stretch of daylight, i.e., between 4 a.m. and 8 p.m. The top of a first-class peak is usually reached in from seven to ten hours from the starting-place. The descent, except on very difficult mountains, is faster than the ascent by several hours.) Hill had no watch with him, but he fixed the time of the accident by the fact that shortly before it occurred Jones had looked at his and said it was twenty minutes to ten. About ten, a great rock, apparently a sort of gendarme, barred their passage. Furrer could find no handholds by which to climb it, so Zurbriggen went to his assistance. All five men were then on a traverse, not one above the other, but practically on a level. Zur-



MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, CHALET AND ALPINE ROSE.

briggen held his ice-axe for Furrer to stand on, but it wobbled a little, so Jones went close to them and held the top of the ice-axe to steady it. Vuignier was at some distance from Jones, there being about forty feet of slack rope between them. Hill was about the same distance from Vuignier.

Furrer mounted on the top of the ice-axe held by the other two, and got what he evidently thought were two good handholds on the rock, but when he attempted to swing himself up by them his hands slipped out of them, and he fell backwards on to Zurbriggen and Jones, knocking them both



NEAR THE  
SUMMIT.

down. Hill watched them as they fell helplessly down the terrible face of the mountain, the rope uncoiling apparently slowly. He heard, but did not see, Vuignier go. Then he waited, expecting his turn next. He was clinging on to such indifferent hand and foot holds that the slightest shock would have pulled him down; but his turn never came. To his amazement no pull came on the rope, and he found himself with some thirty feet of loose rope dangling from his waist. He watched his unfortunate companions rolling with outspread arms down the long slope of rock, and ice, and snow, till he could watch no longer. He believes they were killed instantaneously, as they made no attempt to save themselves by grasping at the rocks, nor gave any sign of life. The whole thing took place in silence, no one uttering a sound.

Realizing that it was all over with the others, the sole survivor turned to save himself.

In the annals of mountaineering, I have never read or heard of such an escape as Mr. Hill's. He thinks the rope caught tightly in a cleft of a rock below him, and snapped when the full force of the weight of the other four came on it with a shock. His situation might well have appalled the bravest man. But he kept his head and his courage, and the feat of endurance he performed within the next two days and nights opens one's eyes to the possibilities of the human race.

Shortly before his companions were killed, the whole party had seen another party near the top, who had come up by the ordinary route from the south. Mr. Hill, avoiding the rock which had proved fatal to his comrades, got up another way, and determined



to try and join himself to the party he had seen. He heard a loud "cooey," presumably when they reached the top; he "cooeyed" and shouted in return, but failed

turned to snow, making further descent extremely dangerous. He determined to shelter himself as best he could in a small hole in the gendarme and wait for fine wea-



A DIFFICULT BIT IN A SNOW-STORM.

to make them hear. About eleven o'clock he reached the top alone, only to find that the other party were already out of sight on the descent. He hastened to follow them, but any climber who reads this, and who knows the ordinary route up the Dent Blanche, knows also that it is not a pleasant place for a man to be left to find his way down alone.

Mr. Hill, however, got on all right till he reached the lowest gendarme on the south arete. Here a thick mist came on, which soon



ther. He forced most of his body into the hole in a sitting position, wound his rope round a projecting piece of rock, and jammed his ice-

axe as a bar across the hole in front, so as to prevent his falling out; then he went asleep.

When he wakened it was night, and the stars shone out brightly from the black clear sky. There was snow on his sleeves, knees, and boots, as his shelter was not large enough to cover him completely. He brushed off the snow, beat his hands and feet to warm them—for it was bitterly cold—and went to sleep again.

It must have been about twelve o'clock (noon) on Tuesday morning when he wakened up finally, and started down the ice and snow slope which there forms so much of the arete. But the new snow of the previous day had largely obliterated the steps cut by the last party, and he had a good deal of step-cutting to do. This was very slow work. As was natural in a man who was alone, and who had so narrowly escaped a terrible death, he made the steps very big. This meant time. He had the misfortune also, on one occasion, to drop his ice-axe, and had to make a difficult and dangerous climb down the mountain-side for an hour in order to recover it.

At last, towards evening on Tuesday he reached the Schonbuhl glacier. Once on the glacier he thought he was safe, but he had still hours of trial before him. When his feet first touched grass he felt a thrill of delight.

But the end was not yet. Darkness had fallen, and his great strength was nearly gone. He stumbled along over bushes and stones and holes. Once he thought he fell into a hole of considerable depth and remained there for some

time. At times he thought his companions were still with him, and he kept talking to them. Then he would fall asleep, and awake to imagine he was sleeping in a chalet and try to wake his imaginary companions. He was evidently quite delirious, and it is wonderful that, as he stumbled along, now awake, now asleep, he was not seriously hurt. At length, apparently far on in the night, he fell sound asleep.

When he wakened, day was far advanced on Wednesday. He soon found his way to the little refreshment chalet between Zermatt and the Stufel Alp. Here he spent the only money he had with him (sixty centimes—sixpence) on bread and milk. This was the first food or drink he had tasted since the accident forty-eight hours before, except five raisins he had had in his pockets and some handfuls of snow.

In an hour—at 11.30 a.m. on Wednesday—he walked into the Monte Rosa Hotel at Zermatt, and told the awful news. His extraordinary experience had had very little, if any, effect on his astonishingly strong physique. What he went through is almost without a parallel in the history of climbing adventures.

That accident on the Dent Blanche will rank among the greatest of mountain accidents, perhaps with the first great accident on the Matterhorn. I think it is the first time that three guides have been killed together in the Alps. No climber so good as Jones has, I think, perished there. So strong a party has never before met with disaster.—*The Methodist Times.*

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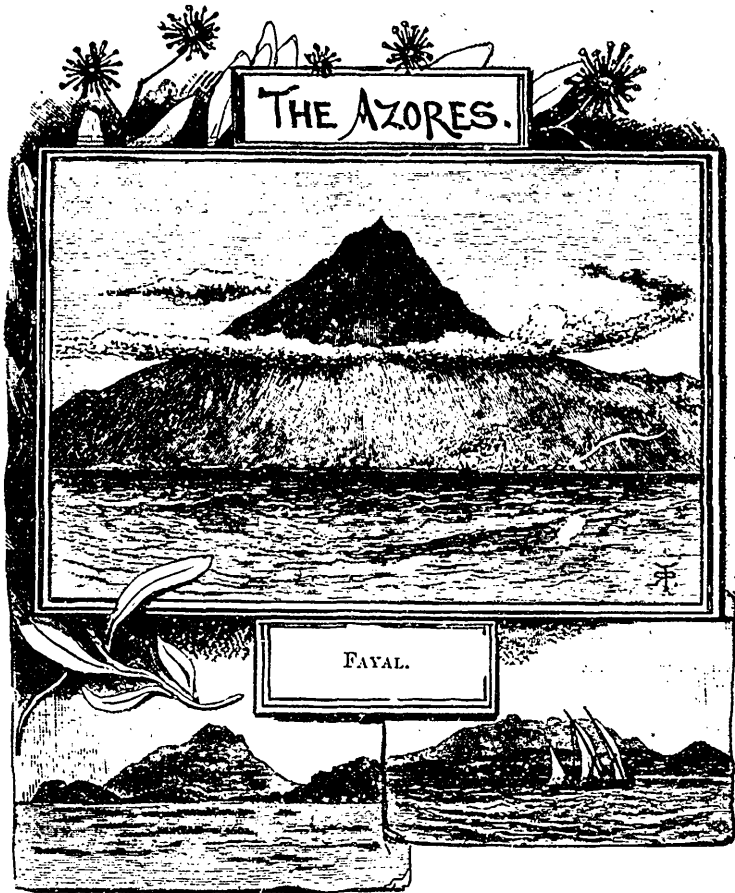
#### A SONG OF CONTENT.

The eagle nestles near the sun;  
The dove's low nest for me!—  
The eagle's on the crag: sweet one,  
The dove's in our green tree.

For hearts that beat like thine and mine,  
Heaven blesses humble earth;  
The angels of our heaven shall shine  
The angels of our hearth.

—*John James Platt.*

## GLIMPSES OF THE AZORES.



Happy isles,  
Like those Hesperian gardens, famed of old ;  
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery  
vales.

The Azores, *Ilhas dos Acores*, or Isles of Hawks, consist of a group of nine islands, belonging to Portugal, from which country they are distant about 800 miles, the shortest route to England being nearly 1,400 miles. The islands are of volcanic origin, and their coasts are rugged and precipitous. The highest elevation is the Peak of Pico, which attains an altitude of 7,613 feet; but there are many

other mountains of importance. The inhabitants of the Azores are of Portuguese origin; though their blood appears to contain a considerable admixture of the negro element. The peasantry are quiet, well-behaved, and industrious, but superstitious to a gross extent, and lamentably ignorant of agriculture. The climate is moist but healthy; and the variations of temperature throughout the year are comparatively insignificant. The principal products are oranges, pine-apples, bananas, grapes, various kinds of grain, and tobacco; besides which



PONTA DELGADA—LANDING-PLACE.

the sugar-cane and coffee are also cultivated on a small scale. It appears probable that the islands were known to the Phoenicians, traces of whose presumed visits still remain in the shape of coins which are occasionally dug up in various parts. It is certain, however, that the Azores were not known to what may be called the modern world until late in the fourteenth century, when they gradually came to be marked upon the maps of the period.

We made the island of St. Michael's at day-break, and anchored off Ponta Delgada at 8 a.m. The result of the inquiries for lodgings was not very encouraging. It was ultimately settled that I and my maid were to have rooms at the English hotel, and



BOCCA D' INFERSO.

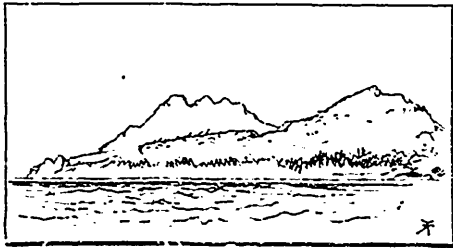
that the rest of the party were to remain on board the yacht.

Our earliest impressions of Ponta Delgada were that the town appeared to bear a strong general resemblance to Venice, the curious hats worn by the men, and the

black or dark-blue cloaks of the women, with their strange head-dresses, rather serving to keep up the illusion. The city ranks third in extent and importance among those of the Portuguese dominions; the population being about thirty

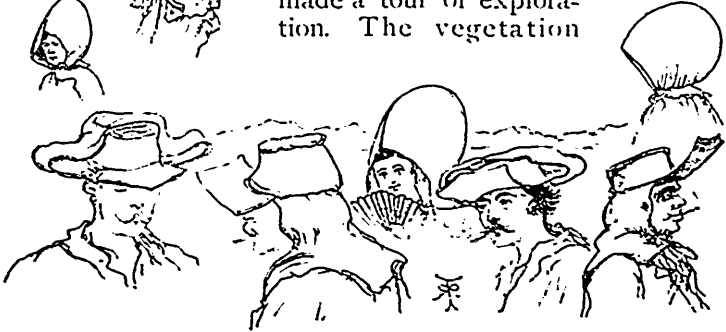
TABACO E VINHO HABILITADO.

thousand, and the trade considerable. The hotel, to which I was carried on landing, commands views over extensive orange-groves, the town and the harbour, and wears a cheerful and comfortable aspect. It



FERRARA POINT.

is kept by a motherly-looking Scotch woman and her son and daughter, all of whom did their best to make us feel at home. Close by is the charming Borges Garden, where I reposed upon the grass while the rest of the party made a tour of exploration. The vegetation



MARKET DAY—TYPES OF NATIVES.



LAGOS DAS FURNAS.

appeared to combine the products of the temperate and of the tropic zones. The temperature varies but little throughout the year, its extreme range not exceeding

thirty-five degrees, and the average being about sixty degrees.

These islands, which are of volcanic origin, abound in geysers, such as exist elsewhere only in the

Yellowstone Valley, in Iceland, and New Zealand. Early

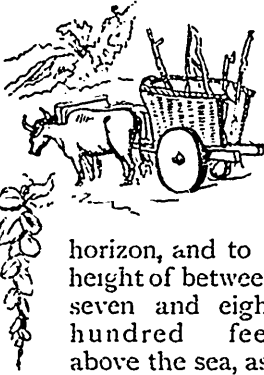
in the present century an island, which was called Sabrina, suddenly sprang into existence, in the vicinity of

St. Michael's, having been thrown by some volcanic disturbance to the height of between three and four hundred feet above the sea. It quickly subsided again, however, and is now wholly submerged.

The eruption which produced this short-lived member of the Azorean group commenced on June 13th, 1811. The appearance of the strange phenomena, as seen four days later by Captain Tillard, of H.M.S. "Sabrina," was that of a body of white smoke revolving almost horizontally on the water, from which a succession of columns of black cinders, ashes, and stones, like church spires in form, rose to windward, at an angle of from seventy to eighty degrees from the



PROVOCAO.



horizon, and to a height of between seven and eight hundred feet above the sea, assuming the most

graceful and fantastic shapes as they mingled with the white feathery smoke and fell into the sea beneath. At the end of four days a crater was visible above the surface of the sea, which is here about thirty fathoms in depth, and after twenty-nine more days of eruption a complete island, about a mile in circumference, had been formed, upon which Captain Tillard and some of his officers landed. Sabrina subsided almost as rapidly as it had sprung up; for within a year all traces of it had disappeared, except an extensive shoal, from which, towards the end of February, 1812, smoke was observed to issue forth, but which has since then given no similar evidence of its existence.

On first leaving the town, our road lay between high walls, surrounding the numerous orange gardens, for which St. Michael's is so famous. It was market-day at Ponta Delgada; and we saw many peasants coming down in their varied costumes, some of the women dressed in white, and wearing cloaks or capotes, which, although they bore a strong family resemblance to one another, varied slightly in shape, according to the islands from which their wearers came: the general appearance being something like that of the Maltese "faldette." A few of the men wore very curious high-peaked



TYPES IN THE AZORES.

caps, called "carapucas, of an old-fashioned shape, with flaps, turned up just like two horns. We were also greatly interested by seeing a sheep harnessed to a small cart, which he drew as well as any horse could have done.

About noon we reached Ribeira Grande, a little town of some pretensions to importance, from the hills above which we enjoyed a magnificent view all along the north coast of the island right away towards Ponta de Malagas. Resuming our journey and mounting steadily to a height of 2,000 feet, we reached the top of the pass, by which time it was nearly if not quite dark, so that we could scarcely distinguish the justly-lauded view of the valley of Las Furnas, of which we had heard so much. Sulphurous and other vapours of every degree of pungency and density seemed to exude from the earth in all directions.

Las Furnas seems to be the very centre of nature's boiling-house; springs, of all sorts of mysterious mixtures of varying temperatures, bubbling and spurting forth from the earth, sometimes with considerable force, in all parts of the lovely

valley. Close by the bath-house numerous hot springs and great mud-geysers bubble and fume; the water being conducted into the clean marble baths by means of pipes. The principal "caldeira" looked like a huge cauldron of muddy water, bubbling, and seething, and occasionally throwing up jets into the air. Throughout the entire extent of the valley of Las Furnas, "caldeiras" and "boccas" abound in every direction. Nothing grows quite close to these "boccas;" the mephitic fumes from which fill the air and destroy all vegetation. The whole place seems to be constantly enveloped in medicated steam, while the earth around trembles with a ceaseless rumbling and thundering as of subterranean artillery.

From one cavern called the Bocca d'Inferno, or Mouth of Hell, streams of hot mud pour forth without intermission. This particular spot is much dreaded by the peasantry, who regard it as haunted by the ghosts of those who have at various times fallen into the hideous depths beneath. There is another geyser not far from this, from which any foreign substance, if thrown in, is immediately ejected with more or less violence, according to its size.

The Azores are famed for the prolific growth of all sorts of tuberous plants, such as potatoes, arums, and caladiums. I never saw anything so luxuriant as the yams, which abound here wherever the soil is good, and which are watered by warm streams, carefully conducted by an ingenious system of irrigation, to the roots of the plant. The view along the coast was very fine; the waters of the broad Atlantic dashing in grand masses against the steep columnar cliffs, which are evidently basaltic in character, and which reminded me somewhat of the Giant's Causeway.

At the northern end of the lake I had noticed dense columns of

white smoke ascending with varying force and intensity, sometimes shooting high up into the air, and at others subsiding for a brief period altogether. This effect, I was informed, was produced by the action of another "caldeira." Instead, therefore, of recrossing in the boat, we rowed round the end of the lake in order to see more of this interesting phenomenon. As we landed and approached, the ground beneath our feet became very hot, and it appeared as if there were only a sort of thin crust between us and the nether regions; while in addition to the large central spring, which was bubbling, and boiling, and spurting, with great force and velocity, it became evident that there were numberless small fountains bursting up through the ground in all directions. In the centre of the hottest spring, the temperature of which was I know not how many degrees above boiling-point, there is a stream of icy-cold water; so that it would be almost possible to ice your champagne and boil your kettle at the same time.

The Azores are considerably overpopulated; and some thousands of natives annually emigrate to other regions, where I believe they make fairly good colonists. It was rather a lengthy business to reach the shore, laden as we were with chickens, eggs, vegetables, fruit and flowers, which had been presented to us, and which had to be sent off to the yacht before we could embark ourselves. As we rode from the shore we passed through what we at first took for a quantity of sargasso weed, but which on closer examination proved to consist of myriads of small pieces of pumice-stone.

The sun was sinking fast, and daylight dying, when we at last weighed anchor, bade farewell to our kind friends, and to the islands of the Azores, and resumed our homeward voyage.



## A FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS.\*

*THE LIFE-STORY OF MARY CARPENTER.*

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.



MARY CARPENTER.

The life whose beneficent course we are now about to trace is one that in some of its outer circumstances is significant of our entrance on a new epoch, since it is that of a lady who, remaining free from the marriage bond, devoted all her energies, with full consecration, to God's service and man's, throughout a long life, and though bound by no monastic vow, and invested with no official power and position in the State, yet exercised such a wide influence for good, over very diverse classes of persons, as could only in former times have been wielded by a princess like Jeanne d'Albret, or a consecrated abbess like Hilda.

It is the special glory of our own

\*Abridged from Miss Keeling's "Heroines of Faith and Charity." London: Charles H. Kelly.

day that in Protestant lands there have arisen increasing numbers of such women-workers, devoting all their lives, with free untrammelled zeal, to objects of general utility, and reflecting, one may well say, greater glory on Christianity than the controlled and regulated effort of the most efficient Sister of Mercy, whose individuality has been merged in the general existence and mechanical action of her community, and of whom the world can take no more knowledge than of the piston-rod of an engine, or the tire of a wheel.

Now and then one of these unvowed and uncloistered labourers in God's vineyard, being gifted with high powers and called to a wide sphere, is recognized as a social agent of unmistakable force while living, and long remembered when dead. It would not be easy to single out among them one more worthy to be held in reverent recollection than Mary Carpenter, who worked well and nobly as a pioneer in more than one field of philanthropic effort. Others have entered into her labours, and others may reap a glorious harvest where she sowed; but in self-denying zeal she is not likely to be excelled by any successor.

Born on the 23rd of April, 1807, Mary Carpenter entered life as the eldest child of a hard-working Unitarian minister in the city of Exeter—a man whom his daughter, in her early childhood, found to be "very like the good Jesus" in his loving self-denial, and whom she regarded with impassioned affection. There are sufficient indications that his family, however

cultivated and refined, did not enjoy those easy circumstances and ample means which might have rendered them independent of their own exertions. Both in Exeter and in Bristol, whither he removed when his eldest daughter was ten years old, Dr. Carpenter added the care of a boys' school to the duties of his pastorate—duties which he was not inclined to weigh lightly or to take easily.

When, in 1829, the double burden became too great for his strength, Mary and her sister Anna undertook and carried on a similar school for girls. For this work Mary had been qualified by an education of masculine thoroughness. She had shared in all her father's instructions to his boyish pupils, and she brought to the performance of all her tasks unusual abilities, and a delicately conscientious exactness which made her easily superior to her comrades. Yet among them were such youths as James Martineau, who contributed to her biography some interesting recollections of the "sedate little girl" whose varied acquirements, in some respects greater than his own, rather confounded him when he first made her acquaintance.

The charm of buoyant youth is absent from the records of her earlier years; the weight of thought and responsibility pressing on her was too great. Even as a child she was not wholly childish; plans for "converting the heathen" divided her thoughts with the dressing of her dolls, and from that occupation she would revert to wanderings in "the metaphysical labyrinth of necessity and free will"—at a time when she cannot have been eight years old.

In Mary Carpenter's youthful compositions there is a deliberate stiffness which disappears in her later writings, when brain and heart were occupied with satisfy-

ing work. It was slowly but surely that the too serious, gifted girl, tormenting her soul with self-analysis, and hiding intense affections under a constrained manner, ripened into the mature woman whose mental power was equalled by the generous sweetness of her character.

A resolute perseverance in mastering both her weakness and her eagerness, a firm wisdom that bade her husband her nerve-energy for needed work, are traits especially conspicuous in Miss Carpenter, and go far to account for the long period of activity through which her powers continued to find, by the most natural transitions, wider and yet wider fields of influence.

Her long period of training for her special life-work came to an end in 1840. In the previous year her father's health had broken down under the long-continued pressure of his varied toils; and he left his home on a Continental journey in which it was hoped he would renew his strength. Strangely and sadly those hopes were falsified. The day before Good Friday, 1840, the news reached his family that he had been drowned, in his passage from Leghorn to Marseilles. The anguish caused by this tragical event would almost seem to have compelled the bereaved daughter at last into the activity which was to be so serviceable to her country—for so we may justly speak of her efforts who first dared to open a Reformatory School, who converted many young delinquents into valuable citizens, and who began the gigantic task of raising from the dust the women of India, her fellow-subjects, victims of a colossal system of tyranny, hoary in its organized iniquity.

Before the date of her terrible bereavement, we find her constantly engaged in sharp spiritual struggles, from which afterwards

she was comparatively free. To the devout Unitarian one way of escape from self-despair, the surest and truest—reliance on the atoning sacrifice of Christ—was unhappily closed. Yet she yearned after it then, and was strangely attracted by the doctrine in later times of doubt and struggle; though all the prepossessions of her early training were against it, and though she had been reasoned into the belief that it had no scriptural basis.

These purely mental hindrances could not, however, shut out the light of Divine love and peace which at last streamed into her soul—the Father's own gift to the child in all sincerity was seeking after Him. Some verses, dated December, 1837, and headed, "Whether in the body, or out of the body, I know not," remain to testify, in words trembling under a weight of joy they are helpless to express, of a vision of Eternal Love that had been vouchsafed to her; and her adoring faith in the world's Redeemer, though not formulated in the language of a distinct creed, began thenceforth to show itself always more clearly in her words as well as her actions.

There is something striking, something symbolical, in her references to Dannecker's statue of Christ, which she saw in Stuttgart, and which inspired her with a sonnet, less valuable as a poem than as a simple outburst of the reverent feeling called forth by that majestic image, "which converted to Christianity the artist who sculptured it."

Dannecker, desiring to immortalize himself by one work of surpassing grandeur, and seeking for an ideal subject, "devoted himself to the study of the Gospels; but at first he could see nothing but beautiful and sublime disjointed fragments, until one text seemed a keynote to him, 'God manifest in the flesh.'" He became a devout

Christian, and his admirable work was executed, not for his own glory, but for that of the Redeemer.

Mary Carpenter was destined to perform a yet higher task; it was hers, through Christlike love, to leave to the world not one but many once brutalized human beings restored into something of the likeness of her glorious Lord. "Their very face with change of heart was changed." Hapless children who had been far too well known to the police became not recognizable by those sharp-eyed servants of the law, after having spent some time under her affectionate care. The image of the heavenly had begun to displace in them the sign-manual of the fiend.

A word spoken to her in her twenty-sixth year by Dr. Tuckerman, an American visitor to her father, had first aroused her sense of a duty to outcast children. "That child should be followed to his home and seen after," he had said, while his eye followed a wretched, ragged imp of a boy, darting across a street and vanishing into some grimy alley. Very soon Mary Carpenter was compelling herself to leave her own sweet and seemly home, in order to "see after" such uncared-for infants in their own foul haunts. She tried various plans with varying success; but she was little satisfied, until 1846, when with a small band of helpers she established a Ragged School at Lewin's Mead, the scene of her father's pastorate. There were the usual heart-breaking difficulties; but her trained and powerful intellect, her long experience in the art of teaching, and, above all, her loving heart, which refused to despair of the most deeply-corrupted children, and which expressed itself in unwearied kindness, enabled her to surmount every obstacle.

She had toiled only one year when her efforts were rewarded by

such a moral change in her ragged scholars as might be almost called miraculous; while the abundant love the poor young creatures lavished on her in return gave her a recompense over and above what she had worked for. It had been her lifelong fear that her nature was not lovable. Now she found she could inspire a passionate affection, demonstrative and unmistakable; and many tender friendships also united her with her fellow-workers.

Her next advance was to provide, in a humble, tentative way, decent lodgings for homeless boys, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Ragged School. Being now brought into daily contact with the "perishing and dangerous classes," her deepening experience of juvenile crime convinced her that it was unjust and unwise to treat infant like adult offenders.

Finally, she embodied this conviction in a book advocating the establishment of "Reformatory Schools"—a title now familiar, but then representing something new and untried. She did not claim absolute novelty for her suggestions, but she did support them by "a compact body of carefully-reasoned truths," and this had not been done before.

Her book was widely read. Ere long she ventured on the further step of proposing a conference of workers engaged in her own field of action; and the bold proposal succeeded. This first modest conference, held at Birmingham, may be deemed the parent of many active and increasing agencies for good.

Longing to give proof that her plan for reforming youthful criminals could succeed, she dared herself to open a Reformatory School, at Kingswood, Bristol—on ground "hallowed by memories of the work and prayer of John Wesley." Then she enforced the views on

which she and her helpers were working in a treatise on "Juvenile Delinquents," pleading eloquently for the gentle and elevating treatment needed by the criminal children, to whom society owed retribution for the neglect which had left them to fall into crime.

From infant offenders to adult criminals the transition was not difficult. In a work entitled "Our Convicts," she described the appalling moral degradation of the convict class in England, drawing her facts from official sources, and then tried to show how the admirable Irish system of prison discipline might be followed in English gaols, and the further development of crime checked by the reclamation of offenders. This treatise, which was widely read, and warmly praised by jurists in France, in Germany, and in the United States, and which obtained the honour of a place in the papal "Index Expurgatorius," along with its author's other works, was published at the close of 1864.

She was now in the full tide of strenuous work, and her once-loved literary studies had been suspended; she now read in the dark mysterious volume of the human heart more than in any poet, classic or modern, and the science of doing good had displaced all others. Yet her severe intellectual training stood her in good stead, enabling her to advocate the cause of the wretched ably, with cogent reasoning and well-arranged facts.

It would be an injustice to her memory to speak of her as a philanthropist merely, and to forget in her the woman. For all her courage and ability, she was very feminine; timid, self-distrustful, home-loving; bearing, as she said, "a lamb's heart under her coat of mail," and finding her native sensitiveness an instrument of such frequent suffering as to wring from her the cry, "O God! why

hast thou given me a woman's heart?"

But that gift of God brought her compensating moments of exquisite joy; as when she learnt that to a poor Irish lad, whose dying bed she was tending, she had been as a guardian saint, more loved, more trusted, than any mythical Madonna; or when, quitting her mother's death-chamber, with a heart full of anguish, she entered that of one of her rescued girls, and the dying girl wiped away with loving hands the tears of her beloved protectress, and strove in her simple fashion to soothe her, not in vain.

Womanlike, Mary Carpenter had dreaded publicity; but she braved it when she could serve her holy cause thereby; and she, who shrank from the sight of her name in print, and from the sound of her voice in public, became a witness before House of Commons Committees, a ready and eloquent speaker at Social Science Congresses, and before great public gatherings in the United States.

In 1856, the heavy grief of her mother's death, the loss of her tireless love and tranquil wisdom, was added to the many disappointments, trials, distresses of her struggle with crime for its victims. A restless longing for new fields of work beset her. More as a missionary than as a guest, she visited in 1873 the United States, and Canada, the home of her brother Philip; she inspected schools and prisons, and had to give public addresses on the subjects which she had made her specialty. But for one visit to America, she paid four to India.

That great continent, its splendour and its misery, had haunted Mary Carpenter's dreams for many a year. Her visions of missionary enterprise had been dispelled by the hard reality of home heathenism; but now some accom-

plished Hindu gentlemen, visiting Bristol, and deploring to her the cruel lot of their countrywomen, awoke her warmest interest in the work of breaking through the immemorial prejudices of Hindu society, and lifting the "fallen divinity" of Eastern womanhood to something approaching equality with the favoured sisters of the West. Her heart's longing to toil personally for this great cause was at last gratified. In 1866 she left England for India.

There was much to discourage in the abject condition of the class she had crossed land and sea to benefit; and yet her first visit to India kindled in her hopes which her later visits realized only imperfectly. She was received with an almost adoring deference. The Indian Government showed her flattering attention, and sought her opinion on matters of public importance; and her Hindu friends greeted her by the sweet title of "mother," and seemed as full of reforming ardour as herself. All this naturally inspired her with hopes too sanguine, predoomed to partial disappointment. Yet she initiated many important movements. The schools for native ladies which she founded prospered in her successors' hands, though not in her own; and she was unselfishly content that it should be so.

She returned home for the last time in 1876, bringing with her two young Hindu boys, sons of dear friends in India, to brighten her lonely home. Never had her power for good seemed so great; never had her sympathy with every good work been more strong and living. Yet a shadow of unspeakable sadness hung over the evening of her fair and blameless life. Her home was too solitary. Friend after friend had passed away; the cares and griefs of those who still lived to love her awoke

a sympathy far too keen in her, who was rendered helpless by her distance from almost every one dear to her. Her nights were often sleepless, and if she did but intermit her daily work a little, tears surprised her.

It was well that the last year of this loving, lonely life should be filled with a brief Indian summer of home happiness. This was secured to her by the presence of her two Hindu boys, and of the adopted daughter, now blooming into womanhood, whom she had received with childlike delight when an orphan girl of five. But "her company before was gone;" many bereavements had loosened her hold on life; and the death of her youngest brother gave the final shock.

Within a month from receiving that sad news, Mary Carpenter passed quietly away in her sleep—an enviable death; for though she had fulfilled her seventieth year, her powers were unimpaired, and she had not in any sense outlived her usefulness.

No fewer than eight distinct institutions for the benefit of neglected children and of working men, in Bristol, owed their existence to Miss Carpenter's efforts. We may well rate even beyond these the beneficent change in public opinion, on many points of high importance, which she largely aided in producing. But the unsatisfied mother-passion of her heart yearned to do greater things than these; and it is not her least glory to have initiated in person the movement for the upraising of the oppressed myriads of suffering women in India. Her first glimpse of the shame and cruelty, the bigotry and misery, that attend zenana life in India, did but add

fuel to her zeal, and urge her to a more fervent crusade against those horrors.

Her long toils in the unobtrusive mission to forlorn English children had earned for her the power to do that work in India which had been her youthful dream, and which she had humbly foregone while she "did the next thing." And the reward of that self-denial came, when in 1866 she could speak on social questions with an authority no one thought of gain-saying; when high-placed Indian officials consulted her and listened to her with a very real deference, and embodied many of her suggestions in fact.

Her life in its last years widens out before us like a great tidal river, on whose waters go the ships of many nations, so large were her interests, so numerous the illustrious friendships she had won.

Her inherited creed shut her out from the full comfort, the full joy, that might have been hers in believing; its limitations saddened her days unconsciously, and sometimes needlessly divided her from other Christians. But an adoring love for the Divine Redeemer glows in many a passage from her pen, giving proof, if proof were needed, that "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Nowhere is this love united with a more joyous faith than in the following words relating to the far-off land she loved and strove to serve: "India will some day acknowledge Christ, the well-beloved, as her beloved Lord and Master, and will never free herself from the cruel bondage of caste and superstition until she has learnt from Christ that we are all children of the same Father, and fellow-heirs of immortality."

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"At length I learnt to look above,  
And found life's pilgrim road

Was but a path of heavenly love  
That led right up to God."

## A QUAKER APOSTLE.\*

ROUND THE WORLD AT EIGHTY-EIGHT.

BY S. ELLEN GREGORY.

The Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends in May, 1890, witnessed a very unusual scene. An octogenarian had applied for a certificate for religious service in France, Syria, Constantinople, India, Japan, and America. This Yearly Meeting bears a slight resemblance to our Annual Conference. It is an assembly of men and women who really live by faith, and simply listen for the voice of that Spirit who called the early apostles, often in a voice which they alone could hear.

These good people assuredly gathered that in like manner the Lord had called their venerable friend, Isaac Sharp, now in his eighty-fourth year, though some of the Society, medical men especially, felt doubtful, on account of the risks involved in an expedition of this kind undertaken at such an advanced age.

The applicant himself, with admirable good temper, writes of the decision of the Meeting: "My concern (for foreign service) took hold of the Meeting, and there was a large expression of loving unity, not, however, without three dissentient voices, chiefly on the ground of 'Anno Domini.' I found it difficult to realize what I might have felt had it been any one else; so it behoves me to feel tenderly for the views of any who may not see eye to eye with me in this matter."

Isaac Sharp was not a novice in

\* "Isaac Sharp, an Apostle of the Nineteenth Century." By Frances Ann Budge. With Introduction by Sir J. W. Pease, M.P. (London: Headley Brothers.)

Abridged from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, September, 1899.

missionary travel. He had already been round the world, not so much preaching the Gospel to the heathen as confirming the Churches, carrying out St. Paul's suggestion to Barnabas to "visit our brethren, and see how they do." He had visited Norway seven times, Greenland, Iceland, Labrador, and many other countries. We will take a brief glance at his earlier experiences as recorded in this wonderful and beautifully written volume, before taking up the narrative of his latest and most remarkable adventures, or rather ventures of faith.

Isaac Sharp was born at Brighton in 1806. His mother, who died before the boy was ten years of age, was a member of the Society of Friends. Her place was to some extent supplied by a "motherlike aunt," also a Quakeress, by whom the child was carefully and prayerfully nurtured. This solicitude early bore fruit. He thus describes his early Christian life: "Under a powerful visitation of divine grace, the Lord was graciously pleased to accept the surrender of my young heart to Him; and in perfect peace a willingness was mercifully wrought in me to love and serve my Redeemer as He might be pleased to lead the way."

When twenty-four years of age, young Sharp settled at Darlington, and became the private secretary and valued friend of the late Joseph Pease, M.P. Here he married, and after three years of unusually happy wedded life, was left a widower with two little girls. This bereavement was a lifelong

sorrow to him. It was in the Friends Meeting at Darlington that the young man first "spoke in the ministry," and from that Meeting he received his first certificate for religious service in Norway in 1846. Two Cornish Friends, Edwin Tregelles and John Budge (the father of the writer of this wonderful life-story), had at the same time a like "concern" on their minds—unknown to Isaac Sharp—but they proved excellent travelling companions. In Norway they found a tiny settlement of Friends, the fruit of seed sown in tears. Early in the century some Norwegian prisoners of war at Chatham had read one of the Friends books which described a spiritual religion they had never understood among the Lutherans. They were released from prison, and returned to their own land to suffer from their own countrymen harder things than bonds in a foreign land. But they firmly maintained and tried to propagate their new religious convictions, and at the time of the visit of the English Friends their membership numbered forty, with an outer fringe of sixty-three attendants. The faithful few were overjoyed by the strengthening; and cheering counsel of the English Friends.

It is deeply instructive to note how Isaac Sharp gathered that he was called to visit any particular spot. Some years after the visit to Norway the thought of Iceland was constantly in his mind. "If in a merchant's office or a school-room he saw a map of Europe," his eye instinctively turned to the island in the north-west whither the constraining love of Christ was calling him to go. It seemed impossible that there could be any opening for such a mission in Iceland, for no religion except the Lutheran was allowed there. Yet the Friends so firmly believed in the inward call that they gladly gave

their minister a certificate for gospel service there. The committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, hearing of the Quaker's mission, asked him to convey a letter from them to the Lutheran bishop, with whom they were wishful to correspond. This gave him the introduction he wanted; but he was careful to let the bishop know that the primary object of his visit was to preach the Gospel from the Friends point of view. He presented his certificate to the bishop, and narrowly scanned the face of that dignitary as he read it, "with the satisfactory result of seeing no scowl there." At the conclusion of the reading the bishop smiled, but did not speak; and Isaac Sharp felt that it was fair to take it for granted that silence gives consent. On the following Sunday he addressed more than five hundred people, many of whom seemed to drink in the Gospel truths, saying, "That is just what we want," "We never heard the like before," etc. He described Iceland as a land of negatives: "No dissent, no army, no navy, no prisons, no roads, no inns, no carriages, no trees, no poultry, no snakes."

The missionary, however, had a variety of very positive experiences in Iceland. He was highly amused on one occasion. He tried by the help of an interpreter to thank a worthy matron for her hospitality, and to express his sense of obligation in language which she could understand by slipping a large silver coin into her hand. "As soon as she felt the dollar, she realized all that it meant. It was like an electric shock. Up she jumped, put her arms round my neck, and gave me such a kissing."

Mr. Sharp was at length, at the age of sixty, compelled by adverse circumstances to wind up his business. He, however, paid up all his creditors, and retired honour-



ably, though with somewhat straitened resources. A few years afterwards, at the age of seventy, this much tried servant of God was brought very low physically by a painful disease, contracted through sleeping in a damp bed while on a missionary journey in Sweden. While lying weak and ill, but free from fever or delirium, he had "a kind of vision," when he "almost felt the great white messenger was there, and almost bade him welcome. . . . Then a voice came full of pathos, tenderness, and love: 'I trod the winepress all alone—trod it for thee. Not yet shall the end be. A little more of suffering; and if thou art faithful, not a little more of service.'"

He told something of this vision to a friend, who had gently suggested to him that it might be the Father's will to call His servant home, and not to raise him up out of the weakness which seemed to be increasing. The Lord, he said, had shown him "clearly a prospect of service at Cape Colony; thence to our Friends missions in Madagascar. After this, extensive service awaits me in each of our Australian colonies and in New Zealand. I have further seen that the mighty Pacific Ocean must be crossed, and that I am to enter the United States of America by the 'Golden Gate' of San Francisco. The work before me includes, not only the meetings of Friends, but also the various missions among native Indians, the negro population, and the far-off missions in Mexico.' All this programme of faith was accomplished in fact.

In 1877 the Quaker apostle started on his seven years' mission. Two Friends accompanied him for part of the time—Theodore Harris and Langley Kitching. They sailed first to the Cape. There are several allusions in the volume to kind receptions by Wesleyan ministers and good services in their chapels.

The Friends had some good times, too, in preaching to the coloured people. Several chiefs were profoundly interested in the message and the messengers. One, a true believer, who took part in the services, Isaac Sharp describes as being "every inch a chief." This was Khama, since so celebrated for his wise government of his people and resolute opposition to the introduction into his country of the demoralizing alcoholic liquors. "Some time ago," he said, "I forbade the use and sale of liquor at this station, as I did not wish my people to learn the vice which has destroyed so many. I try to teach my people better things, and to raise them out of the mire; but how can I possibly be successful when they see you white men, who have had God's word for so many years, doing those things which are wrong?" Another chief, who had summarily seized some contraband casks of brandy which had been smuggled into his dominions, asked, "Why does not the Queen of England do the same?"

But their stay in the Dark Continent was by no means made up of good times in speaking and pleasant, social intercourse with brethren. The Zulu war loomed ominously in the near future, and the whole land was in a state of unrest, and in many places wild excitement prevailed and lawless deeds were frequently committed. The little band carried their lives in their hands, or as they preferred to put it:

Hidden in the hollow  
Of His mighty hand.

At one house, where the party had been hospitably entertained by a Mr. and Mrs. Burness, they were cordially invited to come again on their return journey. But before they passed that way again their host and his wife and brother had all been murdered.

In May, 1879, the evangelists left Durban for Madagascar. In some of the heathen villages the gross darkness covering the minds of the people seemed almost impenetrable.

The evangelists were not entertained in luxury. They had to wander from house to house to find "the least filthy," and even those had "a large population of fleas, as sheep, pigs, and poultry, to say nothing of rats, went in and out at will. A space of seven feet square did not give much room for three missionaries." Then when the lights were extinguished began "a revelry among the rats; down came one on my bed, followed by another in too near proximity to my face to be comfortable." But in spite of all he slept the sleep of the just. At their next halting-place they were careful to ask before turning in for the night, "Are there any rats?" only to receive the cheerful answer, "Yes, many—very many."

For lack of space we pass over the deeply interesting tour to Australia and New Zealand and the United States. In the spring of 1884 the veteran evangelist returned to his native land, and made his home with his sister and niece at Broadstairs. After two or three years of happy home life, he had another remarkable vision of service in Europe, and in China, Japan, and Syria.

We have at the beginning of this paper described the reception of his application by the Yearly Meeting. Almost at the outset of his journey it seemed as if the fears of his more prudent friends were to be realized; for when he reached Paris the traveller who had safely surmounted so many dangers injured himself severely by a fall on the highly polished floor of his own room. He was far from well at the time, and now weeks of suffering and helplessness came in-

stead of the active service which he had anticipated. His cheerful faith and patience, however, did not falter, nor did he feel the Master's commission cancelled even when he felt it his duty to terminate the costly living in Paris and return home as soon as strength and weather permitted.

But Isaac Sharp felt that delay was not denial, and at the Yearly Meeting the following spring, bright and lively, and to all appearance hale and vigorous as ever, he applied for a renewal of his commission. Naturally there was even more serious demur than there had been the previous year. Medical opinion was emphatically against the tour. But as one who was present writes: "So strong and triumphant was his faith, that he carried the meeting with him. The whole scene was a striking object-lesson on the truth of individual guidance."

The brave old traveller had faithful and skilful companions during his journey. A Quaker doctor started him, and his place was afterwards filled by Dr. Dixon, who accompanied him to India, Japan, and San Francisco.

While in San Francisco, but not before he had done some good work there, he was overtaken by alarming illness, which threatened to prove fatal. By the kind Providence which the old saint ever delighted to mark, he was, when the attack came on, at the house of his married daughter at San Jose. The doctor then plainly told his patient: "I see you are not afraid of death. If you have anything to arrange, do it to-day." "I love him for his honesty and kindness," wrote the man who had been thought to be at death's door. "I felt conscious that the angel of death hovered over me, but was restrained from descending. . . While in the deeps the Lord was graciously pleased to reveal to me

that the commission He had given me for China had never been cancelled, and that thither He would have me go." Sure enough, his visit to China was soon an accomplished fact. New Year's Day, 1893, found him in the centre of China. The Chinese, with their inborn reverence for old age, were beyond measure delighted with "Pastor Sha," as they called him; and he was thankful to find that the style of his addresses was calculated to reach the Chinese mind and heart.

One of the young members of the Friends Missionary Association, which met during his visit, describes him as "the youngest man among us, generally the liveliest person at table. He would enter very sympathetically into our feelings, interests, and recreations." The same friend drew him out in conversation about the perils of the way, especially the rapids on the way to Chung-king, where boats are wrecked and lives lost by scores every year. "Certainly," responded the voyager, "they called for serious thought; but I knew that my Father had promised to take care of me, though whether He would do so by bringing me through them here, or by taking me through them to Himself, He had not revealed to me."

Isaac Sharp left China in the company of two Wesleyan missionaries, whom he found "agreeable fellow voyagers." Our Friend always took a lively interest in those who sailed with him, and was on the watch for opportunities of helping them. He was an earnest advocate of the temperance crusade in private and in public. But the most powerful temperance argument was his robust health and hale old age after more than half a century of total abstinence. He would tell how once he had tried wine, spirits, and tobacco, but long ago had given them all up, and at

eighty-seven was travelling in many lands, strong to labour and endure. Once a gentleman who was solicitous about the missionary's health begged him to accept a flask of brandy. He did not refuse the gift. The flask went with him all round the world, and on his return he gaily handed it back to the donor unopened.

When we read of the traveller's return home from China via Mexico and the Indian Territory, San Francisco, and Chicago, we thought we had finished the story of his journeyings. But no; two countries, seen in his vision years before so vividly, still remained to be visited—the south of France and Syria; and he had strength given to accomplish both missions.

In the autumn of 1895 Isaac Sharp sailed for Syria, being then in his ninetieth year. He was accompanied again by his faithful, careful friend, Dr. Dixon. All were astonished at the amount of work he accomplished—meetings for worship, visits to schools and to mothers' meetings, etc. At Mount Lebanon he found the little band at the mission station in great affliction. A clergyman of the Church Missionary Society lay dying. A worker in the Friends Mission was sick unto death. One of the devoted lady workers writes of the "comfort and help it was to have these two dear Friends helping with both spiritual sympathy and medical knowledge, so that our doctor as well as myself felt that our God had sent them at that particular time."

It was a perpetual joy to the traveller to know that he was passing to and fro where his Lord had gone before; yet was his heart so full of his mission that he forbore to visit places of most sacred interest, where the delay might interfere with his work; but he was able to see some places of thrilling memories in the Holy City itself.

The traveller returned to his native land for the last time in December, 1895. "a little tired," but in as good health as when he started. Such health Isaac Sharp enjoyed for more than a year. Still, his voice was frequently heard, not only in his beloved meeting-house at Ettington, in Warwickshire, his last earthly home, but in the neighbouring towns and villages and in London. Even when the last illness set in, neither he nor those who attended him with loving care could realize that he was dying, for his mind was still so clear and his interest in men and things so keen. One who nursed him said: "It was like waiting on an angel." After a night of great suffering, when he had prayed for release, he told his nurse in the morning, with something of his old mirthfulness, that he felt more "like life than death." As his death-bed testimony he declared: "I have a living sense that it is best to live in the love and power of God." Into the fulness of that life of love and heavenly rest he entered on the Sunday morning, February 21, 1897.

The lessons of such a life are

blessedly obvious. It was truly said of him: "He was physically strong from his temperate habits, and spiritually strong from his faith in God." But though we would in no wise underrate the physical advantage of his temperate habits, was not his marvellous health of body one result of the strong restful faith of his whole soul? Isaac Sharp's long active life is an illustration of the saying that it is not work but worry that kills people. Those who do not kill themselves with worry have faith and strength for work. We are reminded, as we read of Isaac Sharp's work of faith, of another long life and blessed work on the same lines—that of George Muller. The circumstances and work of the two aged saints differed in detail; but the simple, implicit faith that inspired George Muller and provided for his large family of orphans sustained Isaac Sharp in his journeyings in the Gospel. Both lives prove the truth of that simple couplet, in which there is a whole world of profoundest meaning:

They who trust Him wholly  
Find Him wholly true.

## THE AUTUMN OF THE SOUL.

BY JESSE PAGE.

The glowing summer fades apace,  
But ere the wintry night  
Chills the warm pulse of nature's grace,  
There comes the sunset light  
Of autumn, with its fruits and grain  
To wake the song of praise again.

Saviour! my summer is Thy smile,  
The sunshine of my soul;  
'Tis heaven to walk with Thee awhile,  
To feel the sweet control  
Of Thy blest Spirit every day,  
'Mid all life's changes my sure stay.

Still grant that I may fruitage bear,  
The golden season know,  
Though sown in tears with many a prayer,  
The seed divine shall grow,  
And blood-washed souls give God the praise,  
The harvest hymn of autumn days.

Dark lies the world of sin and woe,  
The world Thou can'st not save;  
Bid me Thy messenger to go,  
The torch of mercy wave,  
And trumpet-tongued of Christ to tell  
My Jesus hath done all things well!

Some there may be whom Thou shalt scan  
And nothing find but leaves,  
Faithless, unprofitable man,  
Where are thy sunny sheaves?  
Unshown, an empty autumn waits,  
A shadow of the Golden Gates.

Not so with me, Lord, shall it be;  
A winner brave and wise  
Of precious souls, O make Thou me,  
And then beyond the skies  
Many shall greet with outstretched hand  
Thy servant in the dear Homeland.

## THE SUN AND HIS RELATIONS TO THE EARTH AS PARENT, RULER AND ENERGIZER.

BY PROF. CHARLES A. YOUNG,

*Professor of Astronomy at Princeton University.*

The sun is the most glorious of all objects. Of all the energy that keeps things moving on earth, 99 per cent. comes from the solar heat. The meteors help and the moon gives us tides; but 99 per cent. of all the force that moves our mills, actuates our own hands and voices, comes from the solar rays. If the winds blow, it is because of some disturbance in the air. What is the cause? At some point or other the air is unequally heated; masses of air rise; other portions rush in to take their place and you have winds established. If Niagara does not run out; if Lake Superior does not find its way permanently to the ocean; if the Delaware does not stop running; it is because somewhere or other there are pumps running that lift the water back to the source, and those pumps are in the sun's rays. The constructor of the first steam engine says it is "nothing but bottled sunshine."

What built the carbon in the stick of wood from which we derive heat? Simply the solar rays putting the elements of wood together in a certain way, and when you burn the stick you are allowing the hydrogen to resume its old combination with the oxygen from which it has been separated before. The power that actuates results is solar power, because derived from the food built up by solar rays. If you use a galvanic battery, a zinc and carbon battery with acids in it, how was the acid got out of its combinations and put in such shape you could use it? If you trace back the chemical processes by which we get these things used in a battery, they were put in shape by the solar rays.

If you leave out the heat coming from the stars (as much in a year as the sun gives in a second), and the heat from the meteors (about as much as that), and all the tidal power, all the rest is sun power.

I am speaking within a quarter of a per cent. when I say the sun is about 93,000,000 miles away—12,000 times the diameter of the earth; so that the quickest railroad train, on a schedule of 60 miles an hour, would be 175 years on the journey. At two cents a mile it would be a little over one and three-quarter millions of dollars.

The unit employed in measuring star distances is 63,000 times the distance from us to the sun. Stellar distances are vastly greater, and our sun is no greater than any other sun. Our sun has a diameter of 860,000 miles, or  $\frac{1}{10}$  part of its distance from us. The quantity of matter in it is 330,000 times that of the earth; the force of gravity upon it is twenty-seven times what it is here, so that a small man like myself would weigh about a ton, supposing there were life there.

The average density of the sun is only a quarter part that of the earth. It averages a little more than the density of water. In all probability we don't see the sun itself at all; what we see is a great shell of cloud that overlies and covers it and sends out light and heat. The explanation of this low density is the intense heat of the sun. The temperature we don't know. The investigations of the past ten years show it to be between 10,000 and 20,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and probably not very far from 14,000 degrees.

What is the temperature of the earth? Do you mean the temperature of the North Pole, at the equator, at the top of mountains? There isn't "a" temperature of the sun. On the whole it acts as if it were a body covered with lampblack heated to a certain temperature, and we call that the "effective temperature." At a very small depth within the solar surface the temperature rises, rises, rises—just as it does as you descend in the earth. Then how is it that its temperature is maintained? The probability is that the temperature is maintained by the continuance of a process going on age after age—the process by which the worlds were made—the system that surrounds the sun.

We are quite sure that it is not produced by any action of combustion in the first place. If so, I cannot stop to explain how the calculation can be made, but long ago the sun would have burned out. It could not last but about six thousand years in all. Neither can it be simply a warm body cooling and bringing the heat from inside to the outside and throwing it off by simply cooling as a ball of iron; it would not last long that way. Some have suggested that it was produced by the rotation of the sun, and that the sun's heat is maintained by a sort of an electric arrangement like a Holtz machine; but it is very easy to calculate that no heat is produced in that way, that there is a hang back to the sun, just as power is required to drive a dynamo machine; and the sun's rotation would have been stopped, on that basis, in five hundred years.

Then there is the older idea that the heat is produced by meteors falling on the surface. When Tyndall wrote his book upon the "Mode of Motion," the theory was maintained in that way. The idea was that the meteoric matter falling

upon the sun might account for the radiation of the heat. A mass as large as the earth falling upon the sun with the velocity that the earth would acquire in dropping that distance would supply the sun for a hundred years. But Venus and Mercury say no! If there were any such quantity of meteoric matter near the sun, their orbital motions would be different. The earth would get as much heat from the meteors as it did from the sun.

Helmholtz suggested about 1853 that the sun's heat is maintained by its slow shrinkage. Supposing I hold a book in my hand and drop it on the floor, what happens? Gravity acts upon it, with a little noise; but the main thing is, the book is warmed and the floor is warmed. Motion has been produced and has been stopped, and a certain amount of heat unquestionably produced. If we put a hole through a weight and put it on a post, and let it slide down, it would produce heat also. Suppose every portion of the sun's surface drops 150 feet toward the sun's centre, diminishing its diameter about 300 feet; in that case, on any reasonable hypothesis of the constitution of the sun, that would account for all the heat the sun sends forth. If the sun continued shrinking faster than that, it is growing warmer; if it is shrinking more slowly, it ought to be cooling off a little.

The sun is giving out 30 calories of heat for every square metre of its surface, which would heat 30 kilogrammes of water one degree every minute—equivalent to about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  horse-power energy. If by some means or other, we could case the sun in with ice, 60 feet thick and then let the heat start, it would be just one minute melting off. A yearly shrinkage of 300 feet in diameter of the sun would have to go on for 7,000 years before detection by the best telescopes that we or our

posterity are likely to possess; and it could go on from seven to fifteen million years without disturbing anything; but the end will come; though just here we meet with a difficulty with reference to the past history of the system. The geologists want more time for the making of the solar system by the processes that seem to be indicated by the nebular hypothesis.

If the sun is throwing off heat alike in all directions, I do not think it can possibly be more than 150,000,000 years old. Can it be that energy is expended only in radiating from the sun to another material body? The whole solar system does not receive more than two-thousandth-millionth of the heat the sun radiates. It goes off into space. Our hundred millions of possible life for the solar system might easily become a million millions if it only loses heat when it gives it to something else.

By means of the actinometer the heat of the sun's rays is measured, though we do not know how much to allow for absorption by the atmosphere. The Wilson & Gray (1894-95) radiomicrometer is the most delicate apparatus yet devised for sun heat measurements. At the Columbia World's Fair of 1893 was shown a great reflector made of boiler iron lined with mirror glass, projecting light and heat that ran a two-horse-power engine as long as the sun would shine. The invention was Ericsson's, who had a great idea of the value of the sun's rays in Egypt and other such countries where the sun's rays could be depended upon constantly. Our best steam engines do not give one-sixth of the power originally shot off from the sun, stored in the coal, and finally brought under the guidance and control of man as issuing from the steam engine. The general surface of the sun is at least 5,000 times as bright as the lime

light, and not more than four or five times as bright as the electric light you are using to-night. The lime light is an intense jet black when held against the solar surface.

Sun spots are a very interesting phenomenon. One of the largest spots observed was over 100,000 miles in diameter. Sometimes spots do not last more than a day or two, and the Methuselah of the race lived eighteen months only. They very rarely last over a year. They do not lie below the sun's surface, on which they are a sort of a boil. Meteorologists have been discussing a theory of cold waves—spots formed by congealing taking place at certain portions of the solar surface; from certain portions of the material they rise and are congealed in rising. Usually the sun spots are cooler than the surrounding sun. The centre of the sun spots gives usually not more than a quarter as much heat as the surface surrounding it; but when you get near the edge of the sun, they actually are hotter than the surrounding photosphere. The spot of 1893 appeared in connection with the great electric storm, when the telegraph lines worked without batteries for a whole day; and this great spot, just about the size of the earth, broke out just about the time of the occurrence of this electrical storm, one of the coincidences between a great solar disturbance and a great magnetic disturbance on the earth's surface.

We do not know the cause of the spots. Now they are rare and again abundant. The average interval is about eleven years. They were exceedingly numerous in 1872, almost disappeared in 1880, but in 1884 there was another maximum. There is no regularity about it. Nobody knows what makes the slight approach to periodicity of their occurrence. Do these variations in the sun spots affect the

earth? Some consider them causes of storms, some of disease (cholera for instance), some, commercial crises; all sorts of happenings are laid to the account of sun spots; but, as far as I can make out the evidences, the line of magnetic storms corresponds with the sun spots.

In years of numerous sun spots, magnetic storms and the aurora borealis appear frequently, but the connection we cannot account for. We do not know if they be cause and effect. They go together. It is entirely possible that the disturbances are altogether from outside, and affect the sun and the earth together. Each new accession of sun spot activity breaks out on one side of the sun's equator or the other. They move in well-defined zones.

When we look at the solar spectrum, we get a great multitude of diagrams. Fraunhofer discovered this in 1816, the Fraunhofer's lines being dark streaks across the spec-

trum. The burning of gases produce beautifully brilliant spectra; but where you have a solid or a liquid you have a spectrum that is continuous—no markings. The explanation of these dark lines in the solar spectrum is that these photosphere clouds have an atmosphere of gases over them, and when the light from that photosphere passes through that atmosphere, then those lines turn dark. In getting the iron spectrum, the iron is not simply warm, not simply melted—but it is actually boiling, and the iron vapour is just like the steam from the tea-kettle, and in that condition it gives a bright light, and then you could compare the spectrum of the sun with that of the iron and see if there is any iron in the sun. The spectrum of a sun spot shows that the darkening is due to the presence of cooler vapours in which vanadium is abundant. A blow-pipe blister in a spectrum of the sun was due to a sudden blast of hydrogen gas moving 160 miles a second.

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### HIGHER.

HARRIET WARNER REQUA.

This world has never the highest height  
 To which our feet are tending;  
 Its power is never the mightiest might  
 For a needy soul's depending;  
 There is costlier wealth than silver or gold  
 By men so fondly treasured,  
 And the things of weight and worth untold,  
 Are the things unweighed, unmeasured.

O, the splendid things of earth may bring  
 Delight to a fancy rover,  
 The mountain height and the forest spring  
 May gladden the nature-lover:  
 A goodly form or an angel face  
 The artist soul may capture;  
 And aught of beauty and aught of grace  
 May thrill with a poet-rapture.

But the grandest things are the things un-  
 seen,  
 The fairest the undiscovered,  
 The brow of care and the head of pain,  
 With wing of an angel hovered;  
 The unknown laws of the higher spheres

With Nature's intersected,  
 And the power that immortal life inheres,  
 On our being's plan projected.

When the mortal unwinds from the things  
 we are,  
 We shall see with intenser vision,  
 That round and above, without lock or bar,  
 Are the wonder-fields elysian;  
 Where the angels watch and ward do keep,  
 Till the Book of Life is finished,  
 When the harvest sown must the reaper  
 reap,  
 Naught added and naught diminished.

Oh, then shall we see what we now scarce  
 dream,  
 The order of things inverted,  
 The dearest treasures most worthless seem  
 And "loss" for "gain" inserted.  
 The honour of earth but a bubble blown,  
 While the grandest honour given  
 May come to the soul to the world unknown,  
 From the throne-crowned heights of  
 Heaven.



## KENILWORTH AND ITS MEMORIES.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

## KENILWORTH.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Towering above the plain, proud in decay, —  
 Her tendriled ivies, like a woman's hair,  
 Veiling her hurt and hiding her despair, —  
 The monument of a departed day,  
 The shadow of a glory passed away,

Stands Kenilworth : stripped of her pomp  
 and bare

Of all that made her so supremely fair .  
 When Power with Love contended for her  
 sway.

In this wide ruin, solemn and serene,  
 Where moved majestical a virgin queen,  
 The peacock struts, his ominous plumes  
 outspread ;

And here, where casting an immortal spell  
 A sad and girlish presence seems to dwell,  
 The wild bird nests and circles overhead.

—*The Atlantic.*

Kenilworth Castle is the finest ruin in England. Tradition refers its origin to the time of King Arthur; but the present structure dates from the time of Henry I., with extensive additions by Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Leicester. Here were celebrated the splendid pageants which accompanied the visit of the Virgin Queen to her high-born subject. But their chief interest is given to those crumbling ruins by the tear-compelling story of the fair Amy

Robsart. I climbed the massive Cæsar's Tower, matted with the densest growth of ivy I ever saw; and lingered in the roofless banquet hall, that often rang with the sounds of wassail and revelry; and roamed through the pleasance and field of tourney where in the pride and pomp of chivalry, gallant knights in ringing armour, sought to win the prize of valour at the hands of beauty. But most I loved to muse amid the broken arches of Mervyn's Bower, which the Wizard of the North represents as the scene of the wretchedness of his hapless heroine. Strange that his enchanter's wand can cast such an undying spell over these mouldering ruins—all that the cannon of Cromwell have left of the once stately castle. At the bookstore of the little town I bought a copy of Scott's "Kenilworth" as a souvenir of the place, and learned from the comely saleswoman, who seemed to enter thoroughly into the romance of the story—as what woman's heart will not?—some local traditions of the castle.

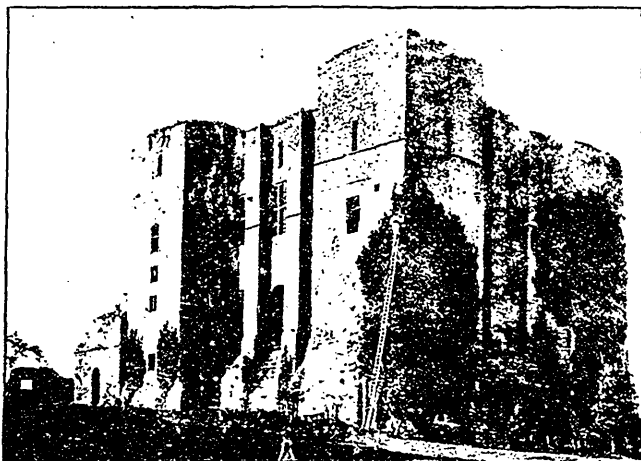
We add Mr. Canniff Haight's

graphic account of the noble ruins and their storied associations:

Kenilworth owes its fame largely to Sir Walter Scott. It is a grand old ruin, and whoever has read—and who has not, wherever the English language is spoken?—this great romance, has in it the best picture of Kenilworth as it is to-day, and as it was when visited by Elizabeth, when it was in the prime of its magnificence and glory. It is much easier to comprehend its grandeur than its extent from Sir Walter's description. It is not a single ruin but a series

the chief interior beauty of the castle, and was the scene of regal ceremonials, chivalrous assemblies and courtly revels. These compose the principal ruins as they now appear, and are more or less detached; between them are crumbled walls and debris.

It seems strange that one of the grandest and most extensive of all the castellated structures in Britain should have been allowed to go to ruin and decay, and nothing illustrates more clearly the wealth and power and the princely magnificence in which those old barons



CÆSAR'S TOWER, KENILWORTH CASTLE.

of them, which at one time inclosed a large court and completed a grand whole of vast proportion. What is seen to-day is the Great Gate House, the principal entrance to the exterior grounds, which were inclosed by strong walls: Luns Tower and entrance gateway, which led into the court; Cæsar's Tower, the most perfect part of the Castle now in existence; the Strong Tower, partly destroyed; King Henry's Lodgings and Sir Robert Dudley's Lobby, connecting Cæsar's Tower with Leicester Building, a picturesque mass of ruins; the Great Hall. This hall constituted

lived. But happily for England, this was all changed at the battle of Barnet, and with the fall of the "Kingmaker," Warwick, fell also the power of the feudal barons.

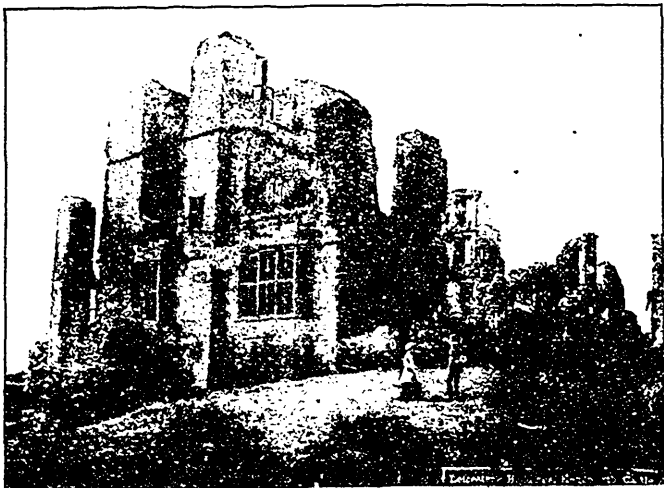
As I have intimated, it is difficult to grasp the vastness of Kenilworth as it stood in the height of its palmy state, until it is seen. After I had walked around the ruins and viewed them from all points, clambered up its broken walls and stairways, gazed at its capitals and large groined Gothic windows, its towers, battlements and its ivy-covered walls, I seated myself under the shadow of



BANQUETING HALL, KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Cæsar's Tower, and with the aid of the plan tried to restore it as it once could have been seen. The first great gap occurs where the 'Three Kitchens stood, a long range of buildings which connected Cæsar's Tower with the Strong Tower at the north-east corner. Nothing remains of this but some portions of the ovens and a bit of the north wall. This, with the towers I have named, completed the north part of the quadrilateral.

The Leicester buildings, which include the Strong Tower, still remain, and complete the east end. On the south is the White Hall. Princes' and the Privy Chambers are all a mass of mouldering walls, shattered windows and broken stairways, except a portion of the White Hall, which still shows the outline of a noble frontage, with its splendid bay-windows and large semi-octagonal tower. These connected the Lancaster and Lei-



LEICESTER BUILDING, KENILWORTH CASTLE.

cester buildings and completed the south side; and the Leicester, with King Henry's Lodgings and Sir Robert Dudley's Lobby, completed the quadrangle of the inner court, forming a complete whole which in its day was unsurpassed for its imposing grandeur and vast extent.

After this we turn to another picture, which is sure to present itself to every visitor. From our position we overlook the entire inner court and the facades of all the buildings as they stand completed to our mental vision. What

her celebrated visit to this un-knightly Blue-beard, and for fourteen days she is entertained with regal magnificence. Let us now pass outside and into what was formerly the outer court, seven acres in extent. There is not much to be seen here now, but at the time of which we speak the Castle was inclosed by strongly fortified walls, towers, etc., on the east and north by high banks and a moat, and on the west and south there was a lake, which washed the Castle walls. Where the orchard is now was the Pleasance; this was



KENILWORTH AND CHURCH.

picturesque scenes have transpired here! Kings and queens, great lords and stately dames, illustrious warriors and chivalrous knights, courtly beauties and noble gallants have passed to and fro, exchanged courtesies, whispered love tales, indulged in court gossip, and maybe hatched intrigues. Here, too, the beautiful Amy Robsart, the neglected wife of the ambitious Dudley, no doubt shed many bitter tears. But the noble lord seeks the hand of the virgin queen, and the lovely Amy, by some barbarous means, is put out of the way.

In the meantime, the queen pays

surrounded with ornamental gardens which contained a sumptuous aviary, splashing fountains and statues.

During the civil wars the Castle was seized by Oliver Cromwell. He gave the whole manor to several officers of his army, whose rapacious hands left it what it now is. They dismantled the towers, drained the lake, cut down the woods, destroyed the park and chase, and divided the land among them into farms, which they continued to hold till the Restoration.

Sir Walter Scott says: "If a single glance will recall images of

ancient grandeur, and connect what remains with what is lost, fancy will soon raise the pile, fashion its ornaments, and adapt its appendages without a guide. In all its pristine beauty, it will present to his view that large pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding the inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there emblazoned, emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away."

On our return we paused for a few minutes at Blacklow Hill, to look at a monument erected to commemorate a tragic event that occurred there in the reign of Edward II., the execution of Piers Gaveston, who is described as "the haughty favourite" of that king. John de Baliol, and other nobles who were at enmity with the king, seized Gaveston and conveyed him to Warwick Castle. The Earl, who was greatly incensed against him for applying to himself the epithet of the "Black Hound of Arden,"



GUY'S CLIFF, FROM THE MILL.

Its lofty towers lie prostrate under the verdant turf once so lavishly decorated with its noble terrace, gay parterres, and costly works of art. Not a vestige of them now remains. Where princes feasted and heroes fought—now in the bloody earnest of the storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, when beauty dealt the prize which valour won—all is now desolate.

With Elizabeth—"the daughter of a hundred kings"—the last of the Tudor line, came the last gleam of courtly splendour that lighted up the princely halls of Kenilworth.

by which he was afterwards known, was no doubt a consenting party to what followed. Gaveston was taken from the Castle and beheaded on this hill. The inscription reads: "In the hollow of this rock was beheaded, on the first day of July, by barons lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the minion of a hateful king, in life and death a memorable instance of misrule."

On reaching Guy's Cliff, we turn down the driveway which leads to the mill, a very old structure said to have been erected by the Saxons; and there is no reason why this statement should be dis-

puted, for it bears in its time-worn walls the genuine stamp of antiquity. Through all these ages it has gone on peacefully grinding the farmers' corn, and contributing its share to the well-being of the surrounding neighbourhood. The Avon, which flows quietly around, also furnishes the power which drives the mill. At its front the river widens out into a charming lakelet, and across this, looking from the mill, the finest



AVENUE TO GUY'S CLIFF.

view of Guy's Cliff is to be had. The mansion stands out upon the high standstone rock, surrounded by lofty elms inviting inspection. Let us take a seat on the bench under this fine old linden, and enjoy for a short time the charming picture that lies before us. The rays of the declining sun are playing through the rustling leaves and shimmering on the placid water. No sound is heard save the splash of the old water-wheel at the side

of the mill. There is nothing to disturb or draw the attention away from the beauties that meet the eye on every hand, and which combine to make up a picture of unsurpassable loveliness. The most prominent feature in the fair scene before us is the beautiful mansion which overlooks the river.

Like all such places it has a history—a history that runs back more than four centuries before Sir Guy appears to give it a name and render it famous. The rock is perforated with caves, and in one of these Earl Guy sought retirement from the world and spent his last days in pious devotions. He lived, the tradition says, completely disguised, and daily repaired to the castle gates of Warwick to receive from the hands of his countess the pittance which charity doled out. She was unconscious of his presence, nor was it till the hand of death was laid upon the mighty hero that he consented to make himself known to her by the means of a ring, the pledge of an early affection. She immediately hastened to receive his parting breath and close his dying eyes. The rites of Christian burial were administered and his body laid in the cave in which the evening of his life had been passed.

The mansion—the property belongs to Miss Bertie Percy—is not open to sight-seers, though visitors can get admission to the grounds at the lodge gate, and they are well worth going through. From the cliff is a view which the most inattentive observer of nature cannot help admiring. At your feet, far below, the "soft-flowing Avon" glides peacefully past, between meadows clothed in carpets of the freshest sward, and trees of the largest growth bow their branches till the foliage kisses the stream as it passes. The old mill, venerable for its antiquity, is partly embossed by trees, and partly ex-

posed to sight. A fine cascade by its side, spanned by an Alpine bridge, is sufficiently distant to convey to the spectator a soothing murmur. Opening glades between trees show the cattle browsing in peaceful security. High above the old mill, on a lofty rock, is seen the monument of the proud, yet obsequious—haughty, yet abject—Piers Gaveston, the object of a monarch's love, the victim of a subject's hate.

Crossing the avenue, a gentle descent brings us to the well from which the mighty Guy slaked his thirst. The water rises into two circular basins or wells, and is so limpid that the bottom of the well, although of great depth, may readily be seen. A glass is placed

on the edge of the well for the use of any one who may wish to follow the example of the noble Guy. Farther on is Guy's Cave, where repose the bones of one whom former ages venerated almost as a saint. The coach-houses, wood-houses, and stables are formed in the solid rock, which rises to a great height on the right of the court, clothed on its sides with creeping plants, and crowned with flowering shrubs and forest trees. The sun was now sinking rapidly behind the western woods. We turned away, but paused for a moment as we passed to have a parting view of the splendid avenue which leads from the road to the mansion through a mass of noble old trees.

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#### OBSCURE MARTYRS.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

They have no place in storied page ;  
 No rest in marble shrine ;  
 They are past and gone with a perished age,  
 Thy died and "made no sign."  
 But work that shall find its wages yet,  
 And deeds that their God did not forget,  
 Done for their love divine—  
 These were their mourners, and these shall  
 be  
 The crowns of their immortality.

O, seek them not where sleep the dead,  
 Ye shall not find their trace ;  
 No graven stone is at their head,  
 No green grass hides their face ;  
 But sad and unseemly is their silent grave—  
 It may be the sand or the deep-sea wave,

Or a lonely desert place ;  
 For they need no prayer and no mourning  
 bell—  
 They are tombed in true hearts that knew  
 them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were  
 broken,  
 And dried sad eyes till theirs lost sight ;  
 We shall know at last by a certain token  
 How they fought and fell in the fight.  
 Salt tears of sorrow unhehld,  
 Passionate cries unchronicled,  
 And silent strifes for the right—  
 Angels shall count them, and earth shall sigh  
 That she left her best children to battle and  
 die.

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#### OCTOBER.

The month of carnival of all the year  
 When Nature lets the wild earth go its way,  
 And spend whole seasons on a single day.  
 The springtime holds her white and purple dear ;  
 October, lavish, flaunts them far and near.  
 The summer charily her reds doth lay  
 Like jewels on her costliest array ;  
 October, scornful, burns them on a bier.  
 The winter hoards his pearls of frost in sign  
 Of kingdom ; whiter pearls than winter knew,  
 Or empress wore, in Egypt's ancient line,  
 October, feasting 'neath her dome of blue,  
 Drinks at a single draught, slow filtered through  
 Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine !

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

## CHAUCER AND WYCLIFFE.

"The morning stars sang together."

BY A. H. REYNAR.



CHAUCER.

On the 25th of October, 1900, we celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the death of Geoffrey Chaucer. The occasion will naturally call up many recollections of him and of his times. The purpose of this article is to call attention to the relation of Chaucer and of his great contemporary, Wycliffe, to the age in which they lived.

Wycliffe is commonly called "the Morning Star of the Reformation," and Chaucer has been called "the poet of the dawn." These expressions lead us to look before and after—they suggest the form before the reform, and the darker time before the dawn. The first subject to be considered is, therefore, the order of things in the age before Wycliffe and Chaucer, and how it differed from the order of modern times.

One of the most striking differences between the old order and the new is the comparative absence from the Old World of what we now call the middle classes. There were only the upper classes and the lower. The upper classes had many privileges and all rule, the lower classes had many duties and few rights. In Church and in State it was for the few to command and for the many to obey. This state of things had resulted from the early feudal organization of society. The caste system of the East, with its impassable barriers, had not established itself in the West, but in the old time, European society was divided into classes resembling in some respects the Eastern castes. These were, first, the warrior or ruling class; secondly, the priestly or learned class, and, thirdly, the



agricultural class. There were also artists, mechanics, and traders, according to the comparatively simple demands of the times. The almost ceaseless wars, great and small, that lasted for many generations, made this the best, if not the only possible organization, for those early times in Europe.

In course of time the smaller states were consolidated into great kingdoms and nations, wars became less frequent, and a more settled order was established. With the arrest of the waste of life, labour, and property, there came improvement in the material condition of the working, producing, and mercantile classes. The material improvement was followed by social and intellectual improvement and greater strength and independence of spirit. Privileges and immunities were secured by wealthy corporations, and at last the great middle classes arose, resting on the industry of the people and sharing the privileges and power that had once been confined to the descendants of the feudal chiefs.

Wycliffe and Chaucer were the Morning Stars of the new order—they sang together at the dawn of modern times. Wycliffe was born A.D. 1324, and died 1384. Chaucer was born probably in 1340, and died October 25, 1400. Each of these great men lived just sixty years, but each in his own sphere did a work for England and for the world that should be remembered as long as the world lasts.

Much as these men differed from each other, the one being emphatically a man of God, and the other what we sometimes call a man of the world, they resembled each other in some important particulars, and most of all in the fact that they were both men of the new age—modern men as distinct from the men of the mediæval

time. This will be more clearly seen when set forth in the following particulars.\*

In the old age, men were in general possessed of a weak mistrust of themselves, and a childish submission to whatsoever "had been said by them of old time." In Wycliffe and Chaucer we have men who trust, and are not afraid whenever God speaks to them directly in their own personal conscience and consciousness. No array of Popes and Fathers and Councils could daunt Wycliffe or make him go counter to what his own reason and conscience affirmed. His position was the same as that of Luther at the great Council of Worms. "Un-



THE TABARD INN, SOUTHWARK, NAMED IN THE "CANTERBURY TALES."

less I am convinced by clear reasoning or by Holy Scripture, I cannot and I will not retract. Here I take my stand. I can do nothing else. God help me." So said the great German Reformer in the fifteenth century, and the words suit Wycliffe exactly, some hundred and fifty years earlier.

As Wycliffe trusted to his own perceptions and recognitions in truth and goodness, so did Chaucer trust to his own perceptions and recognitions in truth and beauty. It had been the custom of older writers to go to the world of fancy, of romance, and of classic

lore for their literary subjects. But whilst Chaucer availed himself of the treasures of the old literature, his chief delight was in the nature and human nature that surrounded him. Even in his rehandling of old subjects—his twice told tales, there is a marked change from the artificial and musty devices and traditions of the past to the light and freshness of the actual experience of men and things. This heartfelt delight in the beauties of nature, and this vital and kindly sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men mark Chaucer as a man of modern times, a man who took the truth and beauty that he saw and felt, and did not merely sing a song that he had learnt.

But one swallow does not make the summer. And we cannot be sure that we have reached a new age because we find two men of such marked independence and individuality as Wycliffe and Chaucer. All through the ages there were men who seemed to have thought independently, but they generally found it best to keep their independent thoughts pretty much to themselves. It was not so with Wycliffe and Chaucer. They could appeal and did appeal with confidence to the same healthy instincts in the people as were of such authority in their own souls. And the people gave encouraging response. The common people heard gladly the gospel teaching of Wycliffe and his poor preachers. It is true that the strong vested and political interests arrayed against him and his followers were more than they could cope with. For the time the attempt "to touch the crown of the pope and the bellies of the monks," to use the words of Erasmus, ended in apparent failure. But the people cherished Wycliffe's doctrine in their quiet English homes,

till the better times of the Reformation, and his scholars carried it beyond the seas. It came into the light again in the reformation of Bohemia, and finally was vindicated in the great German Reformation. When, in 1416, Jerome was cruelly done to death at Constance for his Wycliffite opinions, he summoned his judges to appear before the Great Judge of all within one hundred years. Of course he meant that they would be called to give an account for the deeds done in the body, but it is noteworthy that just one hundred years after the treacherous and cruel martyrdom of Jerome and Huss, Luther began the great trial of the papacy before the bar of history, and of the final verdict we can have no doubt.

The confidence of Chaucer in the judgment of his countrymen was also justified by the result. He was recognized as the great poet of the day, and the next great poet of the English people, Edmund Spenser, has given us the familiar description that all the after time has endorsed :

"Dan Chaucer, Well of English undefyled,  
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be  
fyled."

Another indication of the great change from the old to the modern age was the use of the English tongue instead of the Latin and French, the language of the people instead of the language of the church or that of the court. Wycliffe was the first to make this important change in his pamphlets and tracts for the times, and most of all in his version of the Bible, the first complete version in the English tongue. Chaucer made the change in poetry, and thus became the poet of the people as well as of hall and bower. Nothing could show more clearly that Englishmen had reached the stage in which they began to realize their rights and power. Before this



WYCLIFFE.

they were in a sense infants. They could not speak for themselves, but from this time whoever would control the English people in Church or State must speak the English tongue.

Yet another note of the modern world may, I think, be heard in the songs of the great prophet and the great poet of the dawn. It is faintly heard perhaps, but yet distinctly—the note of democracy. Neither Chaucer nor Wycliffe can be called democrats in the coarse and aggressive sense so often given to the word in our day. They were no worshippers of the many-headed multitude, no flatterers of brute force in the many or in the few, but they were the friends and lovers of all gentleness.

It may go without saying that Wycliffe was in favour of the rule of the people. To a large extent this was true of all churchmen, for the principle of election was that by which the rulers of the Church were chosen. The great historian of civilization has sought to bring out the help that the Church has given to the modern world by conserving the principle of election. In accordance with this principle the son of a blacksmith is raised to the highest rule in Christendom, and kings and emperors pay him reverence. It could not perhaps have been otherwise with church appointments, considering the celibacy of the clergy, but so it was, and the principle of election was conserved in this way through all the violence of warring centuries and the selfish limitations of rule

to the heirs of the great. It is no wonder that Wycliffe was friendly to the reasonable aspirations of the people. But Chaucer was a man of wealth and of wealthy and aristocratic connections. Yet he is no worshipper of wealth or rank.

The qualities he holds up for our admiration are those that belong to no rank, that cannot pass from father to child by blood or by inheritance, but that may be cultivated by the lowly as well as by the nobly born. Of the knight in the Canterbury Tales he says :

“ And though that he were worthy, he was  
wys,  
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.  
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde  
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight  
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.”

In the Wife of Bath's Tale we read again :

“ But for ye speken of swich gentillesse  
As is descended out of old richesse  
That therefore sholden ye be gentilmen,  
Swich arrogance is nat worth an hen ;  
Loke who that is most vertuouse alway  
Privee and apert, and most entendeth ay  
To do the gentil dedes that he can,  
And tak him for the grettest gentil man.  
Crist wol, we clayme of him our gentillesse  
Nat of our eldres for hir old richesse.  
For thogh they yeve us al hir heritage,  
For which we clayme to been of heigh  
parage,  
Yet may they nat biquethe, for no-thing,  
To none of us hir virtuous living,  
That made hem gentil men y-called be ;  
And bad us folwen hem in swich degree.”

In their treatment of such old-time superstitions and extravagances as alchemy, astrology, etc., both Wycliffe and Chaucer are altogether of the modern spirit, and really in advance of their own times. Kings and popes and philosophers, some of them for many a day after Chaucer, were still under the spell of those fond delusions, and were slow to reach the freedom of the children of the light.

Before leaving the comparison of Wycliffe and Chaucer we look again, and not without regret, to

the great difference between them. Wycliffe, we have said, was emphatically a man of God. He was filled with a divine enthusiasm for the good, and gave his life to the moral enlightenment and uplifting of the people. We cannot help regretting that Chaucer did not speak out more clearly on that greatest of all subjects. Some there are who suppose that he may have done so, but that all traces of such utterances were removed by the friends of the Old Church who handled his literary remains. But the general character of Chaucer's writings renders it very improbable, perhaps even impossible, that he ever wrote words so strong and earnest that priestly opposition would seek to erase them. Chaucer was not a Luther, or a Calvin, but rather an Erasmus. He was above all things an artist, and as an artist we take him, though we may wish that he had been also something more than an artist. It has been maintained that the good cause was all the better served in that it had the greatest artist as well as the greatest moralist of the age to help it. Certain it is that the humour of Chaucer could not be suppressed even by those who succeeded in silencing the Lollard preachers. It continued to help the truth indirectly but powerfully before all England, when the followers of Wycliffe could not speak except in whispers and at the peril of their lives.

If it was in the dawn that Chaucer sang, and if Wycliffe was the Morning Star, we ask ourselves, “ What is now the time of day in our enlightenment ? ” The constitutional optimism of some and perhaps the conceit of others will lead them to say that we are now at the hour of noon. The constitutional pessimism of others may lead them to say that we are now at the setting of the sun. But

the just answer may be found by ascertaining how the principles of Wycliffe in religion and of Chaucer in poetry have fared in the past and are faring now. That those principles have completely triumphed no one will maintain, but that they have prospered and are prospering still few of the judicious will deny. The dawn in which Wycliffe and Chaucer lived and worked was only a dawn, a dark and cloudy dawn. The Morning Star was soon covered by the clouds, and the first rays of the sun have only touched the mountain tops and some of the high uplands, whilst the lowlands and the valleys have not yet seen the glory. It may be only a little past the dawn, but the light is spreading. The fogs and mists that are called up by the first morning rays will be dissipated by the stronger shining of the sun. Doubters may point to the mas-

sacres in Armenia and China, and ask, “Where are the signs of the coming day?” But we remember that in other places the dawn was marked by the same lurid lights. The recent atrocities in Armenia and China are no more atrocious than those practised by Christians on Christians in France and Holland some three hundred years ago, and some two hundred years ago the Protestant Presbyterian Covenanters of Scotland suffered at the hands of their Protestant Episcopalian persecutors such cruelties and wrongs as would disgrace the Turks of the present day. The better light that has come to France and Holland and England is spreading still, and it will spread over all the dark places of the earth that are yet full of the habitations of cruelty “till the day break and the shadows flee away.”

## OCTOBER. —“FINIS CORONAT OPUS.”

BY ALFRED H. VINE.

Gathered the grain from hill and plain :  
The rough-combed fields await the share.  
Or frankly fallow take the sun,  
The wind, the rain. Far gone is care,  
And work is done.

The vapour's hue, as turquoise blue,  
Or bloom upon the untouched plum,  
Half hides those pensive curfew fires  
Of leaves decaying—signal dumb  
That life expires,

And seasons end. Yet doth each tend  
Unto its fruitful golden goal—  
The happy “Well done” of Christ's text.  
Then from Eternity's dim scroll  
God calls the next.

Thus come, thus go, in their calm flow,  
The months, the years, the ages long :  
Each doth its own wave-offering give,  
Add to the everlasting song,  
And, dying, live.

But ah, *my* fields ! How sparse they yield !  
Yea, though with thrifty care I walk.  
Searching the nooks and corners o'er  
And glean each honey-coloured stalk  
To swell my store,

So small and poor ! Thy threshing floor  
Must shame me, when the winnowed wheat  
(Husk, glume, and stalk all driven away).  
Just the mere grain—before Thy seat.  
I trembling lay !

Not many lives but only one have we ;  
One, only one.  
How sacred should that one life ever be,  
That narrow span !  
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,  
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

## DR. GRENFELL'S LABRADOR MISSION.\*

BY MABELLE BIGGART.



Hark ! hark ! I hear you, whistling shroud,  
 I see you, quivering mast ;  
 The black throat of the hunted cloud  
 Is panting forth the blast.  
 An hour, and whirled like winnowing chaff,  
 The giant surge shall fling  
 Its tresses o'er you, pemnon staff :  
 White as the sea-bird's wing.

—O. W. Holmes.

It is now eight years since the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen began medical mission work along the coast of Labrador. Seven years have elapsed since they sent out the Hospital Mission vessel, "Albert," under the care of Dr. Grenfell. The fisherfolk who remain all winter on the coast, together with some two thousand Eskimos, are cut off from civilization from December to June by the frozen sea. They are miserably poor, and in a sub-Arctic climate, frequently short of the necessaries of life. Until the advent of the Mission Hospital ship, the people every year endured most unnecessary suffering; lost limbs for want of proper medical treatment, and were thus deprived of the means of earning a livelihood for themselves or their families. Many died because of

the impossibility of getting skilled assistance. Twenty-nine persons died at one harbour of diphtheria, absolutely without assistance.

Subsequently two small mission hospitals were erected on the coast, two hundred miles apart. A trained nurse and qualified medical missionary are maintained at each. One hospital is kept open all winter, and one doctor travels the entire coast in summer with a small steamer and in winter with an Eskimo dog-sleigh.

The northern boundary of Labrador, from Cape Webech to Cape Chudleigh, is the proper home of the Eskimos, who number about fourteen hundred. Of these one hundred are heathen, who live at the north of Ramah, the northernmost station of the Moravian Mission. There are in the interior of the country Indians who are called "mountaineers," or "hunting Indians." They once formed a great nation, and could bring into the field a thousand warriors to repel the incursions of the Eskimos, with whom they were constantly at war, and for whom they still have a bitter hatred and contempt.

Travelling in that land of snow and barrenness is a trying experience. A very long, narrow sled is drawn by six dogs, who branch out with single lines attached—the most intelligent dog being a "leader." On the sled is strapped the mother, and on her back is her babe tucked snugly into the hood of her fur jacket. The mother is dressed precisely like the father, in fur from head to foot, and unembarrassed by long dresses. The man of the family is seated in front, and is whirling his long lash over the dogs who are racing at full speed. Some Moravian mis-

\* By courtesy of the *Christian Herald*.

sionaries who have been working among the Eskimos for many years told me that every bit of thread used in the sewing of their garments was made from the seal skin, and the long skin boots were brought to perfection by the perseverance of the Eskimo women.

These people have huts that are movable, and often travel with them to better quarters, to avoid the avalanches of snow and ice, or to be nearer the hunting grounds. Frequently the food supply is exhausted, and the dogs then become ravenous, and turn upon their

great ethnological study. They are a musical people. In summer they board the mission ships, by whose workers the Gospel of Christ has been carried to them. Their voices, which are sweet and musical, join in the hymns, and they accompany their singing by their orchestra of no mean pretensions.

Of the present work of the hospitals established on that barren coast, and the mission and medical ships which visit them, it would be impossible to speak too highly. There is no lack of funds for



HOSPITAL MISSION.

drivers. Again, a favourite dog has been known to go to the nearest neighbour, ten miles away, in search of food, and return in time to save the life of his master.

To the noble Moravian missionaries, who have endured poverty and sacrifice unspeakable, is due the foundation of a civilized life among the Eskimos of Labrador. It was not an easy task to teach these people. The missionaries had first to acquire their language—a most difficult one. The faces of the people have a stolid expression. On the whole they are a

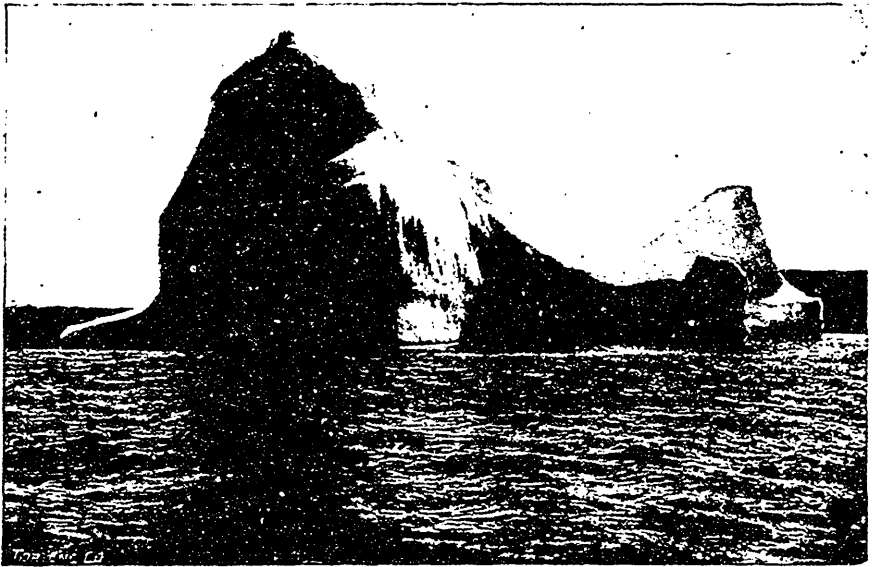
carrying on the work. Her Majesty the Queen is a leading patron of the mission. The generosity with which the Deep-Sea Mission is supported by people in England and elsewhere is shown by the enormous bales of clothing sent out to the workers for distribution among the poor, the supply being sufficient to clothe a large proportion of the people on the coast. This gratuitous distribution of clothing tends to lower the self-reliance and independence of the beneficiaries.

The whole winter population

along the coast does not amount to more than three thousand, and including the Eskimo and Moravian settlements, it is probably something over four thousand. These Eskimos call themselves "Innuits," which means men. Eskimo, it is said, was a name originally given to them by the early Arctic voyagers, and means, literally, "eaters of raw flesh." The population in summer is over twenty thousand, large numbers coming from the northern bays of New-

then. The services of the mission workers are welcomed by the fishermen, and the doctors are a great blessing.

Every coasting steamer is employed to carry mails and passengers from July 1—the commencement of the fishing season—to its close, and to carry a government doctor. The government steamer, going and coming, makes one hundred calls. The patients are taken on board and treated, and the government doctor is enabled to at-



AN ICEBERG.

foundland. They are a religiously inclined people, and have been accustomed, from their early days, to regular church-going. Their time on the Labrador coast is from six to twelve weeks. Many of these fishermen conduct prayers of the church and hold prayer-meetings on board their own boats; indeed, scarcely a vessel can be found on board which there is not a Bible, a prayer-book, and a hymn-book. Thus it will be seen that the Deep-Sea Mission do not appeal to hea-

tend to all but the most serious cases occurring on the coast, and in these latter we have the work of the Deep-Sea Mission medical steamers. The hospitals do a vast amount of gratuitous philanthropic work. The resident doctor not only attends to his particular duty, but makes occasional visits to the neighbouring harbours.

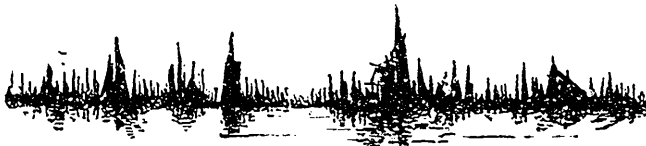
A writer who has been among the fishermen, gives this interesting reminiscence of the mission's work in the earlier days:



“Year in, year out, there are, in that wide expanse of troubled waters, several big fleets of fishing vessels. Each smack has eight weeks at sea, followed by eight days at home. Before the mission was started, the fisherman, even in his hour of leisure, had nothing that would enable him to escape the painful monotony of such a life. In this, certain cunning minds saw an opportunity. From one of the Dutch ports, a vessel would put out laden with liquor, usually aniseed brandy of the vilest sort. Now, to the fishermen, tobacco is almost a necessity. These vessels—copers, their captains were called—accordingly brought tobacco. They knew the men would be only too eager for it, and it was used as the bait to get them on board, so that they might be supplied with alcohol. The state of affairs that prevailed in the fleets for years, consequent upon the presence of these copers, defies

description. Many lives were lost after whole crews had been drinking on these wretched vessels. Men slipped overboard getting into their boats, and were drowned; or, maddened by drink, plunged into the sea, and were never seen again. With all the hands on a smack the worse for liquor, tragedies of all sorts were numerous. All this has been changed. The coper has been banished for ever.”

I may add that the work of the Deep-Sea Fishermen’s Mission is regarded by all fishermen, especially in its medical department, as their greatest friend! It follows faithfully the instructions and methods of the Master, who chose for some of his disciples such as these simple fishermen. They need the Divine Pilot on board their frail boats, tossing on the great sea, and He is brought very near to them all by the efforts of these consecrated workers of the Deep-Sea Mission.



## AN AUTUMN HYMN.

BY SARAH L. ARNOLD.

Blest be the generous hand  
That broadcast o'er the land,  
Near roadside wall, by roughly upturned  
sod,  
Flings free the golden-rod.

Thanksgiving for the care  
That plants the aster fair  
By dusty waysides where tired feet must  
stray—  
Star-thoughts that light the way.

For flaming banners hung  
Our swamps and woods among,  
For bowers of clematis, for woodbine's grace,  
Sing praise, sing praise!

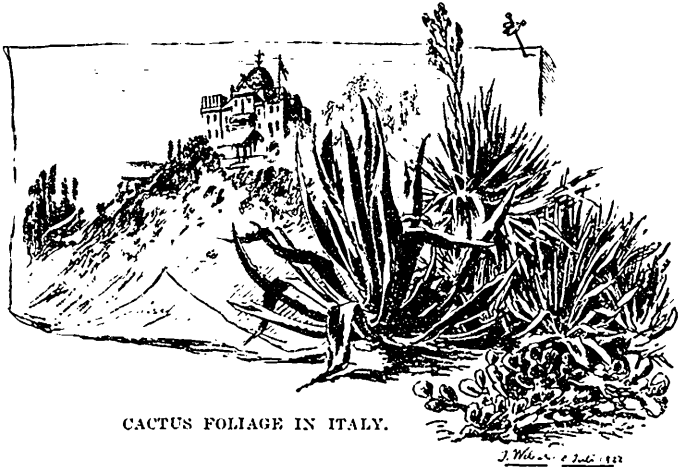
For lanes made colour-glad,  
For trees with radiance clad,  
For peerless cardinal flowers whose glowing  
ranks  
Guard the still brook, give thanks!

Where soft haze wraps the pine,  
Where gleaming sumachs shine,  
Where'er one brown sheaf grows, one bright  
flower springs,  
The glad earth sings.

Sing, heart, be glad and sing!  
For know, "So doth the King  
Desire thy beauty." Join thou in his praise  
Through all the autumn days!

## TORQUATO TASSO—THE MISERIES OF GENIUS.

BY PROFESSOR SISMONDI.



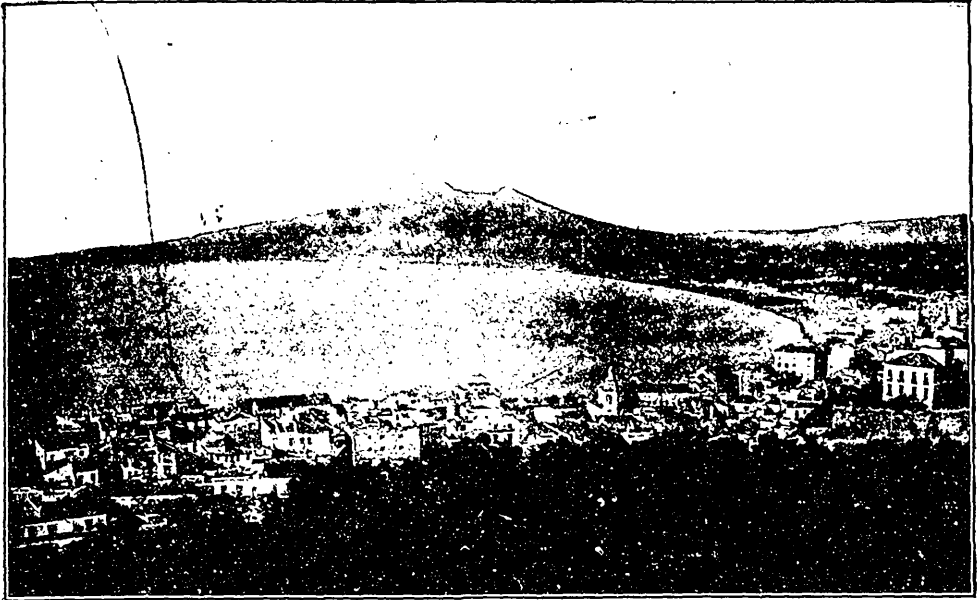
CACTUS FOLIAGE IN ITALY.

## THE BAY OF NAPLES.

My soul to-day  
Is far away,  
Sailing the Vesuvian bay;  
My winged boat,  
A bird aloft,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote :  
Round purple peaks  
It sails and seeks  
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw  
Through deeps below  
A duplicated golden glow.  
Far, vague and dim  
The mountains swim,  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With outstretched hands  
The gray smoke stands  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.  
Here Ischia smiles  
O'er liquid miles ;  
And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits,  
Her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her bright estates.  
In lofty lines,  
'Mid palms and pines,  
And olives, aloes, elms and vines,  
Sorrento swings  
On sunset wings,  
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings.

Whilst men of the first reputation in Italy failed in producing an epic poem, a young man, of twenty-one years of age, commenced writing, at the court of Ferrara, that "Jerusalem Delivered" which has placed its author by the side of Homer and of Virgil, and has elevated him, perhaps, above all modern poets. Torquato Tasso, whose misfortunes equalled his glory, devoted sixteen years to the composition of this poem, of which seven editions appeared in the same year, 1581, almost all without the concurrence of the author.

The merit of Tasso consists in having chosen the most engaging subject that could have inspired a modern poet. History presents us with the remarkable fact of a mighty contest between the people who were destined to exalt the human race to its highest pitch of civilization, and those who would



BAY OF NAPLES—NEAR HOME OF TASSO.

have reduced it to the most degrading barbarism. This was the struggle between the Christians and Saracens during the wars of the crusades.

It is not to be denied that, at the time the Latins first commenced these wars, the Saracens were greatly superior in letters, in arts, and in manners, to the Christians who attacked them. But they had already passed the meridian of their glory; and the defects of their religion and their government, and the barbarism of the Turks, were rapidly drawing them to the degrading state, in which we behold them at the present day. At the same time, the Crusaders, in spite of their ferocity, ignorance, and superstition, possessed the germs of civilization. Their force of thought and sentiment was about to develop that improvement which began with the Latins in the eleventh century, and which has rendered Europe so far superior to the rest of the world.

If the Crusaders had succeeded

in their sanguinary contest with the people of the East, Asia would have received our laws, our manners, and our customs; and would have been at this day a flourishing country, inhabited by a free and noble race. The arts for which she is formed by nature would there have attained that perfection which was known to the Greeks, and which was found in the brilliant and favoured cities of Seleucia and Antioch. The borders of the Jordan would now have been cultivated by a happy people; and the lofty walls of Jerusalem would not have stood isolated, in the midst of desert sands and rocks barren of verdure. The fruitful plains of Syria, and the delicious valleys of Lebanon, would have been the abode of peace and enjoyment, or the theatre of the most brilliant actions. The overbearing Turk, the ferocious Druse, or the savage Bedouin, would not have oppressed the wretched descendants of the most ancient people of the earth.

If the Mohammedans, on the contrary, had accomplished their projects of conquest; if the invasion of Europe, commenced at the same time in the East, in the West, and in the South, had succeeded, the energies of the human mind would have been extinguished by despotism, and none of the qualities which characterize the European would have developed themselves. He would have been cowardly, ignorant, and perfidious, like the Greek, the Syrian, and the Fellah of Egypt. His country, less favoured by nature, would have been buried amidst dark forests, or inundated by marshy waters, like the deserted districts of Romagna. The contest was terminated, without victory declaring for either power. The Mohammedans and the Franks still exist, the subjects of mutual comparison; and the latter may acknowledge, after the lapse of seven centuries, their debt of gratitude to the valour of their ruder ancestors.

The whole history of the crusades, indeed, abounds with alleged miracles. The assistance of God was invoked before battle, His arm was visible in their deliverance, His rod chastened them in defeat; and marvels were so very prevalent that the supernatural seemed to usurp the laws of nature and the common course of events. The Mohammedans, on their side, relied also on Divine protection. They invoked in the mosques, with no less confidence, the great defender of their faith and they attributed to his favour, or to his anger, their victories or their disasters.

The prodigies which each party boasted to have seen performed in their behalf, were not denied by their enemies; but as each believed themselves worshippers of the true God, so each attributed to the power of evil spirits the occasional success of their opponents. The

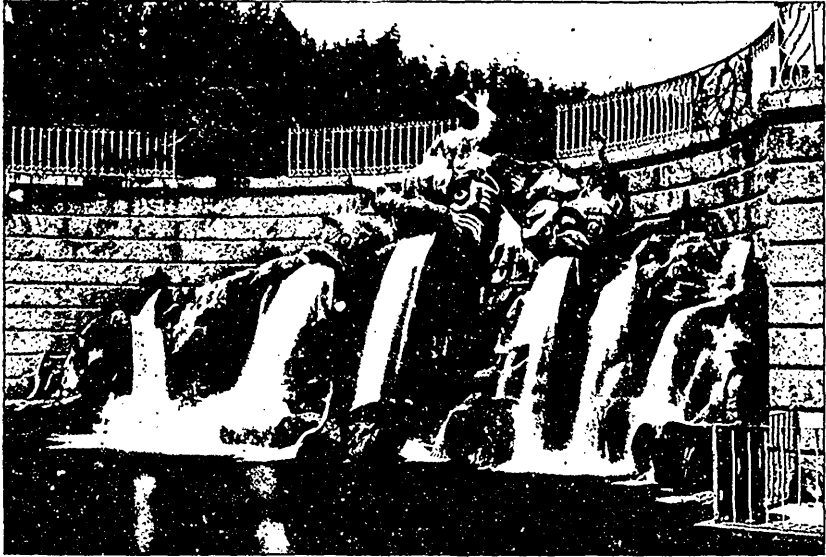
faith against which the Crusaders fought appeared to them the worship of the powers of hell. They easily believed that a contest might exist between invisible beings, as between different nations on earth; and, when Tasso armed the dark powers of enchantment against the Christian knights, he only developed and embellished a popular idea, for the adoption of which our education, our prejudices, and all our ancient traditions have prepared us.

The scene of the "Jerusalem Delivered," so rich in recollections, and so brilliant from its associations with all our religious feelings, is one in which nature displays her richest treasures, and where descriptions, in their turn the most lovely and the most austere, attract the pen of the poet. Neither the Iliad nor the Æneid possess the dignity of subject, the interest, at the same time divine and human, and the varied and dramatic action, which are peculiar to the "Jerusalem Delivered."

On the first opening of the poem of Tasso we are struck with the magnificence of the subject. He lays it all before our eyes in the first stanza:

Th' illustrious Chief who warred for Heaven,  
     I sing,  
 And drove from Jesus' tomb th' insulting  
     king.  
 Great were the deeds his arms, his wisdom  
     wrought;  
 With many a toil the glorious prize he  
     bought:  
 In vain did hell in hateful league combine  
 With rebel man to thwart the great design;  
 In vain the harnessed youth from Afric's  
     coasts,  
 Join'd their proud arms with Asia's warlike  
     hosts;  
 Heav'n smiled; and bade the wand'ring  
     bands obey  
 The sacred ensigns of His lofty sway.

We admire, in Tasso, the antique cast of his poem, and that beauty which results from the unity and regularity of design, and from the harmony of all its parts. But this merit, the principal one.



CASCADE DEI DELFINI, NAPLES.

perhaps, in our eyes, is not that which has rendered his work so popular. It is its romantic form, which harmonizes with the sentiments, the passions, and the recollections of mankind. It is because he celebrates heroes whose type exists in their hearts, that he is celebrated in his turn by the gondoliers of Venice; that a whole people cherish his memory; and that, in the nights of summer, the mariners interchange the sorrows of Erminia and the death of Clorinda.

The genius who gave to Italy the rare honour of possessing an epic poem, and who had rendered illustrious his country and the prince under whom he lived, might justly have looked for that regard and kindness which are not refused to even the most slender talents.

No poet, however, seems to have been more severely disappointed, or exposed to more lasting misfortunes. He was born at Sorrento, near Naples, 1544, and was the son of Bernardo Tasso, a gentleman of

Bergamo, who had himself enjoyed a poetical reputation. Tasso, from the age of eight years, had been remarkable for his talent for poetry. He studied law at Padua, and was invited to Ferrara in 1565. He was lodged in the castle, and a revenue was assigned to him, without imposing on him any duties. From that period he commenced his "Jerusalem Delivered," the fame of which preceded the publication, and which, known only by detached parts, was expected with impatience. In 1571, he accompanied the Cardinal d'Este to Paris, where he was honourably received.

Tasso, admitted to familiarity with the court, thought himself sufficiently on an equality there, to entertain and declare a passion, the indulgence of which was a source of constant misery to him. On another occasion, Tasso aimed a blow at a domestic with his knife in the apartments of the Duchess of Urbino, the sister of Alfonso, and was in consequence put under arrest.

His reason became disturbed, and he found means to escape, and fled as far as Sorrento. He afterwards returned, and travelled over all Italy in a state of increasing

Duke expressed his regret that so great a man should have been thus suddenly bereft of his reason; and made this circumstance a pretext for shutting him up in the hospital



TASSO SORRENTO—THE HOME OF TASSO.

agitation. Without money, without a passport, without attendants, he presented himself at the gates of Turin, where he was for some time refused admittance. The

of St. Anne, an asylum for lunatics in Ferrara.

This imprisonment of the poet was the cause of an entire mental aberration. His body became en-

feebled by the agitation of his mind. At one time, he thought himself poisoned; at another time, the victim of magic and enchantments; and terrifying apparitions haunted his couch in the sleepless hours of night.

Tasso was confined seven years in the hospital; and the voluminous writings which came from his pen during that time failed to convince Alfonso that he was in possession of his reason. The princes of Italy interposed for Tasso with the Duke, whose self-love was interested in resisting all their entreaties, and the more so because his rivals in glory, the Medici, interfered with more particular earnestness to procure the liberation of the poet.

Tasso, at length, obtained his freedom. He was obliged to write to ask for the loan of a small sum of money, without which he could not proceed on his journey. His affairs, indeed, were at all times deranged, and he always experienced the want of money. There is still preserved a will under his hand, of the year 1573, by which it is seen that his wardrobe was in pledge to the Jews; and he directs, that, after

selling his clothes and discharging what was owing on them, the rest should be employed in placing a stone, with an inscription, on his father's grave.

He survived nine years, residing occasionally at Rome and Naples, chiefly in the houses of illustrious and generous friends, who had always difficulty in saving him from the persecutions of fortune. His last letters are filled with details of his pecuniary embarrassments. At length, the Cardinal Cintio Aldobrandini received him into his house, and had prepared a festival for the occasion, in which it was intended to crown him in the Capitol: but death deprived him of this honour. The poet, whose mind now always dwelt on his health, and who was constantly administering to himself new and powerful medicines, died at Rome, on the twenty-fifth of April, 1595, aged fifty-one.

In the busy market-place at Sorrento, the scene of his birth, a statue of the poet commemorates the tragedy of his life. At the Esquiline hill at Rome a venerable ash tree is still pointed out, beneath which he used to meditate his lofty theme.

#### IN AUTUMN.

The morning when you wake and find the first  
 Few flakes of snow upon your window-sill,  
 And know the autumn's blight has come to fill  
 The world with corpses of what summer nursed,  
 In pain you cry, "Why is the earth so curst?"  
 But when the morning sun lights up the hills,  
 Rich-robed in red and gold, their beauty thrills  
 You through, and joy comes back with sudden burst.

So, when you find a flake or two of snow  
 Upon your head, which only yesterday  
 Was crowned with youth and all the joys of May,  
 Let sorrow gnaw not at your heart, but know  
 The ripe October days will with them bring  
 A glory richer than the green of Spring.

—*Marco Morrow, in the October Woman's Home Companion.*

BEETHOVEN.

BY THE LATE DANIEL WISE, D.D.



BEETHOVEN.

The name of Beethoven is familiar to every lover of classical music. His wonderful compositions are the delight of every cultivated ear. Yet he whose mission it was to afford refined pleasure to millions lived a life which was little else than a romantic tragedy, begun amidst the most sparkling

illusions of hope, and ended in the thick darkness of passionate misery.

Ludwig Van Beethoven was born at Bonn, on the 17th of December, 1770. His father and grandfather were musicians, and very naturally he was reared amidst musical associations. Though he enjoyed the advantage of a public



school and of an early acquaintance with German literature, yet his education was more musical than literary. His wonderful abilities were so highly appreciated by Count Von Waldstein that he prevailed on the Elector Max Franz to appoint him organist to the electoral chapel, when he was only fifteen years old. Shortly after he began to display his extraordinary talents by composing his first sonatas, which caused him to be much admired, too much flattered, and which won him many valuable friends. The seven years, from 1785 to 1792, formed the "happiest portion of his life." He was generously patronized in court circles, moved in the best society, and was especially benefited by the friendship of a highly cultivated family named Breuning, the members of which were "his guardian angels." Nevertheless, his happiness had these drawbacks, his father's life was discreditable, and his own popularity led him to form friendships which wasted his time, and gave him such an inordinate love of flattery as rendere<sup>d</sup> him impatient under the lash of even friendly criticism.

When twenty-two he went to Vienna, which was at that period "the central point of everything great and sublime that music had till then achieved on the soil of Germany." His object in going thither was to put himself under the tuition of the renowned Haydn, who speedily perceived that Beethoven was no ordinary pupil, and prophetically exclaimed, after listening to his extemporized performance on a given theme,

"This youth will some day make a noise in the world!"

This prediction was speedily fulfilled. The aspiring composer at once attracted the attention of a distinguished physician and patron of the musical art, named Van Swieten, and of a powerful noble-

man named Prince Karl Von Lichnowsky. The latter pensioned him, and, with his family treated him so kindly that the capricious artist, speaking of them at a later period, facetiously said:

"They would have brought me up with grandmotherly fondness, which was carried to such a length that very often the princess was on the point of having a glass shade put over me, so that no unworthy person might touch or breathe upon me."

Aided by such patronage, by the instruction of such artists as Haydn, Schenk, and Albrechtsberger, and by daily contact with the best musical talent in Vienna, Beethoven's genius soon shone forth with such dazzling splendour that his name became "a general passion, to which everything gave way." The once obscure boy from Bonn became the "bright particular star" of the musical world in Vienna.

Unfortunately the growth of his eccentricities kept pace with the development of his rare genius, and transformed some of his virtues into great faults. He had, for instance, a profound contempt for rank and wealth in themselves. To him manhood was greater than either, a prince was nothing unless he were "humane and benevolent." He measured men by their minds, not by their rank or possessions. This was right. But when he permitted this feeling to make him rude to his inferiors, disrespectful to his superiors, exacting, sullen, and passionate toward his associates, it became abnormal, offensive to others, and promoted the growth of tendencies in his character which ought to have been eliminated, but which, being cultivated, contributed largely to the misery of his maturer years.

It was a sore trial to England's greatest bard when blindness fell

upon him like a thick cloud, but this great artist was stricken by a still greater sorrow. He became deaf. At first his hearing was but slightly affected. Unskilful medical treatment aggravated it, and he became so deaf as to be unable to converse, or to hear audible music. To a musical artist what could be a greater affliction? The intensity of his sufferings is expressed with tragical emphasis in a document written by him in 1802, at a time when he supposed himself to be in a dying condition. In this melancholy paper he says:

"I have been attacked by an incurable complaint. . . I was forced to renounce the diversions of society and to pass my life in seclusion. I am obliged to live as an exile. I could not hear a sound! Such circumstances brought me to the brink of despair and had well-nigh made me put an end to my life. Nothing but my art held my hand. Ah! it seemed to me impossible to quit the world before I had produced all that I felt myself called to accomplish. And so I endured this wretched life, so truly wretched. . . O God, thou lookest down upon my misery, thou knowest that it is accompanied with love of my fellow-creatures and a disposition to do good! . . . O Providence! grant that a day of pure joy may once break for me! How long have I been a stranger to the delightful sound of real joy! When, O God! when can I again feel it in the temple of nature and of men? Never? Nay, that would be too hard!"

Only one writhing in agony like Laocoon in the deadly embraces of serpents could have written thus. Not that the artist was always in such a melancholy mood. Happily the pleasures which accompany the exercises of creative genius beguiled his thoughts during the hours he daily devoted to work.

Nevertheless, his paroxysms of misery were so very frequent that they covered his life with gloom. It was an exquisite torture ever renewed to be unable to hear the performance of his own music. Unfortunately for himself, Beethoven's cold, deistical creed prevented him from deriving that consolation from the great All-Father which none but they who approach Him through the Crucified One can receive.

Another evil result of his deafness was that of his being doomed to the solitariness of a bachelor's life. What lady would marry a deaf man? Beethoven's excitability, intensified as it necessarily was by devotion to his art, made it eminently desirable that he should find a wife, whose affectionate attentions would soothe his spirit and put a mild check upon his eccentricities. That he was deeply sensible of this need is evident from the following lines from his pen:

"Love and love alone is capable of giving thee a happier life. O God, let me at length find her—her who may strengthen me in virtue—who may lawfully be mine."

Before his deafness had become hopeless he wrote to his friend Wegeler saying, "A dear and charming girl . . . loves me as I do her, and this has brought back some happy moments, the first I have enjoyed these two years; it is the first time I feel that marriage could render me happy. She is not, unfortunately, of my station in life, and at present I could not marry, for I must be tossed about the world first."

Like all poetical natures Beethoven was very susceptible to the influence of beauty. The attentions of a lovely woman threw him into raptures. Moving as he did in the highest circles, and honoured as he was for his masterly productions, he was constantly brought into association with the most at-

tractive women in Vienna. He was constantly in love, or fancied himself to be, with some one or other high-born maiden. Under the inspiration of these short-lived and sentimental, but honourable, attachments he wrote the most tender and charming portions of his music. The expression of his passion in music often exhausted its power and left his heart free to submit to the attractions of some new charmer. These purely poetical phases of feeling did not leave any scars either in his innamorata or himself.

But to one lady, named Julia, he seems to have been profoundly attached. Certainly his correspondence with her was Werther-like in expression, and from his allusions to her in after life, his love for her appears to have been both deep and lasting. Beethoven was a poet by nature. No doubt he meant what he wrote, at least while he was penning it. His biographer thinks his love for Julia was genuine, and would have culminated in marriage but for his unfortunate deafness. Whether Julia finally refused him on that account, or whether he declined to impose himself upon her, is unknown. It is only certain that he did not wed her. Misery, not Julia, or any other maiden, became his bride.

Disappointed with respect to his desire for marriage, vexed by envious brother artists, excited by his evil-minded brothers to distrust his friends, tortured by the ingratitude of a nephew whom he adopted as a son, annoyed by his incurable deafness, nervously irritated by the absorbing study his professional duties demanded, his life became a prolonged discord. The musical world went into ecstasies while listening to his wonderful overtures, symphonies, sonatas, and songs; vast audiences shouted loud applause when he appeared on the stage after the performance of his

glorious music; his name was honoured both in his own and foreign lands. Yet he who combined the sounds which gave delight to countless thousands could hear neither his own wondrous music nor the voices which thundered the popular applause. What was fame to such a man? It could not calm his restless spirit nor keep him from that constant self-irritation which was perpetual misery. He was a magician with power to give to others pleasures which a cruel fate forbade him to taste himself. Unhappy Beethoven!

As might be expected under these circumstances, the artist's temper became very inflammable. The following incident is characteristic. He was dining at a hotel one day, when the waiter brought him the wrong dish. When reproved for his mistake the fellow answered impertinently. Beethoven, in a furious passion, instantly seized the dish of stewed beef and threw it at the waiter's head. The man's arms were filled with plates containing numerous viands, so that he could not move them. There he stood with the plenteous gravy trickling down his face, swearing and shouting at the equally enraged artist. The company in the room roared with laughter. Beethoven's passion cooled when he noticed the ludicrous aspect of the waiter, and he finally joined in the uproarious laughter of the guests.

These fits of violent anger were quite frequent, and often led to similar unpleasant scenes. In fact, in hotels where he was well known no notice was taken of his outbreaks. They were looked upon as the eccentricities of a great man, and were not resented as perhaps they deserved.

The reader will be pleased with a graphic sketch of the great man's appearance a few years before his death. It is taken from Russell's

“Tour in Germany.” Mr. Russell says:

“Though not an old man, Beethoven is lost to society in consequence of his extreme deafness, which has rendered him almost unsocial. The neglect of his person which he exhibits give him a somewhat wild appearance. His features are strong and prominent; his eye is full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his broad brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes round a Gorgon’s head offer a parallel. His general behaviour does not ill accord with this unpromising exterior. Except when he is among his chosen friends, kindness or affability are not his characteristics. The total loss of hearing has deprived him of all the pleasure society can give, and perhaps soured his temper.”

Beethoven died, after three months of severe suffering from dropsy, on the 26th of March, 1827, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He met his end, not with the calm peace or heavenly joy of the Christian, but with the Socratic courage of a deist. The consolations of the Christian faith were unknown

to this wonderful but unhappy man. He was buried at Vienna with much pomp, and twenty thousand souls witnessed the imposing ceremonies.

Competent critics place him in the foremost rank of musical composers. What Dante was in poetry he was in music. His works are original, powerful, full of inspiration, wild in their energy, but “relieved by frequent touches of tender beauty and melancholy.” He is a marvellous example of the mind’s independence of its material organs. Deprived of the ability to hear a note he nevertheless mentally conceived some of the loftiest and sweetest strains that ever gave delight to the outward sense of hearing. So clearly defined were those mental conceptions that he was able to give them written expression. His was, therefore, the music of the soul, felt as disembodied spirits feel the melodies of music. And it must be accepted as one proof of the spirituality of man, of his capacity to think and feel independently of those bodily organs which he “shuffles off” when he reaches that bourne which must be crossed, but cannot be recrossed.

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#### EARLY AUTUMN.

The world puts on its robes of glory now,  
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes,  
The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch  
Their shining tents along the sunset skies.

The distant hills are crowned with purple mist,  
The days are mellow, and the long, calm nights,  
To wondering eyes, like weird magicians, show  
The shifting splendours of the Northern Lights.

The generous Earth spreads out her fruitful store,  
And all the fields are decked with ripened sheaves;  
While in the woods, at Autumn’s rustling step,  
The Maples blush through all their trembling leaves.

—*Albert Leighton.*

“No hope is vain,  
No prayer without a sequent deed;  
He turns all seeming loss to gain,  
And finds a soil for every seed.

Some fleeting glance he doth endow;  
He sanctifies some casual word;  
Unconscious gifts his children show,  
For all is potent with the Lord.”

## THE INTELLECTUAL DRIFT OF THE CENTURY.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

## I.

There is an impression abroad that the highest mental forces of this, the most imperial of all ages, are somehow or other parting company with the teachings of a distinctly Christian theism. We are assured by the prophets of unbelief that the process of alienation and divorce is deepening and widening as the dawn of a loftier civilization flings its ever-broadening light across the world. In fact, it is asserted with all the tone of an absolute certainty, that between the influential centres of advanced thought in England, Germany, and America, and the principal facts and doctrines of the biblical revelation, there is already a divergence so great that no bridge can span, an antagonism so fierce and hopeless as to defy and reject all the reconciliations which the most ardent and amiable representatives of both sides have seen fit to propose.

We are quite within the facts when we state that a certain class of writers have done their best to inculcate this impression and to emphasize in every possible way the statement that in the conflicts which are going on, the intellectual drift or currents of the century are moving away from Christianity as a supernatural religion, and that the historic and venerable structure of past ages has had its day.

As a specimen of the assertions which an agnostic and secularistic literature has never wearied to reiterate, we quote the following. The late Mr. Froude, in a series of articles which appeared in *The Internationalist* for 1879, affirmed that "the higher minds of the age

in both science and statesmanship had swerved away from Christianity."

The late Sir William Dawson has well said that "it is a favourite position taken by writers and speakers against Christianity to represent that current oppositions are due to modern science, and that all, or nearly all, scientific men disbelieve in Christianity."

Another writer has remarked that "efforts have been made by ill-informed and sadly prejudiced men to show that the biblical documents shrink from the ordeal of science and criticism, and a shallow secularism has had the effrontery to affirm that "the advancement of thought, the diffusion of knowledge, and the progress of science are forces which are rapidly disintegrating the centre of the Christian fabric, and that the faith of many centuries is tottering to its fall." From another source we are assured that "science and philosophy are alike opposed to Christianity," and that "the progress of science has given a death-blow to all belief in the Bible."

Dr. Wall, in one of his crushing rejoinders to the late Prof. Huxley, in *The Nineteenth Century*, on the subject of Agnosticism, says: "In 'Robert Elsmere' there is some vapouring about the great critical operations of the present century having destroyed the historical basis of the Gospel narratives, when it is proved that the great result of the critical operations has in fact gone to show that the contention with which it started in the persons of Strauss and Baur, that we had no contemporary records

of Christ's life, is wholly untenable." (Our Day, July, 1889, p. 89).

Buckle, in his *History of Civilization*, and Dr. Draper, in his work on the *Intellectual Development of Europe*, and a smaller work on the *Conflict of Religion and Science*, repeat the common impression that religion has been steadily opposed to all advances in the world of scientific discovery and progress.

It is true that Prof. G. P. Fisher, in his masterly treatise on the *Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief*, has met those unfair assertions and insinuations in the most complete and unanswerable manner, and has shown that the scientific advancement of the past, and the upward movements in the intellectual realm of the past and present, have been largely in the hands of Christian men, and that there is a perfect congruity between the natural and physical sciences and the Christian faith.

It is also a fact that these misrepresentations have been industriously circulated in foreign lands by the advocates of an anti-Christian literature, and the chief impression they have sought to produce is that Christianity is losing its hold on the educated classes both of Europe and America. In the foregoing quotations we have a fair statement of the samples which have been the favourite, the popular coin of the various schools of unbelief, and it is not admitting too much when we express our firm conviction that such assertions, emphasized by many influential sources and names, have actually accomplished the desired effect in thousands of minds in producing the impression that the progressive culture and enlightenment of the age is really antagonistic to the claims of Christianity's great book, and that the highest mental tendencies of the times are

slipping away from the old moorings of a divine revelation, and yielding, once for all, an anchorage which has suffered a sure and hopeless decay.

In this contribution we desire in the most serious manner to call in question the truthfulness and fairness of the positions assumed by a number of popular, sceptical pens, whose words and assumptions we have stated above, and to deny in the strongest manner that the intellectual drift of the century is bidding farewell to the teachings of that book on which the faith and hope of Christendom so securely and calmly rest.

We do not propose to challenge the almost groundless insinuations of the masters of agnostic schools by mere bare and toothless generalities in the way of denial, but in as brief a way as possible to point out in detail what may fitly be called the overmastering and imperial forces of the century, and to glance at the direction those facts and forces are now taking.

No amount of "screaming type," no "shrieks of frightened ignorance," and no array of indignant denials, though "blazing into a warlike vehemence," will suffice as answers to the oft-repeated cry as to the divorce between Christian theism and the representative and world-shaping thought of to-day.

A more excellent method, and one every way more satisfactory, is to grapple firmly and fairly with the facts as they now stand. We are profoundly convinced that when this is even partially done, it will be seen that this persistent claim of unbelief as to the appalling divergence above referred to is entirely unsupported by the burden of testimony with which the age abounds; and it will further appear that the Christian faith, instead of relinquishing its grasp of the most powerful factors of the century, still marches at the head

of the grand army of all true progress, that it is the most cherished friend of all high mental achievement, and stands as never before by the side of all that is refined and beautiful in life; the best governments, the profoundest philosophy, the noblest poetry, the loftiest civilization, the ablest literature, and the purest humanity. That we may reach a broad and safe conclusion as to the present day religious attitude of the supreme intellectual forces now moving in and around the world, we proceed to consider some of those forces, everywhere admitted as essential items in the subjects now under review.

Our first appeal is to the trend of the deepest philosophical thought of the age. The principal exponent of the philosophic investigations of to-day, and a competent indicator of the general drift of authoritative opinion in this department of careful and profound thought, is the Victoria Institute, or Philosophical Society of Great Britain, with headquarters at London. It has a membership of some one thousand five hundred, with a large increase from year to year. The roll of members includes professors of English and foreign universities, literary and scientific men, leaders of advanced thought in various departments of important research, prominent ministers of religion of the different churches, and many others in sympathy with the objects of the society.

The chief design of the institute is to fully and impartially investigate the most important questions in philosophy and science, and more especially those that bear upon the great truths revealed in the Holy Scriptures, with the view of reconciling any apparent differences which may seem to exist between them.

The American Institute of Chris-

tian Philosophy, with a membership of many hundreds, is an offspring of the London Society, having substantially the same end in view. The "transactions" of both institutions are printed quite frequently, and many of them are of great timeliness and of permanent value. To say that these organizations are popular and widely influential is simply stating what all informed minds know to be true.

If the claims of the leaders of modern doubt respecting the growing alienation of the deepest currents of human thought from the fundamental doctrines of revelation were well sustained, it is rather significant, and we should imagine awkwardly inconvenient and perplexing, to find the largest Philosophical Societies of the century strictly orthodox, and making it their special aim to demonstrate the utter fallacy of the assumptions we are now combating. The Rev. Joseph Cook, in his Boston Monday Lectures, has shown conclusively that the advanced thought in England, Germany, and America is in the direction of Christian theism. (See "Fourteenth Annual Report of Lecture-ship.")

A comparison of the representatives of the latest positions which the profoundest philosophy has firmly established, with the most widely known authorities of a sceptical philosophy, will only bring into greater prominence the ever-broadening fact that the philosophical systems which are aspiring to the supremacy of the world are in deepest sympathy with the teachings of orthodox Christianity, and make it exceedingly clear that the serious signals of the times indicate beyond a doubt that the ripest results of modern investigation will not fail to reach the lofty and splendid destiny to which they tend.

It is in vain for the high priests of a creedless rationalism to pit the fragmentary and exceptional attitude of some Oxford professors against the great outside majority of advanced thinkers who are more or less actively in sympathy with Christian theism. Besides, it is claimed that as an authoritative representative of clear, profound, and latest thought, Oxford is no longer a voice that can be relied upon. It is, in the language of another, "more like some splendid tomb for worn-out ideas and speculations now no more. It is the place where good German philosophies go when they die." (See *Contemporary Review*, May, 1889.)

The late Prof. Christlieb once said that the theory of Strauss, which at one time made such a sensation in many circles, is dead and buried, and that its attacks no longer need to be answered in the theological departments of the German universities. "It has been swept out at the back doors of German intellectual workshops, and it ill becomes Englishmen or Americans to feed on food that Germany has thrown out-of-doors as intellectual refuse." (*Our Day*, January, 1889.)

The late Prof. Tholuck is reported to have said, "If a man is a materialist, we Germans think he is not educated," and Joseph Cook, in his *Boston Lectures on Biology*, is responsible for the assertion that "there is not in Germany to-day, except Haeckel, a single professor of real eminence who teaches philosophical materialism."

The sudden arrest, decline and death of destructive books like *Supernatural Religion*, for which a wonderful and prolonged mission was assigned, is quite significant, and brings to mind the prophecy of *The Saturday Review*, made some time ago, that "before long

the author of the book just named will be remembered only as the man who was slain by Bishop Lightfoot in *The Contemporary*."

The popularity and extensive influence of modern philosophical investigation and pursuit when conducted under the auspices of biblical teaching is seen when one single fact is borne in mind, that in 1883 Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, had a voluntary class of some three hundred students in philosophy, and yet at the same time it was well-known that he was one of the highest authorities in the world of advanced theological, orthodox thought.

We next invite attention to the relations existing between the leading authorities in the most progressive departments of scientific discovery and investigation, and the claims and contents of the Christian revelation. Many of the statements industriously circulated, as to the antagonism of influential scientists and scientific societies to the teachings of Christianity as a supernatural religion, are unsustainable by facts and in many instances glaringly and absurdly untrue. Let, however, the acknowledged authorities and the principal institutions established for the promotion of scientific interests speak for themselves.

Sir George G. Stokes, D.C.L., ex-President of the Royal Society of Great Britain, and of the Victoria Institute as well, said, in 1888: "I would observe that, having a large acquaintance with scientific men, I know what numbers of them there are who are not agnostics at all, but the reverse." (*Journal Victoria Institute*, 1889.)

In his admirable and powerful lecture delivered at Oxford a few years ago, Prof. Goldwin Smith, in dealing with *Some Supposed Consequences of the Doctrine of Historical Progress*, said that "as a matter of fact science has not only



been advanced, but for the most part created by Christians, and that Christendom will not perish under mere historical objections." (Canadian Magazine, 1889.)

"There never was a time," says one who has special facilities for obtaining information on the subject on which he speaks, "when the Bible was accepted by so many students of science as now accept it trustfully."

The British Weekly, for August, 1889, on *Is Christianity Losing Its Hold?* remarked: "We do not believe that the churches are losing hold on the people. Nor do we believe that the highest intellect of

the time is hostile to Christianity. Even in science it is not so. People are not now overawed, as they were twenty years ago, by the rush and glare of physical discovery. Huxley and Tyndall do not intimidate as they did once; they have been assigned to their true place as in the roll of popes, and their fulminations are rated as those that proceed from Rome. Their screamy politics and their blunders off their own field—witness Mr. Huxley's broken-down and bankrupt criticism of the New Testament—have helped to open people's eyes."

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## A ROMANCE OF BROOK FARM.\*

The Brook Farm social settlement of fifty years ago, and the more recent Ruskin colony in South Carolina have been two of the most interesting experiments in phalanstery life attempted in America. Both were financial failures, but both may be described as social successes. The Brook Farm community was of special interest for the literary and social status of its promoters and members. Its story forms a chapter of fascinating romance in the life story of the most notable American writers. It was in its way an outcome of Boston Transcendentalism.

This story had never been fully told till the volume under review appeared, though there have been many monographs and articles by individual writers giving glimpses and side-lights on this curious fellowship—a sort of translation into modern life of King Arthur's

goodly fellowship of the Round Table, only instead of doughty deeds of arms we have the idealization of labour and incarnation of chivalry in the plain living and high thinking of the knights and dames of Brook Farm. Hawthorne has idealized the social experiment in his "Blithedale Romance."

The originator of the scheme was George Ripley, a Unitarian minister in Boston, afterwards editor of *The American Cyclopaedia*, who was described by Carlyle as "a Socinian minister who left his pulpit in order to reform the world by cultivating onions." In 1840 he decided to purchase a milk farm near Boston, and with fifteen others, including his wife and sister, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles Dana, and others, began the new social community. Every applicant for membership had to be received on two months' probation. His labour, sixty hours a week in summer and forty-eight in winter, was the price of board. The estate cost about \$10,500, and eight years later was sold for about

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\**Brook Farm. Its Members, Scholars, and Visitors.* By Lindsay Swift. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

\$20,000, and is now used as the Martin Luther's Orphans' Home. The work done was chiefly agricultural, carpentry, shoemaking, printing, a domestic service for the women, and education, in the form of a high-class school preparing students for Oxford. Ripley lectured on Kant and Spinoza, his wife conducting a class in Dante's "Divina Commedia" in the original. Music and mathematics and high-class studies were sedulously pursued. It is remarkable that in a community reaching one hundred and twenty persons, in six years there were only two deaths, but there were fourteen happy marriages.

A very interesting account of experiences in the Brook Farm is contributed to the March number of *The Atlantic Monthly* for the current year, by Mrs. Ora Gannett Sedgwick, who recites her experiences as a girl of sixteen in this Arcadian community. From her interesting article we make the following copious quotations:

Of all the memorable company whom I found seated at the tea-table when I arrived at Brook Farm, a few weeks after its opening, not one is now alive. I myself, sole survivor of the men and women who occupied the first table in the parlour of the Hive, have already passed nearly a lustrum beyond the allotted term of life.

I realize, therefore, that if I am to comply with the repeated requests of many friends, and record my recollections of the earliest days of what, with Hawthorne, I may call "my old and affectionately remembered home," I must no longer defer the task. I esteem it both a duty and a privilege not only to correct some inaccuracies and supply some omissions in the accounts of those less familiar than myself with the inner life of those early days, but also to express my gratitude to my friends and teach-

ers at Brook Farm for the noble, sweet simplicity of the life there, which has been to me one of the most precious influences of the past threescore years.

The idea of Brook Farm originated with Rev. George Ripley, settled over Purchase Street Church in Boston, and his wife, Sophia Dana Ripley, a niece of Richard H. Dana, the poet and scholar. Mr. and Mrs. Ripley had boarded for several summers at the Ellis Farm, in West Roxbury, and were convinced that it was the ideal spot for their enterprise. They invited all interested in the scheme to meet at their pleasant home in Boston one evening a week, through the winter of 1840-41, to discuss the matter and form definite plans. These meetings called together such "cultivated and philosophic minds" as Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, William Henry Channing, and others of similar character and culture. The proposed association became the current topic of conversation in Boston and the neighbouring towns. Some laughed at it, of course, but some were as much frightened as men and women have since been by the talk of the anarchists.

I was then a girl of nearly sixteen, living in a college town. My mother, a woman of rare discernment, wishing to send me away to a good school, and knowing that teaching as well as farming was included in the scheme, attended the meetings at the Ripleys' house, not without some opposition and ridicule from her Philistine friends.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Ripley, then Miss Dana, had been a most successful teacher in Cambridge. She was a woman of elegant manners and perfect self-control, qualities which insured her a remarkable degree of influence over her pupils. My mother felt that she could intrust my intellec-

tual and moral training to her with the greatest confidence; but my father was a clergyman, with a large family and the usual small income of his profession, and there was some hesitation. On learning, however, that I could work four hours a day for my board, leaving only my tuition to be paid for in money, my parents decided to send me.

One pleasant afternoon in June, 1841, my father drove over to West Roxbury with me in the family chaise, with my trunk securely strapped beneath, and left me at the Nest. This was a small house occupied by Miss Ripley, a sister of George Ripley, and a few young boys brought with her from her school in Boston. We all took our meals at the Hive, and in the autumn went there to live.

The Hive was the Ellis farmhouse, one of the lovely old New England houses, with a broad hall running through the whole length. The walls of the hall were lined with open bookshelves filled with rare English, French, and German books, belonging to Mr. Ripley, who had, I imagine, one of the finest libraries in Boston at that time, especially in foreign works. The books were always free to all, a fact which showed the real generosity of Mr. Ripley.

The company on which my eyes fell, when I arrived at the farm, included Mr. and Mrs. Ripley; George P. Bradford, kinsman and friend of Emerson; John S. Dwight, musician and scholar; Nathaniel Hawthorne, then a young man, not yet married, but engaged; Rev. Mr. Burton, a Unitarian clergyman; Miss Sarah Stearns, niece of Mr. Ripley, a young woman of much culture and charm; the family from the Nest; and a pupil of about my own age, tall, fair-haired, and beautiful to look upon, Ellen Slade.

There soon came others to our

little company: Minor Pratt, a printer, who brought with him his wife and two little sons, one of whom afterwards married Annie Alcott, the "Meg" of "Little Women."

Charles A. Dana, the late editor of the New York Sun, then a handsome collegian, came over from Cambridge and passed a day or two in the course of the summer, and later took up his abode with us. Theodore Parker's farmer, William Allen, had been deeply interested in the idea of the association, and soon came to take charge of the farm.

William must have been a man of power in his way, as he was the head farmer, and the four or five men who fitted boys for college (I fancy this was the surest source of income to the association) must have been directed by him and his brother in all the work of the farm. I remember well that George P. Bradford and Mr. Hawthorne had the care and milking of the cows, but not to the exclusion of other less Arcadian labours. Mr. Hawthorne seems to have had a rather tender feeling for his charges, expressing forcibly in *The Blithedale Romance* his indignation at their "cold reception" of him on his return from an absence of several weeks. I recall distinctly the names of two cows, Daisy and Dolly, from the fact that Messrs. Hawthorne and Bradford were particular always to assign to these cows adjoining stalls in the barn at night, because they were always together in the pasture. I recollect also Mr. Bradford's often begging me to stop at the gate through which the long line of cows came at evening, and watch the varying and interesting expressions on their faces.

The pigs too came in for their share of Mr. Hawthorne's care. When, in the following winter, the Brook Farmers, as a delicate atten-

tion, sent a sparerib to Mrs. George S. Hillard, with whom he was then staying in Boston, thinking to please him, he raised his hands in horror, and exclaimed, "I should as soon think of a sculptor's eating a piece of one of his own statues!"

As I remember our meals, they were most delightful times for talk, humour, wit, and the interchange of pleasant nonsense. When our one table had grown into three, Charles A. Dana, who must have been a very orderly young man, organized a corps of waiters from among our nicest young people, whose meals were kept hot for them, and they in their turn were waited on by those whom they had served. I have seen Mr. Dana reading a small Greek book between the courses, though he was a faithful waiter. The table talk was most delightful and profitable to me. Looking back over a long and varied life, I think that I have rarely sat down with so many men and women of culture, so thoroughly unselfish, polite, and kind to one another, as I found at those plain but attractive tables. All seemed at rest and at their best. There was no man, tired with the stock market and his efforts to make or to increase a big fortune, coming home harassed or depressed, too cross or disappointed to talk. There was no woman vying with others in French gowns, laces, and diamonds. The fact that all felt that they were honoured for themselves alone brought out more individuality in each, so that I have often said that I have never elsewhere seen a set of people of whom each seemed to possess some peculiar charm.

I do not recollect Hawthorne's talking much at the table. Indeed, he was a very taciturn man. One day, tired of seeing him sitting immovable on the sofa in the hall, as I was learning some verses

to recite at the evening class for recitation formed by Charles A. Dana, I daringly took my book, pushed it into his hands, and said, "Will you hear my poetry, Mr. Hawthorne?" He gave me a sidelong glance from his very shy eyes, took the book, and most kindly heard me. After that he was on the sofa every week to hear me recite.

My memories of Mr. Hawthorne are among the pleasantest of my Brook Farm recollections. His manners to children were charming and kind. I saw him one day walking, as was his custom, with his hands behind his back, head bent forward, the two little Bancrofts and other children following him with pleased faces, and stooping every now and then with broad smiles, after which they would rise and run on again behind him. Puzzled at these manoeuvres, I watched closely, and found that although he hardly moved a muscle except to walk, yet from time to time he dropped a penny, for which the children scrambled.

Among our regular visitors in that first year were; Emerson, who came occasionally to spend a day; Margaret Fuller, who passed weeks at a time with us; and Theodore Parker, who was a frequent caller. The last, a warm personal friend of Mr. Ripley, lived within walking distance, and we were often amused at the ceremonies of his leave-taking. When he took his departure, after spending two or three hours in close conversation with Mr. Ripley, the latter always started to accompany him part of the way; at the end of a mile or so, when Mr. Ripley turned back, Mr. Parker, in his turn, became escort, Mr. Ripley resuming the role when Brook Farm was reached. In this way, the two men, always absorbed in con-

versation, walked back and forth, until sometimes another couple of hours were added to the solid talk.

Wendell Phillips came once, but I was away and did not see him. On my return I was flattered to hear that he had especially asked for me; but my pride had a fall when I learned that he had supposed the "Ora" of whom he had heard so much to be a favourite cat.

As our family soon grew too large for the Hive, two other houses were built while I was there. One, perched on a hill not far from the Hive, and built upon the rock, was named the Eyrice. In this was a good-sized room for our musical evening; also a library, to which, on its completion, the books were removed from the hall in the Hive. That the Eyrice was built on the scriptural foundation I know, from having once seen the elegant Burrill Curtis, brother of George William Curtis, filling the oil lamps of the house on the cellar floor of solid rock.

Ichabod and Edwin Morton, of Plymouth, Mass., who came to Brook Farm after I left, built a large house after Fourier's plan, with a common kitchen, dining-room, and laundry on the lower floor, and separate rooms above. This was called the Phalanstery. I think it was the outcome of a pet plan of Mr. Ripley's. Possibly the whole settlement might in time have grown to be a sort of co-operative village, but unfortunately the Phalanstery was burned to the ground, in March, 1846, before it was quite finished.

Perhaps my recollections of Brook Farm are tinted by the rose-coloured optimism of sixteen, but as I have grown old, and, looking back to the general standard of half a century ago, have compared the lives led at Brook Farm with the most useful ones of these days,

I am more and more convinced that my estimates are true, that there was very much "sweetness and light" there—a light too bright for most people at that time to bear.

With the progress of time, as higher moral and scientific developments have improved the internal as well as the external vision, the world is coming to see that living for others is true living. Certainly, most of the persons whom I knew at Brook Farm lived on a higher plane than their contemporaries, recognizing, as they did, others' needs as of equal moment with their own. I can recall so many unselfish, loving, gentle-mannered people that I am sure that if others of a different stamp did come, they could not have lived contentedly there, but must soon have slid out. Thank God, there were always enough of the old stock left to keep the spirit of the place as it had been at first. Among the boarders, too, were some who entered into that spirit, and though not sharing the labours, yet added greatly to the pleasures of the association.

One may easily imagine the influence such a man as George P. Bradford had on the people assembled at Brook Farm. He knew the woods and fields well—indeed, all outdoor things; the flora, especially, which, as my memory recalls it, was very rich; astronomy, too. Many, many nights he showed us the constellations, quietly talking of all this beauty in a way that inspired love and reverence in us. He loved the beautiful pine wood which we called the Cathedral, using it as a magnificent hall for our amusement.

One thing I early learned there was to discern the small importance of outward worldly distinctions as compared with true worth of character. That such men as

George P. Bradford and George William Curtis (afterwards for many years editor of Harper's Weekly) and Anthony Price and others should muzzle themselves up in the stormy and freezing weather, and work hard in the unaccustomed business of hanging out clothes, to save women, some of whom had toiled all their lives, seems to me more chivalrous than Sir Walter Raleigh's throwing his cloak in front of Queen Elizabeth. I have never seen such true politeness as prevailed there.

The boys studying there did not fight, as at other schools, but they were treated courteously, and had few rules. The teaching at Brook Farm was fine, and, to one who really wished to learn, of the very best kind. It was not confined to daytime study hours, for some, not only of the teachers, but of the scholars, used to work a portion of each day on the farm. In order to get our work done early enough for the evening pleasures, among which we reckoned Mr. Ripley's classes, Georgiana Bruce, Sarah Stearns, and myself, whose duty it was to wash the tea dishes, used to hurry through the task with great rapidity, the young men helping by wiping them. I recollect particularly one evening in the moral philosophy class—which must have been very interesting to rouse and keep the enthusiasm of a girl of sixteen—when the question of free will came up. Mr. Ripley read aloud Jonathan Edward's famous chapter on Golden, Silver, Wooden, and Pottery Vessels, and this was followed by a most exciting discussion between Mr. Ripley and Miss Bruce.

The arrival of George William Curtis, then a youth of eighteen, and his brother Burrill, two years his senior, was a noteworthy event in the annals of Brook Farm, at least in the estimation of the younger members. I shall never

forget the flutter of excitement caused by Mr. Ripley's announcing their expected coming in these words: "Now we're going to have two young Greek gods among us." Nor have I forgotten their first appearance at the gate at the bottom of the hill leading to the Eyrie.

Burrill Curtis, whom I soon came to know very well, was quite unconscious of himself, and interested in all about him. He talked of the Greek philosophers as if he had sat at their feet. He carried this high philosophy into his daily life, helping the young people in their studies, and ready at any time to take his share of the meanest and commonest work. He had that thoroughgoing truthfulness that made him feel that every mood must be lived through.

Among the unwarranted calumnies formerly circulated about Brook Farm was the assertion that a good deal of flirting was carried on there. I have been much with young people in my life—a teacher for some years, a mother with several children, and now a grandmother with hosts of grandchildren—and I have never seen more truly gentlemanly and gentlemanly relations between youths and maidens than at Brook Farm. I am sure not only that no harm was done, either to young men or maidens, by the healthful and simple intercourse that was invariable between them, but that very much good came, especially to the young men. There seemed a desire in each person to make Brook Farm a happy home. There were few of us who had not enough work each day, either manual or intellectual, generally both, to give a keen zest to the pleasures of the evening. It seems to me, as I look back upon the happy hours of recreation, that we were more amiable and content with ourselves and one another than any circle of people I have ever known since.

In the happy Brook Farm evenings there were games for the young people at the Hive, while once or twice a week, at the same place, the older classes listened to Mr. Bradford's readings of Racine's and Moliere's plays—delightful readings they were—or to discussions in Mr. Ripley's moral philosophy class. At the Eyrie we had charming singing by the two Curtis brothers, occasional concerts given by people from "the world," talks by Margaret Fuller, William H. Channing, and others.

Everybody on the farm knew that he or she was cordially invited to all these various amusements, and would be kindly received. The result was that all sorts and conditions of men mingled freely and without sense of constraint. There were often side by side three of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, from the Shaw and Russell families, a girl who had been nursemaid in my uncle's family, and others of even lowlier station in the world. When the chairs gave out, as they not infrequently did in our more crowded assemblies, our aristocratic guests did not disdain to sit upon the Eyrie floor—a fact that was made a subject of no little ridicule in Boston at the time, it not being known, perhaps, that it was impossible to get extra chairs.

That many of the Brook Farmers went to church I know; for I remember well the hot walk with them two miles and back on summer Sundays. Most of them fulfilled their duty as citizens by voting, although a few refrained on the ground taken by Garrison and Samuel J. May, that the United States Constitution was a proslavery document.

Not long after the burning of the Phalanstery, Brook Farm closed its six years of existence. I cannot regard it as a failure. The influence of the fine, magnanimous living there must have carried blessing to all parts of our land,

as its members scattered and planted in distant communities the seeds of the harvest they had themselves gathered at Brook Farm.

Yes, it was indeed a very happy and wholesome life. I wish I had the power to tell in earnest, glowing words how wide its influence seems to me to have been, and still to be. I have not this power, and so quote from an article by my dear friend George P. Bradford, who lived at Brook Farm throughout the six or seven years during which it was maintained:

"And some there are who still revere all the dreams of their youth, not only those that led them there, but those also that hovered around them while there, and gave a colour of romance to their life, and some of whom perhaps still cherish the hope that in some form or mode of association or of co-operative industry may be found a more equal distribution of the advantages, privileges, and culture of society; some mitigation of its great and painful inequalities; or at least an abatement of its evils and sufferings.

"But I would indicate in a few words some of the influences and results that I conceive to belong to Brook Farm. The opportunity of very varied culture, intellectual, moral, and practical; the broad and humane feelings professed and cherished toward all classes of men; the mutual respect for the character, mind, and feelings of persons brought up in the most dissimilar conditions of living and culture, which grew up from free commingling of the very various elements of our company; the understanding and appreciation of the toils, self-denial, privations which are the lot to which so many are doomed, and a sympathy with them, left on many a deep and abiding effect. This intercourse or commingling of which I have spoken was very simple and easy. When the artificial and conventional barriers were thrown down, it was felt how petty and poor they are. They were easily forgotten, and the natural attractions asserted themselves. So I cannot but think that this brief and imperfect experiment, with the thought and discussion that grew out of it, had no small influence in teaching more impressively the relation of universal brotherhood and the ties that binds all to all, a deeper feeling of the rights and claims of others, and so in diffusing, enlarging, deepening, and giving emphasis to the growing spirit of true democracy."

## THE PASTORATE OF THE REVEREND SAMUEL WILKES.

BY ELINOR WILTON.

### I.

There was lamentation in Lyndon when the Rodneys went away.

Mr. Rodney was one of those exceptional Englishmen who have proved capable of adapting themselves completely to Canadian conditions. He laid aside his preconceived notions of a social system, and accepted our class distinctions, our standards and customs of living. He studied the country people as he went out and in among them,—their life-stories and their characters.

It appeared that he comprehended their outlook upon existence. Thus he sympathized with all, yet retained his own individuality, held firmly, and even to some extent propagated, his own views, theological and otherwise, but seldom, apparently, offended the varied prejudices of the villagers. Save for a marked Old Country accent, one would, in but a short time from his coming, have supposed him a native of our Dominion and of our Province. He displayed neither the eccentricity nor the impracticability so often in Canada the mark of the Englishman. The Methodists of Lyndon, with one accord, pronounced the Rev. Edward Rodney an ideal minister.

Nor was Mrs. Rodney less a favourite than her husband. Every one sought her sensible advice, and all profited by her kindness. Her friendly curiosity extended even to an unsociable maiden lady, who, during her summers spent in Lyndon, either walked by herself about the country lanes, or remained shut up with her books, seeing little more of the life of the village than passed to and fro beneath her upper front window. Mrs. Rodney had attracted me from the first of our acquaintance; and, though a little reluctantly, I was at last compelled to respond to her advances. Before I knew it I found myself often an inmate of the parsonage, growing acquainted with her and her children, telling her about my affairs, and hearing in return many things of her own life and the lives of the people around us. To me, who had made even acquaint-

ances with difficulty, she was indeed a friend.

Further than this, she found me other friends. She drew me skilfully into the life of the village, and showed me a great interest where I had supposed that for me none could exist. The quiet events of a country town are, after all, not so simple a matter. One finds woven in with them many a strange and intricate story.

"People are more interesting than abstractions," Mrs. Rodney said to me once. "Why don't you drop your history and philosophy, Miss Wilton, and write a novel? There has been little fiction in your reading, I believe, or you would see people for yourself. You would not have to be shown them. That, it seems to me, is the great function of the novel—to make the world alive."

I felt then, as I do still, that I had no talent to justify my attempting to write a novel, but I did what was perhaps the next best thing. Mrs. Rodney had indeed interested me in the people of Lyndon, and I began to delve in its ancient history, to rummage in its written and unwritten records, to seek the acquaintance of its oldest inhabitants, and, in short, to collect material for a book to be called "The Chronicles of Lyndon;" and as I did so, I happened upon not only the humour, and romance, and picturesqueness of these lives, but also upon the beauty and the pathos and the very reality of them.

If, when my friend went away from Lyndon, I felt at first a desire to withdraw into my old loneliness, I found that grown already an impossibility. My student life, which had for a time so completely absorbed me, now seemed shrunken to a very small part of my existence.

Mr. Rodney's successor was a bachelor, Mr. Hunter, elderly, neuralgic, conservative in his habits and opinions, under whose most worthy ministrations the young people chafed and fretted. They were, after all, admirable young people, these of Lyndon; considerate—as young people go—moderate in their amusements, decorous in their behaviour,



with some serious thoughts and some conscience. But they did not love monotony, and a dull grey existence did not attract them. Mr. Hunter, good man, was colourless in his appearance, his words and his thinking; and produced the effect of taking the colour out of whatever he came near.

During the third spring of his stay one young girl said to me, "It is a long lane that has no turning, and I'm sick of it. I don't wish to say anything unkind of Mr. Hunter, but I do hope there will be a change this year."

There was a change. In June the "long lane" turned sharply, and we came upon certain things that surprised us. The Methodist Conference sent the Rev. Samuel Wilkes to Lyndon. The name, as it appeared in the list of stations, had a somewhat dampening effect upon our curiosity. It seemed to suggest another middle-aged and rigidly dignified pastor. We heard later, however, that Mr. Wilkes was very young, had just been ordained, and was about to be married.

He came with his bride one summer day, by the afternoon train, and there was a gathering of old and young at the parsonage to receive them.

I did not go to the reception. I watched the young people passing below my window, and said to myself that there would be enough without me. I would go later to call, when the little bride should be less weary.

On Sunday everybody came to church from far and near. Mrs. Wilkes sat in front of me in the minister's pew, where I could not but see her distinctly. She was a slender, fair-haired young woman, rather below the medium height. There was something extremely girlish in her face and her figure. One might easily have supposed her not more than nineteen or twenty, though I learned after that at this time she was twenty-two. She wore a stylish tailor-made costume of some grey-brown shade; and a very elaborate hat, quite baffling my powers of description, was perched on her yellow hair. Her face, the profile of which I had a glimpse of occasionally, was very pretty in its colouring.

I have nothing to say in defence of our country fashion of observing all strangers who sit within our line of vision in church, but it is a habit

which one must inevitably form, if one lives long enough in a village. Every human being has with us an acknowledged personality. A country congregation instantly readjusts its consciousness upon the entrance of a stranger.

No doubt we may at least be excused for our attentive observation of Mr. Wilkes. I could not but think that he and his wife were somewhat strikingly alike, though their features were not similar. Mr. Wilkes looked almost alarmingly young. His clerical garments sat very trimly upon his slender figure. He wore a thin, reddish moustache, and his fair hair was decidedly curly. His blue eyes wore an expression of boyish trouble, and he conducted the service with evident embarrassment. The sermon, it must be confessed, was not wholly a success; it fell flat in many places. But most of us, I think, suspended our judgment of his powers as a speaker until we should be able to hear him at better advantage.

After service I had the pleasure of an introduction to both new-comers. I was surprised to find that the two had already awakened my interest. Perhaps their young faces and seeming unfitness for the hard work before them had appealed to my chivalry. A sharp-featured old lady, Mrs. Burton by name, who shared the protection of my parasol on the walk home, was disposed to discuss the sermon.

"Of course, this is his first Sunday," she said, "and he was kind of nervous, but he speaks very well. He will make a good preacher some time, don't you think so?"

I thought it quite possible.

"I hope he'll be real strict," she went on. "The ministers now isn't so strict as they was when I was young. I hope he'll be awful strict."

It struck me as amusing that an uncompromising severity should be what Mrs. Burton demanded of this boyish, blue-eyed young man. But, then, one could not be quite sure what Mrs. Burton meant by "strict." It was her synonym for all that she approved in a minister. Mr. Rodney she had pronounced "strict," while the doctor's wife, who was brought up a Unitarian, had declared him "liberal." Both had recognized in the man a charitable uprightness, and each had translated it into her own vernacular. As to Mr. Wilkes, I won-

dered if Mrs. Burton would be disappointed.

One afternoon of the following week I went to call at the parsonage. It was long since I had been there. The house had been closed for three years, as Mr. Hunter had boarded. It occurred to me that I should find it greatly changed. As I walked down the village street a picture came to me of the parlour as it had been; Mrs. Rodney's paintings on the wall; her vases and photographs on the mantel; the large table that held the lamp with a fancy shade, her books, and the minister's periodicals; the lace curtains at the windows, the sweet-toned parlour organ, and that ancient piece of parsonage property, a long, round-armed sofa, in the corner of which I used often to sit and hold long talks with the minister's wife. I dislike change of any kind, and this, of seeing such different inmates at the parsonage was suggestive to me of sacrilege.

When I reached the house I found that in a week it had contrived to take on a wonderfully prosperous appearance. There was a hammock under the trees. The lawn had been trimmed, and the wandering tendrils of the vine Mrs. Rodney had trained over the verandah were fastened carefully in place. As I went up the steps, I saw behind the vine a couple of chairs, and a rustic table with a potted plant on it. The parlour window was up, and a light breeze stirred the curtains within.

I rang the bell. The door was wide open, and I stood looking into the hall. A hall lamp was suspended over the stairs, portieres hung over both doors, and a bowl of pink clover stood on the table. These were innovations. While I was waiting I heard a sound above stairs like some one falling heavily on his knees, and the minister's voice, subdued, but quite audible, called down an ex-pipe-hole (there was a furnace in the house now): "I say, Amy, there's somebody at the door."

"I hear, dear," responded another voice, and Mrs. Wilkes entered the hall from the direction of the dining-room. She greeted me most cordially, and showed me into the parlour, which had indeed undergone a revolution. A piano of the most approved Canadian make stood in the corner by the folding-doors, which, by the way, had given place to another heavy portiere. A divan occupied

the other corner. A small palm stood by one window. Easy chairs abounded. A prettily-carved bookcase held some handsomely-bound books, and the large, round centre-table had disappeared to make room for a tiny octagonal stand, which held a bowl of wild-flowers and a silver card-receiver. A bewildering array of views, shells, rare china, and small statuary adorned the mantel and piano. A handsomely-framed water-colour representation of a coat of arms hung on one wall. It bore, in Latin, the warlike inscription, "By valour the walls fall." I afterwards found this to be the arms borne by some very distinguished ancestor of Mrs. Wilkes' family. I selected the only straight-backed chair in the room, and sat down, taking in gradually, and with some bewilderment, the details of these furnishings. I was conscious of disapproval.

Mrs. Wilkes occupied a corner of the long, old-fashioned sofa, which had all but disappeared beneath pillows of great variety of size, shape, and design. Mrs. Wilkes wore a light dress of some cool material, beruffled and befrilled, high-heeled slippers, rings, and a gold watch and chain. Her yellow hair was piled intricately around her shapely little head. Strictly speaking, there was nothing out of place or unsuitable about her toilet, but it produced on me the effect of being extremely elaborate. I soon found this, for some unaccountable reason, to be the way with all Mrs. Wilkes' costumes.

She did not prove a difficult person to converse with. She chattered to me of our "pretty village" and "its charming setting among the hills of the townships"; of our neat little church, "so architecturally correct, and so nicely finished within;" of the large congregations, the flourishing Epworth League, the fine tone of the church organ. She liked Lyndon and everybody in it. The parsonage was lovely, "so pleasantly situated, and so conveniently planned." Mrs. Wilkes' conversation was strongly sprinkled with adjectives. With a little encouragement she began to talk of her own affairs; confessed that she had been very tired, and a little homesick upon her arrival—but she had quite gotten over that now; discussed her house-keeping, told me her plans about the garden, about her preserving, about

renovating the upper rooms of the house. In short, within the space of three-quarters of an hour, Mrs. Wilkes and I were surprisingly well acquainted.

There was something engagingly frank in her manner. There was no affectation, only a naive enthusiasm in her superlatives. Yet sometimes her words displayed a certain shrewdness that was unexpected. She appeared to have a pretty clear notion of the personalities of those Lyndoners whom she had met.

"Do you know," she began, looking at me gravely with her blue eyes, "I would not say it for the world. They have really been most kind—but, do you know, I believe the people here are criticising me most severely." She cast a comprehensive glance around the room. "I do not think they like my things."

"They are very conservative here," I said, cautiously, "They are apt to dislike any change at first. Really, I think your rooms are greatly improved."

I found that my feeling of disapproval was much less strong than it had been a few minutes before. There is something gratifying in being told things that the speaker "would not say for the world."

"I am so glad you think so," said Mrs. Wilkes. "I wish I knew really what they thought. Do you know that every one of my callers—except some of the girls—has taken that chair you are sitting in. It seemed as though they disapproved of my easy chairs. Perhaps they thought I should have kept the cane-bottomed chairs that belong to the parsonage, in this room. But these are more comfortable. I took those for the dining-room. I don't see why they should object to my piano, but from the way they look at it, one would suppose that they did. It was a wedding present from my grandmother," she added. I looked toward the piano.

"And this is her portrait," I suggested, my eyes wandering to a framed photograph on the wall above the instrument.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilkes, "that is grandmamma. I must tell you about her some time. I have lived with her nearly all the time since my mother died, when I was a very little girl."

The pictured face was quaintly aristocratic, with bright eyes and

clear-cut features, the grey hair hanging in long curls in the fashion of long ago.

"Mr. Wilkes is passionately fond of music," observed my hostess, "that is his violin on the piano." "Do not tell of it!" I felt like exclaiming. Every new discovery about these young people brought with it a certain shock of surprise. They and their belongings seemed altogether foreign to the atmosphere of the village. The effect of incongruity it produced began to amuse me. It occurred to me that there might be entertainment, to say the least, in watching their effect upon Lyndon and Lyndon's effect upon them.

"Perhaps I ought not to have spoken as I did—about the people, I mean," began Mrs. Wilkes again. "But I have felt a little uncomfortable. I have thought perhaps you could tell me whether it has been all my imagination. I feel a little afraid. I am not doing quite as they think I ought. They might think me extravagant or frivolous, or not what a minister's wife ought to be."

"You will find, no doubt, that their standards are peculiar. But go on your way independently, and do not mind what they think," I advised, and added, smiling in spite of myself, "It will do them good to be shocked once in a while."

"But I do not want to shock them," exclaimed Mrs. Wilkes, with a horrified expression.

"Do not worry," I said, reassuringly, "you will soon get acquainted with all of us, and I am sure that everything will go nicely."

At this point we heard the minister coming down-stairs into the hall.

"Sam, dear," called his wife, "Miss Wilton is here."

The Reverend Samuel Wilkes appeared in the doorway. Could this be the young man who had preached on Sunday? Yes, it was the same handsome face, pleasant blue eyes, and tossed fair hair. Now, however, he wore a light grey tweed sack coat, no vest, white necktie, and canvas shoes. He shook hands with me, and took a chair by the window. He proved to be, like his wife, an extremely sociable person. His nervousness and uncertainty of Sunday had quite disappeared. He talked of the town, its situation, its size, its industries. He discovered my interest in its history, and asked many questions. I observed then and after-

wards that he had the faculty, not only of talking entertainingly himself, but also of bringing out whatever conversational powers were possessed by his companion. By some sure instinct he always hit upon the topics of mutual interest. Whatever might be his gifts as a preacher, it was certain that he had a talent for conversation.

On the first opportunity I took my leave, reflecting as I went home that I had made a most unfashionably lengthy call.

In trying to analyze my impressions of the Wilkeses, I could only come to the conclusion that they would meet with disapproval. Yet this seemed a little unreasonable. There was nothing, for example, that one could positively criticise in the arrangement of Mrs. Wilkes' house. Hers was not the first piano that had been in the parsonage. It was the "tout ensemble" that was objectionable. It was out of harmony with Lyndon. It was incongruous. And the Lyndoners would feel it. I wondered how they would express their feeling. I determined to carefully refrain from making comment on the behaviour of the Wilkeses, and to await developments. As I had expected, I was kept informed from various sources as to all their doings.

They got acquainted with the people very quickly. Amy was fond of visiting. She had been brought up in the city, and everything connected with country life interested and amused her. She would sit for hours in the cool farmhouse parlours talking with the young girls, the old ladies, and the children. She became surprisingly familiar with their affairs. She soon knew the names and ages of all the little people in the country around. These were matters which Sam—though as a minister he ought to have remembered them—invariably forgot. After a few attempts at hitting the right Christian names of the children he had met, he gave it up, and contented himself with calling the little girls "Sissy," and the little boys "Bub."

Sam was not altogether a success at visiting in the country. At making short calls in the village he did very well, but he strongly objected to being for long at a time in the exclusive company of women and children. Ready talker as he was, he soon grew silent and absent-

minded, and the trifles that Amy found so entertaining made him restless. With the men he got along admirably. He was interested in farming, and where he was ignorant he could at least ask intelligent questions. He was fond of talking politics, and being an enthusiastic Liberal, he often came into lively collision with the Conservatives of Lyndon and its environs.

One peculiarity of Mr. Wilkes' which caused some discussion was that he never wore ministerial garb save on Sundays. It was the usual thing on a warm morning to see our clergyman walking down from the post-office in his grey sack coat, a straw hat on his head. In very hot weather he objected to wearing a vest, and generally appeared in canvas shoes. Worse than this, he quite frequently went about in complete bicycle costume.

There was prayer-meeting every Thursday evening at the Brook school-house, some three miles from Lyndon. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes generally went out on their wheels, and Sam, to the amazement of the good people of the Brook settlement, would walk into the school-house in his sack coat, knickerbockers, and bicycle stockings, and gravely conduct the service. Amy's bicycle skirt, which escaped the ground by several inches, also occasioned some remark.

Sam was the most friendly person to be imagined. He thought no ill of any one, and he expected no one to think ill of him. He was always courteous and considerate, willing to put himself to any trouble to oblige one. It was easy to ask a favour of him. Manly independence he had, and on occasion he could show great gentlemanly self-respect; but as to ministerial dignity, he had none whatever. And for people accustomed to look up to their minister—be he old or young, dull or clever—with an almost mediæval veneration, this was a somewhat difficult state of things to accept.

The Wilkeses were very popular among the young people. The girls remodelled their gowns and hats according to the pattern of Amy's clothing, and began to do up their hair in what they called "the Amy knot." Sam was on very free and easy terms with the boys and young men. It did not appear to occur to him that he was not quite one of

them. He never compromised a conscientious scruple, however, and was quite ready to give expression to one on occasion. Considering his profession, it occurred to Sam surprisingly seldom to discuss religious subjects; but as to his conduct, had one only not known that he was a minister, it would have been irreproachable.

I had intended, in telling you about our minister and his wife, to allude to them respectfully as Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes, but I find that to be quite impossible. There was something about these friendly and unconventional young people which made it very hard for us to think of them and speak of them other than as Sam and Amy, though we were, most of us, careful to address them more deferentially. It was rumoured, however, that one middle-aged gentleman had on one occasion slapped the minister on the shoulder and called him "Sam" by mistake.

The Wilkeses were very hospitable. Every one from far and near was made welcome at the parsonage, Anglicans, Roman Catholics, pedlars and tramps. Pedlars and tramps seemed to have an especial attraction for Sam. He asked them questions as to who they were, where they came from, and where they were going, and picked up all sorts of odd and original ideas from them. Indeed, Sam had a sort of craze for making new acquaintances. He was not long in finding out any strangers who might come to the place. And by a sure instinct he found whatever ideas or information there might be to be got out of them.

It was surprising how quickly Sam hit upon the interesting thing. The commercial traveller who played chess was brought up to the house for a game, and if the visitor was musical, down came the minister's violin, and they "had a little music." He interviewed the theatrical troupe that went through the town, and is

even said to have inspected the gipsy camp, and chatted with the dirty and picturesque wanderers. Everybody liked to talk to Sam, for he was always genuinely interested. Moreover, he unconsciously showed off his companions to advantage, bringing out their real knowledge and the best of their ideas, and by quick-witted and sympathetic replies, putting a creditable face upon their flattest remarks. Wise men expounded their theories to Sam, and tramps revealed their biographies.

Sam proved to have more talent as a preacher than I had supposed. His nervousness of the first Sunday did not return. In the pulpit of the little Gothic church, as elsewhere on the circuit, he specially made himself at home. He addressed himself to his congregation as to friendly listeners, who would be sincere and kindly in their criticisms. He did best when he confined himself least closely to his notes. His enthusiasms were strong, and he spoke always with the direct and eager eloquence of one confident that he is convincing his hearers. The phrases we had been accustomed to hear from the pulpit did not come readily to his lips. His theology appeared to be of the simplest. Doctrinal questions he seldom touched upon. I do not think that this was on his part a deliberate omission. It was simply that his thoughts dwelt upon other matters.

As Amy regarded the disfiguring scratches made on the polished surface of her piano in bringing it through the narrow doorways of the parsonage, so Sam looked at the faults and failings of the more wayward of his flock. So his beauty-loving eye was ever offended. To him it was above all things a pity, simply a pity. This was the theme of his preaching, this the inspiration of his ministry—the beauty of holiness, the infinite perfection of the Christ-like character.

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I was a stricken deer that left the herd  
Long since; with many an arrow deep infix'd  
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew  
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.  
There was I found by One who had Himself  
Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore  
And in His hands and feet the cruel scars.  
With gentle force soliciting the darts,  
He drew them forth and healed and bade me live.

—Cowper.

## THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY JENNIE F. WILLING.

Of all the encouraging signs of the times, none gives better cheer than the advance movement of the missionary cause. Never before was so much money given for the evangelization of the heathen. Never before were there so many men and women ready to go as missionaries to foreign fields. This indicates a healthful religious life; for the measure of the aggressive zeal of the Church is the exact measure of its vitality.

Can there be a better investment of prayer and eloquence than in instructing the Church in its duty to the heathen? Selfishness is the bane of our piety. Missionary zeal is one of the Lord's antidotes. They are the noblest evangelists who take our thought off ourselves (when once our case is placed in Christ's hands, by our consecration and trust), and set us caring for the salvation of others. We cannot pray or work for people of whose need we do not know. The men and women who will instruct us about those for whom God holds us responsible, are doing us a rare service. The Saviour was indignant with those who could discern the face of the sky, but who would not discern the signs of the times, indicating so plainly that his kingdom was at hand. He intimated that theirs was a moral obtuseness; for he called them "hypocrites." Let us not fall into like condemnation. Let us not fail to recognize the agency God is using.

A great force has been evolved during the last generation. According to the old German myth, it was the kiss of a warlike prince that awakened the Sleeping Beauty. This new power has been called into action by the rough lip of war. The women of the land learned from their Sanitary and Christian Commission efforts that they could do strong work, and carry heavy interests, and yet be all the better fitted for their blessed, beautiful home life. The nation, in its sore need, was glad to waive its centuries-old veto, and say, "Amen." The world recognizes this force, and is ready to make use of it. It is opening the industries, trades, business and professions to women. The flesh and the devil are not one whit behind. They are grasping for their full share of this power. Shall the Church fail to make way for it in God's work? Providence says, "No." This Woman's Missionary Society is a sluice through which this power shall be turned on the ma-

chinery of evangelism. We are beginning to apprehend the meaning of that word of Paul, "In Christ there is neither male nor female." Unless we greatly mistake the signs of the times, God is bringing into His own service this reserve force—the energies and efficiencies of women. So we need not worry about the success of this Society. The only danger is, that the women of the Church will fail to hear God's voice and come up to his help. If they will but respond to His call, He will carry their burdens and lead them to sure victory.

Like all attempts at reform, it cannot last if it depends mainly upon the enthusiasm of the few. Antæus renewed his strength only when he touched his mother, the Earth. No cause can prosper without the sympathy of the common people.

Women are more largely responsible for public sentiment than men are. You may commit a man to a reform; but unless you convert his wife, sooner or later, she will outwit you, and turn him back to his old selfishness. As mothers, women wield unlimited power. As a compensation for the risks and sorrows of maternity, God has put into their hands a sceptre such as no monarch ever held. Their words and thoughts crystallize in the lives of those who come after them. They have the heart all to themselves, when it is new and fresh, and when every touch will last to the end. Others may write their maxims over what the mother has traced, but, like the first writing upon the palimpsest, hers will last long after theirs is faded and worn away. Her hand shapes the life.

So I say, this missionary revival must fail of permanence, unless the women are aroused to use their power upon public sentiment in its behalf. How can this be done? A vital question—one upon which hinges the salvation of many people. Let us try to answer it. There must be ample instruction about the needs of the heathen. It is a short road to a woman's heart. She has a discipline in the sick-room, by the cradle's side, and at the dying bed, that makes her sensibilities warm and quick. She is not indifferent to Christ's claims. Two women respond to his call, where one man heeds him. Women must be religious. Many have their heart's love tangled about those who wander in sins and dangers to the world's

end. They can exist, only as kings are said to reign, "by the grace of God."

Women are ingenious in device—clever at carrying their points. "What woman wills, God wills," says the French proverb. If women are made to know the extreme needs of the heathen, they will certainly be ready to do what they can for them. How can they be led to look into this work—to make themselves intelligent about it? Only by laying upon them a share of its responsibilities. We are all too busy to spend time acquiring knowledge that we do not expect to use. Machinists may listen to agricultural lectures, but they carry away only what concerns their part of the business. We cannot teach by simply pouring in facts. Our students will retain little more than what we get them to say themselves about the lessons.

Women listen to missionary sermons as demurely and respectfully as possible; their thought, meanwhile, busy with practical matters that depend upon their energy and skill. Catechise them, and you will find that, like the worldly-minded merchants, farmers, and lawyers, who come to church out of curiosity, and who pretend to no responsibility of the cause on hand, they have no notion of the number or the efficiency of missionaries, the feasibility of this or that plan of extending the work, its risks, costs or methods. Instead of going home to lay the warm, quivering facts upon the young hearts under their care, they dismiss the subject with a resolution to give a little more money than last year—the very poorest gift in their power, do you see?

There is no human force for good or ill equal to the talk of women. They have listeners who have all power in heaven and on earth. They talk to God and the little children. No one talks of that of which she does not know; nor takes pains to know much of that for which she has no responsibility. Women will help bring public sentiment to a permanent interest in the missionary cause only when they have responsibility in its management. Just this the Woman's Missionary Society gives them. Hence, this Society is absolutely necessary to the permanence of the advance missionary movement of the Church. So far from lessening the interest in the General Missionary Society, and consequent contributions to its treasury, the prayers and exhortations, speaking and writing of the women have contributed in no small degree to the sentiment that makes it safe to ask the Church for more missionary money than it has ever given before.

Christian women must know the facts; and may God help us to comprehend them! While the Woman's Missionary Society is subject to the missionary authorities of the Church, in the choice, appointment, and control of its missionaries, and in the disbursement of its funds, yet it carries the burden of the evangelization of heathen women. Heathen women are shut away from the teachings of male missionaries. Not one dollar of the funds of the General Missionary Society goes to the salary of a female teacher, the building of a female hospital, orphanage, or school-house, or the support of a girls' or women's school. All the work among the women of foreign lands has been handed over to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The missionaries' wives render the Society invaluable service. There are not nobler or more efficient women "this side heaven." Some of them are working themselves to death. "All for love, and nothing for reward." Yet, as one of them writes from India: "The wives of missionaries, be they never so willing and able to work, cannot always be depended upon. By the care of their families, and the sickness of their husbands or children, their hands are often tied."

Will not the women of the Church accept the trust God has laid upon them, the care of the salvation of the women of all heathendom?—half the populations; the half who have by far the most power over the civilization, as they train the children; the half who, of all human beings, suffer most deeply from the degradations, the debasements, the oppressions, and the vilenesses of paganism? All that is good or beautiful or pure in our lives comes to us through Christ, the best friend woman ever had, or ever will have.

Never did woman wield such power as now. Mordecai said to Queen Esther, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" He said, also, "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance come from another, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed." May God help each of us to understand that our tenure of the marvellous blessings he has given us hinges upon our unselfish efforts to help others to like precious faith! Let us not be content with the little "two cents a week." Let us sacrifice to the Lord that which costs us something; and let us not rest till every woman in the Church is fully awake to this responsibility.—*The Ladies' Repository*.

## THE SUPERIOR PERSON IN RELIGION.

BY THE REV. JOHN WATSON, D.D.

(IAN MACLAREN.)

There is a kind of humanist who is the crude result of modern criticism and abounds on every side, who does not deserve serious treatment, and towards whom patience is a doubtful virtue—the person, I mean, who is good enough to take an interest in Christianity, and allows himself to make polite references to its Founder. When one of this class assured a Christian minister that he regarded Jesus as the “first gentleman in human history,” he felt that he was dealing in a very courteous fashion with an official representative of an exploded superstition. Yet the minister was tempted to be angry at the insolence of the allusion, which was not original, till he remembered that this patronizing person was only singing with a somewhat imperfect ear one of the street songs of the literary quarter. It is not fair to charge even a literary parent with the sins of his children, and many of us cannot forget Mr. Matthew Arnold’s poetry, so pure in spirit and so perfect in form, nor the service which he rendered to English society by his criticism of our material ideals, but there is no question that Arnold is responsible for the superior person in the sphere of religion.

The superior person, under the encouragement of second-rate literature, and with some borrowed capital from science, is so delighted with himself today, and has grown so arrogant, that he lords it before the public and threatens to browbeat faith. Mr. Arnold, as we all know, considered himself a typical humanist, who was doing his best to recreate the age of Pericles in this commercial middle-class England of ours, and although he was much hampered by his habit of mind as an Inspector of Schools, he may be taken with a grain of charity at his own value. When he stands at a street corner blowing a trumpet and declaring aloud his love for perfection, or when from lofty heights he lectures his fellow-countrymen upon their crass ideas, one feels that that kind of thing, harmless and delightful as it is at a time, can have no place within the sphere of Christian thought, because Christianity hates Phariseism—and there is no cant like that of the literary Pharisee—and because Christianity can never in any cir-

cumstances despise the people or count them a vulgar herd.

Between the spirit of that entertaining and excellently-written book, “Culture and Anarchy,” and the Gospels, there is a quite hopeless difference of standpoint, and yet Mr. Matthew Arnold in his great mission of elevating religion was good enough to explain the teaching of Jesus and evidently prided himself upon having discovered the “secret” of our Master. His criticism in provinces where he was more at home has not been by any means final, and his obliging contributions to theology have not left a permanent place upon that obdurate science. Old Testament scholars have treated his contributions to Hebrew criticism with an extraordinary want of reverence, and perhaps his only memorable feat in the region of dogma was his attempt to make the doctrine of the Holy Trinity plain to the meanest capacity by his notorious illustration of the three Lord Shaftesburys. Christians of the later Victorian period ought to be exceedingly grateful to Mr. Arnold because he took so much interest in our faith, and was at such pains to show the vein of gold which was hidden away in our sacred writings, and for the sake of that lovely poem, “East London,” we had forgiven his criticism, but what it is difficult to forgive is his creation of the superior person.

This person is quite ubiquitous, writing in magazines against the ethics of Christianity, discussing the most sacred doctrines of our faith in a newspaper correspondence, trying to capture social movements to the detriment of the Church, moving throughout society instilling doubt and gibing at evangelical religion, and dropping in, as it were, to the Church to tell her how to amend her creed, and on what terms they will extend their support. As if a Church which had denied her Lord and doctored her creed were worth joining or preserving. The tribe can be recognized by an appalling want of humour which enables its members to take themselves very seriously, by an affected indifference to human emotion, by a sustained priggishness of thought, by a virulent hatred against the evangelical element in Christianity, and by an exaggerated appreciation of all non-Christian



religions. The minister of Christ is given to understand that he is an uncultured man of narrow and obsolete opinions, for whom, however, something may be done if he will only sit at a proper teacher's feet and avail himself of the opportunity which is afforded of associating with really thoughtful people. They will speak of him as a man who is developing, and suggest subjects with which he might replace the Gospel. Upon his part he may be much flattered for the moment by their affability and be inclined to meet them half-way, but if he is wise man, he will learn very soon that his labour is in vain and that he is only sowing the sands, for they are not Thomas, or anything like Thomas, with his passionate longing for certainty, but have an unholy resemblance to the people who came to the Master with their would-be witty questions about the resurrection.

Such converts would be no gain to Christianity, because a few years ago they were Comtists, and were full of large talk about humanity; they dallied for a while with Spiritualism, and were not quite sure but that they were mediums themselves; they were a short while with Herbert Spencer, whom they found, if they would confess it, a little heavy; for a year they were enthusiastic Theosophists, and spoke cheerfully at dinner-tables about their incarnations, but now they have taken up with Christian Science, and wag their heads solemnly over an American woman who has invented a new religion. There is no religion for which they have not a charitable word, except Christianity; there is no subject on which they become heated except in the denunciation of the Gospel.

Nor ought one to pay too much atten-

tion to what they are pleased to call their doubt, because if a person can believe in modern theosophy, he can believe in anything, and if one is convinced of the immortality of the soul through table-turning, it is hardly worth while to argue with him. It is a peculiar state of mind which will listen to a pedantic Frenchman like Comte and refuse the testimony of the Apostle Paul, and the flaw in their mental temperament is not a defect of faith, but an excess of credulity. When a minister of Jesus Christ—and this is the snare of our time—lays himself out to meet the taste of this heady class, and for that end obscures truth and neglects believing Christians, then is he twice foolish, because he is trying to convince those who are incapable of conviction, and because he is forgetting those who at all times ought to be his first charge. As a matter of fact, if one were to judge intellectually, the humblest street preacher who believes in the Deity of the Lord, even though he does not understand the doctrine, and declares the sacrifice of the Lord, even though it be in crude terms, has a much more profound grasp of the mystery of religion and the principles of life than the person who prides himself upon his culture and is satisfied to place Jesus between Socrates and Seneca. It is time in this shallow and semi-educated age that the minister of Christ took a firmer stand, and resented any patronage of his Master or of His faith as intellectual insolence, reminding his congregation and himself that behind the humblest believer stands the whole company of Christ's Church, and that the faith which that believer holds is the most profound idea of God and of the soul which has ever been revealed to the human mind.

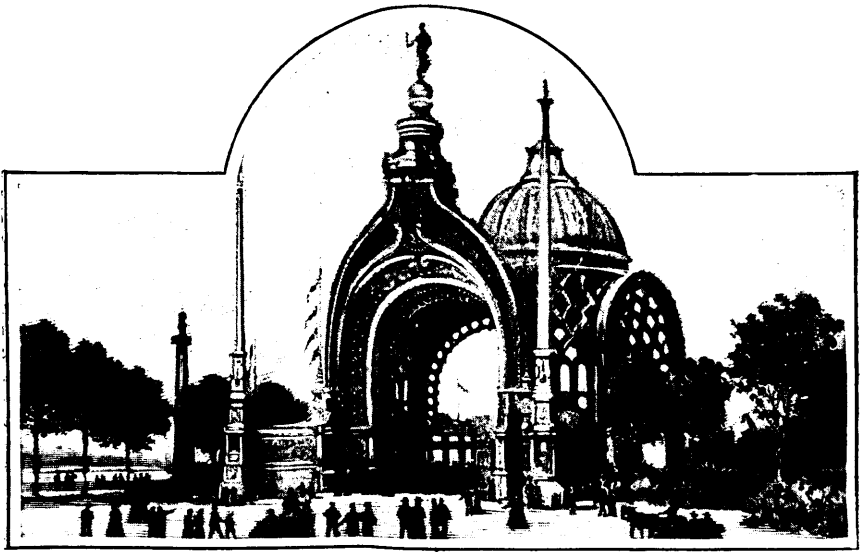
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## FAITH.

BY NELLIE T. GOODE.

To-day my soul doth range the upper hills,  
 Where naught obscures the sunlight of God's love,  
 And silence reigns supreme—that sacred awe  
 And reverence for the light, undimmed, serene.  
 Below, the region of dark shade and storm,  
 Wide-stretched in vap'ry billows dismal lies;  
 O'erhead, the glory of full radiance pure,  
 Glints from the hill-tops whence soft glow on glow  
 Sweeps o'er the white expanse of constant snow.  
 The mellowed light descends the mountain side  
 Like starry mists soft falling on the slope,  
 Where undismayed I rear my firm-set cross  
 While restful there I cling, to patient wait  
 The consummation of this glory's dawn.

## THE PARIS EXHIBITION.\*



MONUMENTAL ENTRANCE TO EXPOSITION.

The task of the Parisians was much more difficult than that of the American architects who laid out the World's Fair at Chicago. The Americans had a prairie-continent for a site and an inland ocean as a foreground. They used limitless space and a free hand. In Paris the conditions are reversed. To pitch the tents of an Exhibition in the midst of the crowded capital, and to provide accommodation for all the exhibitors of all the world within the precincts of a city which has practically only two open spaces, the Esplanade des Invalides and the Champ de Mars, was a task the accomplishment of which is a triumph of ingenuity and of resource. The White City by Lake Michigan was a creation new, distinct, original, and entirely independent of all existing structures. The Exposition of Paris is a caravanserai of palaces and pavilions, pitched perforce in more or less higgledy-piggledy fashion in the spare interstices of space left vacant in the heart of a great capital.

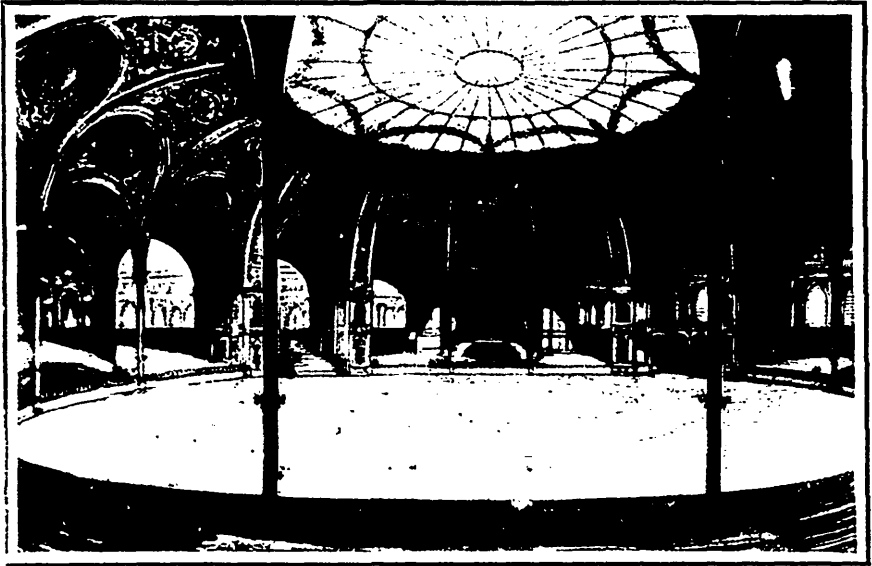
It is no small achievement to have created under such difficulties such an

excellent general effect. While nothing in Paris can, in the circumstances, possibly equal the imposing, almost bewildering effect of the Court of Honour at Chicago, there are three vistas in the Exhibition grounds which dwell in the memory as things of beauty and of charm. Of these the simplest and smallest is the shady avenue of the Quai D'Orsay, on either side of which stand the picturesque and marvellously varied pavilions of the foreign nations. Built as it is on either side of the umbrageous aisle, it is one of the most beautiful vistas of the Exhibition.

The second grand effect is the long and imposing vista between the double-towered Trocadéro and the Palace of Electricity at the farther end of the Champ de Mars. Midway stands the Tower Eiffel, spanning the wide expanse and throwing out to right and left a litter of the strangest and most bizarre, fantastic edifices ever conceived by the imagination of man.

The great feature of the Exhibition is, however, the avenue which has been created between the Champs Elysées and

\* Abridged from the *Review of Reviews*.



SALLE DES FÊTES, IN THE GRAND PALAIS.

the Hôtel des Invalides. This is, indeed, a veritable triumph of engineering and architectural ingenuity. The utilization of the gilded dome of the Invalides as the culmination and crown of the magnificent avenue of palaces has been admirably conceived and successfully carried out. The Seine was spanned by the Bridge Alexander the Third, which is in many respects the most notable thing in the Exhibition. Crossing the river, a street of stately buildings rises on either side of the Esplanade des Invalides. The vista is closed by the dome of the Invalides. The southern half of this magnificent street is rather narrow for the height of the buildings by which it is flanked, and the closing in of the whole vista by the Invalides leaves rather the impression of a courtyard leading up to a cathedral in an ancient city, than of the symmetrical and unconfined grandeur of the Court of Honour at Chicago. Comparisons, however, are odious, and it is absurd to mar enjoyment of the unique beauty of the vista from the Elysées to the Invalides by recalling in what particulars it falls short of some of the beauties of its predecessors.

If to these three features of the Exhibition a fourth must be added, it would be found in the admirable use which has been made of the Seine. The scene on the river, when the electric gondolas and pleasure launches are busy, is one of the

gayest and most animated features of the great show. The quaint and picturesque reproduction of Old Paris, which stands on the northern bank, contributes materially to enhance the general effect.

The distinctive feature of the Exhibition to the philosophical observer is, from the political point of view, the fact that it was intended to emphasize and advertise the Russo-French alliance; and, from the human point of view, the extent to which science—and especially electrical science—is being utilized for the purpose of amusing and instructing mankind.

Parallel to the Bridge of Alexander the Third, which celebrates the conclusion of an alliance between France and Russia, is the Bridge of the Alma, which was built to commemorate the Crimean campaign, waged by the third Napoleon against the Tsar of Russia. But the Bridge of Alexander the Third is a far more ambitious affair than any of the bridges heretofore thrown across the Seine. The north end of the bridge, facing towards the Elysées, is dedicated to Peace, in honour of the Tsar who was the Peace-keeper of Europe. The other end is dedicated to Glory, and appropriately faces the Invalides, where repose the ashes of the First Napoleon. It is flanked at either end by two pylons, or lofty monumental pedestals, surmounted by brightly-gilded groups, allegorical of four different kinds of Fame. All the



GRAND AVENUE LOOKING TOWARD THE DOME DES INVALIDES.

groups are the same--a man controlling a fiery Pegasus. On the right bank the groups represent Artistic and Scientific fame. On the left bank the Renowns of commerce and of industry surmount the pylons facing the Invalides. At the base of each pylon a female figure, carved in stone and decorated with gilded bronze, symbolizes France at four great epochs in her history.

The English Pavilion is a reproduction of Kingston House at Bradford-on-Avon, in Wiltshire. It is an excellent specimen of an English sixteenth-century country house. It may be comfortable and convenient for the Prince of Wales, but it cuts a very poor show beside the gorgeous palaces of Italy, of Germany, of Belgium and Spain.

The Exhibition is a great monument of peace. But one of the largest buildings in the whole show is devoted to the display of weapons and instruments of war on sea and land. It stands on the south bank of the Seine just opposite "Vieux Paris." There is no lack of warlike exhibits. Messrs. Vickers-Maxim have a whole pavilion to themselves, curiously fitted up with a roof like an ironclad. There also are the exhibits of the great Creusot firm, which has also played so conspicuous a part with its guns in the South African War.

The kinetomatograph has practically been invented since the last great international exhibition. It is being turned to good account. One of the Oramas is an ingenious contrivance for enabling the spectator to feel that he is up in a balloon without any danger of an aerial journey. He takes his stand in the car of a balloon

and looks down. The signal is given to start, and at once, to his astonishment, he feels that he is ascending, or rather, that the ground below him is rapidly receding, until at last he attains such a height that fields appear the size of napkins, and human beings no bigger than thimbles. Another Orama which is very popular is that in which the illusion of a sea voyage is produced. You enter upon a platform constructed to resemble the deck of a ship. The whistle sounds, the ship begins to move, and tosses upon the waves. Then by an optical arrangement the scenes of the Mediterranean littoral pass before your eyes. In reality it is the walls which revolve. What you feel is that you are slowly sailing from port to port, making a veritable promenade of the Mediterranean without exposure, discomfort or danger.

The optical illusions of the Optical Palace will afford an endless source of delight to the visitor. There is the largest telescope in the world, which brings the moon so close to the spectator of the huge mirror that it might be a few miles off. One of the hugest of the Oramas is the Cosmorama. It is a huge globe, with an interior large enough to accommodate a considerable audience, which is able to see the heavens unroll themselves overhead with all the planets in their places, the whole celestial machinery being thus converted into a scientific toy. A large and fantastic building is dedicated to a journey round the world. The Russians have conceived the happy idea of reproducing some of the walls and towers of the Kremlin in the edifice devoted to Siberian products.



DOME DES INVALIDES—TOMB OF NAPOLEON, PARIS.

There is no Rue du Caire, with its infinite abominations. There is also to be much less display of ethnological groups. We have a Swiss village, with imitation mountains, but the harmless, necessary Swiss are a poor substitute for the host of heathens from "furrin' parts" which figured so conspicuously in the Exhibition of 1889.

Many of the side shows of the Fair lie along the north bank of the Seine, where also stand the exhibits of the Hôtel de Ville, the Hall of the Congresses—of which there are more than two hundred in all. Here is the absurd upside-down house, recently exhibited in Edinburgh, which is literally built upside down, roof on the earth, and in which you walk on the ceiling and see the furniture hanging down overhead. Here also are the great horticultural glass-houses and theatres and concert halls innumerable.

But the great side show of all the Exhibition is Old Paris. It is a little city of the olden time, reproducing within its narrow precincts some of the most famous buildings in the French capital. Over a thousand massive piles were driven down into the bed of the river, and upon them was laid the platform on which le Vieux Paris was built. The artist Robida, to whom the reconstruction of a vanished world was entrusted, has discharged his duty with brilliant success. You enter it close to the Alma Bridge at a reproduction of the Porte St. Michel. There you find yourself in Paris of the Middle Ages. All this quarter is occupied by persons in the costumes of the Middle Ages. We then reach the central building, where the group of buildings represent the Grand Châtelet, St. Chapelle, and a curious old bridge which, like London Bridge of old, is clustered over with houses. This section of Vieux Paris is devoted to Paris in the seventeenth century. Paris of the Renaissance is represented by the Palace which looks out towards the Trocadéro. Everywhere there are shops, restaurants, bars, and opportunities for spending money. Story above

story, it is the same thing. The narrow streets, the winding stairs, will be a sight to be seen when visitors from all the nations of the world are wedged together in a perspiring mob, besieged by Parisians of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, and of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, urging them to "Buy, buy, buy."

The great buildings in the Champs Elysées, which have replaced the Palais d'Industrie, and in which the Salon will find its future home, are permanent structures in stone. The little palace is devoted to Retrospective French Art: the larger palace of the Salon is dedicated to Les Beaux Arts.

Almost all the other buildings in the Exhibition are made of lath and plaster, or, more properly, of deal and staffe. It is a marvel to note how admirably every building material can be imitated by the deft hands of the plasterer and painter.

The buildings on the left bank claim our attention by the extreme variety of their sky-line. Great clustered domes and towers, Renaissance balustrades, feudal battlements, Gothic pinnacles with every form of finial and weather-vane, cut their silhouettes against the sky. These are the pavilions of the foreign powers, each characteristic of its own country. Several are direct copies of notable buildings, as, for instance, that of Belgium, which is a direct cast of the Hôtel-de-Ville at Oudenarde. The entire building, interior and exterior, was shipped in sections from Brussels to Paris and set up here by Belgians. In fact these buildings were all erected by native workmen, specially sent to Paris for the purpose. It was most interesting to study the different modes of construction; to see the Norwegians climb about on their lofty palace of native pine, without the aid of a stick of scaffolding, to watch the Russians in fur caps and belted blouses set up the great Muscovite towers, the Italians casting the numerous statues for the decoration of their niches.

It is but a step from these foreign pavilions to the Champ-de-Mars, which, as regards arrangement, remains much as it was in the last Exposition. Its lateral buildings have been reconstructed and the central dome has given place to one of the most unique features of the fair. The Château d'Eau and the Palais de l'Electricité here form a most extraordinary group. The former has for its principal motive a gigantic niche, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. From a grotto placed high in this niche a torrent of water leaps forth and is augmented by six smaller streams flowing from lesser niches. The water then falls over a series of terraces into a great basin beneath. Spouting jets enliven its descent; fantastic monsters, nymphs, and tritons disport themselves in the foam.

Behind the great grotto towers the gigantic mass of the Palais de l'Electricité. Its designer has conceived a fairy-like construction of the most surprising originality as new and modern as the element for which it stands. Its principal feature is a perforated crest running the entire length of the building. Its apex is surmounted by a group representing Electricity drawn by a horse and dragon relieved against the splendour of a huge sun. To give an idea of the height of this building, it may be said that the feet of the statue stand on about the same level as the top of the towers of Notre Dame!

As we return through the gardens of the Champ-de-Mars and pass under the

Eiffel Tower, a strange picture bursts upon us. Under the shadow of the Trocadéro, and dominated by its mass, an Oriental city is clustered, brilliant, dazzling white in the sunshine, its flat domes and minarets gleaming crisp against the sky. Here are grouped the Colonial buildings, both French and foreign, the two most conspicuous being those of Algeria and Tunis. Farther up the incline of the Trocadéro gardens stands the palace of Siberia, Asia, a most beautiful collection of buildings, rich, almost barbaric in detail, and brilliantly coloured. Under one of the great towers is the entrance to the exhibit of the trans-Siberian railway. An express train stands waiting, and we take our places in one of the luxurious coaches. Thus comfortably seated, we see, by means of a clever device, a panorama unfold itself; villages, towns, the steppes, rugged mountains succeed each other until finally the train stops. We alight and exit by a door opposite the one through which we entered and find ourselves in a Chinese station, in the Chinese section of the Exposition. A quaint corner it is too, this Chinese village with a bit of a palace, several most elaborate houses and gates, little bridges over tiny streams, all enlivened with gaudy reds, greens, and yellows. Thus for the first time has China come out of her shell and entered the lists of a European exhibition.

There is no "Midway," no one street upon which all attractions congregate, but they tempt the tired wanderer at every corner.

The "Village Suisse" is a true bit of the Alps, full of charming bits: little shops and market-stalls, roughly carved chalets with huge projecting eaves and shingled roofs; even the goats and cows browse in the little lanes. The other half is arranged as a true piece of Swiss landscape. The illusion is complete and it is hardly possible to realize that one is in the heart of Paris. It seems impossible that these towering masses of rock, these patches of grass with stunted pines, are but combinations of art and nature and not the *bona fide* thing.

Some of the most beautiful of this summer's sights are the night illuminations. Paris, of all places, knows best how to arrange her night fêtes. The bridges covered with festoons and pyramids of many-coloured lights, the trees hung with orange lanterns, the great buildings outlined like fairy palaces, the river a moving mass of quivering reflections, the sky illumined with bursts of rockets and iridescent balls of fire.

## The World's Progress.

### THE SITUATION IN CHINA.



PRINCE TUAN.

Indignant at the insults heaped upon their nation, the Boxers began to stir up the people against the "foreign devils" in the early part of this year. The meaning of "Boxer" in Chinese is "I Ho Chuan," or, "Righteous Harmony Fists." The mutterings of the populace were reported to the different consuls in Peking, but they treated these reports with contempt or indifference. Early in May the Boxer uprising assumed such proportions that the Chinese government was unable to suppress or control the movement, and the foreign representatives in Peking called for marine guards to protect the legations. On May 29th three hundred and fifty officers and men were landed from the war-ships at Taku and sent by special train to Peking. This force arrived at Peking on May 31st, and three days after the Boxers tore up parts of the railroad between Peking and Tien-Tsin. Prince Tuan, father of the heir apparent, and a notorious hater of foreigners, had, by revolutionary methods, become head of the Tsung-li-Yamen, which is a kind of ministerial cabinet to facilitate diplomatic transactions with the envoys of other

nations. Prince Tuan had organized the Emperor's guard, and on June 11th the Japanese Chancellor of Legation was killed by the troops of that guard. On the same day the British Admiral Seymour started from the coast with a column of two thousand men, half of whom were British, the rest being Germans, Russians, French, Americans and Japanese. He moved slowly, repairing the railway, until he got about half-way to Peking. The Chinese contested every step of the way, and running short of food and water, and having many wounded, the Admiral turned back. For nearly a week no one outside of China knew where he was. On June 17th Baron Von Ketteler, the German minister at Peking, was killed by a body of Boxers. On the same day the foreign admirals at Taku demanded that the commander of the Taku forts withdraw his troops. In reply the forts opened fire on the thirty-two war-ships which had assembled in the harbour. The warships returned the fire and the forts surrendered. On June 19th and 20th the Chinese attacked the allied forces at Tien-Tsin, but on the 21st they were repulsed and the siege was raised. A relieving force reached Admiral Seymour's column on June 25th after he had fought his way to within twelve miles of Peking. The force then returned to Tien-Tsin. On June 30th it became known that the Chinese on June 19th had given the ministers twenty-four hours in which to leave Peking, and that they had refused. Then came reports of the massacre of all the foreigners, one thousand in number, including four hundred soldiers. These reports from China, principally from Shanghai, came persistently, with various additions of horrible details of slaughter. After many such

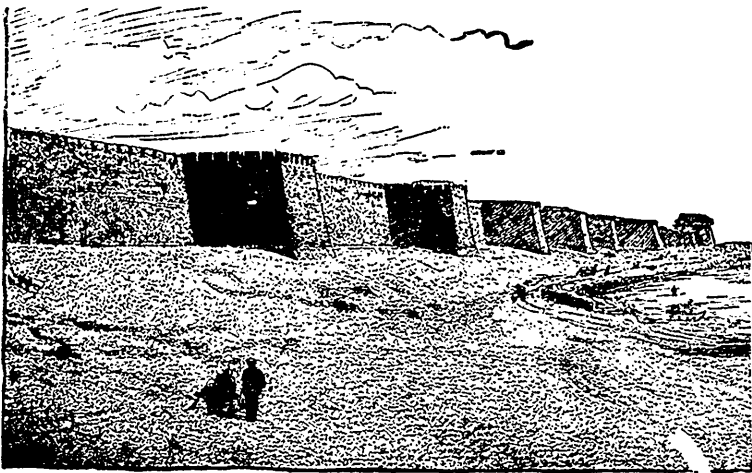


THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKIN.

rumours, it was admitted on July 12th that no authentic news had been received from Peking since June 24th. On July 13th Tien-Tsin was attacked and on the next day the native city was captured. Reports showed that complete anarchy existed in Peking. An imperial edict on July 29th represented that the ministers were held as hostages. On July 30th the British Government received a message from its ambassador, Sir Claude Macdonald, which explained that the legation had been bombarded from June 20th to July 16th, since which date there had been an armistice. On August 2nd a relief force of British, Americans, Russians and Japanese, numbering 16,000 men, started from Tien-Tsin to Peking. Eight miles out, at Peitsang, a seven-hour battle was

most interesting historical relic, or perhaps it should be called an historical record. It shows the work of the Khitan Tartars in 986, the plans of the capital of the Kin Tartars in 1151, the city laid out by Genghiz Khan in 1215, the city of Kublai Khan a century later, and other historical records in brick down to the advent of the present Manchu dynasty in 1644.

On the wall is the famous observatory, with the great globe and sextant, and the armillary zodiacal sphere constructed in 1279 by the astronomer of Kublai Khan. These instruments are wonderful alike for the date of their construction and for the remarkable preservation of all their figures and tracery, which are as clear and perfect as when they were made.



THE GREAT WALL, PEKIN.

fought with the Chinese, in which the allies lost 1,600 killed and wounded. Two days later, at Yang-tsun, they again routed the Chinese, losing 300 more men. On August 14th, the relieving army captured Ching-Chia-Wan, fifteen miles out from Peking, and, on the following day, entered the city. The legations were relieved, and communication between the Governments and their representatives was reopened.

#### PEKIN.

The city of Peking, now in possession of the allied armies, is said to have nothing attractive to the foreigner and it is repulsive in its filth. But there is more in Peking than squalor, filth and antipathy to foreigners. The wall of the city is a

There are also the marvellous bronzes, more accurate astronomically, made and erected by the Jesuit Father Verbiest in 1668.

The wall surrounding the city is from 22 to 25 miles in length and averages 50 feet in height. The following description of the wall, or walls—for there are three of them—is from a letter written by Bishop Kingsley :

“This wall is 66 feet thick at the bottom, and 54 feet at the top, and once in a few yards there are immense buttresses to give it still greater strength. At every fifth buttress the wall for the space of 126 feet in length is 256 feet in thickness. In several places the foundation of this wall is of marble, and when the ground is uneven immense quantities of cement, as



durable nearly as granite, and about as hard, have been used to level up the ground. The main body of this wall is made of bricks, each 20 inches long, 10 inches wide and 5 inches thick. These bricks are burned very hard, and have precisely the appearance of stone.

"On the inside of this wall, as well as on others in other cities, there are esplanades or stairways, with gates to them for ascending them. And over all the gateways there are immense towers, as large as great churches, and much higher, constructed of those great burned bricks. On the top of this immense wall there is a railing, both on the outside and inside, coming up to a man's waist, which railing itself is a wall, thus giving a sense of security to a person walking on the top.



ONE OF THE GATEWAYS AT PEKIN.

The outside railing is made into turrets for the use of cannon in case of attack. The entire top of the wall is covered with strong, burned brick, 20 inches square, resembling the flagging of our sidewalks in large cities, only, as I have said, these walls are 54 feet wide.

"There is no way of getting into the city only to go through this immense wall. And wherever there is a gate for the purpose of getting through, there is another wall built enclosing a square space, compelling all persons who go into the city to go through two walls, by passages at right angles to each other. The walls are so immensely thick that these passages through them, arched over with cut stone, remind one exactly of our railroad tunnels. At each of these great archways there is an enormous gate, made of strong timbers, everywhere as much as ten inches thick, and covered on both sides with plates of iron, like the sides of our warships. These gates are shut early in the evening, generally before sundown, and not allowed to be opened during the

night for any purpose. They are fastened on the inside by means of strong beams of timber.

"In Peking, inside the enclosing wall, there is another of miles in extent, surrounding what is called the Imperial City. Then, again, inside of this is another immense wall, surrounding what is called the 'Prohibited City.' Within this inner inclosure is the residence of the Emperor and all other buildings connected with royalty."

#### THE BOXERS.

"The Boxers," says the *American Antiquarian*, "are a secret society, the members of which go through a drill, in which they invoke certain spirits by incantations, and then beat their bodies with bricks to harden them, so that they can endure the pounding of knives without injury. They call themselves 'The Society of United Boxers,' and are supposed to have an incantation, consisting of nineteen characters as follows :

'God assist the Boxers.

The patriotic, harmonious corps ;

It is because the foreign devils disturb  
the Middle Kingdom,

Urging people to join their religion,

To turn their backs on heaven,

Venerate not the gods and forget the  
ancestors.

The earth is getting dry,

This is because the Churches stop the  
Heaven.

The gods are angry.

The genii are vexed ;

Both are come down from the moun-  
tains to deliver the doctrine.

This is not hearsay.

The practice will not be in vain

To recite incantations and pronounce  
magic words.

Burn up the yellow-written prayers ;

Light incense sticks ;

To invite the gods and genii of all the  
grottoes,

The gods will come out of the grottoes,

The genii will come down from the  
mountains,

And support the human bodies to prac-  
tise the boxing.'

"This poetry shows the constitutional defect of the Chinese ; there is no poetry in their nature, and scarcely any music, for their theatres are places where the most hideous noises are made, and their literature a mass of rubbish. As to what the future of the nation will be, it is difficult to prophesy. There are certain inventions and material works of art which show plodding industry and the type of their education, which consists in



A GROUP OF CHINESE SOLDIERS.

plodding, and is attended with unbounded conceit.

“The missionaries have come in contact with all this, and the world has lately come to see what inane and senseless superstitions still prevail. There is no hope that the Chinese will rise to any higher civilization until the introduction of modern ideas, and the supplanting of old customs and superstitions by the advanced education and religion of the more civilized nations.”

#### THE CHINESE SOLDIER.

The well-informed and judicious correspondent of the *Times* believes that the military efficiency of the Chinese troops has been absurdly exaggerated. He says: “Panic has recently painted an alarming picture of the Chinese soldier, a new creature who will really fight. He does

not exist; soldiers without officers cannot exist, and there are no Chinese officers. The Boxer, under the spell of fanaticism, does fight. He even attacks, but the Boxer will not last. In any case, it is not of him that I speak. I speak of the Chinese soldiery. It still consists, as I say, of mere braves. Behind walls they will make a show of courage. There is nothing new in that, they always have done so. The only new thing they have is the magazine rifle, with the power it gives to inflict heavier losses than heretofore. But attack them vigorously, let their line of retreat be even so much as threatened, and most assuredly they will not stand and meet disciplined troops. This has been the teaching of all the fighting that has taken place in China since 1840, it is the emphatic teaching of the operations at Tien-Tsin.”

SOUTH AFRICA.

The recent capture of Lydenburg by the British troops, and the subsequent dispersion of the Boer forces, which moved off in two directions, north and south-east, is the principal item of news from South Africa. The Boers' mountain stronghold was captured without difficulty, and with few casualties on the British side, and its surrender ought to make the close of the war appreciably nearer. Lord Roberts' proclamation, declaring the Transvaal a British colony, has already had a good effect, and the disheartenment and demoralization of the burghers still under arms are growing more and more evident. The Portuguese authorities are sending troops to the frontier of their territory, apparently with the purpose of preventing its being overrun with Boer fugitives. In Orange River Colony guerilla warfare is still kept up persistently, and efforts are constantly made to worry the small British garrisons in the towns distant from the centres, and to interrupt the line of communication by railway. Ex-President Kruger

has arrived at Lorenzo Marques on his way to Europe.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Oom Paul: "Um! This place is so overrun with English. I think I'll go and see the Paris Exhibition. They tell me there ain't any there."

—London Punch.

Religious Intelligence.

NOTES OF THE BRITISH CONFERENCES.

Canadian Methodism conferred the highest honour within her power upon British Methodism by sending to her the Rev. Albert Carman, D.D., the General Superintendent, as her fraternal representative. Dr. Carman carried the warm affection and greetings of Canadian Methodism to the Primitive Methodist Conference, at Bristol; to the Methodist New Connexion Conference at Newcastle-on-Tyne; to the Irish Wesleyan Conference at Belfast; to the British Wesleyan Conference at Burslem, and to the Bible Christian Conference at Penzance.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND.

Thanksgiving and gratitude arise to God for His manifest presence and blessing in connection with the raising of the Twentieth Century Fund of British Methodism. At the Irish Conference, in Belfast, pentecostal grace seems to have been upon all who were there assembled. The secretary, Mr. Lamont, had made his report. They had set out to raise 52,000 guineas. Great energy and faith-

fulness had attended the canvass, but they were still 3,500 behind and they did not know where to look for them. Mr. Parsons, a prominent lay member, proposed that each circuit increase its contribution ten per cent. Many doubted and shook their heads. Hugh Price Hughes, from the British Conference, took the floor and poured forth a deeply spiritual and practical exhortation. The result was a spontaneous outburst of generous impulse and heartfelt thanksgiving. Rich men confessed that they had given what they had deemed satisfactory, but now felt that they had not given newly enough, and they doubled or trebled their gifts. The ministers also increased their subscriptions, and the 52,000 guineas promised will be raised and paid.

A no less interesting meeting took place in the English Wesleyan Conference. A quarter of a million guineas were needed. The Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., who was an eye-witness, writing in the *Christian Advocate*, says:

"O, what a never-to-be-forgotten day was that Tuesday, July 31st, the second day of the representative session! The

one million of guineas is trembling in the balance ; for two hundred and fifty thousand pounds are still needed. Mr. Perks makes a great speech and closes with an impassioned peroration. When he sits down there is great cheering, but the applause is at once suppressed by the President, who says, 'this is a deliberative assembly.' Then the ex-President speaks, and Mr. Hughes follows in an appeal of spiritual power and solemnity, declaring that on a great historic occasion like this a man is justified in giving not only out of current income, but out of capital. He told of a dear friend who had promised seven hundred guineas. But he had been praying about it and was now prepared for Christ's sake to give, not seven hundred, but five thousand guineas. Dr. Rigg made a brief but touching and impressive speech, saying, 'Don't let us fall short of that which before high heaven and the whole world we have solemnly and religiously undertaken to do. If we are short, it will be a failure, a great and pitiful failure.' Then a layman, Mr. Rank, who had already given seven thousand guineas, stood up, and in modest and affecting terms asked, 'What is this fund for? I take it that it is for the glory of God and the well-being of humanity.' Then he offers twenty thousand guineas more, saying, 'out of the gladness of my heart I give this money.' Twenty-seven thousand guineas! Think of it. One hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars! One after another increased their givings, the stream of generosity rolled on till after seven o'clock. Many spoke with an emotion that thrilled the entire Conference and the crowded gallery. The presence and power of the Holy Spirit were deeply realized, and the voice of God was heard in the souls of men. The scene was wonderful, and the total result of the promises made in Conference reached the grand sum of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. That historic session will be enshrined in the hallowed memory of every one present at the last Wesleyan Conference of this wonderful century. The million guineas will assuredly be raised ; nobody doubts it now."

#### LIQUOR DEALERS IN THE CHURCH.

In the British Wesleyan Conference the Rev. Thomas Champness moved: "That in view of the sorrow and sin caused by the drinking habits of the people, the Conference thinks it in the

highest degree undesirable that any person directly engaged in the liquor traffic should be nominated for office in the Wesleyan Methodist Church."

At the Conference last year he had moved a similar resolution which was defeated by an overwhelming vote, only seven voting for it. This year only nine supported it out of about four hundred and fifty members.

It is difficult for us in Canada to understand the spirit of this Conference, which has its Temperance Committee and is seeking legislation in Parliament against the liquor traffic, and yet would retain in official positions those who are directly engaged in this nefarious business.

Mr. Champness was told that his agitation is "a set-back to the temperance movement." Yet this is the manner of his earnest, manly, restrained speech in Conference: "It might be asked why he was not content with the tremendous vote against him last year. He should be content if those who were ruining that country, and filling their pockets at the same time, had kept quiet, but they were stronger to-day, and the trade was more hateful and tyrannical than ever before, and he thought it behoved a Conference like that, which aimed at spreading Scriptural holiness throughout the land, that it should strike a death-blow at that greatest foe it had. The action of the last Conference had caused him to pause, and think, and read and pray. Looking round for information, he was led to read some remarkable sentences which occurred in a book written by a man whom they all admired, Mr. Hughes. The words were, 'If there is one subject more than another upon which the followers of Jesus Christ are bound to speak out, it is the liquor traffic. It is the greatest of all existing hindrances to the progress of the Gospel in England.' Was that true? Was it so? Was the liquor traffic the greatest of all existing hindrances to the progress of the Gospel? If that was true, 'What concord hath Christ with Belial?' He wished somebody else had had to say what was in his own mind. He felt like a prophet as he heard the wail and the prayer of the women who wrote to him asking for his prayers for their sons and daughters. He thought of homes to which he went where he saw the ruin had begun; he thought of one of his own companions; and all the wreck and ruin of their lives came about because some man was covetous enough to make money by the manufacture of evil."

## ITEMS.

Primitive Methodism, according to its President, is "a spiritual democracy," and its Conference included two women amongst its delegates. They have 200,000 members, and 460,000 scholars in their Sunday-schools. The attention of the Conference was drawn to the great falling off in the increases in their membership.

The Methodist New Connexion Conference was aroused over "Church extension," pledging itself to raise £10,000 for that purpose. They secured a subscription of 2,300 guineas for that fund at the Conference.

The most interesting event in the Irish Wesleyan Conference was the spontaneous effort to raise the remaining 3,500 guineas to complete the proposed fund of 52,000. This Conference is in close touch with the English Wesleyan Conference. The President of the latter is also President of the Irish Conference, and the legislation of the Irish Conference has to have the sanction of the English Conference before it becomes law. Besides the President they send three representatives; this year Dr. Walford Green, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and Mr. J. Bayley Lees were sent.

The Bible Christian Conference was held this year in Penzance, "the first and the last town in England, at Land's End, among the hearty, hospitable Cornish folk.

Laymen are to have a larger participation in church government in the British Wesleyan Church than they have ever had before, and the number of laymen will hereafter equal the number of ministers, namely, three hundred. Laymen are also to be associated in the management of the Book Room.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is appointed to visit Australian Methodism in 1902. It is to be hoped that he will go to Australia *via* Canada, and so pay a visit to Canadian Methodism.

After thirty years of eminently successful work as Principal of the Children's Home, which he founded, and which has rescued nearly five thousand children from sorrow, shame and sin, the Rev. Dr. Stephenson retires from that office. He re-enters the pastoral work, and is stationed at the charming watering-place of Ilkley, where his health, it is hoped, will rapidly improve. The Rev. A. E. Gregory has been elected as his successor as Principal of the Children's Home.

The Rev. W. H. Findlay was elected Missionary Secretary, and succeeds Mr. Olver, who has become a supernumerary.

The President-elect for the English Wesleyan Conference is the Rev. W. T. Davison, D.D. The Rev. Marshall Hartley was elected Secretary for 1901.

The *Outlook* says: "The recent annual Conference shows as vigorous life in British as in American Methodism. For the third successive year over two million dollars are to be expended in church-building. Ninety-five new chapels are to be erected, forty-five of them in places where there have been none of the Wesleyan order."

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 RECENT DEATHS.

The widely lamented death of Mr. W. H. Culver, of Winnipeg, has removed, in comparatively early life, a much-respected citizen of that city, and left a gap in the ranks of the supporters and workers of Grace Methodist Church that cannot soon be filled. A graduate of Victoria College, a lawyer of keen and vigorous intellect and energetic business habits, Mr. Culver had been for many years one of the most enterprising and successful of Winnipeg's citizens. He grew with the growth of the city, and took a deep interest in all its affairs, civic, social, and philanthropic. His attachment to Grace Church was warm and practical, and his time and his means were freely given in aid of various departments of the church's work. The bereaved family will have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

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 REV. DR. GREGORY.

Benjamin Gregory was born at Stokesley, November, 1820. He was converted to God while yet a scholar at the Grove school, and endured some little persecution because of his Christian constancy. From a pupil he became a master at the same school. He entered the ministry in 1840 and preached at the following stations with great success—Southampton, Hull, Barnsley, Waterloo, Altrincham, Lambeth and Oxford. His twenty-five years of editorship of the *Magazine* began in 1868, the prominent features of which were: the conscientious diligence given to every minutest detail, the enormous amount of matter contributed by the editor himself—reminiscences, character-sketches, reviews of books, both signed and unsigned—and the determina-

tion to make the *Wesleyan Magazine* at once a catholic and a denominational organ. To defend the truth of God, to keep Methodism faithful to even the form of sound words in which its doctrines are enshrined seemed to the editor a large part of the purpose for which the magazine was established. His intense love for the principles of Methodism was not

merely as an organization or a system of sound doctrine. It was a life of Christian fellowship, of holiness, of missionary zeal. Several books and pamphlets emanated from his facile pen. Dr. Gregory's death was eminently peaceful. Those who watched him "thought him dying when he slept and sleeping when he died."

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## Book Notices.

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*The Life of Lives. Further Studies in the Life of Christ.* By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Canterbury and Deputy Clerk of the Closet to the Queen. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

All students of the New Testament will remember Dr. Farrar's "Life of Christ," so charmingly written a few years ago. The facile pen of the brilliant author has lost none of its power, and the literary attractiveness of all his writings appears in the present volume. Few writers of the century can equal him in grace and beauty of expression.

The present volume is not so much an effort to trace the Matchless Life of which it treats, as it is to meet some of the leading difficulties created by the scientific and naturalistic tendencies of the age. The Immaculate Conception, Christ's Sinlessness, the Temptation, the Miracles of Christ, the Atonement, the Resurrection, and the Ascension seem to be central chapters, around and between which biography and teaching are woven with all the beauty and eloquence of which Dean Farrar is an acknowledged master.

Christianity is met at the very threshold with objections against the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. If this can be successfully defended, everything else related of Christ in the gospel falls easily into line. But what proof can be offered in its defence? As a doctrine it does not stand alone. It is but a link among many others forming a connected chain of most marvellous history. The history itself cannot be disputed, nor can it be explained by a denial of the facts that constitute its supernatural basis. The author says: "If the Virgin-birth of the Saviour of mankind had stood alone—if nothing had led up to it; if nothing had sprung from it; if the witnesses to it were untrustworthy liars, who were morally capable of having palmed off upon the world a conscious fic-

tion—then doubt would have been natural. But when the event stands, as it does—quite apart from religion—as the central point of the destinies of mankind; when we see that all the history of the past led up to it, and that all the illimitable future was, and must still be, dominated by it; when we see how it fulfilled the prophecies and yearnings of humanity among the heathen as well as among the Jewish race, and how it has been the germ of all that was best and greatest in the progress of the ages which have followed—the fact ceases to stand alone. . . . The ages which have followed have all looked to 'Him first, Him last, Him midst, . . . and without end.' It will be seen, then, that the reason why we believe in the records of that miraculous birth, of those angel melodies, of those bending Magi, is not only because they stand recorded by those who were too feeble to have invented them, and of whom every one would have said 'I would rather die than lie'—but because, being so recorded, they have received the attestation of God Himself, seeing that the whole subsequent history of the world seems to us to have set its seal to the belief that they are true."

The method of argument here pursued is strictly in keeping with modern scientific induction, and ought to receive the same consideration as when applied in other fields of study. "But after all, the strongest part of the evidence to us is that we have 'the witness in ourselves.' . . . They who are spiritually-minded recognize the truth, not only by the reason, but by the heart."

In the Temptation, two great truths must be noted,—the temptation was real, not a mere semblance; and secondly, "the force and reality of the outward temptation did not impair—nay, it illustrated—Christ's sinlessness." And what was the direct, personal result of this

great conflict? "The principle which would henceforth sustain His whole life should be to shrink from no self-sacrifice, however awful; to drink the cup, however bitter, which God should send to Him; and to annihilate every prompting which should have its source only in the earthly self." We have no space to touch upon any other of the forty-three chapters making up this deeply interesting volume. It has about it the inspiring breath of the morning, and the radiant glory of the noonday sun. It is a book to quicken thought, inspire hope, and warm the heart. No one can read it without feeling that the Matchless Life it unfolds is "the Light of the world," and the Saviour of men.

*Studies in Eastern Religions.* By PROFESSOR A. S. GEDEN, M.A., Wesleyan College, Richmond. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The title of this book is broader than its contents, as it does not treat of all the Eastern Religions, but only of Brahmanism and Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism. The author fully advises the reader of the limitation. Christian scholarship has generally insisted on the unity of the human race. A study of the various religious beliefs and practices furnishes difficulties in relation to such unity no less startling than do the colours of the different races, and the varieties in facial expression and form. If the human race is a unity, such unity is expressed rather by its general tendency towards a religious life than by any special likeness in the form of its expression, or agreement in its teaching.

A striking feature in the study of religions is the fact that all the great religions have had their birth in the East. The West may adopt them (some, not all of them), but their birth and vitality are distinctly oriental.

The forms of religion, seem to depend upon or run along racial lines. Buddhism seems more congenial to the Mongolian than to the Aryan, while Mohammedanism will probably ever struggle in vain for a foothold among the nations of Europe. A study of religions thus becomes a study of some of the most striking peculiarities that distinguish the races from each other, and suggests the startling question—whether it will ever be possible to have one Lord, one faith, one baptism. To one race, truth is relative, while to another it is absolute. With one, ultimate belief and acceptance are emotional, to another they result

from intellectual conviction. One is satisfied with an imposing form of service, another can keep the religious flame alive only by an active, aggressive, spiritual life. These thoughts are suggested by, rather than suggested in, the present volume.

The study of these various religions raises the momentous question as to whether a monopoly of Divine Revelation was enjoyed by the people of Israel? Did God leave Himself without a witness through countless generations and among the countless millions outside of Palestine? What value attaches to all this variety of religious life and thought outside of God's chosen people?

The author's intelligent and deeply interesting exposition of the religions he has here unfolded will not only impart a new interest to the general question of religion itself; it will also lead to a deeper and more intelligent appreciation of Christianity. We seriously commend the careful study of this volume to every one having in view labour in foreign mission fields. The nature of the religion they are endeavouring to supersede, the mental and emotional characteristics of its devotees, and the several influences by which it has gained its footing, cannot be successfully ignored. Missionary zeal should always remember that the soil it seeks to till is already preoccupied, and that the new teaching can take root only as the old is satisfactorily displaced.

*The Church of the West in the Middle Ages.* By HERBERT B. WORKMAN, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Vol. II.

This is a continuation of the history begun in the first volume, which we noticed at the time of its issue. This second volume covers the period from the death of St. Bernard (1153) to the transfer of the Papacy to Avignon and the death of Clement V. (1314). It presents similar evidences of extensive reading, careful research as to the actual facts, and lucidity of statement to those that characterized the first volume, in which much light was shed upon what has always been a dark period to all, except scholars and special students of ecclesiastical annals. This work carries the general history of the Church down to the dawn of the Reformation, or rather to the signs of coming day that preceded the dawn. In many instances men and events, that were to a great extent covered by the dust of ages, are lifted up into the light and placed in their true

relations to the developments that followed them. This recognition of the continuity of history, and the relation of one period to that which succeeded it, is a distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Workman as an historian. He presents a vivid portraiture of the condition of things during the period of which he writes that enables one to understand the results that followed later. Mr. Workman intimates that his next volume will treat of the Reformation; in it he deals especially with the moulding forces of that period. It will be a matter of interest to many readers of this magazine to learn that Professor Banks is preparing a volume on the development of doctrine from St. Augustine to the Reformation.

*The Knights of the Cross.* By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ. Second half. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company.

This is the authorized and unabridged translation from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin, who translated the first volume, of which a notice was given in a former issue of this magazine. Those who have read "Quo Vadis," by the same author, and the first part of "The Knights of the Cross," will not fail to procure and read this last volume, in order to follow up the adventures and fate of Zbyszko and the lovely Yagenka. The story deals with one of the most dramatic periods in European annals, and describes the fierce fights for supremacy between a powerful order, half religious and half military, and the people of Lithuania and Poland. The bravery and knightly romance which are so vividly portrayed in the work appeal to a common human feeling, which "makes the whole world kin." In this second half of the work stirring events are described with the dramatic power and literary ability which have won such wide celebrity for the author's previous works. The hard Polish names, and the want of familiarity with the historic setting of the story, may repress the reader's enthusiasm at first, but as he becomes interested in the persons and events of the book this first feeling gives way to one of absorbing interest.

*Foreign Missions of the Protestant Churches.* By STEPHEN L. BALDWIN, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00.

This is a timely and well-written volume on a great theme of special interest to all

Christians, at the present time when the character of missionaries and the work of Christian missions are so persistently misrepresented. We cannot in any way convey a better idea of the character of this book than by giving the author's object in his own words. Dr. Baldwin says: "Its object is to present some of the principles which underlie the missionary work of Protestantism, to discriminate between conceptions of missionary work that are true and those that are false, to consider the call and qualification of missionaries, briefly to treat some of the methods by which the missionary work of the Churches is managed from the home side and some that are employed in the work on the various fields, and to give brief outline summaries of the work of the numerous societies engaged in it." It is not too much to say that Dr. Baldwin has accomplished this object very effectively, in a manner that will be helpful to ministers and all who are interested in this great department of the work of the Christian Churches. The chapter on "False and True Conceptions of Missions and Missionary Work" is worthy of special study.

*Junior History of Methodism.* By W. G. KOONS, B.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 35 cents.

This booklet is designed for young people in Epworth League work. It briefly outlines the leading features in the history of the Wesley family, the birth and marvellous growth of Methodism, especially in the United States, touching with considerable fulness the stormy days of the Revolution, and the several branches of the Methodist family springing from the main tree. It is illustrated by likenesses of several of its most representative leaders. It is well adapted to the purpose for which it is written, and will create a desire to know more of the great Methodist revival that began with the Holy Club at Oxford.

It sketches its history to the present, and closes with the following striking statement: "Methodism has grown until at the beginning of 1900 its statistics are as follows: In the United States, 17 branches with 5,898,832 members; in Canada, 1 branch with 282,259 members; in the Old World, 8 branches with 1,170,188 members. A total of 26 branches with 7,261,279 members.