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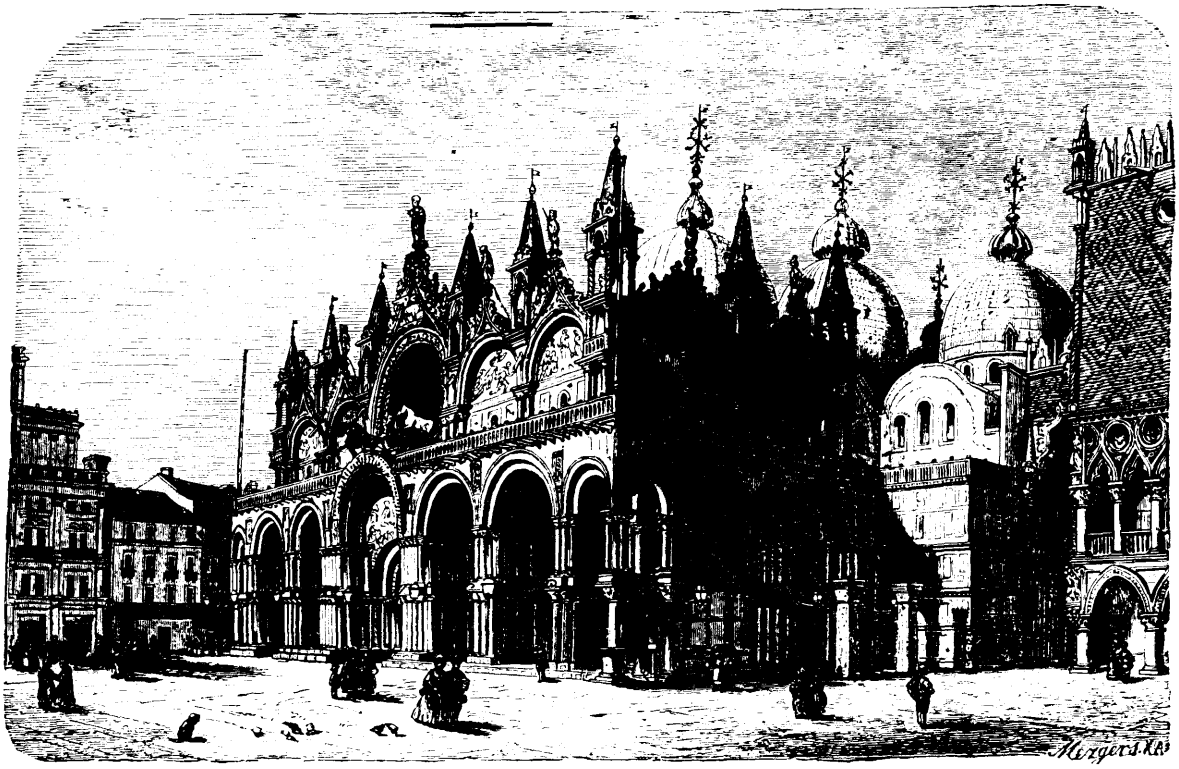


ST. MARK'S CHURCH, VENICE.

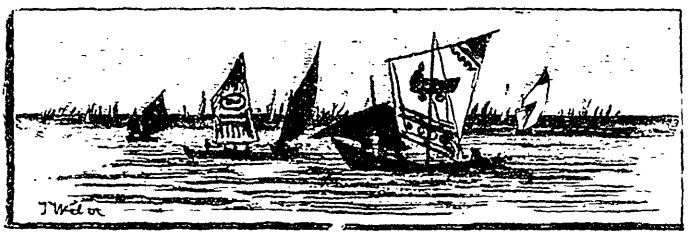
THE

Methodist Magazine.

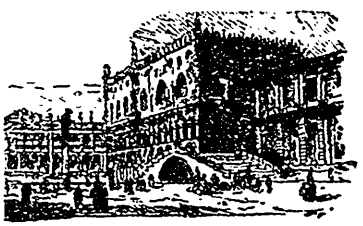
August, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

"*THE CITY OF THE SEA.*"



ITALIAN FISHING FLEET.



DOGE'S PALACE AND PRISON.

As we glide slowly along the iron way toward the Adriatic, eagerly scanning the horizon, a dark blue line of towers and churches, seeming to float upon the waves, comes gradually into view; and with a leap of the heart we greet the famous "City of the Sea." We quickly crossed from the mainland, by a bridge over two miles long, to the far-famed Queen of the Adriatic.

As we emerged from the noisy station the commissionaire of the hotel Victoria was awaiting us, and we were speedily placed in comfortable gondolas, manned by picturesque gondoliers at bow and stern. With our five gondolas and two for the baggage we made quite a procession.

It is very odd, instead of being driven to one's hotel in a noisy fiacre or rumbling omnibus, to be borne over the water streets, as smoothly as in a dream. In the strange stillness there was a sug-

gestion of mystery, as though the silent gliding figures that we passed were not living men of the present, but the ghosts of the dim generations of the shadowy past. The lines of Rogers irrepressibly sprung to the lips:

> "There is a glorious City in the sea.
> The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
> Clings to the marble of her palaces.
> No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
> Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
> Invisible; and from the land we went,
> As to a floating city—steering in,
> And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
> So smoothly, *silently*."

Of course, the great event is a row on the Grand Canal. One has only to step to the door and hold up his finger, when a gondolier with the stroke of his oar brings his bark to one's feet. The charm of those sails along that memory-haunted water-way, whose beauties are portrayed in every gallery in Europe, will never be forgotten. Onward we glided silently,

> "By many a dome
> Mosque-like and many a stately portico,
> The statues ranged along an azure sky;
> By many a pile of more than Eastern pride,
> Of old the residence of merchant kings,
> The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,
> Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
> As though the wealth within them had run o'er."

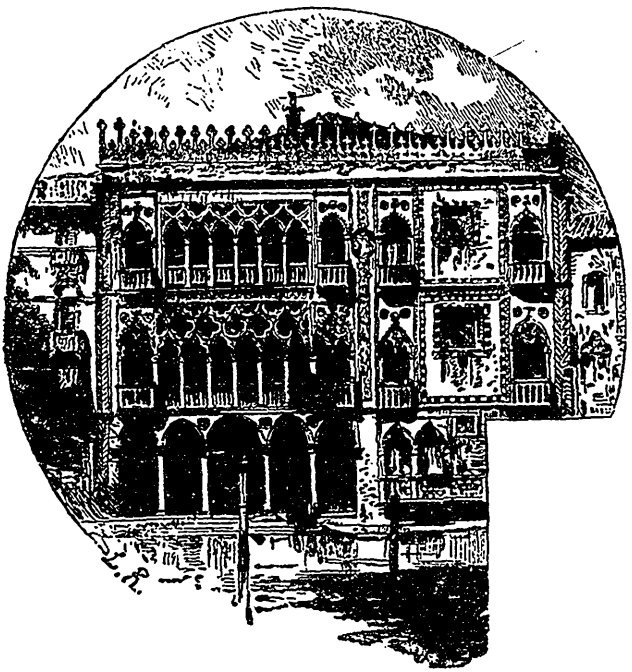
Others are of a faded splendour, wan, and seem to brood sadly over their reflection in the wave. Here are the old historic palaces, whose very names are potent spells—the Palazzi Manzoni, Foscari, Dandolo, Loredan, once the abodes of kings and doges and nobles. Here swept the bannered mediæval pageants as the doges sailed in gilded galley to the annual marriage of the Adriatic. There is the house, says tradition, of the hapless Desdemona. Now we glide beneath the Rialto, with its memories of Shylock the Jew and the Merchant of Venice.
And

> "Now a Jessica
> Sings to her lute, her signal as she sits
> At her half-open lattice."

It was very amusing as we sailed along the canals on Saturday afternoon, which is a holiday, to see fathers and mothers teaching

the children to swim. Little bits of things were sent off with a short board to rest on and a long cord around the body to keep them from drifting too far away. The doors open directly upon the water. One wonders that half the children do not get drowned.

The great centre and focus of Venetian life is the Piazza of St. Mark. It is a large stone-paved square, surrounded by the marble palaces of the ancient Republic. The only place in Venice large enough for a public promenade, it is crowded in the evening by a well-dressed throng of diverse nationalities, many of them in picturesque foreign costumes, listening to the military band,

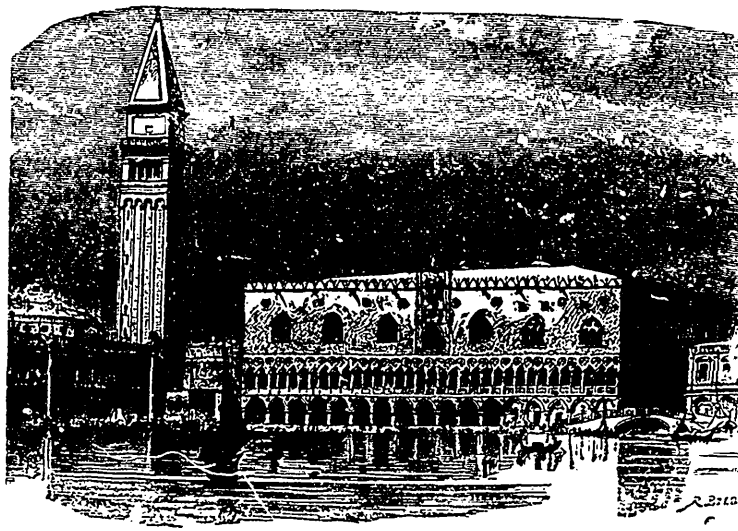


THE GOLDEN HOUSE, VENICE.*

*The "Golden House," so called on account of the richness of its decorations of 14th century style. It is now much faded. See Byron's lines:

"City of palaces, Venice, once enthroned
Secure, a queen 'mid fence of flashing waters,
Whom East and West with rival homage owned
A wealthy mother with fair trooping daughters.
What art thou now? Thy walls are gray and old:
In thy lone hall the spider weaves his woof,
A leprous crust creeps o'er the House of Gold,
And the cold rain drips through the pictured roof."

sipping coffee at the cafés, or lounging under the arcades. Among the throng may be seen jet-black Tunisians with their snowy robes; Turks with their fez and embroidered vests; Albanians, Greeks and Armenians; English, French, German, Russian, Austrian, and American tourists. The women of Venice have very regular features and fine classic profiles, a circumstance which is attributed to the large infusion of Greek blood arising from the intimate relations for centuries of the Republic with Greece and the Levant. They wear a graceful mantilla over their heads, in quite an oriental manner; and a dark bodice, scarlet kerchief, and frequently a yellow skirt and blue apron—a bright symphony of colour that would delight an artist's eye.

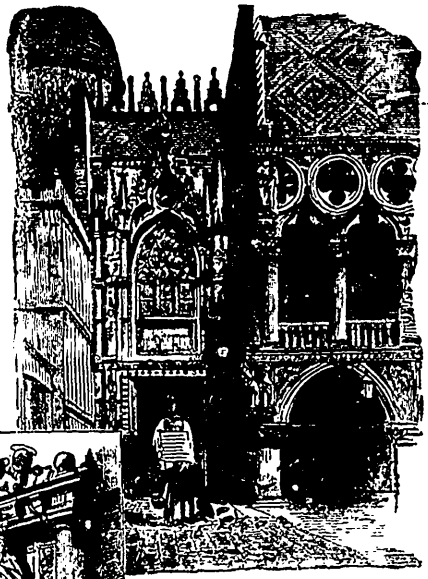


THE CAMPANILE AND DOGE'S PALACE.

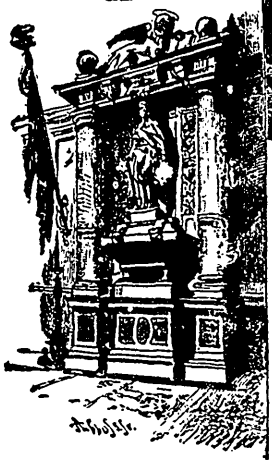
A curious illustration is here given of the permanence of European institutions and customs. An extraordinary number of pigeons will be seen nestling in the nooks and crannies of the surrounding buildings, perched on the façade of St. Mark, billing and cooing, and tamely hopping about almost under the feet of the promenaders. The ladies of our party were delighted with this charming experience. At two o'clock every day a large bell is rung, and instantly the whirr of wings is heard, and hundreds of snowy pigeons are seen flocking from all directions to an opening near the roof of the municipal palace, where they are fed by public dole. This beautiful custom, recalling the expression of Scripture, "flying as doves to their windows," has been observed

during six stormy and changeful centuries. According to tradition, the old Doge Dandolo, in the thirteenth century, sent the tidings of the conquest of Candia by carrier pigeons to Venice, and by a decree of the Republic their descendants were ordered to be forever maintained at the expense of the State.

The glory of this stately square, however, is the grand historic church of St. Mark. (See frontispiece.) All words of description must be tame and commonplace after Ruskin's glowing pen-picture of this grand and glorious pile:



DOGE'S PALACE.



DOGE'S TOMB.

"A multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculptures of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry and deep-green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, their bluest veins to kiss,—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals, rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them in the broad archivolts a continuous chain of lan-

guage and life—angels and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers —a confusion of delight amid which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breath of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion lifted on a blue field covered with stars; until at last, as if in ecstacy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky, in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Above the great portal ramp the Greek bronze horses brought by Constantine to Byzantium, by Dandolo to Venice, by Napoleon to Paris, and restored to their present position by the Emperor Francis. As we cross the portico we step upon a porphyry slab, on which, seven centuries ago, the Emperor Barbarossa knelt and received upon his neck the foot of Pope Alexander III., who chanted the while the versicle, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." "To St. Peter I kneel, not to thee," said the Emperor,

stung with the humiliation. "To *me* and to Saint Peter," replied the haughty Pontiff, pressing once more his foot upon his vassal's neck. The proud monarch was then obliged to hold the stirrup of the priest as he mounted his ass, not "meek and lowly," like his Master, but more haughty than earth's mightiest kings.

In that same porch the Doge Dandolo, "near his hundredth year, and blind—his eyes put out—stood with his armour on," ere with five hundred gallant ships he sailed away, in his hand the gonfalon of Venice, which was soon to float in victory over the mosques and minarets of proud Byzantium. Here

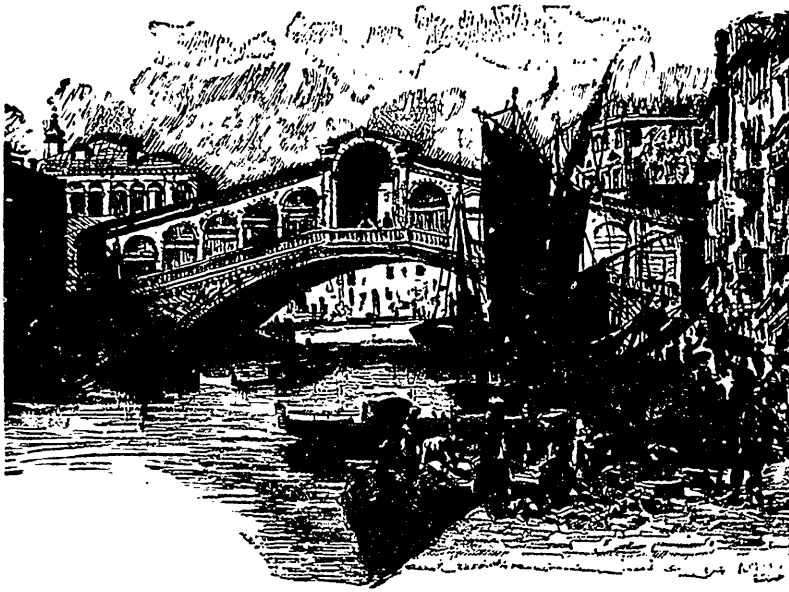
> "In an after time, beside the doge,
> Sat one yet greater, one whose verse shall live
> When the wave rolls o'er Venice—
> The tuneful Petrarch crowned with laurel."

Let us enter the church. A vast and shadowy vault opens before us. The mosaic pavement heaves and falls in marble waves upon the floor. "The roof sheeted with gold, and the polished wall covered with alabaster," reflect the light of the altar lamps, "and the glories around the heads of the saints flash upon us as we pass them and sink into the gloom." The austere mosaics, some dating back to the tenth century, made the old church during long ages a great illuminated Bible—its burden the abiding truth, "Christ is risen! Christ shall come!" "Not in wantonness of wealth," writes Ruskin, "were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults that one day shall fill the vault of heaven—'He shall return to do judgment and justice.'" The old church was to the unlettered people a visible "image of the Bride, all glorious within, her raiment of wrought gold."

We lingered for hours, spell-bound, studying the antique frescoes of patriarchs, prophets, kings, apostles, martyrs, angels and dragons, forms beautiful and terrible, the whole story of the Old and New Testament, the life and miracles of Christ, and the final glories and terrors of the Apocalypse; and listening the while to the chanting of the priests and the solemn cadence of the organ and choir. On the high altar are reliefs of the eleventh century, containing nearly three hundred figures; and alabaster columns, according to tradition, from the temple of Solomon, through which the light of a taper shines; and underneath are the so-called tomb and relics of St. Mark. We stood in the ancient pulpit, descended into the dim, weird crypts, and climbed to the corridor

that goes around the building within and without, and felt to the full the spell of this old historic church. We never heard more impassioned preaching than from a very homely and very red-headed friar in its ancient pulpit.

At twilight, in St. Mark's, the scene was very impressive. The sweet-voiced organ filled the shadowy vaults with music. The tapers gleamed on the high altar, reflected by the porphyry and marble columns. A throng of worshippers knelt upon the floor and softly chanted the responses to the choir. And at that sunset hour the fishermen on the lagunes, the sailor on the sea,



THE RIALTO AND GRAND CANAL

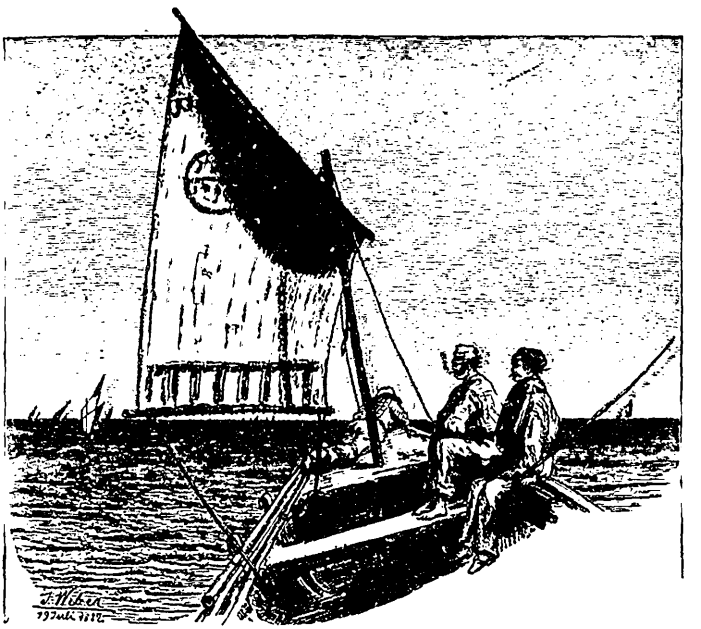
the peasant on the shore, the maiden at her book, the mother by her babe, pause as they list to the vesper-bell and whisper the angel's salutation to the blessed among women.

In the piazza rises, to the height of over three hundred feet, the isolated square campanile of St. Mark, from which we enjoyed a magnificent sunset view of the city, the lagunes, the curving shore of the Adriatic, and the distant Tyrolese and Julian Alps. A tourist, with an artist's eye and poet's pen, thus describes the beauty of the scene:

"The burning sunset turns all the sky to opal, all the churches to pearl, all the sea to crimson and gold. The distant mountains glow like lines of lapis lazuli washed with gold; the islands are bowers of greenery, springing

from the bosom of the purple waves. Great painted saffron and crimson sails come out from the distance, looking in the sunlight like the wings of some gigantic, tropical bird; flowers and glittering ornaments hang at the mast-head; everywhere you hear music and song, the splash of swift oars, the hum of human voices; everywhere you drink in the charm, the subtle intoxication, the glory of this beloved queen among the nations."

For six centuries and more the gray old tower, which Galileo used to climb, has looked down upon the square, the scene of so many stately pageants. It has witnessed the doges borne in their chairs of state, and borne upon their biers; triumphal fêtes and



ITALIAN FISHING BOATS.

funeral processions; the madness of the masquerade and carnival; and the tragedy of the scaffold and the headsman's axe.

Near the church is the far-famed Palace of the Doges, with its stately banquet chambers and council halls. Ascending the grand stairway on which the doges were crowned, were the venerable Faliero in his eightieth year was executed, and down which rolled his gory head, and the Scala d'Oro, which only the nobles inscribed in the Golden Book were permitted to tread, we enter the great galleries filled with paintings of the triumphs of Venice, her splendour, pomp, and pride, and portraits of seventy-

six doges. Here is the largest painting in the world, the "Paradise" of Tintoretto, crowded with hundreds of figures. The halls of the Senate, the Council of Ten, and of the Inquisitors of the Republic, with their historic frescoes, their antique furniture and fine caryatides supporting the marble mantels, and their memories of glory and of tyranny, all exert a strange fascination over the mind.

Crossing the gloomy Bridge of Sighs, we entered the still more gloomy prison of the doges, haunted with the spectres of their murdered victims. There are two tiers of dungeons—one below the level of the canal, whose sullen waves could be heard by the prisoner lapping against the walls of his cell. The guide showed the instruments of torture, the hideous apparatus of murder, the channels made for the flowing blood, the secret openings by which bodies of the victims were conveyed to the canal, and the cell in which the Doge Marino Faliero was confined. In the latter, he said that Byron once spent forty-eight hours, that he might gain inspiration for his gloomy tragedy upon the subject. The guide took away his taper for a time, that we might realize the condition of the unhappy prisoner. The darkness was intense, and could almost be felt. A very few minutes was long enough for me.

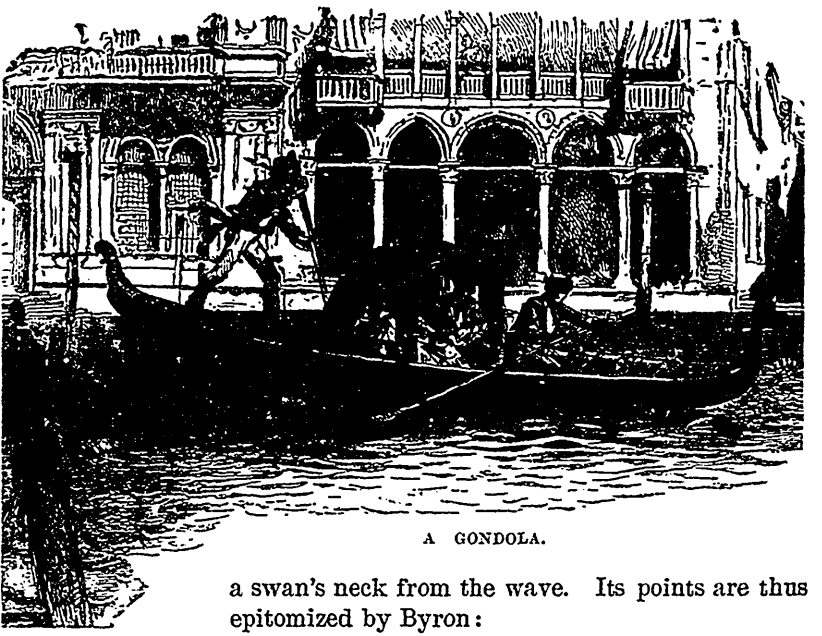
Many of the other churches of Venice, as well as St. Mark's, are of great interest, especially those containing the sumptuous tombs of the doges and the monuments of Titian and Canova. In one epitaph I read the significant words: "The terror of the Greeks lies here."

The people whom we saw in the churches seemed very devout and very superstitious. I saw one woman rub and kiss the calico dress of an image of the Virgin with seven swords in her heart, as if in hope of deriving spiritual efficacy therefrom. I saw another exposing her sick child to the influence of a relic held in the hands of a priest, just as she would hold it to a fire to warm it. Near the Rialto, once the commercial exchange, "where merchants most do congregate," now lined on either side with small huckster shops, we purchased delicious fruit. We visited one of the private palaces on the Grand Canal, whose owner was summering in Switzerland or at some German spa. Everything was as the family left it, even to the carved chessmen set out upon the board. The antique furniture, rich tapestry, and stamped leather arras, the paintings and statuary, seemed relics of the golden time when the merchant kings of Venice were lords of all the seas.

The Venetian glass and mosaic work is of wonderful delicacy

and beauty; and the flowers, portraits and other designs, which are spun by the yard and which appear on the surface of the cross section, are of almost incomprehensible ingenuity and skill. On a lonely island is the cemetery of Venice. How dreary must their funerals be—the sable bark like that which bore Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," gliding with muffled oars across the sullen waves.

The gondola, in its best estate, is a sombre-funereal-looking bark, draped in solemn black, its steel-peaked prow curving like



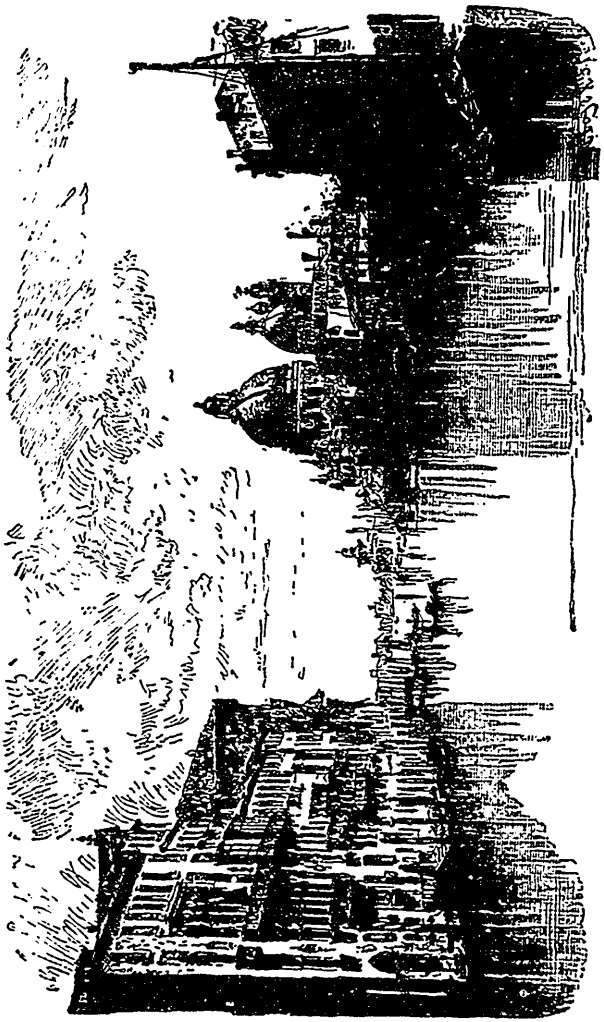
A GONDOLA.

a swan's neck from the wave. Its points are thus epitomized by Byron:

"'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called a gondolier;
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapped in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do."

There are, of course, no wells in Venice, except an Artesian boring; but in each parish is a stone cistern, which is filled every night by a water-boat from the mainland. The iron cover over this is unlocked every morning by the priest of the neighbouring church; and one of the most picturesque sights of the city is to see the girls and women tripping to the wells, with two brass vessels supported by a yoke upon their shoulders, for the daily supply of water.

An evening sail on the Grand Canal was peculiarly impressive. The light faded from the sky; the towers and campaniles gleamed rosy red, then paled to spectral white; and the shadows crept over sea and land. The gondolier lit the lamp at the little vessel's



THE GRAND CANAL AND CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE.

prow. The twinkling lights from the lattices quivered on the waves, and the boatman devoutly crossed himself where the lamp burned before the rude shrine of the Madonna.

The crescent moon hung low in the deep blue sky and silvered the dome of Santa Maria de la Salute and paved a gleaming path

upon the broad canal; an illuminated gondola, with a singing concert party, floated softly by—the tinkling of a light guitar, the throbbing of a tambourine, the rich baritone and contralto voices blending softly with the lapping of the wavelets against our prow and the drip of the water from the suspended oar. It was like a page from some tale of old romance. In the moonlight the faded old palaces seemed transmuted to alabaster, and on the opposite side of the canal deep mysterious shadows crouched, as if haunted with ancient mystery.

As we traversed the canals, the cries of the gondoliers to pass to the right or left—*premi*, or *stali*—were heard amid the darkness, and great skill was exhibited in avoiding collision. During the night, in the strange stillness of that silent city, without sound of horse or carriage, the distant strains of music, as some belated gondolier sang a snatch, perchance from Tasso or Ariosto, penetrated even the drowsy land of sleep, till we scarce knew whether our strange experience were real or the figment of a dream.

A PLEA.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

Such little, restless hands,
So ready to reach out and grasp
The newness 'round them. Life holds much, so much,
And each day brings to light some new, strange thing
That they are tempted hard to touch,
Those little hands, be kind.

Such little, tireless feet,
So eager to explore the world
That lies beyond their threshold. Do not chide,
If they, in wonder, go too fast and far,
The years that meet them will do much to make
Their steps both slow and careful. Then be kind
If they o'erstep the bounds that we have set,
Those little, tireless feet.

Such dear, fond, trusting eyes,
How oft they judge us, and we know it not.
No thought of guile dims their sweet innocence,
In their clear depths are mirrored spotless souls
Fresh from the hand of God. Oh, see to it,
That no wrong word of ours, no hasty act,
Shall leave such stains that all the years to come
Cannot efface them.

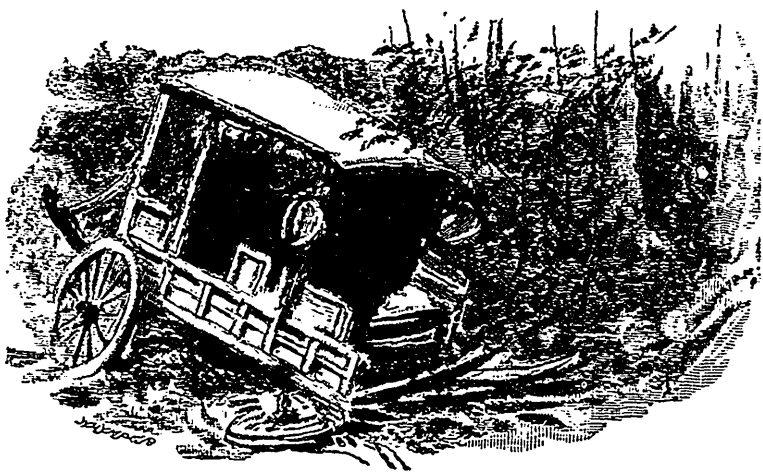
Hampton, Ia.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VII.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



A BREAK-DOWN IN THE BUSH.

Monday, May 9th.—At 10 a.m. we made West Cape Howe, Western Australia, our first land since leaving the Allas Strait. It was with great joy and relief, as well as with, I think, pardonable pride in Tom's skill as a navigator, that I went on deck to see these rock-bound shores. It was certainly a good landfall, especially considering the difficulties which we had met with on account of the chronometers. Tom's estimated average run of 1,000 knots per week under sail has come out pretty well, and my own daily estimates of the run have been also surprisingly near the mark. In fact, Tom thinks them rather wonderful, considering that they have been arrived at simply by watching and thinking of the vessel's ways all day and part of the night, and often without asking any questions.

The coast seemed fine and bold, the granite rocks looking like snow on the summit of the cliffs, at the foot of which the fleecy rollers were breaking in a fringe of pale green sea, whilst on the other side the water remained of a magnificent deep ultramarine

colour. By four o'clock we were at anchor in King George Sound, which reminded us much of Pictou, in Nova Scotia.

Albany is a clean-looking little town, containing some 2,000 inhabitants. Carriages were not to be hired, but we found an obliging carter, who had come to fetch hay from the wharf, and who consented to carry me, instead of a bundle of hay, up to the house of Mr. Loftie, the Government Resident. We have decided to remain a week, in order to give me a chance of recruiting. Most of the party stayed on shore to dinner, for the kitchen-range on board the *Sunbeam* had got rather damaged by the knocking about of the last few days. In the course of the afternoon a large sackful of letters and newspapers from England was delivered on board, much to our delight.

Tuesday, May 10th.—A busy morning with letters and telegrams. A little before one o'clock we landed at the pier, where Mr. Loftie met us, and drove us to the Residency to lunch. It was a treat to taste fresh bread and butter and cream once more, especially to me, for these are among the few things I am able to eat. I was sorry to hear that a terrible epidemic of typhoid fever seems to be ravaging this little town. Built as it is on the side of a hill overlooking the sea, and with a deliciously invigorating air always blowing, Albany ought to be the most perfect sanatorium in the world. Later in the afternoon I went for a drive with Mrs. Loftie all round the place, seeing the church, schools, and new town hall, as well as the best and worst parts of the town. It was no longer a mystery why the place should be unhealthy, for the water-supply seems very bad, although the hills above abound with pure springs. The drainage from stables, farm-buildings, poultry-yards, and various detached houses apparently has been so arranged as to fall into the wells which supply each house. The effect of this fatal mistake can easily be imagined, and it is sad to hear of the valuable young lives that have been cut off in their prime by this terrible disease.

In the course of our drive we passed near an encampment of aborigines, but did not see any of the people themselves. We also passed several large heaps of whales' bones, collected, in the days when whales were numerous here, by a German, with the intention of burning or grinding them into manure. Formerly this part of the coast used to be a good ground for whalers, and there were always five or six vessels in or out of the harbour all the year round. But the crews, with their usual shortsightedness, not content with killing their prey in the ordinary manner, took to blowing them up with dynamite; the result being that they killed more than they could deal with, and frightened the remainder away.

Wednesday, May 11th.—It had been settled that to-day should be devoted to an excursion by the new line of railway in course of construction. The special train of ballast-trucks which had been provided for us was to have started at ten o'clock. We found a pleasant party assembled to receive us. In due course we were all seated on two long planks, back to back, in open trucks, behind an engine and tender. The morning was simply

AN ABORIGINAL.

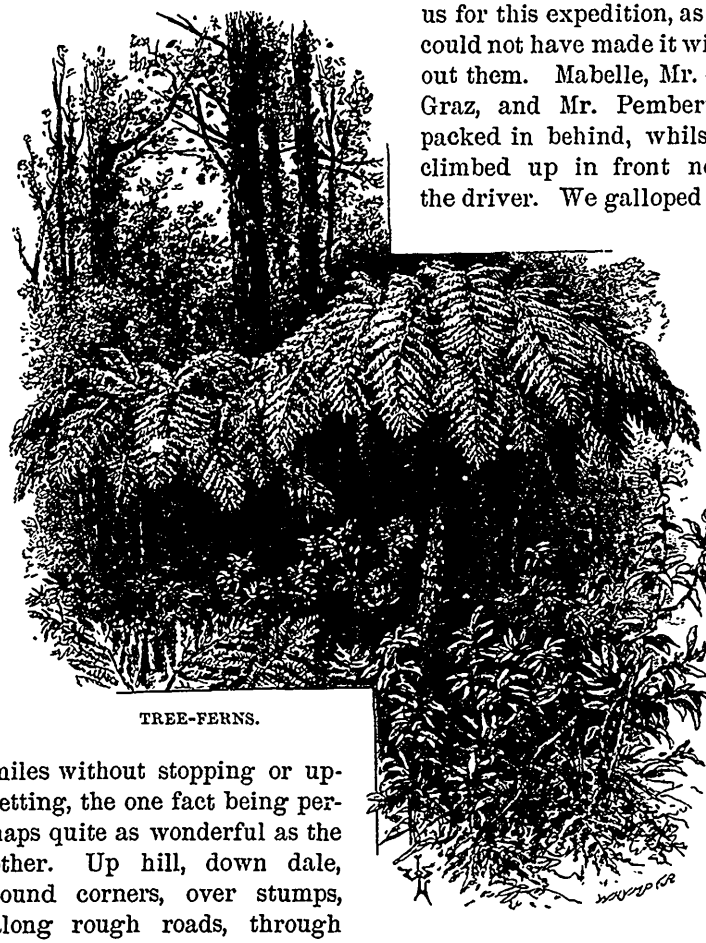
perfect. Our route lay over a sort of moorland, sprinkled with rare flowers, such as we carefully preserve in greenhouses at home. About nine miles out we came to a broad stretch of water. The train stopped for a few minutes to enable us to admire the view and to take some photographs. As we left the moorland and got into the real forest of grand gum-trees the scene became most striking. The massive stems of many of the eucalypti were between thirty and forty feet in circumference and over a hundred feet in height.

We steamed slowly along the lightly ballasted line—only laid yesterday, and over which no engine has yet travelled—two men running on in front to tap the rails and joints, and to see that all was safe. About three-quarters of a mile of rail is laid each day.

We were taken by another branch line to some saw-mills, where the sleepers for the railway are prepared. Here some of us got into a light American buggy, drawn by a fine strong pair of cart-horses, in which conveyance we took our first drive through the bush. To me it seemed rather rough work, for in many places there was no track at all, while in others the road was obstructed by "black-boys" and by innumerable tree-stumps, and we consequently suffered frequent and violent jolts. From the driver—a pleasant, well-informed man—I learnt a good deal respecting the men employed on the line. There are about 130 hands, living up here in the forest, engaged in hewing down, sawing, and transporting trees. These, with the women and children accompanying them, form a population of 200 souls suddenly established in the depth of a virgin forest. They have a school, and a schoolmaster, who charges two shillings a week per head for schooling, and has fourteen pupils. He was dressed like a gentleman, but earns less than the labourers, who get ten shillings a day, or £3 a week. The married men who live in the forest have nice little three-roomed cottages, and those I went into were neatly papered and furnished, and looked delightfully clean and tidy.

From the saw-mills we penetrated farther into the forest, in order to see more large trees cut down, hewn into logs, and dragged away. Some of the giants of the forest were really magnificent. The trees were from eighty to one hundred feet in height, all their branches springing from near the summit, so that the shadows cast were quite different from those one is accustomed to see in an ordinary wood. In the course of our rambles we heard the disheartening intelligence that, owing to some misunderstanding, our train had already gone back to Albany, taking with it not only our luncheon, but all the wraps. Everybody was tired, cold, and hungry, and the conversation naturally languished. At last Mr. Stewart brought the welcome news that the distant snort of the engine could be heard. In due course it arrived, and the basket and boxes containing the much-desired food were quickly unpacked. Never, I am sure, was a luncheon more thoroughly appreciated than this in the depths of an Australian forest. When we started on our return journey it really seemed bitterly cold. C ve had also to be taken to shelter ourselves from the shower of sparks from the wood fire of the engine, which flew and streamed out behind us like the tail of a rocket.

Thursday, May 12th.—Half-past nine was the hour appointed for our departure. Mr. Roach, the landlord of the "White Hart," was to drive us in a comfortable-looking light four-wheeled waggonette with a top to it, drawn by a pair of Government horses. The latter are generally used for carrying the mails or for the police service, but the Governor had telegraphed orders that they were to be lent to us for this expedition, as we could not have made it without them. Mabelle, Mr. des Graz, and Mr. Pemberton packed in behind, whilst I climbed up in front next the driver. We galloped for



TREE-FERNS.

miles without stopping or upsetting, the one fact being perhaps quite as wonderful as the other. Up hill, down dale, round corners, over stumps, along rough roads, through heavy sand—on we went as hard as our horses could gallop.

Chorkerup Lake Inn, our first change, fifteen miles from Albany, was reached in rather less than ninety minutes. It is a long, low, one-storeyed wooden building, but everything was scrupulously clean. In a few minutes the table was covered with a spotless cloth, on which fowls, home-cured bacon, mutton, home-made bread, potted butter, condensed milk, tea, and sundry other

articles of food and drink were temptingly displayed. The next stage was a long and weary one of another fifteen miles, mostly through heavy sand. It was a fine warm afternoon, like a September day in England; but the drive was uneventful, and even monotonous except for the numberless jolts.

At the end of the thirty-one miles we came to one of the advanced railway villages inhabited by the pioneers of civilization. A couple of miles farther brought us in sight of a tidy little house and homestead standing in the midst of a small clearing, surrounded by haystacks and sheds, and really looking like a bit of the old country. Right glad we all were to get out and stretch our weary limbs after the shaking and jolting; and still more welcome was a cup of good tea with real cream, home-made bread, and fresh butter, offered with the greatest hospitality and kindness, in a nice old-fashioned dining-room.

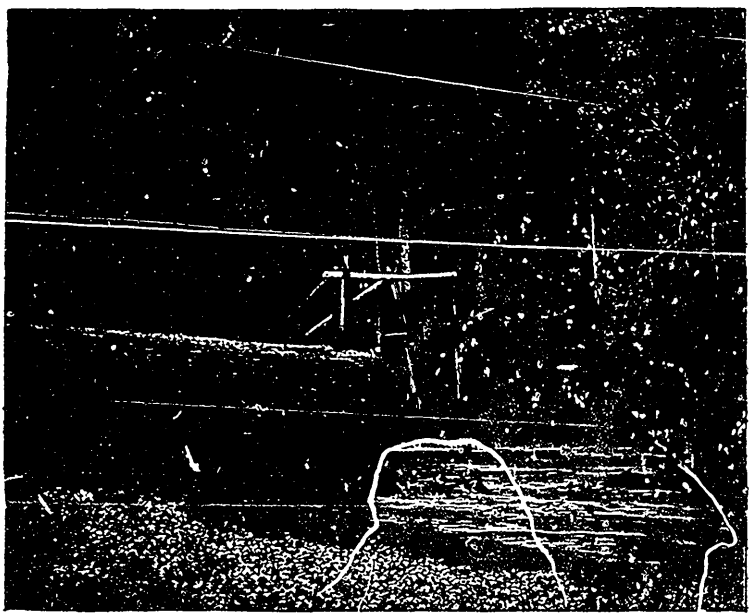
If it had been difficult to reach this inn from the high road, it seemed ever so much more difficult to get away from it by quite another route. It was like leaving the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, so dense was the forest and so impossible to find the ancient track, already quite overgrown. The road is cut through a forest of high eucalyptus-trees, varying from 100 to 450 feet in height, and from twenty to fifty, and even seventy feet in girth. At intervals roaring torrents rush down gullies overgrown with tree-ferns. I had always been told that these fern-gullies were charming, but I never thought anything could be half so lovely as this romantic ravine. Across the River Watt is thrown a primitive bridge, consisting of the trunk of a big tree cut into halves. Very slippery and slimy it looked, and I did not feel inclined to attempt the perilous passage. A little perseverance, however, brought us once more to the main road, along which we bowled and jolted at a merry pace.

At length we came to a large homestead and farm, near which a number of sheep were folded. On the opposite bank stood a substantial-looking wooden house, surrounded by a veranda and by a clump of trees, in the middle of what might have been an English park, to judge from the grass and the fine timber. I felt thoroughly chilled, and quite too miserably ill to do justice to any of the many kindnesses prepared, except that of a blazing wood fire.

Friday, May 13th.—It was a cold night, the thermometer falling to freezing-point. The difficulty of housekeeping here must be extreme. It is almost impossible to keep servants in the far-away bush; they all like to be near a town.

About half-past nine Mr. Hassall took me for a drive round the

station and clearing. We saw the remains of the old gold-workings, not two hundred yards from the house. I was told that the land here only carries one sheep to ten acres. On these extensive sheep-walks good dogs are much wanted; but they are very rare, for the tendency of the present breed is to drive and harry the sheep too much. They have one good dog on the run here, who knows every patch of poison-plant between Kendenup and the grazing-ground, and barks round it, keeping the sheep



A FOREST BRIDGE.

off it, till the whole flock has safely passed. This poison-plant—of which there are several kinds, some more deadly than others—is the bane of the colony. They say that sheep born in the colony know it and impart their knowledge to their lambs, but that all imported sheep eat it readily and die at once.

The homestead is a nice, large, comfortable place, with plenty of room for man and beast. An orchard and fruit-garden close by yield tons of fruit every year for the merest scratching of the soil. We had pomegranates at dessert which had been grown and ripened in the open air.

Just before leaving, we had an opportunity of seeing a native lad throw a boomerang. I could not have believed that a piece of wood could have looked and behaved so exactly like a bird,

quivering, turning, flying, hovering, and swooping, with many changes of pace and direction, and finally alighting close to the thrower's feet.

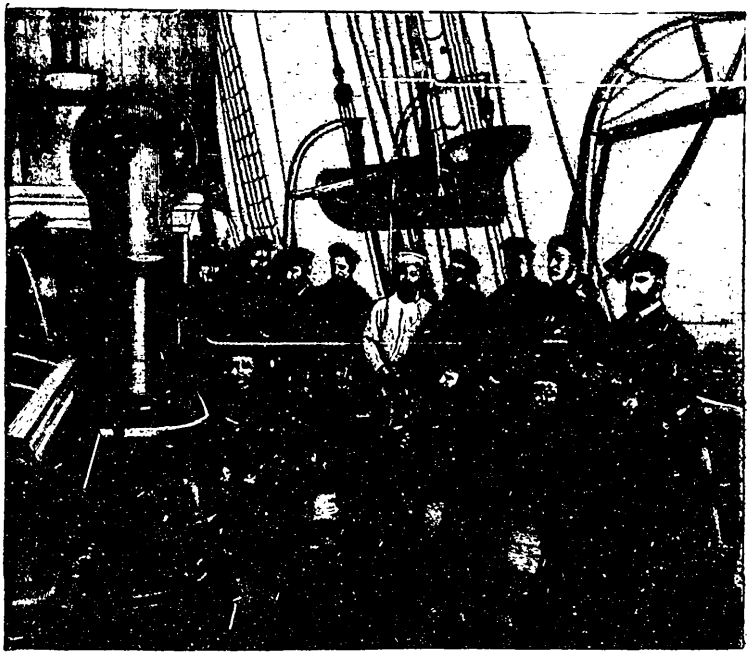
Saturday, May 14th.—When I awoke this morning the fever and ague from which I had been suffering had all disappeared, and, though still very tired, I felt decidedly better for the change and the bush life. I am convinced there is nothing like a land journey to restore a sea-sick person after a voyage.

It was a most disagreeably cold and showery morning when we landed, to photograph a party of natives, and see them throw boomerangs and spears. They were the most miserable-looking objects I ever beheld; rather like Fuegians. The group consisted of two men, dressed partly in tattered European clothes, and partly in dirty, greasy kangaroo-skins heaped one on the top of another, and two women in equally disreputable costumes. One of the latter had a piccaninny hung behind her in an opossum-skin, the little hairy head and bright shining eyes of the child peeping out from its shelter in the quaintest manner. Although the poor creatures were all so ugly, we did our best to take some photographs of them, using a pile of sandal-wood bags as a background. Then we drove up to the cricket-ground to see them throw their boomerangs, which they did very cleverly. The spears were thrown from a flat oval piece of wood, in size and shape something like the blade of a paddle, which sent them forward with great accuracy and velocity. The natives have formed a small encampment not far from here, where they live in the most primitive fashion, very dirty, and quite harmless.

We saw a great flight of black cockatoos yesterday. Cockatoos are very affectionate and loyal to one another—a fact of which those who kill or capture them take advantage; for if they succeed in wounding a bird they tie it up to a tree, where, so long as it continues to cry, not one of its companions will leave it, but will hover around, allowing themselves to be shot rather than desert a comrade. Very different is the behaviour, under similar circumstances, of the kangaroo, in whom I have in consequence lost much of my interest. When hard pressed the doe will take her offspring out of her pouch and fling it to the dogs to gain time for her own escape. The meat of the joeys, as the young ones are called, is by far the best, and tastes something like hare, though it is rather tough and stringy. The flesh of the older animals is more like that of red deer.

Sunday, May 15th.—Such a lovely day—more like an ideal May morning in England than an Australian winter's day. We attended service in a picturesque ivy-covered church.

Tuesday, May 17th.—A lovely morning, perfectly calm. Tom anxious to be off. Mails and farewell messages were accordingly sent on shore. Precisely at eleven o'clock, with signals of "Good-bye" and "Thanks" hoisted at the main, we steamed out of the snug harbour where we have passed such a pleasant week and have received so much kindness. The pilot soon quitted us, and we were once more on the broad ocean. The wind outside was



THE PORT WATCH.

dead ahead, and the heavy rollers tumbling in foreboded a still heavier swell as we got further away from the land.

Wednesday, May 18th.—A heavy sea running very high. Although the air was warm I remained in my cabin all the morning, feeling wretched and uncomfortable. The total distance now accomplished since we left England is 9,236 miles under sail, and 7,982 under steam, making a total of 17,218 miles.

Thursday, May 19th.—I had a very busy morning below, writing journal and letters. Sundry unsuccessful attempts were made to photograph the animals, but they seemed to be suffering from a severe attack of the fidgets.

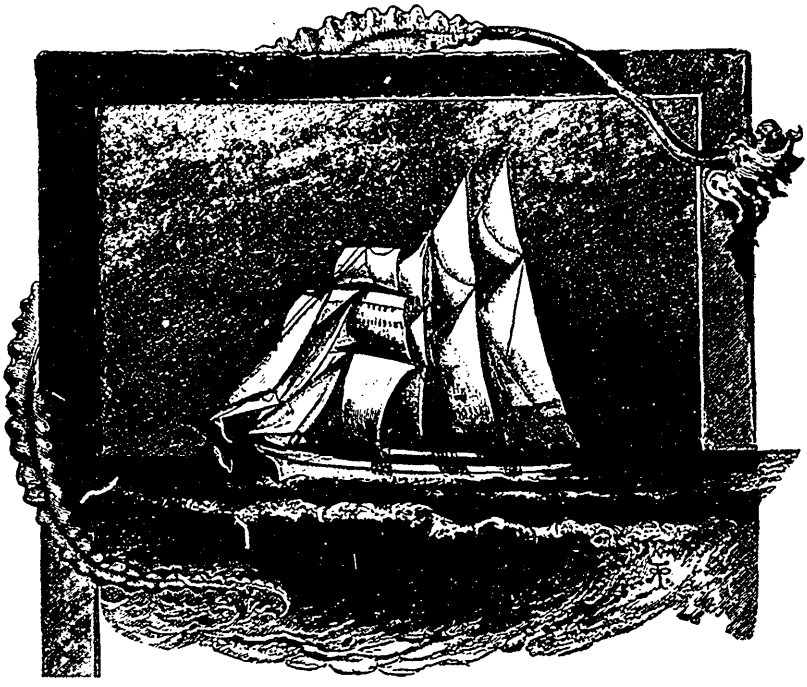
Saturday, May 21st.—The wind continued to freshen, and by 11 p.m. we were tearing through the water before a fair breeze, but knocking about a good deal more than was pleasant.

RUNNING DOWN. EASTING.

Sunday, May 22nd.—From midnight until six a.m. the state of things was wretched in the extreme. Sails flapping, the cry of the sailors continually heard above the howling of the wind, and much water on deck. We had service at 11.15, and again at four o'clock. Tom had a very anxious time of it, literally flying along a strange coast, with on one hand the danger of being driven ashore if the weather should become at all thick, and on the other the risk of getting pooped by the powerful following sea if sail were shortened.

Monday, May 23rd.—Precisely at 7 a.m. we made the lights of Cape Borda, on Kangaroo Island, about twelve miles ahead, exactly were Tom expected to find it, which was a great relief to everybody on board, after our two days of discomfort and anxiety.

Tuesday, May 24th.—Having come to an anchor off Glenelg, Tom and Tab went up to Adelaide to attend the Birthday *levée*, and I landed later with the rest of the party at the long wooden pier. Glenelg is essentially a fashionable sea-side place; and though there are a few excellent shops, most of the supplies must come from Adelaide, seven miles off, to which a steam tram runs every half-hour. We saw the suburb of Goodwood a little way off, and soon afterwards the tall spires of the churches and the



CRACKING ON.

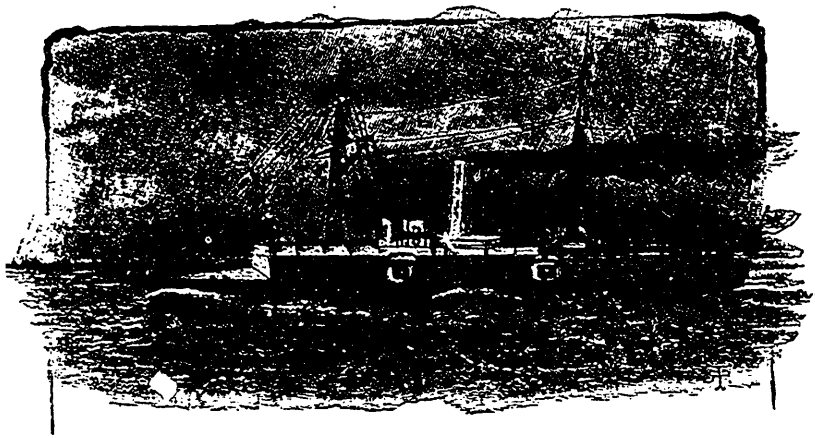
towers of the public buildings of Adelaide appeared. To-day being a general holiday in honour of the Queen's birthday, the houses in the city were decked with flags and the shops closed, which gave it rather a Sunday-like appearance. We drove to Government House, a comfortable residence surrounded by a nice English-looking garden.

Wednesday, May 25th.—At half-past ten o'clock we started on an excursion into the picturesque mountains which lie behind Glenelg. The road soon began to ascend, and before long soon became steep. As we climbed upwards towards Belair the view became so lovely that it was impossible to resist the temptation of adding to our collection by pausing to photograph the scene. The air felt cool and bracing, the sun shone brightly, and the scenery had a thoroughly English character, with pretty hedgerows, and little streams crossed by modern bridges, all of which reminded us pleasantly of the old country. Beneath us lay a complete panorama of Adelaide and its suburbs, covering part of the rich plain at the foot of the opposite blue hills, and skirted by the north arm of the Port river.

About noon we got on board the *Sunbeam* and steamed up to-

wards Port Adelaide, stopping for a time in order to visit the Japanese corvette *Ryujo*, and the South Australian gunboat *Protector*. The shouts of warm greeting increased as we approached the town, till at last it was difficult to turn quickly enough from side to side and respond to the waving hands and cheers and shouts of cordial welcome to the new country. The pier and wharves were densely crowded, and we were scarcely abreast of them before the Mayor and Corporation came on board with an address saying how glad they were to see us in their waters. All this was very pleasant and gratifying; though I must confess that such unexpected kindness produced that familiar feeling known as a lump in my throat. It is always rather touching to hear any one else cheered enthusiastically, and when those nearest and dearest to one are concerned, it is naturally doubly trying.

After a hurried inspection of the yacht by our visitors, and a hasty tea, we were obliged to say "good-bye" to our newly-made friends, for we had to catch the five o'clock train, and there was no time to spare. Passing through the pleasant country, we arrived at the North Terrace station, and reached Government House a few minutes later. In the evening there was a dinner party and a reception, which brought what had been a most agreeable, but for me a very tiring, day to a close.

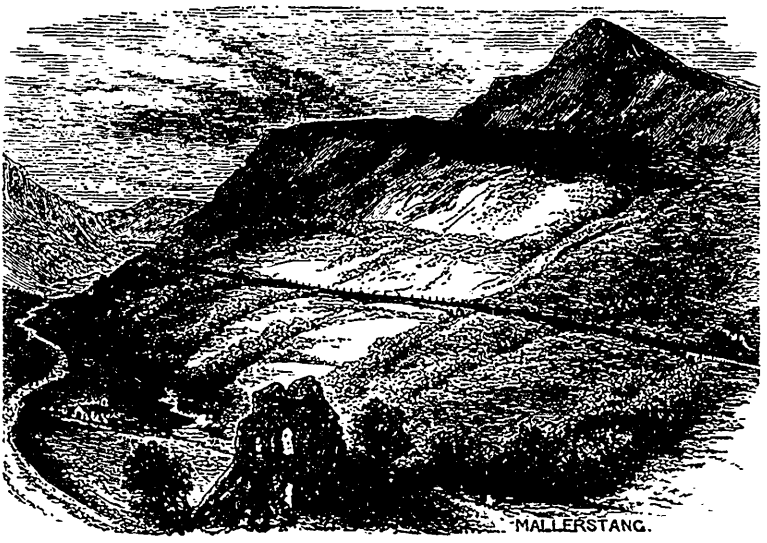


"PROTECTOR" GUNBOAT.

Better death, when work is done, than earth's most favoured birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

THROUGH YORKSHIRE.

BY FREDERICK S. WILLIAMS.



MALLERSTANG.

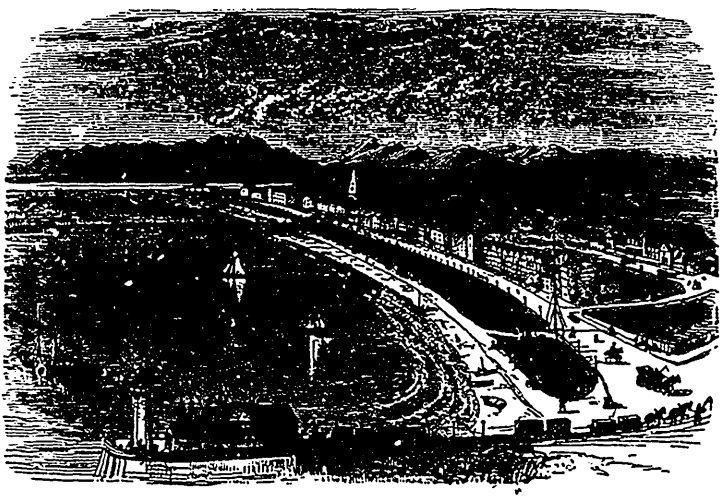
MALLERSTANG, with its high mountain ranges, with the farmsteads and fields on the slopes and in the hollows of the hills, has often called forth the admiration of travellers on the Midland Railway.

At Dent Station we have on our right a beautiful birds-eye view of the Vale of Dent. Nearly 500 feet below us, anon losing itself among the clusters of trees, winds the river Dee, and also the road to Sedbergh. No busy town is to be seen; nothing but the greenest of green fields, dotted over with herds of cattle, while here and there lie the homesteads, whose inhabitants have that simplicity of life which rural solitudes alone can give. consequence of the elevation of the hills above Dent, they are subject to snow-storms. On Thursday, the 3rd of March, 1881, a snow-storm began to fall in West Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and around. So furious was the wind that it rocked the trains, even heavy Pullman carriages, as they paused at stations on the Settle and Carlisle Line; and it swept the snow from the upper parts of the great fells "as clean as a broom." "During the day," said the engineer to us, "we kept the line open, but by ten o'clock at

night the drifts entirely blocked the up road. We then worked the traffic for a short distance on the down line till an engine, which had been taken from its train to make a run at the drift, bedded itself so fast in the snow that it could not back out. From

A MIDLAND TRAIN SNOWED UP, NEAR DENT.

that time till Sunday morning it was a continual fight with the drifts to keep the line clear. Two engines with a gang of nearly six hundred men left Dent, and cut the drifts before them to Dent Head, and on their return had at once to repeat the process in order to get back—the drifts of snow filling every gully and cutting to a depth of 30 feet. During Saturday night it alternately

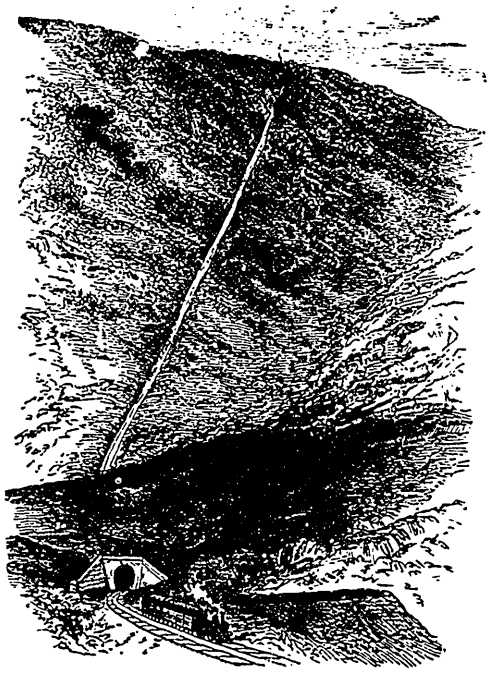


MORECAMBE.

rained and froze, so that the surface of the snow became firm and frozen; and on Sunday morning, when the gale ceased, the masses of snow would bear walking over." The engraving indicates the actual condition of affairs, showing all that was to be seen of an entire train, namely, the top of the engine funnel, the snow around being hard. After the line was reopened, a train of ten

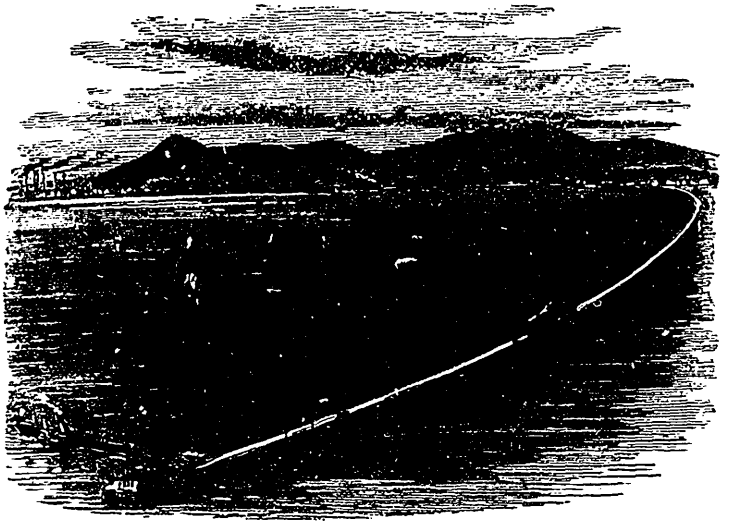
locomotives that had "gone cold"—the trains of which had already been removed by fresh engines—was dug out of a drift 30 or 40 feet deep and drawn away.

Arten Gill Viaduct is 660 feet long, and the rails are 117 feet above the water. We soon reach Dent Head Viaduct, 200 yards long, of ten semicircular arches, rising 100 feet above the public road, and also over a little mountain torrent that falls into the Dee, which runs hard by. The Dee here flows over a bed of black marble. From Dent Station the beautiful valley of the Dent may be explored. Dent was the birthplace of Professor Sedgwick, the geologist; and is the scene of Southey's story of "The Terrible Knitters of Dent." We are now at the entrance of the southern end of Blea Moor Tunnel, which is about the summit level of the line, 1,150 feet above the sea level, a greater elevation than any other railway in England, except the North Eastern railway at Stainmoor. From here the gradient begins to fall towards Carlisle. The engineering works connected with the Blea Moor Tunnel, and with the line further forward, by Batty Moss Viaduct—which from foundations to rails is no less than 165 feet high—are full of the deepest interest.



BLEA MOOR TUNNEL, NORTH ENTRANCE.

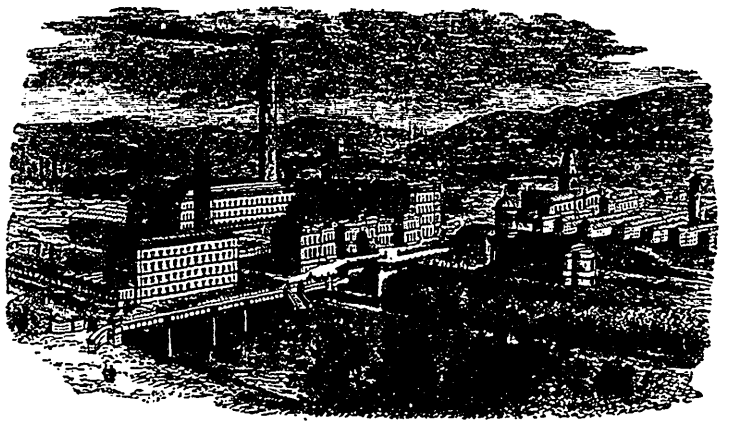
Mr. Sharland, at the commencement of engineering operations in this district, was destined to learn a lesson of the severity of the climate. When he was engaged in staking out the centre line of the then intended Settle and Carlisle on Blea Moor, he was snowed up. For three weeks it snowed continuously. The tops of the walls round the little inn wherein he lodged were hidden. The snow lay eighteen inches above the lintel of the front door—



PIEL PIER, NEAR BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

a door six feet high. Of course all communication with the surrounding country was suspended.

Mr. Ashwell remarks, "I've often seen three horses in a row pulling at a waggon over the moss till they have sank up to their middle, and had to be drawn out one at a time by their



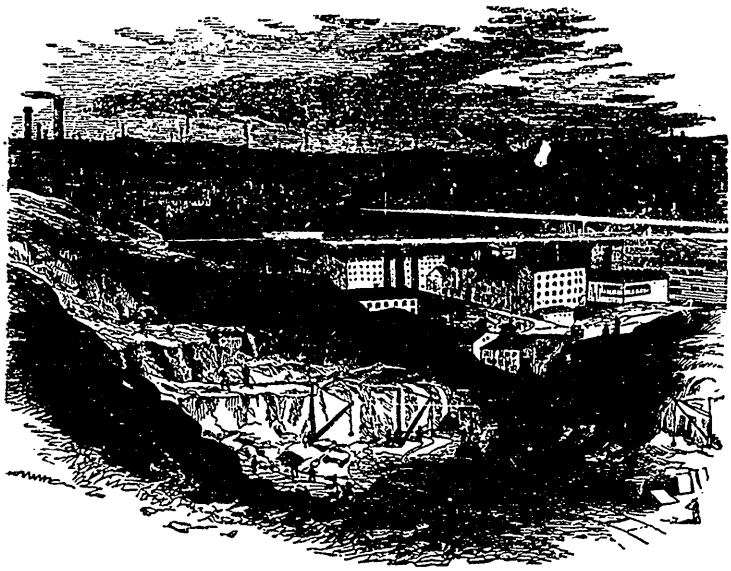
SALTAIRE.

necks to save their lives." And another Midland engineer subsequently remarked that he had watched four horses dragging one telegraph pole over the boggy ground, and the exertion was so great that one of the horses tore a hoof off.

Gordale Chasm is probably unrivalled in England, and even in the Scottish Highlands we could not easily find a scene that would surpass it, in its almost terrific sublimity.

> "Gordale Chasm, terrific as the lair
> Where the young lions couch."—*Wordsworth.*

At Bolton Abbey the scenery around is full of beauty. The tombs of the dead, the ivy-mantled ruins, the lichen-stained wall, the traceried windows, the moss on the stones, the subdued roar of the river, the wash of the waterfall, the rich foliage of the



BRADFORD.

woods upon the hills, the dark cedars, the quiet green meadows, and the encircling hills of Simon Seat and Barden Fell, soothe and charm the mind.

> "This stately Priory was reared;
> And Wharfe, as he moved along
> To Matins, joined a mournful voice,
> Nor failed at evensong."

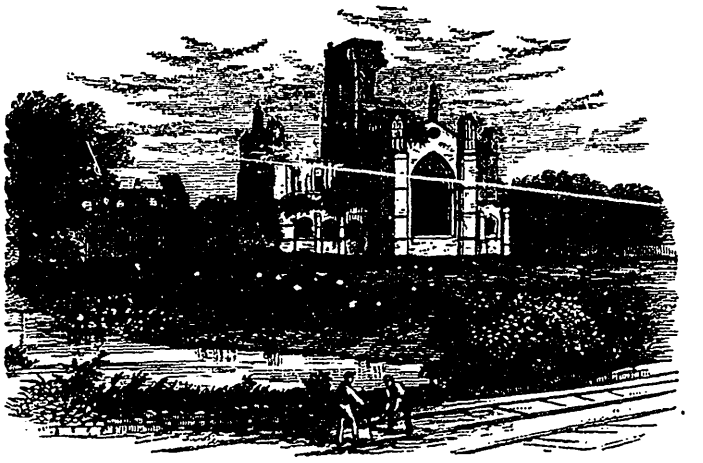
Saltaire is named after its founder, Sir Titus Salt, Bart. Of the processes carried on in the factory, which covers twelve acres, where 18 miles of cloth a day can be made, we can say nothing; but of the town, the chapels, the baths, the almshouses, the infirmaries, the schools, the club and institute, and the Saltaire Park,

is has been well remarked that the whole is the realization of a great idea, and shows "what can be done towards breaking down the barrier that has existed between the sympathies of the labourer and the employer. Such is Saltaire."

Bradford is said to have derived its name from being a "broad ford" over a marsh. It is the metropolis of the wool trade, and its splendid ranges of warehouses surprise the visitor.

Ilkley is beautifully situated; is a great health resort, and has the advantage of being a pleasant walk, and five miles distant from Bolton Abbey, and all its charming "surroundings."

Just before reaching Leeds we see Apperly and Kirkstall Abbey. The Abbey has been characterized by Whitaker "as a single object, the most picturesque and beautiful ruin in the kingdom.



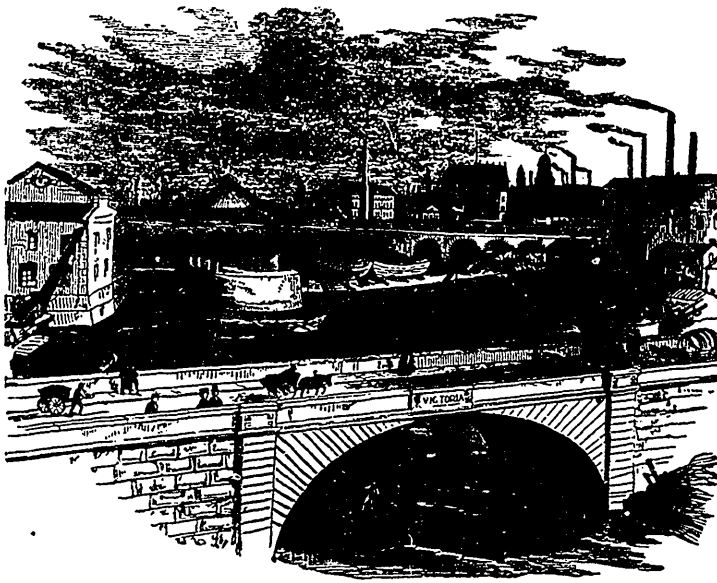
KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

Add to all the mellow hand of time—the first of all landscape painters." The church is in the form of a cross, with a square tower at the intersection. The east window is pointed; the west in Norman. Noble remains survive of the nave and aisles, of cloister, court and chapterhouse, of refectory and infirmary.

Of the annals of Leeds it were easy to say much and difficult to say little. It must suffice to say that here Romans smelted iron; that after their departure Leeds became an independent kingdom; that subsequently to the Conquest the place is described in Domesday as "Wasta;" that a great castle was erected here, no trace of which remained when Leland came, and said of the place, that it was "a praty market toune, as large as Bradeford, but not so quick as it." In 1642 it was taken by the Royalists, and retaken by Fairfax.

Leeds is the commercial capital of Yorkshire, and the fifth town in importance in the kingdom. The Town Hall, not far from the station, is considered to be the most imposing municipal building in Yorkshire. It forms a lofty rectangular pile of 250 feet by 200 feet. The centre is crowned by a dome. It cost £120,000.

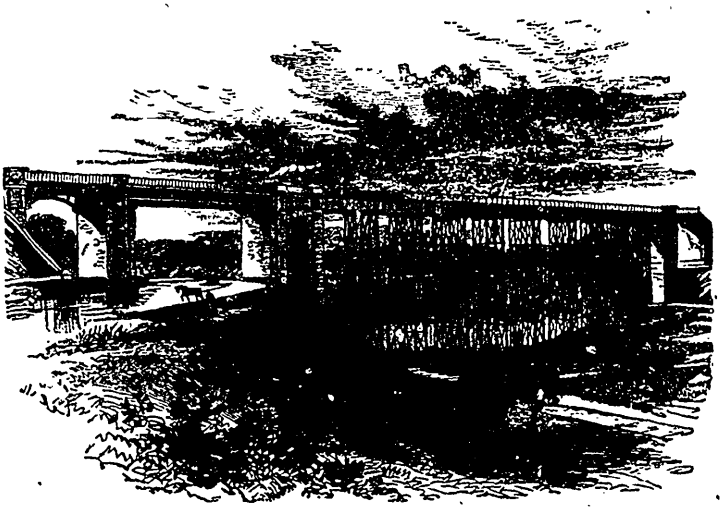
Near Barnsley is a viaduct 1,000 feet long. A dull coal country now stretches right and left till we reach Sheffield, with its vast iron-works. The railway station is built in the valley of the



LEEDS.

Sheaf. The site was chosen simply because almost insurmountable engineering difficulties prevented the selection of a more central position. South of Sheffield the line passes along a pleasant valley, down which runs the river Sheaf, which separates the great county of York from Derbyshire. Five minutes' walk from Beauchieff Station is Beauchieff Abbey, the tower of the chapel of which still remains.

Near Codnor Park Station are the remains of Codnor Castle. Here, 600 hundred years ago, on an eminence in the undisturbed seclusion of the park, it stood, deeply moated, approached from the east by an avenue of trees, which looked far down the valley of the Erewash. On its western side was a spacious courtyard, well fortified; the massive round towers were battlemented, and



BARNSLEY VIADUCT.

had cruciform loopholes for the bowmen. Within these defences was the main building, portions of which remain, consisting of outer and inner walls, and containing several windows and doorways, part of a turret, and a chimney. Near the ruins is the dove-cot, a circular stone building of considerable height, covered by a tiled roof, from which a square wooden turret rises. The immensely massive walls are honey-combed within for hundreds of birds. Hard by is a spacious pond, which, though on the summit of a high hill, is said, never to be dry, a circumstance which has given rise to a local distich:

"When Codenour's pond runs dry,
Its lords may say good-bye."

A HANDFUL OF SAND.

HERE on the wide, white strand
Of the blue sea I stand,
And hold fast in my hand
A few grains of bright sand.

See how they stir, and shift
To get back to the drift,
In a sand-race so swift,
To the place they were rift.

On life's broad shore I stand,
With open, empty hand;
But, my grains of fair sand
Are not scattered the strand

Nay, they're wafted the sea,
Where they're waiting for me,
Till from duty set free,
O'er the main I may flee.

—*After E. A. Poe. By Clugny.*

METHODIST DEACONESSES.

SISTERS OF THE PEOPLE.

We are pleased to know that the subject of Methodist deaconesses is to be fully discussed at the next General Conference. The following important resolution, introduced by Dr. Douglas to the Montreal Conference, and by Dr. Johnston to the Toronto Conference, and so cordially adopted by both, brings the subject prominently before the Church.

The resolution is as follows:

"Moved by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, seconded by J. R. Alexander, M.D., and

"*Resolved*,—Whereas, Christianity has ever held woman in honour and recognized her mission as a co-labourer in the Gospel;

"Whereas, the New Testament gives evidence of the organization of an order of deaconesses for service in the Apostolic and Post-Apostolic Churches;

"Whereas, the mediæval ages supply noble examples of gifted, saintly and influential women, whose conservative power for good was far-reaching in the midst of abounding darkness;

"Whereas, the Presbyterian, Anglican, Baptist and Congregational Churches, jointly with English and American Methodism, recognizing the Scriptural authority and demands of the age, are organizing women for Christian service in the several departments of the Church work;

"Whereas, we believe the time is opportune for the Methodist Church of Canada to inaugurate an agency which shall supply a felt want, and must be potential for good; therefore

"*Resolved*,—That this Conference memorialize the ensuing General Conference to legislate for the establishment of a Sisterhood, which shall efficiently aid the pastorate by visiting the rich and poor, by skilled nursing of the sick, by evangelizing the masses, by engaging in general mission work, and the manifold services which women alone can render to the Church of Christ."

In the January number of this Magazine an admirable article, by Miss M. S. Daniels, B.A., gives a full account of the Modern Deaconess Movement, founded on Miss Dr. Bancroft's "Deaconesses

in Europe and their Lessons for America." We commend both of these to the study of our readers, especially of those who at the General Conference shall have to decide on the action of the Canadian Church on this subject.

We collect from various sources information on the Methodist deaconess movement in London. First, we quote from the second report of the West Central Mission the following summary, by Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes, of the work of "The Sisters of the People," by which appropriate name these deaconesses are called —with whose work in London we were greatly impressed.

"The past busy year of work has brought to us many and varied experiences. We have all had some bitter disappointments and failures, and there are times in the life of every worker when one feels disheartened and paralyzed by the enormity of the evils against which we have to fight, and by those fearful conditions of life among the very poor which form the terrible social problem of to-day. However, every day we work only makes us more sure that God will help and is helping us to solve these problems; and were they even more terrible than they are, we should work on with a good courage, knowing that God was with us, and that light and victory will come at last. On the other hand, we have had many joys; we have in many, many instances seen the direct fruit of our work, and have had the happiness of knowing that we have been able to help and cheer some poor, sad, struggling souls, and in many instances to lead them to a higher, nobler, and purer life.

"We realize that it is 'one by one' that people are to be saved. Such work cannot be done in batches or by dozens, and it is only the power of Christ brought to bear upon the individual soul that will raise it from the bonds of sin and degradation. We believe intensely in the individual work, and we also believe intensely in doing our utmost to help forward every social, political and educational movement that tends to better the conditions and surroundings of the lives of our brethren who are now dwellers in slums, and to make it possible for them to live in a cleanly, decent, and sanitary condition, and able to earn a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. As regards the work of the Sisters, experience has taught us that it is better, as far as possible, for each Sister to devote herself to one given department of work. She is able to accomplish much by concentrating her energies and capabilities upon one branch, to which in many instances she feels specially drawn, than in attempting to cover too much ground and to send out her energies in too many directions. For example, special Sisters are devoted to the care of the Crèche, the

Registry Office, the Girl's Club, the investigating of Cases for Relief, etc., while others give their time to visiting in the districts surrounding Wardour Hall and Cleveland Hall. We have had very great encouragement in connection with our work at St. James' Hall on Sunday evening. Every Sunday evening during the year we have had to speak to those who were seriously impressed, and who were anxious to lead the Christian life; and were we not bound by the sacredness of those confidences which are often given to us, we could tell many wonderful stories of how God has worked in human hearts.

"One case that I can mention will be a type of many others. A lady came to speak to me one Sunday evening, during the after-meeting, in great distress. She had been coming to our services for several weeks, and on each occasion that she came she felt more and more deeply that she wanted something that she had not got, and that she had really made a definite Christian decision. She told me that in her youth she had felt a great desire for the Christian life, but that she had stifled her convictions. She was now married and had a family, but since that time she had never known inward happiness and peace. There had always been a trouble and uneasiness deep down at the bottom of her heart. I was able to speak to her of Christ and His love, to show her how He is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' It seemed to her like a revelation. I never saw any one change more wonderfully than that lady did when for the first time she grasped the meaning of those words, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' Weeks after that she said to me, 'My life is quite different, everything is changed; I do not feel like the same woman; my only sorrow is that I did not know when I was young what I know now.'

"Before the band begins to play for the evening service, and during the intervals of the music, one or two of the Sisters move very quietly about the hall, discreetly speaking, as opportunity offers, a few words of kindness and welcome to the women and girls who come in crowds to the services. As the result of this work most interesting cases have come under our notice, and one Sister knows of nine persons who, as a result of their kindly greeting, were led to Christian decision, and are now members in our classes. My experience in work of this kind has convinced me profoundly of one thing, viz., that we, who have been brought up from our youth in those circles of Christian life where we are taught to believe in and experience a personal, individual faith in Christ, have no idea of the spiritual state of mind of those people who have never had that teaching, and to whom the word

'faith' conveys but a vague doctrinal meaning which has in it no element of personal acceptance.

"I cannot close without expressing our gratitude to all those kind friends who have so generously helped us during the year. We owe a great debt of gratitude to the thoughtful kindness of Lady Henry Somerset, who had a party of twenty poor people from the back streets and slums down to her castle at Ledbury, for a month during the summer. They were entertained under her ladyship's own roof, with all hospitality and considerate kindness. It was a month of intense happiness and enjoyment to them. Many of them said that they had never before in all their lives been so happy or had so much enjoyment. Her ladyship also took a party of little children for a month to her country home at Reigate; and we have to thank her most warmly for these and many other acts of sympathetic kindness to us in our work.

"I think that one of the most encouraging signs of the reality of our work is the devotion and earnestness on the part of the individual members of the classes. My class meets at a late hour, from nine to ten o'clock, every Thursday evening, so as to enable girls who are in houses of business to attend. Many of these come long distances at the close of a long day's work. They are often, I can see, very, very tired, but yet they join in the class with the greatest intelligence and fervour. They take the deepest interest in the work of the Mission, and devote their few spare hours to doing what they can to help us in the work. Their self-sacrifice and devotion is often very touching. Many of them have to endure an amount of petty persecution and jeering which would severely try the courage and endurance of some of us, if we had to encounter it. May God help us all to do humbly and faithfully the work which lies before us during the coming year."

"Sister Mary," of the West London Mission, gives the following more detailed account of their work:

"'The Sisters of the People' have now been at work in West London for over two years. During that time our mission has so enlarged and extended that it now includes almost every branch of work generally undertaken in any great city. The neighbourhood in which our work lies is probably unique in character. Within a small radius we have, on the one hand, the greatest wealth and luxury, and on the other hand, in the slums leading off the main thoroughfares, such depths of poverty and degradation that a commission lately sitting in Soho decided that the poverty here is even more intense, though in a smaller area, than

in the East End. There is also a large foreign element in the population—French, German, Polish, Swedish, Irish and Welsh, and in almost every house there are Jews. We are in a district where most of the tailoring and boot-making is done for the West End shops, and as it is often necessary to make several journeys a day to the shop the work-people are obliged to live near, hence the neighbourhood is very densely populated and rents are exorbitantly high. A family often occupies but one room, sometimes two and exceptionally three, so that each house contains several families. Only to-day a woman told me that she was paying six shillings for one room which she shared with her three children.

"Our aim is, if possible, to bring home, to rich and poor alike, the fact that God is Love and that He loves and cares for every one. This we try to do by proving to them that we, as Christians, love them and are willing to help them, not only spiritually, but in every possible way. We believe that as Christians our duty is literally to imitate Christ, who cared for the bodies as well as the souls of men and women, and who went about doing good. It is only by thus being witnesses to the truth of God's love that we can hope to convince those with whom we come in contact, and we are only satisfied when we are able to lead them to Jesus Christ, who is the image of the Father's face.

"To give a clear and definite idea of the work, it will be well to go quickly through each department especially worked by the Sisters, and in some instances to give a real case, as typical of the work aimed at and accomplished.

"*The Crêche* has been opened at the Mission House, to help women who are out at work all day and have no one with whom they can safely leave their children. We have turned a large, bright, airy room at the top of the house into this Day Nursery, and we often have as many as from thirty to forty babies and children in at one time. We take them from one month old to five years. We have two nurses, and one of the Sisters is responsible for the welfare of the children. We keep them from eight in the morning until eight at night, and charged the mothers threepence per day, or fivepence if two children come from the same family. This is much appreciated by the mothers, and it is a very pretty sight to see the children swinging and playing with their toys, or to see the elder ones sitting at their little low tables having dinner or tea, especially when we think of the wretched dirty homes from which so many of them come.

"*The Mothers' Meetings.* We have three mothers' meetings in connection with our different halls. To these meetings women

bring their work, and they can buy material at cost price. We also have a stall for the sale of ready-made garments at the cost of the material only. During the first part of the meeting a story-book is read and then a short, bright address is given, and the meeting ends with a hymn and a prayer. One Sister is told off to visit the women who attend and to look up absentees.

"*The Women's Slate Club.* In connection with the mothers' meetings we have a slate club. This is a club which provides help in case of sickness and settles up at the end of each year. Last Christmas our women received back the same amount which they put in, the fines and sales of cards having met all the cases of sickness and death.

"*The Women's Meeting.* Once a week the Sisters conduct a service at Wardour Hall for women only. These meetings have been much blessed. One Sunday evening a woman was spoken to at the hall, and she told the sister that she had not had one moment's rest since the women's meeting that week. She went into the inquiry room and found Christ, and is to-day a bright and happy Christian, and meets in class.

"*The Relief Committee.* One Sister is at the Mission House every morning for two hours, every case of distress found by the Sisters is reported to her, and she thoroughly investigates it and makes all inquiry as to its causes and genuineness. All applicants for relief are referred to her too. Once a week Mrs. Price Hughes and the Sisters meet in committee, and, after a special prayer for guidance and wisdom, each case is reported, discussed, and the best way of giving help decided upon. We object to giving doles which do not permanently help the case, but aim at making each one self-supporting, or by tiding them over an unavoidable period of distress put them in an independent position again. The following case is typical.

"One of the Sisters found a woman living in great poverty, she had one child who earned a few shillings every week, and this, with odd days of cleaning, was her only reliable source of income. She, however, became a Christian, but sorely needed a helping hand to raise her from her miserable surroundings. Through our different branches of work, a situation was found for her as housekeeper to a working man, suitable clothing provided, and, later on, surgical boots, which had become a necessity for her. Her boy was placed in a Working Boys' Home, where he goes out daily to work and is almost self-supporting. Both are going on very well indeed.

"*The Registry Office.* This was opened to help women and girls to find work of all kinds. A friendly interest is taken in

the girls, and very often suitable clothing given to those who are poor. They are visited and written to in their situations. We have two rooms at the Mission House, into which we can take any girl who, perhaps, having no friends in London, finds herself in difficulties about a night's lodgings. These rooms are seldom empty, and many girls have in this way been sheltered, and a good opportunity given for friendly intercourse and good influences.

"A Sister reported a case of a young girl living alone in one room with a stepfather. She had been converted at one of our services, but in such surroundings a virtuous life would have been almost impossible. A situation was found for her and a good outfit given to her.

"*The Playground.* Two afternoons a week the Sisters gather the children of the districts into the large school-room, underneath Wardour Hall and have an hour's good romp with them. We have swings, skipping-ropes, and a good see-saw for them, and a very happy time we all have together.

"*Sewing Classes.* There are one or two sewing classes, both for children and older girls, and these are varied by games and singing.

"Besides this we have one or more services or temperance meetings every night in the week in the different halls. At all of these one or two Sisters are present and they work in the women's inquiry room, sometimes give the address and sometimes play the harmonium.

"Each Sister on first coming to the Mission has a special district assigned to her, and she visits from room to room. It is here more than anywhere else that we are more especially 'The Sisters of the People.' We are not only prepared to invite the people to the services and read or pray with them, but we are willing to help them in any way that comes to hand. We cook a dinner, wash a baby, clean up a room, give a little instruction in cooking or sewing, and even if necessary do a little washing.

"We have three trained hospital nurses, who attended any case of serious illness.

"We all have many cases of special interest which come to us in various, and often very unexpected ways, of which it is impossible to write in a condensed article such as this. There are few cases of real need for which we are not able, in some way or other, to devise means of help. God has marvellously blessed us, especially in leading souls to Himself. We most of us have society classes, the members of which have, in many instances, been brought in by the direct agency of the Mission.

"Many have remarked that hopefulness is the characteristic of our Mission, and this is so. We have bright hopes for everyone, to whom we can bring such a Saviour as we have proved Christ to be in our own lives.

"Our hope, our joy, and our strength are in Him only, 'in whom all fulness dwells.'"

Upon these facts the *Methodist Times* makes the following stirring appeal to the women of Methodism:

"At a meeting held on behalf of the Sisterhood established in West London, Mrs. Price Hughes, Sister Katherine, and Sister Lily described the various features of their work, and Mr. Price Hughes expatiated on what he called his 'ideal.' He wanted to have, as soon as possible, one thousand 'Sisters of the People.' Not that he contemplated employing them all in West London, although in that vast and inconceivable province of houses ample work might be found even for that number. His 'ideal' is to send at least one thoroughly trained and competent Sister to every circuit in the kingdom. He believed that such a helper would be able to render many important forms of service which no increase of the ministerial staff could secure. But the 'Sister' must be the social and intellectual equal of the Circuit Steward's daughters. She must be able to meet the ladies of our 'leading families' in their drawing-rooms, not as their inferior or servant, but as one of themselves. She can then lead them and organize them in every kind of Christian and philanthropic work. She will, therefore, occupy an entirely different position from the excellent Bible-women of the past. Even among the degraded, the superior refinement and education of the 'Sister' will enable her to do immeasurably more than is possible to a Bible-woman. This is emphatically the experience of the West London Mission. The more truly a Sister is a lady, in every sense of the word, the greater is her influence for good over the most vulgar and degraded in the slums of Soho. It is impossible to exaggerate the services which a Sister would render to the Superintendent of a circuit. She would be the centre and spring of every kind of woman's work among women. Think of the good she might do in visiting the homes of our people in the villages! She would have one or two society classes. She would organize mothers' meetings, slate clubs, *crêches*, rescue homes, cookery classes, soup kitchens, servants' registries, women's meetings, reading clubs, bands of hope, and anything else that suited the particular neighbourhood. She would visit anxious inquirers, new converts, the sick, and those who were falling away.

"But clearly she must be qualified by a long and careful training. Many a lady feels quite unable to take the first plunge into Christian work at home, under the eyes of her own family, and where everybody knows her. Moreover, the necessary instructions, appliances, and opportunities cannot be provided everywhere. They cannot be provided anywhere so well as in West London, because West London presents every variety of life and experience. In West London you have both the very rich and the very poor. There is work among the educated, among artisans and mechanics, among starving labourers, and among foreigners of many nations. There is also a unique opportunity of being acquainted with young people in houses of business. West London is an epitome of every phase and aspect of London life.

"Furthermore, this training cannot be carried out effectively except in a definitely organized Sisterhood. It is not enough that godly women live together under the same roof. They must be conscious of a definite vocation to the work. This need involve no vow, and need not bind their future. But without a positive conviction that they are in the very path to which God is calling them they will never endure the drudgery, the self-suppression, and the discouragements of such a life. Secondly, there must be a simple and reasonable discipline, without which co-ordinate action is impossible. Thirdly, there must be an *esprit de corps*, which will sustain them wherever they go, and greatly multiply the confidence and enthusiasm of their work. For these and other reasons of great practical importance a distinctive dress, however plain, has always been found essential.

"Why should not this great development of Christian work begin at once on a large scale? Why should the Church, as the late Bishop of Durham said, be 'maimed in one of her hands'? Why should we leave this mighty agency to the Church of Rome and the Church of England? Life-long vows, and other features which we strongly dislike, are not essential to success. We are already proving that blessed results may be secured by means to which the most sensitive and suspicious Protestant cannot object. Is not this an enterprise which should especially commend itself to the ladies of our congregations everywhere? Mrs. Wiseman and other devoted ladies are happily enlisting their sympathies everywhere in Foreign Missions. We pray for the richest blessing upon their efforts. But has not the time come to do similar work on behalf of our vast and miserable heathen population at home? What would ultimately achieve so much on behalf of foreign missions? The first condition of proper interest in the

work abroad is greatly-quickened spiritual life at home. Why should not some of our most gifted and privileged girls volunteer for this enterprise? Miss Fowler goes forth as a Sister of Mercy to the lepers in the Sandwich Islands. Are Protestant ladies less capable of devotion and humanity than Roman Catholic ladies? Roman Catholics of the highest, even of princely rank, enter the Sisterhoods of Rome. Are our children capable of emulating their zeal, while carefully avoiding what we regard as their errors? We cannot believe it. We do not despair of having some day hundreds of sisters who, at their own cost, without receiving one penny from our churches, will do the kind of work we have indicated."

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1888, provided for the complete recognition of deaconesses. We quote two or three paragraphs in the Discipline relating to the office:

"The duties of the deaconesses are to minister to the poor, visit the sick, pray with the dying, care for the orphan, seek the wandering, comfort the sorrowing, save the sinning, and, relinquishing wholly all other pursuits, devote themselves in a general way to such forms of Christian labour as may be suited to their abilities.

"When working singly, each deaconess shall be under the direction of the pastor of the church with which she is connected. When associated together in a Home, all the members of the Home shall be subordinate to and directed by the superintendent placed in charge."

Deaconess Homes are now in operation in Chicago, New York, New Orleans, Cincinnati and Detroit; others are projected in Philadelphia, St. Louis and Minneapolis, while individual deaconesses are employed in several cities both east and west.

We quote, in conclusion, the following vigorous and timely words from Miss Daniels' able article in our January number.

"What is the word of this great and ever-changing work of the deaconesses beyond the sea and nearer home for us? Perhaps the simple facts are more eloquent than any deductions we might make.

"In the great cities of the United States and Canada, as in the Old World, are districts teeming with suffering and degraded poor. We have our prisons, workhouses and hospitals, calling for the loving ministries which only Christian women can render. Yet to whom are these intrusted? In the hospital wards and prisons the work of relieving the misery of the sinful and suffering is left very largely, in many places almost exclusively, to the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity; while the privilege of bearing the good news to the poor and illiterate classes, whose need is

greatest, though they know not how to name it, is given over chiefly to the Salvation Army. There are thousands of men, women, and children who never enter the doors of a church, however wide open they stand, whom neither the most faithful and hard-working pastor nor the most zealous mission band can hope to reach. Yet experience has proved that often among just these the deaconesses are able to accomplish the most good. Not even the hardened "masses" continue long to shut their doors against these pure, unobtrusive women, who come with kindness and sympathy to them as individuals. That is the secret; there is no force in the world so strong as this of personal, heart-to-heart effort.

"To those who object to the institution life as abnormal and narrowing, we would say, 'Consider if there are not many women, true and gifted women, to whom the home and family life is not appointed; if there are not many women, born in an environment where there is little to stimulate to larger growth and higher aims, to whom such association with noble and lofty souls would be both broadening and inspiring.' Constant, earnest work, and the wants of the world around her, calling out her best sympathies and stimulating heart and mind and hands to help them who bring their need to her door, will be a safeguard to the deaconess against the self-centred life which alone is narrowing—'They dwell with the King for His work.' Deaconess Homes are not instituted to be hot-houses for the cultivation of religious mysticism, but to be centres of outreaching ministry to God's wandering and suffering ones.

"In regard to the objection sometimes raised, that the deaconesses are too similar to the Roman Catholic nuns, a little honest investigation and reflection will show that while the good features of the sisterhoods are present—and even the most aggressive anti-Jesuit must admit that they have some good features—the evils are eliminated. There is no vow, no renunciation of the dearest relations of life, nothing of the conventual system in the life of the Home. The distinctive garb, too, of the deaconess, objectionable to some, has in Europe proved to be both a protection and a passport to its wearers, marking them as those set apart for a peculiar and holy service. Many a time one of those simple robes appearing in the distance has been a herald of hope to a sick heart; by that alone it could be known beyond all doubt that a minister of peace and good-will was drawing near with sympathy and help.

"The life of the deaconess is not one to attract the romantic dreamer. It is a simple, intensely practical life, in which much that is common-place, much that is unpleasant and even painful, must be encountered, and about which there is very little of the

glamour of poetry. Yet it is a noble life, illuminated and made beautiful by the pure purpose and unselfish love which inspire it. The day may not be far distant when Canadian Protestantism, too, shall have its sisters of charity, large-hearted, strong-souled women, who are not held otherwise by God-given human ties, and are glad to consecrate themselves to the work of ministering to the needy 'for Jesus' sake.'"

WHEN JESUS CAME.

SOME household cares perchance had chained our feet,
Or passing guest beguiled with converse sweet;
A little languor fettered our desires
For heavenly dew or Pentecostal fires;
But afterwards we owned—we owned the shame—
Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

Yet, if a king gave audience for an hour,
And bade us wait on him for wealth or power,
How had we sped through dark, unlovely street
To pour our supplications at his feet!
Our King gives audience, Jesus is His name;
Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

It might have rained or winter winds were rough,
It was too hot or was not warm enough!
And so we let the hour of dew pass by,
And so we let the precious moments fly
Which might have nursed a holy, steadfast aim;
Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

Yet there may be a faithful one who keeps
A mournful vigil where a sufferer sleeps;
Balm for the grief He'll give and rest for toil,
So she who tarries shall divide the spoil;
Though all unpraised and all unknown to fame,
She shall be satisfied, for "Jesus came."

Or tender babes may claim our patient care;
God's children these, His little lambs they are,
A circle very close unto their Lord,
Their voices will not drown His whispered word;
All unrepining, let us own His claim,
And say, "We were at home, yet Jesus came."

Let naught but duty keep us from His feet
Whose invitations are so free, so sweet.
Outrun the earnest, break through every press,
He must not miss us when He comes to bless,
Else shall we own—and own with bitter shame—
Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

—*British Messenger.*

A FORGOTTEN QUEEN.

BY MISS MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

"As happy as a queen," we sometimes say. How lightly we speak, we who seem to imply by our thoughtless words that happiness and royalty must be inseparably associated! The pages of history tell a different story. True, there have been happy queens, but such are not all who wear the crown. Such, certainly was not, as hearts count happiness, the subject of the present sketch, Elizabeth Christine of Prussia. Nor does princely rank insure authority or renown. Few lives, so exalted in position have been so secluded, few names so inconspicuous as hers, whose pure and virtuous character shone serenely and steadily amid the pomp and ambition of an European court of the last century.

The eighteenth century was a period of turmoil and change. It was then that earth was terrified and saddened, and heaven darkened by the horrors of the French Revolution. It was then that Russia first took her place among the nations of Europe. It was then that the American colonies asserted and maintained their independence. It was the same century that witnessed the development of the Prussian kingdom into that great power, "which," says one historian, "has been able in our own times to bind together the long-dissevered German States into the mighty German Empire."

Into the midst of this turbulent period was born, November 8th, 1715, in the picturesque old castle of Wolfenbüttel, Elizabeth Christine, princess of Brunswick-Bevern, destined to share the throne of Prussia as the wife of Frederick the Great.

The little princess, the outline of whose story can be but briefly given, was reared under the most ennobling influences. Her father, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, and her mother, the beautiful Duchess Antoinette Amelia, were both cheerful and earnest Christians. Growing up to womanhood in the quiet and happy home-life, surrounded by her merry brothers and sisters, the lovely and unselfish character of the future queen began to be formed. Of her early education, says Mrs. Catherine E. Hurst, who has written in her "Good Women of History" series, the only connected story of the life of this princess, but little is known. Her grandfather, Duke Rudolph, the founder of the Brunswick Museum, was accustomed to set apart one evening each week for "conversations" on scientific subjects; on these

occasions, when the most distinguished scholars of the country were to be found in his *salons*, the duke required the grandchildren to be present. However little of the wisdom there heard may have been understood and appreciated at the time by the little Elizabeth Christine, years afterward she cherished the memory of those pleasant evenings in the company of the great and celebrated men whom she then learned to admire.

It was out of these peaceful surroundings that the youthful princess was chosen by Frederick William I. to be the bride of his son. The inclinations of the Crown Prince were in no way considered in this choice. There was little sympathy between father and son, the latter being a wild and pleasure-loving youth, devoted to gay society, music and French literature and philosophy, all of which were violently hated by the king, who was a stern and tyrannical father, accustomed to vent his displeasure on his son by kicks and blows and yet more severe treatment. The young Frederick had been sincerely attached to his English cousin, Princess Amelia, whom his mother wished him to marry; when, for political reasons the projected union was abandoned, he was little disposed to regard with favour the bride selected for him by his father, and submitted to his will only through fear of the paternal displeasure and its consequences.

The betrothal was celebrated with much magnificence at Berlin, on the 10th of March, 1732. Elizabeth Christine, whose unassuming appearance and manner were in striking contrast with those prevailing at the royal court, and whose charms were not of a sort to make an immediate and favourable impression, was chilled by the cold reception which she received, and both felt and appeared ill at ease in her new surroundings. Frederick, indeed, found her much more agreeable and attractive than he had anticipated, but there was nothing in the shy and silent girl of seventeen to excite any emotion akin to love in the heart of the wayward young man, and he performed his part in the ceremonies in a spirit of mere acquiescence.

It was hoped that during the year of betrothal the affianced pair would become more attached to each other, but while the frank heart of the maiden warmed to her betrothed with steadily increasing affection, he continued to regard her with indifference, scarcely even writing to her except when upbraided by his father for not doing so.

The marriage was celebrated in the royal palace of Duke Rudolph, May 12th, 1733. It was attended with much ceremony and festal display, yet the girlish bride could not fail to observe the coldness with which she was received at the Prussian court.

The queen, whose heart had been set on another alliance for her son, treated her with actual discourtesy; the Crown Prince in vain tried to conceal from his newly-wedded wife, under a cloak of politeness, his distaste for the marriage; of all the royal family only the eccentric old king received the young princess with unaffected friendliness. This half-savage old tyrant, who would in a rage, break his son's flute over his head, evinced the most cordial affection for his daughter-in-law throughout his life.

At the time of her marriage, Elizabeth Christine is described as follows by her sister-in-law, the Margravine Wilhelmine of Baireuth: "The Crown Princess is large, and of bad form and manners; her face is dazzling white, and this complexion is heightened by the loveliest colour; her eyes are of pale blue, and do not bespeak much spirit or animation; her mouth is small; all her features are fine without being beautiful. Taking her face as a whole, it is so charming and childlike that one would almost think the head belonged to a child of twelve years. Her hair is blonde, and curls naturally. She has very little grace and is awkward in conversation—so much so that one is obliged to anticipate what she wishes to say, which produces much embarrassment." Carlyle mentions her as "an insipid, fine-complexioned young lady."

With her marriage to the Crown Prince, Elizabeth Christine entered upon an entirely new life. Only once is she known to have visited the beautiful home of her childhood, though often in the gay and uncongenial surroundings of the court of Prussia must her thoughts have flown lovingly back to those peaceful days of her early life.

King Frederick presented to his son, soon after his marriage, the beautiful and delightfully-situated old castle of Rheinsberg, which when renovated and improved became the home of the young pair. For six years the Crown Prince and his wife lived happily and quietly in this charming retreat. Their time was occupied with study, social enjoyment and the exercise of hospitality. Frederick, being an intense lover of music, was an earnest student and an enthusiastic admirer of the French writers. Elizabeth Christine, although intelligent and accustomed to association with men of culture and learning, yet knew scarce anything of Voltaire and the other authors so admired by her husband and his companions. Nevertheless, having the one desire and purpose of winning the love of her husband by her untiring devotion, she considered his taste and inclination in all her pursuits, and exerted herself to become conversant with whatever subjects might be pleasing to him. Accordingly she became

a student of the French language and literature, read all the most celebrated authors, both ancient and modern, and even acquainted herself with the philosophical studies of her husband.

During those happy years at Rheinsberg, the brightest of her married life, the shy, awkward girl improved rapidly and acquired that ease and versatility, the lack of which had been her chief defect at the time of her marriage. In a private letter of the time she is thus described: "I have never seen one whose form is so well proportioned in every respect. She might serve a painter as a model. . . . Goodness gleams in her countenance, and one might say with justice that her whole form has been put together by the hands of the graces for the purpose of making a great princess. She talks very little, especially at table, but what she does say is full of meaning. She appears to possess an acute understanding, which she improves by constant reading of the best French authors. Her deportment is at the same time majestic, deliberate, and perfectly unconstitutional." Very different, this, from the unformed, insipid young lady described at a previous time.

How delightful was her life at Rheinsberg is shown by the letters she wrote at the time, as well as by the fondness with which her memory reverted to it in after years. Writing once to the king, she says: "My residence in Rheinsberg is as pleasant to me as it possibly can be in the company of him who is to me the dearest object on earth. I cannot become weary in the society of him I love above all others." The amiability and patient love of Elizabeth Christine were not without their influence on her husband, and if she had not all that her heart craved, she had at least succeeded in winning his friendship and esteem. During that part of their life he treated her with consideration and even apparent tenderness. Her constant goodness and gentleness also warmed the hearts of the rest of the royal family towards her, so that they, too, came to regard her with a certain degree of real affection.

Those happy years at Rheinsberg Castle came to an end with the death of King Frederick William, and the accession of the young king to the throne in 1740. Then began the loneliness and neglect in which the remainder of the life of Elizabeth Christine was passed.

Soon after he became king, Frederick presented to her the château of Schönhausen, which remained her home and asylum until her death. Her residence at this castle began with much rejoicing, and the first year witnessed several joyous events, among which was the marriage of her sister, Louise Amelia, to a

brother of the king. It was not at once that the young queen felt herself entirely forsaken by her husband. Though occupied almost constantly with the duties of his royal office, though often absent, and even when in Berlin scarcely visiting her, he was still so kind and friendly in his manner to her that she did not allow herself to be unhappy.

Immediately after the first of the series of brilliant victories, which made his name forever illustrious in the annals of Europe, he wrote her a kind and most affectionate letter in regard to it, and on his return from the field of battle brought with him costly gifts for her. But at the splendid entertainment given soon after by the dowager-queen, in honour of Elizabeth Christine's birthday, Frederick did not present himself, and in all the brilliant festivities, amid which the queen took possession of her new and spendid apartments in the royal palace, that for which above all else her loving heart yearned was wanting.

From this time the estrangement between Frederick and Elizabeth Christine grew more marked. The queen had less and less of her husband's society; she was not permitted to accompany him in his visits to the cities whither he journeyed from time to time, not even to her beloved Rheinsberg, and had only the privilege of occasionally dining with him when he visited his mother. Though he could not but respect his wife, Frederick had never loved her, and now their paths in life were more than ever widely divergent. The dominant force in Frederick's character was ambition, and the sole aim of his life to make of his little kingdom one of the great powers of Europe; what had he in common with the gentle, home-loving woman to whom he was wedded? With the devout and childlike Christian faith which was the spring of her life, he, the philosopher and disciple of Voltaire, though he might tolerate it, could have no sympathy. He had long ago declared that he was "not the stuff out of which good husbands are made," and ever more and more he proved his words true.

For a long time the lonely wife and queen cherished the hope of happier days, endeavouring to persuade herself that the neglect which she suffered was due only to the exigencies of the times and would end with the dawn of peace. But when Frederick returned from the wars in the flush of victory, Elizabeth Christine learned that her dreams of happiness were not to be realized. The king was engaged in superintending the building of Sans-souci, his beautiful palace of pleasure. To Schönhausen he never went, and when in Berlin the society for which he cared least was that of his wife.

Suitable honour and deference he rigidly required to be paid to her as queen, not only by his own subjects, but by the ambassadors of foreign courts, who always paid their respects to her at Schönhausen, but his own treatment of her became more and more unkind. It occurred several times that to celebrations in the palace, at which the other members of the royal family and household were present, she must suffer the mortification of not being invited. Sans-souci, the favourite palace of the king, she never saw, not even being invited to the inaugural banquet, when the whole court and all the king's friends were present.

During the Seven Years' War Elizabeth Christine suffered many discomforts and sorrows, both as queen and as woman. She was obliged to flee for refuge, now to the fortress of Spandau, and again to Magdeburg; her mind was racked with anxiety for the king's safety and welfare; and the loss of her mother and younger brother, as well as of other relatives, during the same period, caused her the deepest grief.

When this war was ended, the queen, now no longer young, again hoped with all the intensity of her loving heart that the king, having satisfied his ambition and won his crown of glory, would at last be ready to enjoy the happiness of domestic life. But again disappointment was in store for her. When the demonstrations of rejoicing were over she but learned that after the seven years' absence the alienation of her husband was wider than ever. Frederick went to his beloved Sans-souci, and Elizabeth Christine returned to Schönhausen, were she lived as before in sadness and solitude, occupied with her studies and correspondence.

In January, 1785, Frederick visited his wife for the last time. During the remaining year and a half of his life, in failing health, but still devoted to his people and loved by them as never before, he passed his time mainly at his beautiful château of Sans-souci, where death closed his eyes, August 16th, 1786. Elizabeth Christine, who for fifty-three years, notwithstanding his cruel neglect, had tenderly loved him as husband and adored him as king and hero, grieved most deeply for the loss which all Prussia mourned.

Outwardly her life was little altered after the king's death, her summers being spent at Schönhausen, and her winters at Berlin as before. Her literary work, which had occupied many of her lonely hours and already amounted to something considerable, she still diligently carried on. It was in connection with these literary labours that her earnest and extensive study at Rheinsberg bore rich fruit. Her first important work, commenced in 1766, was a translation into French of Crugott's "Christ in Soli-

tude," which she dedicated, in a beautiful and affectionate letter to her favourite brother and confidant, Ferdinand of Brunswick. She published at different times, under the name of "Constance," a name associated with the happy days at Rheinsberg Castle, a great number of translations of her favourite religious books, and in the weakness caused by failing health and advancing age, wrote an original work, entitled, "Thoughts and Meditations for the New Year on the Care which God has for Mankind, and of the Way, Full of Goodness, in which He leads us."

Although the most of her writings were of a devotional character, her reading and studies had a very wide range. She read all the celebrated writers of her own time, and delighted also in the Greek and Latin classics. Voltaire, whom she met several times, flattered her and sent her some of his published works, but her pious mind recoiled from the brilliant scoffer, and he was never her friend. With many of the learned men of the age she carried on a regular correspondence.

Elizabeth Christine never took the part in public affairs which another in her high position might have done, but at one time, fifteen years after the close of the Seven Years' War, when trouble with Austria again arose, and war and devastation once more threatened the Prussian kingdom, she wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "Meditations on the Position of Public Affairs in 1778;" in which she endeavoured to stimulate the courage of the Prussian people, and to strengthen their confidence in and loyalty to the king, whom she held up before them as the pattern of true patriotism and courage.

The literary labours of Elizabeth Christine were her great comfort in her solitary and neglected life, and reveal much of the spirit of Christian piety which made her life so beautiful. It was her unfaltering faith and constant communion with God which alone sustained her in all the sorrows of her wifehood and widowhood. "Christ is my life," she wrote, and all her walk and conversation exemplified the faith she professed. In meekness and gentleness she bore the keenest grief of her life—the king's indifference and coldness—and was always grateful for the smallest crumb of comfort which he threw her.

That he did esteem her is made evident in more than one way. He desired that all deference due to her rank and virtue should be observed by others, spoke frequently in praise of her pure and lofty character; and once when she was suffering from a serious illness, wrote a letter to her physician, bidding him spare no means of assisting her recovery, and referring to her as "a woman much loved and indispensably necessary to the country, to the

poor, and to me." In his last will and testament he also expressed the same sentiment, making provision for her comfort and desiring of her nephew and successor that he "show her the respect due to her as the widow of his uncle, and as a princess who never departed from the path of virtue."

The life of Elizabeth Christine was a long one, although before the age of thirty she had felt that in her neglected and unloved condition there was little to live for, and expressed her willingness to die as soon as it might be God's will. Her many sorrows but purified and sanctified her nature. Patient and submissive under the afflictions which bereaved her one by one of those she loved most tenderly, her hold on heaven grew stronger as her life on earth wore on.

Hers was a beautiful old age. Her manner of life, though suited to her high rank, was unostentatious. Free from care, in regard to political affairs, she had leisure to devote to her favourite pursuits. Her books, correspondence, and the society of a few old and dear friends were still prized. Her genial social nature led her to surround herself with those to whom it was her delight to give pleasure, and an occasional banquet or entertainment furnished diversion for her friends. All her life she had presented a noble example of strong and fervent religious life to her people, and in old age all felt the influence of her faith and piety. In her the poor always found a sympathizing friend; she often denied herself that she might be able to help others, and this in the most secret and humble manner.

Childless herself, she had the comfort of having entrusted to her care by the king her niece, the little orphan princess Frederica, afterwards Duchess of York, whom she loved with all her heart and reared most carefully.

Between her and her nephew, Frederick William II., the most friendly and affectionate relation existed. In her extreme old age she delighted particularly in the society of her grand-nephews and nieces, the king's children, who also cherished a warm affection for her.

The last public ceremony in which Elizabeth Christine took part was the celebration of the marriage of the Crown Prince to the beautiful and accomplished Princess Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the lovely and well-beloved Queen Louise of history. Two years later it was her happy privilege, at the age of eighty, to be one of the sponsors to the little prince born of this marriage. On January 13th, 1797, she passed out of this life to the presence of the God she loved.

Such is the story of one whose noble character, and pure, sweet

womanliness could be preserved as unsullied amid the glitter and temptations of a royal court as in the obscurest home, and whose gentle virtues would adorn the humblest maid or wife as radiantly as the proudest princess. The name of Elizabeth Christine has long been well-nigh forgotten; chroniclers and biographers have almost passed by this slighted, neglected, but beautiful, life; "yet," says Preuss, the historian, "so long as the crown of Prussia beams, so long will the virtues of Queen Elizabeth Christine be glorified in its splendour."

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.

"UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN."

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

WHAT matter how the winds may blow,
Or blow they east, or blow they west;
What reck I how the tides my flow,
Since ebb or flood alike is best.
No summer calm, no winter gale,
Impedes or drives me from my way;
I, steadfast, toward the haven sail,
That lies, perhaps, not far away.

I mind the weary days of old,
When motionless I seemed to lie;
The nights when fierce the billows rolled,
And changed my course, I knew not why;
I feared the calm, I feared the gale,
Foreboding danger and delay,
Forgetting I was thus to sail
To reach what seemed so far away.

I measure not the loss and fret,
Which through these years of doubt I bore;
I kept the memory fresh, and yet
Would hold God's patient mercy more.
What wrecks have passed me in the gale,
What ships sunk in the summer day;
While I, with furled or spreading sail,
Stood for the haven far away.

What matter how the winds may blow,
Since fair or foul alike is best;
God holds them in His hand I know,
And I may leave to Him the rest;
Assured that neither calm nor gale
Can bring me danger or delay,
As I towards the haven still sail
That lies, I know, not far away.

"JACK" THE FISHERMAN.*

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

II.

It was the next day that some one told Mother Mary, at the poor boarding-house where she stayed, that a woman wanted a few words with her. The visitor was Teen. She was worn and wan and sobbing with excitement. She did not look as if she had enough to eat. She had come, she said, just to see Mother Mary, just to tell her, for Jack would never tell himself, but she was sure her husband had reformed; he would never drink again; he meant to be a sober man; and Mother Mary ought to know she did it, for she did, God bless her!

"I've walked all this way to bless you for myself," said Teen. "I ain't very fit for walkin', nor can't afford a ferry-ticket, for he didn't leave me nothin', on this trip, but I've come to bless you. My husband come to your meetin', Mother Mary, by himself, Jack did. He never goes to no meetin's—nobody couldn't drive him; but he comes to yours because he says you treat a man like folks, and he wouldn't go inside, for he'd ben drinkin' and he felt ashamed. So he set outside upon a box behind the winder and he peeked in. And he come home and told me, for we'd had some words beforehand, and I was glad to see him. I was settin' there and cryin' when he come. 'I wouldn't Teen,' says he, 'for I've seen Mother Mary, and I'm reformed,' says he. He says the song you sang was 'Rock of Ages,' and it made him feel so bad I had to cry to see him. And he says, 'Teen, I wished I was a better man.' And I says, 'Jack, I wished you was.' And he says, 'I lost the hanker for dhrink when I heard her sing "Rock of Ages,"' and I made him a cup of coffee, for I didn't know what else to do, and I brought it to him on the lounge, and he thanked me. 'Teen,' says he, 'I'll never drink a drop again so help me Mother Mary!' And then he kissed me. And he's gone out haddockin', but we parted very kind. And so I come to tell you, for it mayn't be many days that I could walk it, and I've been that to him as I said I should, and I thought that you'd better know."

"You've had no breakfast," answered Mother Mary, "and you've walked too far. Here get a bowl of soup; and take the ferry back. There, there! don't cry quite so hard. I'll try to stay a little longer. I won't leave town till Jack comes in. It takes the 'Rock of Ages' to cure the hanker, Teen. But I've seen older men than he is stop as if they had been stopped by a lasso thrown

*Abridged from the volume published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

from heaven. If there's any save in him," added Mother Mary below her breath, "he shall have his chance this time."

He went aboard sober, and sober he stayed. He kept a good deal by himself and thought of many things. His face paled out and refined, as their faces do, from abstinence; the ghost of his good lucks hovered about him; he mended up his clothes; he did a kind turn to a messmate now and then; he lent a dollar to a fellow with the rheumatism to pay for St. Galen's Oil. When he had done this, he remembered that he had left his wife without money, and said aloud: "That's a mean trick to play on a woman."

He had bad luck, however, that trip; his share was small; he made seven dollars and twenty-seven cents in three weeks. When Jack stepped off the *Destiny* at Zephaniah Salt & Co.'s wharf at Fairharbour, after that voyage, clean, pale, good-natured, and sober, thinking that he would get shaved before he hurried home to Teen, and wishing he could pay the grocer's bill upon the way, suddenly he caught her name upon the wharves.

The words were few—they are not for us—but they were enough to do the deed. Jack was quite sober. He understood. They assailed the honour of his home, the truth of his wife; they derided the trust which he had in her in his absence; they sneered at the "reformed man" whose domestic prospects were—as they were; they exulted over him with the exultation in the sight of the havoc wrought, which is the most inexplicable impulse of evil.

Everybody knew how hot-blooded Jack was; and when the fury rushed red over his face painted gray by abstinence, there was a smart scattering upon the wharves.

His hand clapped to his pockets; but his was an old cheap, rusty pistol (he had swapped a Bible and his trawls for it once, upon a spree, and got cheated); it held but one cartridge, and his wrist shook. The shot went sputtering into the water, and no harm came of it. Jack jammed the pistol back into his pocket; he glared about him madly, but he had his glare for his pains; the men were afraid of him; he was alone upon the wharf.

It can hardly be said that he hesitated. Would that it could. Raving to himself—head down, hands clenched, feet stumbling like a blind man's—the fisherman sank into the first open door he staggered by, as a seiner, pierced by an invisible swordfish, sinks into the sea. He had fifteen such places to pass before he reached his house.

He drank for half an hour—an hour—a half more—came out and went straight home.

It was now night of a February day. Jack, looking dimly on through his craze, saw the light of his half of the gray cottage shining ahead.

"Them lamps look like she used to—curse her!" and so went hurtling on.

He dashed up against the house, as a bowsprit dashes on the

rocks, took one mad look through the unfrosted window, below the half-drawn curtain, and flung himself against the door, and in.

His wife sat there in the great rocking-chair, leaning back; she had a pillow behind her and her feet on the salt-fish box which he had covered to make a cricket for her, when they were first married. She looked pale and pretty. She was talking to a visitor who sat upon a lounge beside her. It was a man. Now, Jack knew this man well; it was an old messmate; he had sworn off a year ago, and they had gone different ways; he used to be a rough fellow; but people said now you wouldn't know him.

"I ain't so drunk but I see who you be, Jim," began the husband, darkly; "I'll settle with you another day. I've got that to say to my wife I'd say better if we missed your company. Leave us by ourselves!"

"Look here, Jack," Jim flashed, good-humouredly, "you're drunk, you know. She'll tell you what I come for. You ask her. Seein' she wasn't right smart—and there's them that says she lacked for want of victuals—my wife sent me over with a bowl of cranberry sass, so help me heaven!"

"I'll kill you some other evenin'. Leave us be!" cried Jack.

"We was settin' and talkin' about the Reform Club when you come in," objected Jim, with the patience of an old friend. "We was wonderin' if we couldn't get you to sign, Jack. Ask her if we wasn't. Come, now! I wouldn't make a fool of myself if I was you, Jack. See there. You've set her cryin' already. And she ain't right smart."

"Clear out of my house!" thundered Jack. "Leave us by ourselves!"

"I don't know's I'd ought to," hesitated Jim.

"Leave us be! or I won't leave you be a minute longer! Ain't it my house? Get out of it!"

"It is, that's a fact," admitted the visitor, looking perplexed; but I declare to Jupiter I don't know's I'd oughter leave it, the way things look. Have your senses, Jack, my boy! Have your senses! She ain't right smart."

But with this Jack sprang upon him, and the wife cried out between them; for the love of mercy, that murder would be done.

"Leave us be!" she pleaded, sobbing. "Nothin' else won't pacify him. Go, Jim, go, and shut the door, and thank her, for the cranberry-sarse, it was very kind of her, and for my husband's sake don't tell nobody he wasn't kind to me. There. That's right. There."

She sank back into the rocking-chair, for she was feeble still, and looked gently up into her husband's face. All the tones of her agitated voice had changed.

She spoke very low and calmly, as if she gathered her breath for the first stage of a struggle whose nature she solemnly understood "Jack, dear!" softly. She had grown exceedingly pale.

"I'll give ye time," he answered, with an ominous quiet. "Tell yer story first. Out with it!"

"I haven't got nothin' to tell, Jack. He brought the cranberry sarse, for his wife took care of me, and she was very kind And he set a little, and we was talkin' about the club, just as he says we was. It's Mother Mary's club, Jack. She's made Jim secretary, and she wanted you to join, for I told her you'd reformed. Oh, Jack, I told her you'd reformed!—Jack, Jack! Oh, Jack! What are you goin' to do to me! What makes you look like that?—Jack, Jack, Jack!"

"Stand up here!" he raved. He was past reason, and she saw it; he tore off his coat and pushed up his sleeves from his tattooed arms.

"You've played me false, I say! I trusted ye, and you've tricked me. I'll teach ye to be the talk upon the wharves another time when I get in from Georges'!"

She stood as he bade her, tottered and sank back; crawled up again, holding by the wooden arm of the rocking-chair, and stretched one hand out to him, feebly. She did not dare to touch him; if she had clung to him, he would have throttled her. When she saw him rolling up his sleeves, her heart stood still. But Teen thought: 'I will not show him I'm afraid of him. It's the only chance I've got."

The poor girl looked up once into his face, and thought she'd smiled.

"Jack? Dear Jack!"

"I'll teach ye! I'll teach ye!"

"Oh, wait a moment, Jack. For the love of heaven—stop a minute! I've been an honest wife to you, my boy, and there's none on earth or heaven as can look me in the eye and darst say I haven't. I swore to ye on the 'Rock of Ages,' Mother Mary witnessin'—why, Jack!" her voice sank to infinite sweetness, "have ye forgotten? You ain't yourself, poor boy. You'll be so sorry. I ain't very strong, yet—you'd feel bad if you should hit me—again. I'd hate to have feel so bad. Jack dear, don't. Go look in the room, before you strike again. Ye ain't seen it yet. Jack, for the love of mercy!—Jack! Jack!"

"Own up, and I'll quit. Own up to me, I say!"

"I can't own up to you, for I swore you by the 'Rock of Ages;' I swore thee I would be an honest wife. You may pummel me to death, but I'll not lie away them words I swore to ye . . . by that, . . . Jack, for the love of heaven, don't ye, Jack! For the way you used to feel to me, dear, dear Jack! For the sake of the babies we had, . . . and you walked beside of me, to bury 'em! Oh, for God's sake . . . Jack! . . . Oh, you said you'd be kind to me . . . Oh, ye'll be so sorry! For the love of pity! For the love of God! Not the pistol! Oh, for the 'Rock of"—

But there he struck her down. The butt end of the weapon was heavy enough to do the deed. He struck, and then flung it away.

Upon his bared arm, as it came crashing, the crucifix was spattered red.

He stood up stupidly and looked about the room. The covers were off the kitchen stove, and the heart of the coals blazed out. Her yellow hair had loosened as she fell, and shone upon the floor.

He remembered that she spoke about the other room, and said of something yonder, that he hadn't seen it yet. Confusedly he wondered what it was. He stumbled in and stared about the bedroom. It was not very light there, and it was some moments before he perceived the cradle, standing straight across his way. The child waked as he hit the cradle, and began to cry, stretching out its hands.

He had forgotten all about the baby. There had been so many.

"You'd better get up, Teen," he said as he went out; "it's cryin' after you."

He shut the door and staggered down the steps. He hesitated once, and thought he would go back and say to her:

"What's the use of layin' there?"

But he thought better, or worse, of it, and went his way. He went out and reshipped at once, lingering only long enough to drink madly on the way, at a place he knew where he was sure to be let alone. The men were afraid of Jack, when he was so far gone under as this. Nobody spoke to him. He went down to Salt Brothers' wharf, opposite Salt & Co.'s, and found the *Daredevil* just about to weigh. She was short by one hand, and took him as he was.

He was surprised to find himself aboard when the next sun went down; he had turned in his bunk and was overheard to call for Teen, ordering her to do some service for him, testily enough.

He was good for nothing for a matter of days, and silent or sullen for the trip. It had been a heavy spree. He fell to, when he came to himself, and fished desperately; his luck turned, and he made money; he made seventy-five dollars. They were gone three weeks. They had a bitter voyage, for it was March.

They struck a gale at Georges', and another coming home. It snowed a great deal, and the rigging froze. The crew were uncommonly cold. They kept the steward cooking briskly, and four or five hot meals a day were not enough to keep one's courage up. Whiskey flowed fast between meals. Jack was observed not to limit himself. "It was for luck," he said. Take it through, it was a hard trip. The sober men—there were some—looked grim and pinched; the drinkers ugly.

"It's a hound's life," said a dory mate of Jack's one day. His name was Rowe—Rowe Salt; he was a half-brother of Jim's. Jack stopped himself abruptly, and leaned upon his oar; they were trawling, and the weather grew thick.

"Row," he said, staring off into the fog.

"Rowe Salt, you look there! You tell me if you see a woman yonder, on the water!"

"You've got the jim-jams, Jack. Women folks don't walk at Georges'. I can't see nothin' nowhere.

"There's a woman walkin' on the water," interrupted Jack, "don't you see her? her hair is yeller hair, and it's streamin' over her—don't you see her? She's walkin' on this fog towards the dory—Teen? Teen! There! Lord save me, Rowe, if I did'nt see my wife come walkin' towards us, us settin' in this dory—Hi-i-igh! I'll swear off when I get home. I'll tell her so. I hate to see such things."

"You see, Rowe," Jack added, presently—for he had not spoken after that, but had fallen grimly to work. It was ten below zero and the wind was taking the backward spring for a bitter blow; both men, tugging at their trawls through the high and icy sea, were suffering too much to talk—"ye see we had some words before I come aboard, and she warn't right smart. The baby can't be very old. I don't know how old it is. I was oncommon drunk; I don't remember what I did to her. I'm afraid I hit her—for I had some words with her. I wished I was at home. She won't tell nobody. She never does. But I'm set to be at home and tell her I've sworn off. I've got money for her this trip, too; I'm afraid she's in a hurry for it."

After this outburst of confidence, Jack seemed to cling to his dory-mate; he followed him about deck, and looked wistfully at him. Jack had begun to take on the haggard look of the abstainer once again. The crew thought he did not seem like himself. He had stopped drinking, abruptly, after that day in the fog, and suffered heavily from the weather and from exposure.

"I say, Rowe," he asked one, "if anything was to happen, would you just step in and tell my wife I didn't believe that yarn about her; she'll know."

Now, it befell, that when they were rounding Eastern Point, and not till then, they bespoke the *Destiny*, which was outward bound, and signalled them. She drew to speaking distance, and her skipper had a word with the master of the *Daredevil*, but he spoke none too loud, and made his errand quickly, and veered to his own course, and the two boats parted company, and the *Daredevil* came bustling in. They were almost home.

It was remembered afterward that Jack was badly frostbitten upon that voyage; he looked badly; he had strange ways; the men did not know exactly how to take him. He was overheard to say:

"I ain't agoin' to go to Georges' again."

Rowe Salt overheard, after the skipper of the *Destiny* had signalled and tacked. So, with such dexterity as the ignorant man could muster, Salt got his friend down below, on some pretext, and stood looking at him helplessly.

"You don't look well, Rowe," Jack suggested, pleasantly.

"Jack," said his dory-mate, turning white enough, "I'll make no bones of it, nor mince nothin', for somebody's got to tell ye, and they said it must be me. There's a warrant after ye. The sheriff's on the tug betwixt us and the wharf. She's layin' off of the island, him aboard of her."

"I never was in prison," faltered Jack. "The boys have always bailed me."

"'Tain't a bailin' matter, Jack, this time."

"What did you say?"

"I said it wasn't a bailin' business. Somebody's got to tell you."

Jack gazed confidingly up into his friend's face.

"What was it that I done, old boy? Can't ye tell me?"

"Let the sheriff tell you. Ask the sheriff. I'd rather it was the sheriff told you, Jack."

"Tell me what it is I done, Rowe Salt; I'd tell you."

He looked puzzled.

"The sheriff knows more about it nor I do," begged the fisherman; don't make an old messmate tell you, Jack.

"All right," said Jack, turning away. He had now grown very quiet. He pleaded no more, only to mutter once:

"I'd rather heard it from a messmate."

Rowe Salt took a step or two, turned, stopped, stirred, and turned again.

"You killed somebody, then, if you will know."

"Killed somebody?"

"Yes."

"I was drunk and killed somebody?"

"Lord help you, yes."

"I hope," hoarsely—"Look here, Salt. I hope Teen won't know."

"I say, Rowe," after a long pause, "who was it that I killed?"

"Ask the sheriff."

"Who was it that I killed?"

"The skipper 'll tell you, mebby. I won't. No, I vow I won't. Let me go. I've done my share of this. Let me go up on deck! I want the air!"

"I won't let you go up on deck—so help me!—till you tell!"

"Let me off, Jack, let me off!"

"Tell me who it was, I say!"

"Lord in heaven, the poor wretch don't know—he really don't."

"I thought you would ha' told me, Rowe," said Jack, with a smile—his old winning smile, that had captivated his messmates all his life.

"I will tell you!" cried Rowe Salt with an oath of agony. "You killed your wife! You murdered her. She's dead. Teen ain't to home. She's dead."

They made way for him at this side and at that, for he sprang up the gangway, and dashed among them. When he saw them all together, and how they looked at him, he stopped. A change seemed to strike his purpose, be what it might.

"Boys," said Jack, looking all about, "ye won't have to go no bail for me. I'll bide my account, this time."

He parted from them, for they let him do the thing he would, and got himself alone into the bows, and there he sank down, crouching, and no one spoke to him.

The *Daredevil* rounded Eastern Point, and down the shining harbor, all sails set, came gayly in. They were almost home.

Straightway there started out upon the winter sea a strong cry.

They divined how it was, by one instinct, and every man sprang to him. But he had leaped and gained on them.

The waters of Fairharbour seemed themselves to leap to greet him as he went down. These had borne him and ruined him, buried him as if they loved him. He had pushed up his sleeves for the spring, hard to the shoulder, like a man who would wrestle at odds.

As he sank, one bared arm, thrust above the crest of the long wave, lifted itself toward the sky. It was his right arm, on which the crucifix was stamped.

Mother Mary, stood by her husband's side and looked off from the little creature in her arms to the faces of the fishermen gathered there about her for the service. It was an open-air service, held upon the beach, where the people she had served and loved could freely come to her—and would. They had sought the scene in large numbers. The summer people, too, strolled down, distant and different, and hung upon the edges of the group. They had a civil welcome, but no more. This was a fisherman's affair; nobody needed them; Mother Mary did not belong to them.

"The meetin's ours," said Rowe Salt. "It's us she's after. The boarders ain't of no account to her."

His brother Jim was there with Rowe, and Jim's wife, and some of the respectable women neighbours. The skipper of the *Daredevil* was there, and so were many of Jack's messmates. When it was understood that Mother Mary had adopted Jack's baby, the news had run like rising tide, from wharf to wharf, from deck to deck—everybody knew it, by this time. Almost everybody was there, to see the baptism.

Into her childless life, its poverty, its struggles, its sacrifices, and its blessed hope, Mother Mary's great heart took the baby as she took a man's own better nature for him; that which lay so puny and so orphaned in those wild lives of theirs, an infant in her hands.

Jack's baby, Jack's baby and Teen's, as if it had been anybody's else baby, was to be baptized "like folks." Jack's baby, poor little wretch, was to have his chance.

The men talked it over gravely, it affected them with a respect one would not anticipate, who did not know them. They had their Sunday clothes on. They were all clean. They had a quiet look. One fellow who had taken a little too much ventured down upon the beach; but he was hustled away from the christening, and ducked in the cove, and hung upon the rocks to dry. One must be sober who helped to baptize that baby.

This was quite understood.

They sang the hymn, Jack's hymn and Teen's: of course they

sang the "Rock of Ages;" and Mother Mary's husband read "the chapter" to them, as he was used, and spoke to them; and it was so still among them that they could hear each wave of the placid sea beat evenly as if they listened to the beating of a near and mighty peaceful heart. Mother Mary spoke with them herself a little. She told them how she took the child, in the despair of the past, in the hope of the future; in pain and in pity, and in love; yearning over him, and his, and those who were of their inheritance, and fate, their chances, and their sorrows, and their sins. She told them of the child's pure heart within us all, which needs only to be mothered to be saved. What was noble in them all, she said, was to them like this little thing, to her. It was a trust. She gave it to them, so she said, as she took the baby, here before their witnessing, to spare him from their miseries, if she might.

They were touched by this, or they seemed to be; for they listened from their souls.

"We'd oughter take off our hats," somebody whispered. So they stood uncovered before the minister, and Mother Mary, and Jack's poor baby. The sacred drops flashed in the white air. Dreamily the fishermen heard the sacred words:

"In the name of the Father: And of the Son: And of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

But no one heard the other words, said by Mother Mary close and low, when she received the child into her arms again, and bowed her face over it:

"My son, I take thee for the sake and for the love of thy father, and of thy mother, and the fishermen perceiving that she was at prayer, they knew not why, asking of heaven they knew not what—the fishermen said:

"Amen, Amen."

IN A COPY OF EUCLID'S GEOMETRY.

BY HURLBURT STAFFORD.

THE Egyptian Princes by the watery Nile
  Lost yearly and each year regained their land,
Enriched, but with the old landmarks gone the while,
  Like footprints on the ocean's yellow sand:
Yearly on Nile's obliterated strand
  Contentions rose, so that a Science sprung
  Out of their quarrels, and this man Euclid flung
All into one vast whole with mighty hand.

So is it oft that of some trivial chance
  Wisdom is born in awful dignity,
And so the roseate castles of Romance
  Spring from the dusk plains of reality;
For Folly ever mingles in the dance
  With white-browed Truth and grave Philosophy.

CHICAGO, 1890.

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS AMELIA E. BARR.

XV.—AMOS MAKES MORNING CALLS.

"Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike."—*Pope.*

"JOSHUA PERKINS, ESQ.,—

"DEAR SIR,—Buy up for me every scrap of Squire Lumley's paper thou can get thy fingers on; and send thy clerk, Jonas Sutcliffe, to Bevin Mill to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Let him bring some o' thy thy legal cap and a pen and ink-horn with him. I want him to take down a few bits of conversation for me.

"Thine truly,

"AMOS BRAITHWAITE."

This message gave Perkins considerable food for thought; but he complied exactly with the requisition, reflecting as he did so, that, as the service was an unusual one, he could charge it without reference to any customary rate. So, at ten o'clock precisely, Jonas Sutcliffe, with the professional blue bag, was waiting at Bevin Mill such orders as Amos had to give him.

Amos was in his gig, and he bid Jonas take a seat beside him. "We are going to Charlton House," he said, "and I want thee ta tak' partic'lar notice of ivery word that is passed. I'll mebbe put thee on t' witness stand about them. Hes ta such a thing as a card on thee?"

Jonas took one from from his pocket-book and gave it to Amos. Mr. Jonas Sutcliffe," and on the left-hand corner, "With Joshua Perkins, Esq., Attorney-at-law."

"That is t' varry thing. It will get us an audience, I hev no doubt."

But it was still early when they arrived at Charlton House, and the butler was was very uncertain whether my lady would see any one, as he asked if the gentlemen would send their cards.

"Give that fellow thy card, Mr. Sutcliffe. I haven't such a thing. Thine will do for us both, I'll warrant."

The card interested Lady Charlton. She wondered what two of Perkins' clerks could possibly want with her; besides which, she had on a morning gown, and was not averse to displaying herself in it. The early hours of the day were always tedious; anything that broke their monotony was welcome. So she gave order to admit the strangers to her presence, and in the interval thought it worth while to assume, for their benefit, her most elegant and dignified attitude.

Amos entered first She knew him at once, and her heart gave a little flutter of fear. Something in the man's face annoyed her anticipatively, but she rose, against her intention to do so, and with a pleasasant smile and greeting offered him her hand.

Amos let his eyes fall on the long, white, jewelled fingers, and answered bluntly, "Nay, my lady, not yet. I'm not one o' them that claps hands wi' ivery body. I hev come to ask thee a few questions about my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Joe Braithwaite."

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Braithwaite, I can tell you nothing about the lady."

"Put that down, will ta, Mr. Sutcliffe."

"Mr. Braithwaite, I will not permit the words I say in my own house to be put down. What right have you to come here on any such errand. You will leave my presence at once."

"Well now, I thought I was acting varry considerate. I thought thou would rather hev thy words put down in thy awn house than in a public court-room."

"What do you mean, Mr. Braithwaite?"

"I mean this. There has been some scandalous things said o' my daughter, and I am going to mak' them as said 'em stand up to ivery word and prove it, or else pay a few thousand pounds for the pleasure they took in speaking ill of a better woman than themsens."

"What have I to do with this affair?"

"I sud say a good deal. The report came from thy house."

"I never said anything against Mrs. Braithwaite. It was Mrs. Lumley and Mrs. Pennington. I can't prevent people talking, Mr. Braithwaite."

"Put that down, Mr. Sutcliffe. And so, Lady Charlton, thou niver said that Mrs. Joe Braithwaite had driven her husband out of his house?"

"I am not obliged to answer your questions, sir."

"Certainly not, if thou prefers Joshua Perkins to cross-question thee."

"And I am very sure I should not answer Mr. Perkins."

"Then ta would find out varry soon what contempt o' court meant. But please thysen. Either in thy awn house, or in t' public court-house, thou wilt hev to deny, or else prove, all that hes been said about my daughter. If ta likes to do it in public best, I haven't an objection to mak', I'm sure."

"I am sure I never said that Mrs. Braithwaite had driven her husband from his home."

"I'm glad ta didn't. Put that down, Mr. Sutcliffe. Now thin, did ta say that she hed the devil's awn temper?"

"I am not accustomed to speak of the —— of that person. I did not compare Mrs. Braithwaite with him in any respect."

"Did ta say that Mr. Latrays went a deal too often to see her?"

"No, sir."

"Did ta iver say that she wouldn't let her husband have a halfpenny to spend, and that he were compelled to work as a common labourer, for t' bread he ate and t' roof that covered him?"

"I never said anything of the kind. I may have heard it said, but I am not responsible for that."

"I sall not make thee responsible for anybody's lies but thy awn. Did ta iver say that her husband had deserted her, and that no decent woman ought to speak to her?"

"I heard Mrs. Lumley say that."

"An' thou didn't sanction it in any way?"

"I didn't quarrel with my friend for expressing her opinion of your daughter. Why should I?"

"But is Mrs. Lumley's opinion thy opinion?"

"Mr. Braithwaite, I'm not forced to tell you my opinions, and I shall not do so."

"To be sure, if ta tells them to nobody else. I hev no objection to thee thinking as bad as iver ta can of Mrs. Braithwaite, if ta doesn't put thy thoughts into words. When women keep their envy and malice in their awn hearts, there's none but God Almighty and t' devil knows it. But when they let their envy and malice bubble out of their mouths, and good folks are likely to be poisoned with such hell-broth, they hev' a right to object to it, I sud say."

"You talk in a very very vulgar manner, sir. I am not accustomed to such language."

"Ay, but I'm polite with thee, to what Perkins ud be. But if ta asserts thou knows nothing of Mrs. Braithwaite, and niver said wrong of her, then I hev done with thee, to-day."

"Certainly, I do."

"Hes ta made notes of all that hes been said, Mr. Sutcliffe?"

"I have, sir."

"Then good morning, my lady. And if thou wilt tak' my advice, thou won't say another word against Mrs. Braithwaite. If ta does, thou wilt hev to worry it out thyself wi' Lawyer Perkins."

"I have told you that I know nothing against Mrs. Braithwaite. I am not likely to invent anything against her.

"I sud think not—now I am going, Lady Charlton, but I'm no more inclined to shake hands with you now than I was when I came in. I'm a bit partic'lar in that way. Come, Sutcliffe."

Amos was wise enough to see that he had frightened Lady Charlton to the very verge of hysteria, and with a comfortable sense of having inflicted a just retribution, he left her. He went next to Mrs. Lumley. She met him with considerable bravado; she did not draw back at all from her position. She did not think Mrs. Braithwaite had given great cause for unkind criticism. More the pity! People occupying her rank in the county ought to set a good example. She was sorry Mrs. Braithwaite had failed. She believed Mr. Latrays had called three or four times, perhaps oftener. And in Mrs. Braithwaite's position, how imprudent! Even the appearance of evil ought to be avoided. As for Mr. Joe Braithwaite, there was no use denying that every one was sorry for him; for her part, she had quite approved the step he had taken. She was very sorry also for Mrs. Braithwaite. No doubt, if she had any feelings she must suffer under the pressure of

public opinion, and if there was anything actionable in what she said, she was willing to take the consequences.

"Varry well, ma'am," answered Amos; "I don't say but what I think better o' thee for standing up to thy words, even if they be lies, and if ta wants to fight, Amos Braithwaite isn't the one to refuse a challenge. Only I sall fight with my awn weapons, and I sall put thy husband in thy shoes. I couldn't hit thee hard enough, but ——," pulling out his pocket-book, "I can hit him pretty hard with this bit o' paper, and I'll hev a lot more o' t' same kind o' weapons before to-morrow night. Does ta think I'm going to let thee blackguard my daughter for nothing?"

"I'm a lady, sir. I will not permit you to apply such words to me."

"Thou art a poor mak' o' a lady, a varry poor mak' indeed. Thy lady way o' being sorry for this, and regretting that, is t' varry meanest kind of blackguarding. All t' time thou art defaming an innocent woman thou art praising thysen. 'I'm sorry Mrs. Braithwaite is so wicked; I wouldn't be so wicked. I don't approve of her conduct; my awn is so much better.' Now, then, thou needn't get in a passion. I've seen thy hand, and I'm going away."

"I consider your coming here at all a very great impertinence, sir."

"Does ta? I sud advise thee to pick thy words a bit better. If ta doesn't, I'll hev a civiller person put in this house. Thou had better send Squire Lumley to me; thou art only making a sight o' trouble for him, and I sudn't wonder if he gives thee some varry plain English for thy folly. Come, Mr. Sutcliffe, I sall not waste any more time and words here."

The visit to Mrs. Pennington was more satisfactory. Mrs. Pennington regretted the evil talk very much. She had never had a wrong thought of Mrs. Braithwaite; she admired her very much in every way. She had always said that Mr. Joe Braithwaite's desire to go back to manufacturing was a most admirable feeling; she thought Mrs. Braithwaite deserved great praise for so pleasantly endorsing it. She was so smooth and complimentary that Amos could do nothing but make her notice that all her opinions had been recorded, and that if further events rendered such a step necessary she would have to abide by them.

It was quite enough. The timid little woman was sick with that vague terror which the least threat of the law can inspire in some breasts. She wept piteously in her own room, and reproached without stint that false friendship of Lady Charlton and Mrs. Lumley which had led her into the dangerous pleasure of defamation.

"Now then," said Amos, "I am going to see the rector. If I can get him on my side, he'll manage these women better than I can, and save me the time and worry; for I'll tell thee what, Sutcliffe, I'd rather give a man a good thrashing than bully a fidgetting, nervous woman, however much in t' fault she may be."

"For my part, Mr. Braithwaite, I think that husbands ought to be held responsible for the folly of their wives."

Amos looked at the young man with withering sarcasm.

"Thou isn't married, is ta, Sutcliffe?"

"No, indeed, sir."

"I thought so."

"Men should keep their wives in order."

"To be sure."

"If I had a wife—"

"She'd say and she'd do as she liked; and what's more, she'd make thee say and do as she liked. Is ta made o' different clay from other men? Ivery man is Adam or worse."

"Worse?"

"Ay; if he isn't a fool like Adam, he's varry apt to be a brute thet threshes women an' children, and thet hes his own way because it is such a wicked, cruel way that no woman would hev it. Don't thee be too clever, Sutcliffe. It's a fault o' young men, these days. They know everything but the main thing, and that is, how very little they do know."

The rector was walking about his garden, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his face full of placid thought. Amos left Sutcliffe in the gig and joined him. They spoke of many things, ere Amos opened the subject upon which he had come.

"Have you any special business with me, Mr. Braithwaite? You are a man of such great occupations that I can hardly hope you have done me the simple honour of a call."

"You come very near the truth, sir. While you were in Norway this summer, my son put into execution a plan he has been thinking of for a long time. He went to Manchester to learn cotton spinning with his godfather."

"No harm in that. A very creditable movement, I should say."

"People hev made harm out of it. They hev said a deal of harm about his wife. Things as seem as if they might be true, but hevn't a word of truth in them."

"I am very glad to hear you say this, Mr. Braithwaite. Then your daughter-in-law approves the step her husband has taken?"

"With all her heart." Then Amos was permitted to make that explanation of affairs which is always satisfactory.

"I think I understand the whole position, Mr. Braithwaite."

"I have no doubt you do, sir."

"Mrs. Braithwaite has been placed in a very trying position. Mrs. Clive and myself will do all we can to encourage her in it. Of course we can understand that she would have much preferred her husband to live upon his estate."

"Perhaps she would. But Joe couldn't do it. The Braithwaites were never landed gentry. We came out of the mill and my son is only following his natural instinct in wanting to go back to it. And we like to make money."

"I see, I see. And I hope you understand a great deal of money is a great trust, Mr. Braithwaite."

"I'm coming to that, sir. While my Joe is in Manchester, I have promised to be a deal in Bradley, and it's right I sud do something for t' parish. I heard you were intending to found a new school. I'd like to give £500 to it."

"Thank you, Mr. Braithwaite. It is a great charity. Your gift is munificent."

"Nay, it's nowt but right, and I iike to do right if folks will let me. I hev been more to Bradley Church this last half-year then I hev been to any other church for twenty years. I like to go to church now, and it's only fair I ought to do for t' parish according to my means. My daughter was fearing that she could never go there again, but I told her that was nonsen."

"It would be very wrong, sir. Mrs. Braithwaite is lady of Bradley Manor. We all look to her for help and countenance, and a good example. There has evidently been a misunderstanding as to her position. I shall take care that it is more clearly and kindly appreciated."

"Now then, if ta says that, I sall just go back to my mill, and look after my looms, and if £500 is not enough for t' school, I'll be glad and proud to mak' it more. I like to give to t' church when there's a parson as makes giving a privilege and a pleasure. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Braithwaite. My respects—and Mrs. Clive's respects, also—to Mrs. Braithwaite."

And after Amos had gone the rector continued his walk, thinking over the interview, with the flicker of a smile upon his face. But he was a shrewd, as well as a kindly man, and he understood Amos probably better than Amos understood himself. Thus he thought, as he entered his wife's sitting-room, in order to enlist her sympathy and help.

Mrs. Clive listened with the calm justice that was part of her nature, and was evidently convinced; for she answered: Mrs. Braithwaite was never popular; she never tried to be; but there has undoubtedly been misapprehension, and I dare say no little unkindness all around. I will make a few calls this week, and I think, after them, people will at least be civil in church. Socially, of course, we are not responsible for the congregation; and really, William, I must say that I, for one, never did like Mrs. Joe Braithwaite, not even Miss Edith Bradley, very much. You remember that even before she was married she was self-contained and yet self-asserting. Such women are impracticable."

"It is impossible to like every one, but we can be courteous."

"Certainly, we can be courteous. That is one of the duties of our position. Perhaps it is not always easy and pleasant."

"But being a duty, we do it?"

"Yes. When did I ever shirk a duty?"

On the next Sunday, Edith was inclined to remain away from church, for she was quite ignorant of the measures Amos had taken during the week. But he would not listen to her fears. He

induced her to dress with more than ordinary care. He wrote and invited Mr. Latrays to meet him after church, and return to Bradley and Bevin with him. He supplemented his cheque of £500 with a £50 note for the poor of the parish; and he looked forward with something like triumph to the morning service.

He was quite satisfied with the result. Mrs. Clive made a point of detaining Edith, in order to secure her presence at a meeting to be held at the rectory about the new school. Mrs. Lumley swallowed her social pill without a wry face, and Lady Charlton managed her share of the reconciliation by a discreet absence.

It was the rector himself who put Mrs. Joe in her carriage, and then stood a few moments at its side, talking with Amos and Mr. Latrays—humbling himself a little, as a good man will, in order to bring peace and prosperity within the walls of his own Zion.

And when Amos looked at Edith, whose face was flushed with gratification, she answered him with a smile that quite repaid him for the espousal of her cause. And he let Mr. Latrays have more than his share of the conversation, for he was thinking pleasant things of himself—"I did right, I did that! I bullied them envious old women a bit. I put a clear case before t' rector—who hed t' sense to see it—and I handed over a tidy cheque as I sud do, in return for a few words I hedn't the power o' saying mysen. Now, then, it's worth while spending a bit o' money to be a kind o' providence in your own corner of t' world, and I think I hev got the value of my £550; I do that."

But he never said anything to Edith about these four morning calls, until one night long after Joe's return. There was some social disturbance at the time, and Amos listened to the gossip about it, with a face that puzzled Edith and Joe, until, with a hearty laugh, he burst into a description of his social tactics. "And I'll tell you what, Joe," he added, "if I hedn't been a tip-top spinner, I'd been a tip-top county society leader. I would hev hed no women's quarrels i' my neighbourhood, for I sud hev made them tell t' truth, or else pay such a figure for lying about each other that once in a life-time would hev been as much o' that kind o' luxury as they could afford."

XVI.—JOE HAS A SURPRISE.

In the meantime cotton-spinning and calico-printing were not all Joe was learning with Samuel Yorke. The man's lofty, simple character and child-like piety were an influence none could habitually resist. There was a spiritual side to Joe's nature which no one had ever suspected, and Samuel Yorke found it out. In their quiet, after-dinner hours conversation always drifted to religious subjects, and Samuel spoke upon them with the fervour of perfect love; for his piety was a conviction resting rather upon experience than upon creed.

"Truth is truth," he would say to Joe, "just as bread is bread,

whatever shape t' loaf may be made. I got my religion with t' Methodists, and I like their loaf and stand by it. Just ye try it, Joe."

Joe was not quite ignorant of Methodism. Martha Thrale had done her best to bring him up in her own persuasion, but the very candour and familiarity of its experience had made Joe shrink from it. Youth, contrary to general impression, is apt to be secretive about its deepest emotions.

But this reticence does not exclude those guarded and intimate communions, those affectionate counsels, which friend and brother have with one another. No confidence that Joe had ever exchanged with Tom Halifax and others of his gay companions were so enthralling as those after-dinner chats with Samuel Yorke when the day was over and the shadows of the evening stretched out. Then the tide of daily life had quite ebbed, and in the stillness and dimness the spiritual perceptions were more sensitive; conscience spoke and could be heard; the soul hearkened after voices from its long-lost home; the men drew nearer to each other and nearer to God.

It was in such hours Joe began to speak of the years he had wasted, and of the mistakes he had made, very shyly and almost defensively at first, but finally with the full appreciation of all that such loss of life included; for whoever has felt anything deeply must be haunted by the phantoms of wasted hours that can never return.

On Sunday night a minister famed for his eloquence was to preach. Joe was particularly affected by the mighty waves of psalmody, the solemn yet hearty enthusiasm with which the worshipping thousands sang,

> "Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown him Lord of all."

and still more by the almost awful grandeur of that most majestic of hymns:

> "Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
> Once for favoured sinners slain;
> Thousand, thousand saints attending,
> Swell the triumph of his train:
> Hallelujah!
> God appears on earth to reign.
>
> "Every eye shall now behold Him,
> Robed in dreadful majesty;
> Those who set at naught and sold Him,
> Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
> Deeply wailing,
> Shall the true Messiah see."

And it seemed to Joe, when the standing multitude blended their voices with the rolling organ in those lines of stern pathos, that his very soul grew larger, touched infinite heights and depths,

and felt, at least for a few moments, the breath of its own divinity.

He did not speak during their ride home; he did not feel able; but it was not necessary for these two men to speak; they understood silence as well. Yet, after they had sat half an hour in the red shadows of the firelight, and had fully gathered their thoughts and feelings together, Joe said:

"It was a grand sermon! It was good to be there. No worldly pleasures can so stir the soul. I have had music, dancing, travel, good company, fair women, but none of these things ever made me feel immortal."

"It tak's angels to move the great depths of our souls, Joe. Wine, music, dancing, even good women, only move us a bit below the surface. It tak's the everlasting Word of God to bring to us any living sense o' immortality."

"I have never known Jesus Christ until this night. The Conqueror of all His enemies, the Avenger of His saints, the Lord of heaven and earth. It was a wonderful picture!"

"It was; and yet Joe, will ta believe it? In t' varry rapture of t' coronation hymn, I was busy thinking o' a little saying o' Saint Peter's, which to my mind describes Jesus of Nazareth in a way poor, sinful, suffering men and women want Him most and love Him best. 'A man approved of God, who went about doing good, healing all that were oppressed.' Thou sees, Joe, a great conqueror would be led wet-shod; blood and fire, and weeping and wailing wherever He went. Oh, my lad, that isn't how I like to think o' Him. I know that when His weary feet went to Judea He left blessing and love behind him. I fancy a traveller passing through a village at that time, and saying, 'I found no blind men, and no cripples, and no sick people, for Jesus of Nazareth had just been there.'"

Joe looked at his friend sympathetically, but he had nothing to answer. But Joe communed with his own heart, and found the silence sweetly satisfying. For God knows the worshippers unknown to the world, or even to the prophets.

Before he left Manchester Joe had joined the Church publicly, and on the whole Samuel York was prouder of Joe as a Methodist than as a cotton-spinner.

Thus at Bradley and Manchester the time went on, every day bringing its own lesson and its own comfort. Christmas was approaching, and Joe began to have strong longings to see again his wife and child. Surely, Yorke would not consider a holiday visit to them a violation of his agreement. He spoke of Christmas often, in the hope that the old man would express some opinion, but Yorke had really no new one to express. He had made a bargain with Joe. Its terms were clear in his own mind; he expected them to be just as clear in Joe's. The thing had been settled beyond future discussion; and Joe felt this. He was sure if Yorke meant him to go home, he would speak of it, and if he did not mean it, no argument he could use would affect him.

True, he was his own master, and his servitude was of his own

will; he could terminate it to-morrow. But he was not prepared to give up his project, to waste his six months' labour, to cast himself adrift on an aimless life. And if for a week's gratification he did do this he knew what self-reproach would follow. And what would Edith say, and his father, and Aunt Martha? In such a case the whole community must be considered, and Joe felt that the universal verdict would be that of Jacob on Reuben, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." There was therefore only one way in which he could visit Bradley, and that was with Yorke's permission, and Yorke never said a word which implied even a consideration of the subject.

One night he asked with as little concern as he could manage to show, "For how long will you close, at the holidays, godfather?"

"I sall shut up t' warehouse and t' factory on Thursday at t' noon hour, and I sall open again Monday morning. Them 'at likes to stop at t' New Year can do so; but I'll think better o' them that begins a fresh year wi' honest work instead o' foolishness and senseless feasting."

Now Samuel had a daughter married, and living in London, and Joe made his last insinuation when he asked, "Are you going up to London to see Mrs. Powers and your grandchildren?"

"Nay, not I. I am none fond o' London, and I sud be a good part of two days in a railway carriage. I go to see Mary and t children every July; they are in the country then, and that's summat like a holiday."

But not even this leading question procured any allusion to Joe's relations, and he was much annoyed by Yorke's reticence on the subject. And Yorke understood Joe's allusions very well. "I know what he's after," he thought, with some real regret, "but if he isn't up to this bit of self-denial, he may as well go home entirely. I'll hev nothing less than I bargained for. It would be a foolish thing to let him go home for a week, and be lord of t' manor, and have everybody running after him, and waiting on him, hand and foot, and humouring all his whims, as if he were doing something more than mortal man iver did before. I'll hev no woman melling with my work—aunt or wife—and I sall hold him to his bargain, ivery letter of it, for I'm varry sure it is t' right thing and t' kind thing to do."

However, there is in every human intention some unforeseen element which has not been remembered or reckoned for; and Yorke never thought of Edith coming to Manchester to see Joe. Nobody thought of it. The idea entered into her own head one morning, a few days before Christmas, as she was going over the details of the feast with her housekeeper. She had much to do for her tenants, and when it was all arranged she remembered Joe with a wave of love and pity that brought the tears to her eyes.

"He isn't coming home," she whispered. "He says Yorke will not even speak of it. Very well. Yorke cannot prevent my going to see Joe, and I'll go to-morrow."

So next day she stepped from a carriage in Spinning-Jenny

Street, Manchester, a beautiful, queen-like woman in purple velvet and ermine furs; and Samuel Yorke, catching a passing glimpse of this feminine apparel, thought it must be his daughter, and hastened to the door to meet her.

"I am Mrs. Joe Braithwaite," she said, with a smile, and Samuel was quite conquered by its winsome sweetness.

"Thou art welcome," he answered. "Will ta come in?"

But she wanted to see Joe at once, just as he was. And Yorke was not able to resist her pretty impetuosity.

"Well, then, ta shall see him," and he got into the carriage and drove with her to the mill, which was more than two miles away from the warehouse.

Joe was in the dyeing shed, standing among piles and stacks of logs of the oddest looking woods: some were yellow and splintering, some red and scraggy, some purple and solid. Around him were bundles of bark, barrels of salts, and carboys of acids and oils. He was talking earnestly to the master dyer, and Edith saw him before he had any idea of her presence. Fashion had never dressed him to such perfection as labour. Handsome he had always been, but never so handsome in his wife's eyes as at that moment, though he wore a flannel shirt and a flannel apron, though his naked arms were stained with indigo, and his brown, curly hair was partially covered with a little scarlet cap.

"Joe! Joe," she cried, softly, as she began to pick her way toward him.

And oh! how proud and glad Joe was! It was a moment cheaply bought with six months of toil and self-banishment. In some degree also Samuel Yorke was quite conquered. He saw their joy, and could not help sympathizing with it.

"I'll hev to give thee a holiday, Joe," he said. "So don thy street clothes and be be off wi' thee. I know thou won't be fit to dye cloth to-day."

"Mr. Yorke, couldn't Joe go back to Bradley with me for a week?"

"No, my lass, he couldn't."

"Just for three days, then? I think you might let him have three days. Every one goes home at Christmas, you know."

"No, I didn't know aught of t' sort. Mrs. Braithwaite, this won't do at all. I hev let Joe off to-day. If ta takes him to Bradley, thou can keep him there. I see plainly that ivery man hes to hev his Eve. If ta takes my advice, thou won't tempt a good man to leave the good work he hes put his hand to."

"You mustn't call me Eve, Mr. Yorke; I do not intend to tempt Joe to leave his work."

"That's right. I don't want any woman interfering with my work, and Joe is in my work, for the next eighteen months."

"I would not interfere for the world, sir. I will do exactly as you say."

"Now thou talks sense. I begin to believe all the fine things Joe says of thee, and Joe can sav a lot when he begins, he can that."

THE RABBI NACHUM.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

THE Rabbi Nachum lost his sight:
Books, friends, earth, all, passed into night,
His hands now blindly sought their quest,
He bowed his head, and said, "'Tis best."

He lost both hands: his feet alone
Guided him, feeling for each stone;
His lot woke ruth in many a breast,
He bowed his head, and said, "'Tis best."

He lost both feet: and many a sore
Covered his helpless body o'er;
Tears rained for him; but he, as blest,
Still bowed his head: "This, too, is best."

His scholars asked him: "Cans't thou show
Why one so good should suffer so?"

"As thirty asses once I led,
Laden with store of cloth and bread,
And came near to my father's door,
A poor man weakly did implore
Quick charity. I bade him wait
Till I unloaded. At the gate
I left him for a little space,
And found him *dead*, fallen on his face.

"I threw myself upon him there,
And shed full many a bitter tear,
And called down curses on my head:
'Blind be these eyes that saw!' I said,
'These hands that helped thee not, may they
And these slow feet be cut away!
And for this body's punishment
Let never-healing sores be sent!'

"All that, my prayer, was answered soon:
My body's bane, but my soul's boon;
Through this my soul shall gain its rest,
This too is best; all, all is best."

This tale of rue let none forget;
Pay quickly love's so urgent debt;
While we on self's convenience wait.
List! all is hushed: it is too late;
Better the soul's peace ne'er should be
Lost than regained through misery.

BENTON, N.B.

THE SUPERIOR OBLIGATIONS OF EDUCATED CHRISTIANS.*

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.

"What do ye more than others?"—MATT. v. 47.

OUR Lord is here showing His disciples that they cannot live according to the low standard of publicans and worldly men. They must rise to a loftier altitude in thought and feeling and action. To be "children of the kingdom" they must avow principles and purposes greatly above the generality of mankind; and if they show no superior excellence, no better conduct, then do they forfeit their claim as the avowed followers of Christ, and may be challenged with the question of the text, "What do ye more than others?"

These words are appropriate to this important occasion when I address the Graduating Class of a university whose traditions are so honourable and world-wide, whose professors have made such valuable contributions to the intellectual wealth of the world, and whose graduates in long succession include scholars of historic reputation and men illustrious in professional and political life. You are in the goodly succession, and have been pursuing with ardour and enthusiasm your studies, drawing the ground-plan of a life-long education and laying broad and deep the undercourses of a future building. The true function of education is to prepare us for right living. These student days, the golden age of your history, have rapidly drifted away, and now you go forth into the wide and troubled sea of life.

I appreciate the courtesy of the Chancellor in conferring upon me the honour of giving this address; but I should have shrunk from the responsibility, only that I come bearing a message which I trust will have a stimulating and ennobling influence upon your future career. My theme is "The Superior Obligations of Educated Christians." To you, therefore, may I be permitted to address the admonition of the text, "What do ye more than others?" If ordinary Christians have a divine call to aim at a higher standard than that of the customary morality around them, then surely the scholar who is set on the track of truth and inspired to pursue it, to whom is opened the richest treasures of thought and learning; whose mind is widened with the most far-reaching views of the world and human life, of Christian truth and duty, must acknowledge that there are yet weightier obligations resting upon him, that he is under special requirements to be better and to do more than others. You shrink not from these claims, but in heart and conscience accept them; you aspire to excel, to climb the loftiest heights of being, with thoughtfulness, intelligence and devotion to high and noble objects you accept these increased obligations and enter the brotherhood of culture, resolved to stand in the front ranks of Christian manhood, and illustrate the loftiest ideas and noblest qualities of the life that is in Christ Jesus. You are in thorough sympathy with your age and rejoice in its

*Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating-class, Victoria University, Cobourg, preached Sunday evening, May 11th, 1890.

great achievements. It is an alert, restless, eager, inquiring age ; but how grand and inspiring to be permitted to live in it. I can never forget the first sight of the Golden Gate of San Francisco, golden, indeed, in the light of the setting sun ; but no such gates of gold ever opened to the future as open before you.

What an illustration of the benign and ennobling character of the age that it has given to woman a new position, a broader influence, a larger opportunity ; in short, her true place side by side with man in all achievements in letters, in arts and ministries. In my student days our sisters and daughters were excluded from the universities, and the flutter of a lady's dress in the class-room would have been as the shaking of a red rag before the bulls of Bashan, who claimed the monopoly of a higher education. Now there is no sex in culture ; woman is "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled." Your Alma Mater has the honour of being one of the first of Canadian universities to throw open her doors, to lift up and honour womanhood ; and now, without losing one iota of modesty or delicacy, she pursues the walks of literature, nay, becomes more womanly, acquiring new personal and moral worth, as she ascends the loftier heights of learning. "What women these Christians have !" exclaimed Libanius, the brilliant pagan teacher of Basil and of Chrysostom, when he saw the mothers and sisters of his pupils ; and as these "sweet girl graduates" bear off the prizes so chivalrously yielded when honestly won, they too are ready to accept these new responsibilities and go forth to the discharge of all the duties of society with fealty to truth, to humanity, and to God.

May the influences and impressions of this hour help to shape and mould your characters. Dear fellow graduates, my heart goes out toward you with an ardour which many waters cannot quench, and I pray that upon you may come the spirit of love and of power and of a sound mind.

I. There rests upon you the superior obligation to cherish a robust and intelligent faith. It is yours to know the reason of the faith that is in you, to have an intelligent apprehension of divine truth. One great aim of all true culture is to get away from the attitude of unquestioning faith, of blind submission to authority, and the resting in mere surface opinions. The uncultured Christian has his mind illumined from above, has some measure of spiritual insight, and an experimental knowledge of divine things, but he must of necessity accept much that is traditionary and yield a blind assent to the truth. Your quickened intellects crave the grounds and reasons of things. It is yours to hold the truth not because others have believed it, but because you have brought an earnest, thoughtful mind to the study of God's Word, and it has touched your heart, quickened your intellect, elevated your soul, and met the deepest longings of your being. True, the age is one of criticism. Venerable beliefs are attacked, old faiths are breaking up. The infidelity of the day is not like that of a century ago, coarse, noisy and blaspheming ; it is highly cultured and insinuating, and the conflict with historic unbelief is to be fought out amid the refinements of social and literary life. You are in the high places of the field, but you need not fear. No man need fear the truth, or for the truth. It has been in the battle for eighteen centuries, and never known defeat. The best things in the world will have to die before Christianity gives up the ghost. But there are foolish traditions, false doctrines, human additions and erroneous

interpretations that have disfigured the Gospel; and these must and will go before the criticism of our time. A good deal of rubbish must perish, for we have mistaken many worthless things for essentials. The strong wind that is blowing during this process of separation may fill the air with chaff and dust; but when the winnowing is over the wheat will all be found upon the threshing floor, and only the chaff will have been driven away.

Even science, so much dreaded in certain quarters, has no evil intent; she is only trying to read to the last sentence the wondrous book of nature, but the page is indistinct, and she can only give guesses and half truths concerning the origin of the universe and of man. Rest assured that out of these questionings will come a deeper insight into the things of God, a firmer grasp of spiritual realities, a wider faith, and a more divine worship. Be it yours to keep all the windows of your being open to the light. There is more truth in science, philosophy and the Bible than has yet been seen. You may be exposed to the perils of scepticism, but follow the truth wherever it leads; be supremely and unchangeably loyal to God, keep the lamp of devotion steadily burning, and out of every struggle with error you will come with deeper conviction and a heartier acceptance of the truth as it is in Jesus. Do your work in a manly and vigorous way, keeping your physical, mental, moral being in health, and with your body full of red blood, your mind full of truth, your heart full of Christian love, you will be vital against all assaults of unbelief. To think is to grow, and as knowledge widens and experience of life is made deeper and more real, many of your views of religion will change, but you will grasp the great essentials with the realized certainty of possession.

1. Hold to your belief in the Being of God, the Maker of heaven and earth; a Personal Being, not an unconscious force or that "power not ourselves which maketh for righteousness," and then the "stream of tendency" toward Atheism will not affect you. The Author of life must Himself be the Living One. His Personal Presence is as a summer, filling the heart with light and love. What a conception of His character you get from revelation, as high above that of philosophy or the false religions as the unsounded skies surpass this roof! Go back to the old Roman mythology, and you find statues of the gods in marble and stone; farther back to the older Greek, and you find them in ivory and gold; still farther back to an older civilization, and you find the voiceless, mysterious sphinx a representative of the old Egptian divinities. Now go the Bible, and you find no image, no form of marble or gold; but back, far back, thousands of years, and you hear the declaration, "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands; forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." What a revelation of His gracious disposition, His inmost heart! Holding to His being as the First Great Cause, you are free to accept the modern theory of Evolution without being disloyal to the Bible, just as it is held to-day by men of the most profound Christian faith. Science takes account only of secondary causes. Darwin's theory, as you all know, affirms not the cause, but simply the method of creation. The "survival of the fittest" does not explain the arrival of the fittest; and evolution simply introduces a new mystery, the wonder of an organism so constructed that it throws off progressive modifications as material for new species.

No conception can be more dignified or majestic than that of the Infinite Jehovah, leading along His unconscious creatures in their upward career, until the summit and goal is reached in man. What matters it if I am related to the inferior animal as far as this body is concerned? The tissues and blood of the monkey are similar to my own; he is subject to like diseases, catarrh, fever, appoplexy and consumption; his nervous system is similarly affected by coffee, tobacco and whiskey; he has been known to get drunk, with this distinction in favour of the monkey, that after once getting drunk on brandy you can never get him to touch it again. Now what matters it whether the body of Adam was an evolutionary creation, formed out of developed dust like the monkeys, or of undeveloped dust, so long as the first man was taken up at the end of the process, made up right and started on a moral career in the image and likeness of the Godhead? Whatever may have been God's method in the creation of the world, the Divine power remains the same, either in sudden formation or gradual development. I am speaking, of course, of the Christian doctrine, for there is a materialistic evolution which would get life out of matter and force, instinct out of life, mind out of instinct and free-will out of necessity. Charles II. once said to an infidel who was airing his rubbish, "You are a queer sort of fellow; you seem to believe anything and everything but the Bible." So there are atheistic evolutionists who will swallow, the enormous theory of all things from frog-spawn, anything but the sublime testimony, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Evolution, as taught by the highest and most scientific scholars, is simply God's method of creation. Whether He made all things by a single act, or by a process lasting through millions of years, we know not from Scripture. Our Bible begins with Adam, where organic evolution ends. When the theory is proved we shall all believe it, and find that there is not a word in the Bible which throws a doubt upon the doctrine. If evolution were proved to-morrow, the theory would harmonize with every statement of Scripture, though we might have to reconstruct some of our human interpretation of Divine Truth.

2. Recognize also His living, governing presence in all things. The effort of unbeliet is to eliminate God from the world, to make Him an absentee. Many have lost all faith in an overruling providence. They say "All is the disorder of fate. Look at these railway accidents and immeasurable disasters, like the Johnstown calamity, sweeping away millions of property, destroying thousands of lives, and awakening the sympathy of the whole civilized world. Men seem like so many stones rolled, broken and hurled down by violent currents, no being above seeming to care for their welfare. The course of things is like a chariot without a driver, an engine without an engineer, a raging battle with no commander. The world is like a crazy ship with a crazy captain swinging away at full speed in fog, running on the sandbanks, bumping on the rocks, and blundering over the ocean of life. Yet God has harnessed the earth to laws, and they are all to serve His children. These laws are all beneficent and good; they are cruel only to those who are too ignorant or too careless to obey them. The Infinite Father has us in His heart, and watches over us with more than a mother's care.

Men deny a Special Providence, and think it unphilosophical to pray. They say we are encompassed by irreversible laws, and to ask God to deal

with us separately and apart is to forget that He guides the whole universe by these fixed and unchangeable laws. But where are these immutable laws? Why, they are so pliable, so controllable, that they are more like silken threads than bars of steel. I can say to gravitation, "You shall not pull down that column" and I prop it up and make it resist gravity. I can say to water, "You must run up hill and come into my home;" to electricity, "You must light the streets and carry messages for me." Who is the wise man—the man that creates a providence for himself, his family and his neighbourhood? Why, it is the man who subjugates these laws, not *by violating them but by harnessing and using them. And is not God* Almighty able to do the same thing in the wider realm of His universe? Oh, it is yours not to be cheated out of the simple faith of childhood in the efficacy of prayer and in a special providence.

Have you not read the story of the Pilgrim Fathers while yet dependent for food on the Mother Country, being reduced by the long delay of the supply vessel to the very borders of starvation? Day after day they stood upon the beach straining their eyes, and night after night they prayed in agony for its coming, till one evening as they gazed, lo! far out at sea they saw the image of the vessel painted on the eastern sky, though no ship was within the horizon. They hailed the signal as an answer from heaven, and in a few days the long wished-for vessel came, bringing them relief. That story was doubted and questioned, till a few summers ago it received complete confirmation. For, a thousand visitors at a sea-bathing resort looking out to sea beheld one evening on the sky an image so distinct that they recognized it as the steamer *Asia*, not yet due from Liverpool by many hours. The news flashed over the wires, the continent was called to test the phenomenon, and sure enough at the expected time the *Asia* came into New York to verify the prophetic shadow. The explanation can readily be given by any student of optics. Now could not God who made these laws of refraction mould them, and so give the atmospheric condition as to answer the prayers and comfort the hearts of his heroic children, the founders of empire? This mirage of the ship was a miracle to the Pilgrim Fathers; so many things that now seem miraculous to us may be capable of higher explanation, and thus miracle be reconciled with natural law. Miracle is not the suspension of ordinary laws of nature, but rather a new and higher energy superadded. Our God who answers prayer is not a mere *deus ex machina* of arbitrary power, but the Supreme One who honours Himself in nature as well as in Revelation, and whose Infinite Will as above nature is accomplished by working at the same time according to the invariable order and sequence of natural law. The philosophy which denies that prayer can be answered is a philosophy that denies the living agency of God.

Young men, be men of prayer. Let your aspirations and desires rise spontaneously toward the presence of the Invisible Father; pray, pray, pray; and out of this upper manhood, out of this spirit of nearness to heaven and communion with God, shall come a power that shall banish every doubt of unbelief, every objection of science or philosophy, and enable you to repeat the feat of the ancient hero in bringing down fire from the skies.

3. There is another truth which modern speculation has assailed, the central truth of the Christian faith, God revealed in Christ Jesus. It is yours to know Him vitally, not merely as the historical Christ, but in His own personal life and being, the living regnant Saviour. Their faith in the

historical Christ becomes but the foundation of faith in the Christ living now and forever. You take up the four Gospels; they are mere fragments serving for a history, so to speak. A few sketches of His character, yet these sketches are so marvellously combined that you see in them the reflection of divine goodness and divine love. And your soul hungers and longs for His presence. You go to Nazareth, His home, and wander over its hills, but you find no Jesus there. You go to the little lake of Galilee where the multitude gathered to hear Him, but its shores are lonely and deserted. You go to Gethsemane, but cannot find beneath the olive trees the spot where prostrate on the ground He prays, being in an agony. You go to Joseph's tomb, but the door is open the shroud is gone, and Jesus gone. By faith you look to the King's Palace and see Him there, risen, exalted, glorified. You see set against the background of your sins His cross, displaying the purest, the most just, the most self sacrificing love, and you find in Christ Crucified the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. His atoning death is the power that conquers evil and gives peace of conscience; you grasp it as your life, and cry out, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He renews your heart, He transforms your nature, His Spirit is the key to which the harmonies of your new being are set, He is the very source and centre of that new and higher experience whereby Christ liveth in you.

4. This brings me to the thought that it is yours to demonstrate in your own experience the very truths which scientific and philosophic unbelief assail. "He that believeth hath the witness in himself." "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Christianity is a thing to be tested; and he who knows the truth who feels it, who has a deep inward posession of it. What matters it to one who has seen them that men may pronounce London, the metropolis of the world, in its thunder and rattle, to have no existence; or brilliant Paris, with its splendid boulevards and parks of elysian loveliness, and Eiffel tower, lifting itself like a delicate stairway to the skies, to be a mere myth; or Mont Blanc, with its massive sides and pinnacles gleaming in snowy whiteness like the very throne of God, only a speculation; he knows better, for he has seen them for himself. So let men deny the essential truths of Christianity, what matters it to you if you have the final evidence in your own personal, spiritual experience of its power?

This is the difficulty with the unbelief of the day, it knows nothing of that faith which is born of experience. Take Mrs. Ward's attack on orthodox Christianity. She has never got any closer to Jesus Christ than to Mohammed, yet she is perfectly unconscious that this vacuum in her spiritual experience totally unfits her for discussing religion on any other but the most superficial grounds. Even John Stuart Mill, says "it is better to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied, better to be a Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied; and if the fool or the pig is of a different opinion, it is because they know only their own side of the question. The other party to the comparison knows both sides." How these words flash with meaning when those who know nothing of the supernal life, nothing of that divine fellowship and knowledge of salvation which all true Christians possess, yet speak with stone-hard certainty of things which cannot be known otherwise than by experience. Take Robert Elsmere, the

callow rector, who falls before the old infidel squire at a stroke, who gives up his sword at the first passage at arms, and has not a single argument to offer in defence of the faith of these eighteen centuries, the best centuries this world has ever known. Robert struggles to give up something, but what surprises one is the ease with which he parts with even his traditionary faith. What did he have before he began giving up? There is a tremendous effort to give up something he never had; an experimental religion. Robert could never say "One thing I know;" and the humblest believer with a clearly defined, out-and-out-conversion who can say, "I know whom I have believed," is better furnished to meet unbelief than was this young Oxford graduate.

Graduates of this university, men and women of culture, you are to be leaders of thought and teachers of others, you must therefore know the truth yourselves. Understand, believe, feel and obey the things of God. Live intensely in them, and then it will be yours richly to transmit the life divine. The struggle and effort to grasp these great truths make great souls. You grow broader, deeper, truer, as you take them into your being, for he lives most intensely who lives nearest to the Great Source of Life, which is God Himself. Let your faith be robust and strong, not irresolute and invertebrate. Nothing else can build up character, purify life, give power over sin, bring men to God, and give an all-absorbing devotion to Him before whose holiness the seraphim bow. What can doubt do—doubt of God, doubt of the Bible, doubt of the immortal life? What ardour can it give, what lofty hopes inspire? What nobleness of character can it build up? What broken hearts can it cure? What sorrow and bitterness of despair can it heal? What defence can it offer to the tempted in the fierce heat of youthful passion or amid the sore exigencies of life? What relief can it give to the penitent, burdened with a sense of guilt, or what guidance can it offer to the struggling, yearning soul that is thirsting after God, even the living God? The need of the world to-day is men with convictions, men who believe, and therefore speak.

When Horace Bushnell was attending Yale College he became sceptical, and began to doubt everything, even the existence of God. But one night, during a religious awakening, pacing to and fro in his own room, he said to himself, "There is at least one thing I believe and have never doubted, there is a distinction between right and wrong." Then he said to himself, 'Have I ever yielded my will to my belief on this point? Have I ever thrown myself over the line between the right and the wrong with entire power of will and chosen irreversibly and gladly the right?" He never had. Down he knelt, and as he prayed the windows of heaven were opened, there came into his soul the sense of God, the peace of believing; he was lifted into a new life, and doubt as to God's existence and the fundamental verities of religion fled from him at once and forever. So if any of you have got where you can raise more questions than you can answer, look up for guidance; pray with humility,

> "Lead, kindly Light
> The night is dark,
> And I am far from home;"

lift up your hand to grasp the hand that was pierced for you, and you shall be led into all truth.

II. This brings me from faith to works. Give me your kind indulgence, if I trespass a little upon your patience, I shall not soon have another opportunity of repeating the offence. "What do ye more than others?" Every believer is called to abound in the work of the Lord; and, as educated men and women, you must honour your Christian profession by your love and zeal and beneficent works.

1. As servants of Christ it is yours to show to the world that your professions and occupations are a part of your religious life. The danger of to-day is not in secularizing the spiritual so much as in failing to spiritualize secular things. As you enter life you are bound to ask, "How can I use my gifts and energies in the best way for the honour of God and the welfare of mankind?" Why should not the barrister, the physician, the writer, the statesman, realize that he is divinely called to his work just as much as the minister is called to preach the Gospel? In this spirit all work should be done. You are a poet, called to elevate and inspire humanity by the purity and beauty of your song; you must not dally with one wanton thought that shall leave a stain instead of a sunbeam. You are an artist, you cannot by one false or faithless touch of the brush make your divine art a minister to sin. You are a writer of fiction, and may render peerless service to your fellows in the illustration and defence of noble principles; you cannot clothe vice in attractive garments or plant a seed of evil in the reader's heart without proving disloyal to your mission. You are a physician of acknowledged skill and growing usefulness, you cannot violate the laws of professional honour or stoop to mean and ignoble methods of increasing your fortune without desecrating your sacred calling. You have the gift of scientific observation and discovery, but for sake of gain you turn your eyes away from the stars, forsake your true mission, and choose to serve self rather than bless the world by augmenting the knowledge of the way and works of God. It was the noble Agassiz who in the pursuit of truth said, "I haven't time to make money."

Or, turning to the more ordinary calling to which some of you shall devote yourselves, for why should we not have educated men in all occupations of life? You have been educated for the sake of a larger manhood, to make men of yourselves, and you may glorify God as engineers, manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, farmers. Why should these be called secular pursuits? Is it any more secular to be a farmer and plough and reap, than it is to create the grain and give the harvest? Any more secular to spin the cotton and weave it into fabrics, than to make the cotton grow? Any more secular to build houses, than to create the materials out of which they are made? I have a friend who is a piano manufacturer, and I tell him that in his work he is a very minister of God. His instrument goes into the home, and what a fountain of joy, refinement and comfort it opens there. When the mother is weary, it rests her to run her fingers over the keys and let her heart follow the melody. When the children are noisy, it quiets them; when the Sabbath comes, they gather around it with holy hymns, and how that piano cheers and elevates, doubling the charms of home. Any profession or trade is exalted and transfigured when it is accepted as the service to which God has appointed us for the benefit and happiness of our fellows; it is vulgarized and debased when it is followed selfishly and solely to make money. To be successful in business we must be able to show something more than bonds, houses and lands; there must be the consciousness of hav-

ing lived truly, nobly and for kindly purposes. Life is more than business, to be a man is more than one's occupation; and to be a Christian, living a truly Christ-life, we must pursue our daily calling as unto the Lord. We must have modern ideas in religion as well as in other affairs. We have made it for the sanctuary and the Sabbath, the prayer-meeting and the still hour, not for daily life. The primary means of grace are not religious service, but the forms of business that belong to life. Our religion must be where our daily duties are. We want Christian men in business, in the affairs of state, and in all the influential walks of life, carrying religion into all that they do. The business of earth ought to make the manhood of heaven. I ask your hearts, young men, to respond to so noble an ambition. If educated Christians do not lift up the callings of life, who shall? Exert your salutary influence, that all business be done for the glory of God and the welfare of man.

2. Superior obligations rest upon you as members of society. Society is a part of God's great plan. And how much is expected from those who go out from the shades of a learned university as leaders of thought and friends of human kind, to allay existing strifes and discords, and bind all classes of society together in the golden chains of mutual kindliness and respect? Learning is never selfish and aristocratic, it is always democratic. Every man who studies must study for all men; and as you own your part in the brotherhood of the race, so must you feel and own your share in the great mass of ignorance and want, disagreement and disorder around. How is this distrust and antagonism between the church and non-church going, between capital and labour, to be broken down? How? Why, by cultivated men and women of strong heart and warm sympathies taking a deeper interest in the labouring classes, helping the poor and ignorant, and seeking to bridge over the chasm between the warring elements of society. It is yours to study profoundly the great social questions which affect all life.

Among us on this continent there are exceptionally favourable conditions for the rapid accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few. And so we have gigantic corporations of enormous wealth to crush and oppress; and capitalists who, having made their gains often at the expense of honour, in their pride, selfishness and elegant surroundings they become indifferent to the mass of their fellow-men and grind, grind, grind their bones in the machinery of Mammon's mill. Is it any wonder, then, that there comes moral deterioration and disturbance, the stirring up of workingmen and the strikes of labour oganizations against the exactions of capital? Realize the greatness of your empire here in thought and love and action. Impress upon men of wealth their obligations and responsibilities as stewards, holding everything as a trust from God, and that it is in the best interests of capital to pay to labour the most liberal wages possible. Wealth rightly used never excites discontent. No use to denounce money. We are all after it on Monday, however much we may decry filthy lucre on the Sabbath. Used unselfishly, and as a golden trowel wherewith to build up structures for the good of his fellows, who does not rejoice in the rich man's possessions?

Socialism, which is simply Russian Nihilism and French Communism, makes the holding of property a crime and is the worst enemy of the race, the handmaid of theft, rapine, incendiarism and murder. The Gospel is the best anti-poverty society. It honours work, dignifies the workman, and

fits him to create wealth. Your interest must be with the labouring classes. The strong can care for themselves, but the toiling ones are weak and need your help. Every case of oppression and unfairness must appeal to the popular intelligence and the popular heart. It is an impressive thought that you shall live to see solved the great social problems which menace the prosperity of the nation. And as men of character and strength it is yours to see that they are solved aright. Especially can you hold out strong hands to help your brothers underneath you toward a larger life and a nobler manhood. What is needed is not so much to improve our institutions as to improve men. Make men better, and you ameliorate every condition of society. What a work is this building up of manhood.

Can a pilgrim of the Rhine ever forget the Cologne Cathedral, that poem in stone, that mountain of rock-work set to music, with its towers and battlements and pinnacles set against the sky? But what Gothic structure ever rose up so fair, so noble, so untarnished, so divine as Christian manhood? When in the ancient Jerusalem, early one Sabbath morning I went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and as the organ of the Latins under a master-hand was pouring out its strains of harmony so inspiring and so devotion-breathing, I seemed lifted to the very gates of the far-off New Jerusalem. So, student friends, you go forth as teachers, as leaders of thought, to play upon the human soul an "an organ of celestial swell," and as you touch the keys aright, the understanding, the conscience, the imagination, as you lift up the despised and ready to perish, you shall bring out the music of the skies. I covet for you such a burning, all-absorbing devotion to God, such an intense love and sympathy for men, that girding yourselves for this work and with the inspiration of the Highest upon you, you may go forth to benefit, sweeten, uplift and bless society.

3. You have resting upon you as cultivated Christians superior obligations to the State. Nations exist by the will of God. He hath set the solitary in families, and bound families into communities, and organized communities into nations. The Christian is not released from the obligations of citizenship; and with your powers and faculties sharpened, your intellectual resources increased, there rest upon you increased sanctions to be generous, public-spirited citizens, and take your full share in the conduct of political affairs.

Dangers threaten our young nation. There is corruption in its high places, the greed of gain and the lust of power. You have been drinking from fountains that should pour inspiration into the nation's heart. I saw this summer in the Doré Gallery among the artist's great works, his "Triumph of Christianity," which represents the whole rabble of the heathen gods in a disgraceful rout before the genius of the new religion, while from the brow of Jupiter, father of the gods, falls his ponderous crown. Let that be a true picture of the triumph of religion in our land. Be you the soldiers of the Cross, armed for the conquering work, till the whole rabble of deities worshipped, from the mammon-god, Jupiter down to lust, dishonesty and everything that insults the New Testament or flouts the grand traditions of the nation, shall be destroyed, and the land summer in the principles of virtue, freedom, lofty purpose and unsullied patriotism.

4. Then there are your superior obligations to the Church of God. The hope of the world is in the Church. All hail the other moral forces; but the Gospel alone can regenerate humanity. It carries all other blessings

with it. The world's uplifting is dependent spiritually upon the Gospel, and the Coronation Day of Christ may be hastened by your holy resolve, your faithful labours. The reign of the King shall be established when commerce, science, art, literature, politics, are all subject to His law; and as the millennium morn advances we see homes purified, manners catching a kindlier glow, art and industry expanding, science advancing to richer discoveries, philosophy shedding new light on the great problems of thought, oppression ceasing and liberty triumphant; and as the truth spreads from pole to pole, humanity is redeemed and glorified, our fallen earth draws nigh to God, and as it mounts the empyrean the sentinel stars that challenge its advance shall send reverberating from vault to vault, from arch to arch, through all the aisles and temples and pavilions of eternity, the onward-swelling chorus, "Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

Dear students, as well as graduates, you who are not yet disciples of Christ, become His followers if you would develop the highest type of manhood. This is a Christian university; its influence is Christian. In visiting the Pantheon at Rome, one is struck with its majesty and grace, while he notices that the rich light is from a great circular opening at the top. So all learning that is highest and best must, like that ancient temple, receive its light from the heavens above. Will you go out from this seat of learning as sceptics, to undermine the faith of men in God and in the Bible? Will you go forth as destroyers, and not builders? It takes no transcendent genius to destroy. It has taken many years, much money, art and toil to build up this goodly town, but any fool with a torch could consume these buildings in a night, and destroy the work of generations. Labour rather to build up the Temple of God and do good to your fellows. Do not think that Christianity is going to die out. Does progress lie in the direction of barbarism? No, no; it is forward and not backward, upward and not downward. Our religion is allied to every good thing.

When Christianity arose it developed a new civilization, with rich stores of knowledge, abundant wealth, countless useful inventions, good government, social order, onward progress, and wherever it goes it creates and promotes these blessings. When religion dies education will go, for where but in Christian lands do you find these seats of learning? The freedom of Christian states will go, the springs of Christian benevolence will be dried up, the Christian family die and the graces perish. If ignorance and sin, vice and the devil are going to have the world all to themselves, the Gospel will disappear. But did you ever know any good thing to die forever? No; it is falsehood that is going to die and not truth, evil and not good, unbelief and not faith. Christianity is not a funeral train, but an army with banners marching on to the triumphant conquest of the world. The highest type of manhood is Christian, for who does not know that virtue and happiness are lowest where Christ is not named, and highest where He is known and loved. Choose out any ten of your community who by common consent are truest and best, and inquire how many of these are Christian and how many are without religion; or reverse the process, and choose out ten who by common consent are the worst, put the same question, and see if the answer does not bear witness for the cause of Christ.

Open your whole being to the truth; you owe it to yourselves, you owe it

to your godly parents, your Alma Mater, to society, to the nation, to the Church and to God. I appeal to all that is generous and noble in you. Be Christian, and you will be brave, true, useful and happy. Is it not a manly thing to be Christ-like? Is it unmanly to be devout, when it elevates and transfigures the whole being? Unmanly to pray, when it dowers the soul with strength and raises it above mean aims and sordid motives? Unmanly to own a duty and fulfil it? To do the things you know you ought to do? Unmanly to surrender your will to the Divine, when it is the coronation of your life? Unmanly to be a Christian, when it is to be a redeemed man brought into fellowship with the one perfect ideal of humanity, the Man Christ Jesus, before whose splendour of character all human nobleness and heroism seem commonplace, and to follow whom is the purest, worthiest, and most exalted aim of human existence? Unmanly? Why, all reason cries out shame upon the treason of the word. To be Christian is manly. It is manly to have the clear mind, the upright soul, the true heart, the resolute will; to discern the deep meaning of life and bravely to meet its daily duties; and when the work of life is closed, calmly and quietly to meet death in the assurance of life for evermore. Therefore, take the decisive step in the Christian life and henceforth live as men.

And, fellow-Christians, sustain your high character. Above the refinements of literature, the truths of science, the elevations of philosophy, prize the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Should the class-roll be called ten or fifteen years hence, where will you be found? Whatever the dusty walk of life you are treading, may you be found faithful. We have been untrue in the past—who of us have not? Who of us in life's battle have not turned back in cowardly fear or foolish weakness? But we may redeem the past and yet wear the crown.

During the rebellion in India, Macaulay tells how an entire regiment behaved with cowardice and occasioned disaster to the royal army. In punishment the colours were taken from them, for the flag that had been baptized in blood might no longer be subject to dishonour at their hands. It was a bitter disgrace and bitterly felt. Thenceforth in many a fierce engagement beneath many a hot and burning sun they fought with unflagging valour, hoping to win back their lost reputation and the colours they had forfeited. Alas, in vain. The decree of their shame was as inexorable as just. But a day came when the Sepoys had entrenched themselves on a mountain-side, a position that must be stormed and carried, yet one of such fearful peril that the bravest among the British troops shrank in dismay from the undertaking. Foot by foot and inch by inch must the ground be disputed, and every step of that steep ascent was exposed to a raking and deadly fire. The British commander rode along the lines. One by one to many successive regiments he offered the peril and the glory, but without response. At length he came to the disgraced regiment, and with a last desperate hope kindling in his heart, he pointed to the frowning heights, and exclaimed, "Your flag is on that mountain." Life was as dear to those men as to the others, but honour was dearer still, and with one wild cry they sprang forward over the intervening plain and commenced the terrible ascent. At once a deadly fire poured in upon them. Again and again the Sepoy guns flashed and roared, and the ranks of the regiment grew thinner and thinner. But their courage, grown steadfast through months of cruel disgrace and expiation, was equal to the task and to the danger. With broken

numbers, with uniforms rent and blood-stained, with faces pale from exhaustion and suffering, they stood at length upon the heights which they had won, and sent their shout of triumph down into the valley with a thrill in its notes of sad exultation which told of honour regained at the fearful price of blood and of agony.

So in the battle of life, who of us have not surrendered the colours and added a new thorn to the crown that encircles the agonized brow of the Captain of our Salvation? Oh, disheartened one, weary with the burdens, shrinking from the conflict, turning from the battle, take heart, *sursum corda*, your flag is on the heights, "Be faithful unto death, so shall you receive the crown of life."

HISTORY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.*

This volume has long been anticipated. Several years ago the first volume was issued and commanded a good sale, and now that the author has completed the task which he undertook, he is entitled to the hearty congratulations of his readers. We have read the present volume with unmingled pleasure and profit. The author has evidently devoted much time to his work, as every page gives proof of diligent painstaking and careful research. The author has done invaluable service to Methodism in publishing this history of Methodism in the Eastern Provinces.

The reader will be pleased to find such a mass of facts and incidents grouped together respecting each of those Provinces, which, but for Mr. Smith's diligence, might have been lost forever. Many public events are brought into prominent notice which, in a very marked manner, prove the benefit which Maritime Methodism has exerted.

The junior ministers in the Methodist Church would do well to consult this valuable work, to ascertain some of the hardships which their fathers endured. Here is a paragraph respecting Newfoundland: "The boat in which John Walsh once sailed from St. John's for one of the outposts was wrecked, and all but the captain and himself were lost. When removing from Burin to Brigus, in 1838, Jas G. Hennigar and his family, seven in all, were packed into a cabin scarcely large enough for three persons. After the boat had left St. Mary's a gale arose with a heavy sea, thick fog, and ice in all directions. In spite of breakers, visible from the deck, the captain resolved to make the land at all hazards. The minister looked at his helpless family, and lifted his heart to God. A few moments later, a glance from the deck showed the little vessel to be making as fair a course through the narrow entrance into Trespassy Harbour as if some nobler hand had guided the helm. 'I ran,' the minister wrote, 'with the joyful intelligence to my dear wife, and if ever we wept with gratitude to our God, it was then.'"

It is no pleasure to the present writer to refer to the persecutions endured by the Methodist missionaries at the hands of Roman Catholics. The volume before us contains several of these. "Twice Richard Knight was compelled to use all the strength of his muscular form in self-defence."

"During the winter of 1830, Adam Nightingale, at whom some enemy of the truth had already fired a shot, had a second narrow escape. A re-

* *History of the Methodist Church within the Territories embraced in the late Conference of Eastern British America, including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island and Bermuda.* By T. WATSON SMITH, of the Nova Scotia Conference. Vol. II. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates.

quested visit to a sick man having taken him to Bay de Verds, he spent a part of the day in calls upon some other persons. An evening service at the house of the sick man was rudely disturbed, and at its close the preacher was advised by a message from a friendly Roman Catholic not to leave the house that evening, lest he should be murdered. Very early in the morning, soon after the death of the person visited, he left the dwelling, accompanied by two men armed for his protection. At a certain spot several men were awaiting his approach, but drowsiness having overcome them, their intended victim passed on unharmed. Undaunted by this treatment, Nightingale procured an official license to preach in the same dwelling, and used it without serious interruption. A part of those concerned in the plot came to an untimely end, and their neighbours, impressed with that fact, became passive witnesses of evangelical effort, and in rare instances partakers in its benefits."

The present writer has been greatly interested in reading of the missionary labours of some of those who came from England more than half a century ago, and on their return to their native land, they often detailed at great length to listening hundreds what God had done for the people in those islands in the sea.

Methodists in Ontario who knew so well Enoch Wood, D.D., and S. D. Rice, D.D., will be delighted to read of the labours of those devoted servants of Christ. Dr. Wood did splendid service in many important places, and by his judicious management was greatly consolidated and moulded into systematic form various missions, when the hand of an organizer was greatly needed. Dr. Rice, as might be expected, was heroic from the beginning of his ministry, and never counted either labour or sacrifice too severe when the interests of the Church were concerned.

These grand men, in connection with the recently deceased Dr. Pickard, had much to do in organizing the educational institutions of the Eastern Provincies, which bear the princely name of their venerated founder, C. F. Allison, Esq. Dr. Wood was the honoured instrument of bringing Lemuel Allan Wilmot into the Methodist Church, and though afterwards honoured by his sovereign as Lieutenant-Governor of his native Province, he still dwelt among his own people, and did not regard the Methodist Church as too humble and obscure for him to be associated with.

The remarktble career of Edward Fraser is portrayed in brief, but graphic manner. Born a slave, yet he was one of the most remarkable of coloured men. When he became distinguished as a pulpit and platform speaker, there were many overtures made to him to go elsewhere, but he lived and died a Methodist minister; and is said to have had one of the largest libraries, such as were only excelled by those of Dr. Richey and a few others.

The laity of Methodism has been important factors in its development. Mr. Smith makes honourable mention of some who lived and died in the East. In addition to those already mentioned, the reader is made acquainted with James B. Morrow, Hon. J. A. Anderson, Hon. W. A. Black, Ralph Brecken, Hon. J. J. Rogerson, J. Starr, and several others. It has been very gratifying to read the names of some distinguished laymen who were the sons of ministers, and who, on attaining to positions of great influence, continued as pillars in the Church where they were born. Some who were reared in Methodist parsonages in Eastern British America have become eminent ministers. We may mention W. B Pope, D.D., now a superannuated minister in the English Conference; Robert Newton Young, D.D., also an English ex-President, and Professor in Handsworth College, Birmingham.

Space prevents further enlargement. We thank Mr. Smith for his valuable history, and hope that some other as able a writer may be induced to perform a similar work for Methodism in other parts of the Dominion, which Mr. Smith has done for the Maritime Provinces.

E. B.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

We write these notes a few days after the Western Conferences have been held. We hope to make mention, in our next issue, of those in the Maritime Conferences and Newfoundland, all of which are in session at the present time.

The election of the chief officers of the various Conferences created much interest. One feature in the elections was very pleasing, viz.: that three of the successful candidates for the Presidency were formerly identified with the smaller branches of Methodism.

The following is the list of Presidents and Secretaries of the various Conferences: Toronto—W. Pirritte, D.D., H. S. Matthews; London—J. R. Gundy, W. Rigsby; Niagara—John Kay, R. W. Woodsworth; Guelph—W. S. Griffin, D.D., J. Scott, M.A.; Bay of Quinte—W. Burns, W. R. Young, B.A.; Montreal—T. G. Williams, D.D., W. J. Crothers, M.A.; Manitoba—J. M. Harrison, A. Andrews; British Columbia—C. Bryant, J. H. White.

So far as we can gather from the statistical reports, no Conference reports a decrease in the membership of the Church. Manitoba, however, reports the largest increase. At this we need not wonder, seeing that there is such a large tide of emigration to the country, many from our own parts. The eight Conferences named in these notes have a net increase of more than 5,000 members. Let us thank God and take courage. In the ranks of the ministry seventeen brethren had died, one of whom was General Superintendent Williams.

Toronto Conference made a new departure on modern usages, by setting apart an evening for a memorial service, at which not only grateful mention was made of the deceased ministers, but also of three distinguished laymen who had gone home, viz.: Hon. J. Macdonald, William Gooderham and R. I. Walker. About thirty probationers were ordained, and fifty candidates for the ministry were received. This number enabled the Educational Committee to permit a large class of probationers to attend college, more than seventy enjoying the advantages of a collegiate training. Permission was also given to employ a large number of young men under Chairmen of Districts. British Columbia and Manitoba Conferences are in need of more labourers.

Among the candidates and probationers are to be found several sons of ministers. Two sons of the late Rev. Henry Steinhauer are following in their father's footsteps in preaching the Gospel to their Indian brethren.

Not the least interesting report presented at the various Conferences was that of the Book Steward, Rev. Dr. Briggs. The report surpassed all those of former years. The business has become more extensive than the most sanguine friends even expected, and during the past year, after setting aside $12,000 to prepare for the bonds which will become due in a few years, $6,300 was donated to the Superannuation Fund. On a recent day Dr. Briggs paid $1,650 duty charged on a single invoice of books.

The Sunday-school reports gave evidence of increased interest being felt in the welfare of the youth of the Church.

The large number of Epworth Leagues that are being rapidly formed augur well for the future of our young people.

The Principals of all the Ladies' Colleges were on hand, at most of the Conferences, full of hope and good cheer respecting the institutions of which they are in charge. Albert

College, though doing a grand work in fitting young men for graduation at Victoria University, is burdened with a debt of $30,000, hence the Bursar, Rev. Amos Campbell, made a plea for help, and several thousand dollars were contributed towards lessening the debt.

Wesley College, Manitoba, is our youngest seat of learning, and is doing a good work; sixty per cent. of its students have the ministry in view, and some have taken high honours at the Provincial University. The Principal and Professors have done much outside work on behalf of the College. In nine months the Principal travelled 10,000 miles and preached eighty-eight times. The people in the Prairie Province have contributed magnificently towards Wesley College, and the rich Methodists of the East should help them.

The theological lectures delivered at the various Conferences appear to have been of more than ordinary interest. The lecture by Professor Workman, on "Messianic Prophecy," produced a great deal of comment. It is to be hoped that our dear brother, whom to know is to love, will be able so to explain his views that there will be no reasonable ground to question the soundness of his orthodoxy.

It is gratifying to see the reciprocity that obtains at all the Conferences. Dr. Potts preached the ordination sermon at Guelph Conference, Dr. Briggs at Montreal Conference, the Rev. Dr. Dewart at the London Conference. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, was the preacher at Niagara Conference ordination, while Dr. G. Douglas, Principal of Wesley College, Montreal, was truly "the old man eloquent" as he discoursed in his old pulpit, Elm Street Church, Toronto, on the character of Barnabas, "a good man and full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." The venerable Doctor said, on the subject of ecclesiastical precedence: "I trust that Methodism, while it despises the pageantry that exists in high quarters, while it passes by all dress parades as subordinate, will nevertheless, for the honour of our own Church, and of the great Presbyterian Church, and of the minor bodies thus slighted, stand firm upon the ground of equality of status, and the principle that privileged Churches shall not be tolerated in the Dominion of Canada. When I tell you that every chaplain in every public institution is either an Anglican or a Romanist, will you endure this partiality of the Government of this country, which Methodism, all over the Dominion of Canada, supports to an extent equal to, if not greater than, any other denomination? I trust that you will give such an unanimous and enthusiastic declaration against the wrong, the insult and the ignominy put upon a venerable minister of the Church, who was expelled by the flunkey of the Black Rod because he had had the daring to come within the circumference of the Romish hierarchy. My indignation was kindled, and I know that the heart of every Methodist minister and layman feels with mine. We want equality before the law—equality in the regal, vice-regal, and official recognition, and we will have it."

The love-feasts and reception services were seasons of enjoyment.

The election of General Conference delegates probably excited more interest than any question that was discussed.

It was gratifying to see that at least one Conference appointed a committee on systematic beneficence. The question should be better understood. Methodist people are not generally penurious, but many of them need to be more systematic in their mode of contributing. One-tenth should be aimed at by all. Such a method would secure means for more adequate support of the ministers, several of whom receive less than $500 per annum.

A special ordination service was held in Montreal the Sabbath after the Conference in Ottawa, when four probationers were ordained to the full work of the ministry. Dr. Ryckman preached the sermon and Dr. Williams, President of the Conference, presided. Most of the ministers stationed in Montreal took part in the solemn service.

A new church was recently dedicated at Parkdale, a suburb of Toronto, costing about $70,000. The old church has proved too small. St. Alban's Church, which was dedicated a few weeks ago, is an offshoot of the old church, which has now become two bands.

A new church is in course of erection in the western portion of Montreal. The venerable Dr. Douglas laid the corner-stone.

Recently Rev. Dr. Wilson received from a former resident of St. John, New Brunswick, a cheque for $400, to be equally divided among the Sustentation and Supernumerary Funds of the Conference in that Province. This noble gift was the result of a sermon preached in St. John by Dr. Wilson and afterwards published in the *Wesleyan*.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The church at Yokohama has been destroyed by a furious storm. It was being extensively repaired. The loss will be heavy, and the congregation has been struggling hard to become self-sustaining.

Bishop Newman, while passing through San Francisco, visited the Japan congregation, from which one of the Japanese converts was taken —Rev. Y. Honda, who accompanied the Bishop to Japan, where he will become a missionary among his own people.

Bishop Mallalieu has purchased a building in New Orleans worth $20,000, for a medical school, which is to be a department of New Orleans University.

The churches connected with the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Methodist Church in Canada, have been united in a Methodist Church of Japan. The union was practically consummated at Nagoya in February.

The Board of Missions has reduced the debt from over $100,000 to $14,000, and enlarged its appropriations for the support of missions from $158,880.56 in 1886, to $265,277 in 1889, an advance of $106,396.44.

There has been built on an average one new church every day during the past year.

English Methodist News.

The ninety-fourth Methodist New Connexion Conference commenced on Whit Monday at Dewsbury. The attendance of delegates and representatives was about 183. The plan of proceedings contained numerous appointments. The pulpits of the Wesleyan and New Connexion Churches in the vicinity, more than thirty in number, were occupied two Sabbaths by members of the Conference.

The means taken to effect a union between the New Connexion and Free Methodists will be carefully considered, but it has become a matter of universal opinion that an Act of Parliament will be required to effect the Union.

The *Joyful News* Mission, under the care of Rev. Thomas Champness, grows in popular favor. The new "Home" flourishes. Every week financial aid is received.

During the winter, Mr. Champness held service on Sabbath afternoons in the Secular Hall, Rochdale. He detailed Bible stories in the first person with such dramatic effect that some supposed he was really relating his own experience. A gentleman offered £500 to secure better accomodation for similar services next winter.

Canadian Churches.

The Chancellorship of the McMaster University, the Principalship of Toronto Baptist College, and the Principalship of Moulton Ladies' College, all under Baptist auspices, are vacant. Chancellor McVicar has been appointed Superintendent of the Baptist educational institutions of the Southern States.

The young ladies of the Collingwood Presbyterian congregation are supporting a missionary in Manitoba, and the Sabbath-school is supporting a pupil at Point aux Trembles.

Miss Minnie Fraser, M.D., daughter of Rev. J. Fraser, Montreal, graduated from the Women's Medical College, Kingston, and has gone to India as a missionary. Miss Gordon also has sailed to India, to labor in the Bombay Presidency.

The Presbyterian Assembly met in Ottawa. Principal Grant, the retiring Moderator, preached a powerful sermon. Rev. Dr. Laing was elected Moderator, a fit reward for a life of earnest labour. The various reports gave evidence of great prosperity in most of the departments of Church work. The income for Home Missions exceeds $80,000. The Foreign Missions cover a wide field, but ministers on what we term Domestic Missions, are well cared for The Augmentation Fund seeks to give all such, at least, $750. The mode of procedure adopted by the Committee of this Fund might be adopted in all our Conferences on behalf of the Sustentation Fund. On behalf of Temperance, Sabbath Observance, and other public questions, the Assembly spoke in strong terms. We are glad to see that a fraternal delegation from Montreal Conference, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Ryckman and others, was cordially received.

The Pan Presbyterian Council is to meet in Toronto in 1892 Rev. Dr. Matthews, Secretary, has been visiting all the Assemblies in America respecting this great gathering, which will be one of unusual interest.

The yearly meeting of the Canada Society of Friends was held at Pickering during the last week in June. All the sessions were held in the Methodist church. Sunday was a great day; two services were held in the Presbyterian and three in each of the Methodist and Friends' churches. The chief ministers were J. T. Dorlam, W. Wetherald, and Mrs Dale. A meeting in the interest of Home Missions was held on Saturday night, and another on behalf of Japan, on Monday night, at which our own missionary, Rev. J. T. Cocking, was the chief speaker, and made a fine impression. The evening and Sabbath services were largely of an evangelistic character, and were well calculated to promote spiritual growth in Christians, and bring the undecided to decision.

Recent Deaths.

Few things have so deeply stirred the sympathies of the community where he lived as the sudden and tragical death of Mr. Edwin T. Coates, who was killed by being thrown from a horse on the 21st ult. He may be said to have been born and brought up in the Toronto Methodist Book Room, of which his father, Mr, C. W. Coates, now Manager of the Methodist Book Room, Montreal, was for many years the trusted head clerk. In this post he was succeeded by his son, who won the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. He but recently left the Book Room to engage in publishing on his own account, receiving on that occasion a handsome testimonial of the regard of the whole establishment. We little thought that so soon his bright career was to be cut short. No young man in Toronto, we think, had a larger circle of attached friends, or will be more missed and regretted. This distinction he won by his manly Christian character, and his readiness to assist in church work. He was leader of the choir of McCaul Street Church, and an ever-welcome and ever-ready assistant at musical services in the Toronto churches. What a priceless consolation to know that his sudden call found him ready for the summons. "Take me home!" were the only words he uttered after his fall. And how amply fulfilled was his dying request. Swiftly summoned to his eternal home, to the holy angels and the symphonies of heaven, and to the God and Saviour whom he loved and served—a bright young life closed on earth, but unfolding forever in sublimest beatitudes on high.

Wm. M. Souter, late of Hamilton, Ont., recently died at Shanghai, China, where he was labouring as a missionary under the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor. He is the second member of the Hamilton contingent who has died at his post. Mr. Taylor is calling for 1,000 labourers to travel far and wide, distributing books, preaching to the masses, to lend a strong, helping hand in the great work of Christian education, and to exhibit to China the benevolent side of Christianity in healing the sick.

Book Notices.

The Gospel and Modern Substitutes. By the Rev. A. Scott Matheson, Dumbarton. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

This is emphatically a book for the times. Its purpose is to bring out the inexhaustible fulness of the Gospel of Christ, in relation to modern creeds that contest its supremacy and claim to supersede it. The author conceives that the best way to meet those systems is to carefully examine them, and frankly admit the good that they contain—the elements of truth and life that the Church has been slow to admit. He claims that there is something of truth in the speculations of Comte, Darwin and Schopenhauer, which should be recognized; but that the revelation of Jesus Christ contains the best of everything in science, in positivism and socialism. "The new influence," our author eloquently remarks, "which has been in the world since Christ came to it, may be casting its leaves only to show us that it is still the tree of life, whose leaves with every new spring are for the healing of the nations. . . . Our old questions of theology and worship, of polity and service, are finding new expression in the terms of science and art, of equity and righteousness, of brotherhood and love." In this spirit he discusses the Gospel and Agnosticism; the Gospel and Science—the law of heredity, the law of variation; the Gospel and Positivism; the Gospel and Socialism—social grievances, the distribution of wealth, etc.; the Gospel and Pessimism; the Gospel and Art.

The part of this book that appeals most strongly to our sympathies is that which treats the social wrongs and disabilities of the great masses of the poor. When the Master was on earth and saw the multitudes as sheep unshepherded and suffering and sorrowing, He had compassion on them and ministered to their wants, of the body as well as of the soul. No religion, it seems to us, is worth much which does not seek to remove the wrongs and secure the social rights of God's great family of the poor. We thank God for the spirit of altruism which is more and more actuating mankind, and for that passionate charity which, in the very spirit of Christ, is seeking to save that which is lost, is seeking to relieve the anxious inquiries of earnest but doubting souls, and to solve with the panacea of the Gospel the thousand evils of the times. We, therefore, welcome such books as this, which come not in the spirit of narrow exclusiveness or of timid defensiveness, but of sympathetic comprehension of all the good of all the creeds.

The Life of George H. Stuart. Written by himself. Edited by R. Ellis Thompson, D.D. Philadelphia: George M. Stoddart & Co. Price $2.00.

This is the record of a noble life. The story of the Christian merchant and philanthropist is told in a simple and unpretending style; yet it is full of absorbing interest. George H. Stuart was one of those notable gifts of Ireland and of the Irish Presbyterian Church to the United States. He became a very important factor in the public life, and especially in the religious life, of that country. He early acquired a large income, which he ceaselessly employed in doing good. The following is a brief summary of his Christian and philanthropic labours.

"The work of the Christian commission is but an episode in the life of this noble man, who from boyhood spent his life in the cause of benevolence and for the advancement of Christianity. The Presbyterian Church in America, long divided

into hostile parties, was united into a single harmonious body through his efforts. He was the originator and first President of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, and this noble society, so potent for good, owes much of its flourishing condition to his active and unselfish labours. The life record of Mr. Stuart is a continuous story of high principles and benevolent practices. He was a consistent opponent of human slavery, a persistent advocate of church harmony, an unceasing giver of good gifts, a leader in the temperance cause, an untiring helper of suffering humanity, a true follower of Christ."

He was the means of bringing to America the great missionary, Dr. Duff, and the great revivalist, Grattan Guiness. He declined a position in the Cabinet, to devote himself to Christian work. Like many Americans, he lost a large fortune and straightway made another. He laboured on to the last, and died in the triumphs of faith. The story is an inspiration, especially to the young men of Canada and the United States. It is well illustrated, and is as interesting as it is instructive.

Colloquies on Preaching. By HENRY TWELLS, Canon of Peterborough Cathedral. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is one of the wisest and wittiest that we have met in a long time. So great was its fascination that we read it through at a sitting. By a very ingenious method the writer secures the expression of all manner of criticisms from almost every conceivable point of view, by introducing a great variety of characters into these colloquies. Among these are the following: the lawyer, the doctor and the merchant; the curate and his candid friend; the old lady and her maid; the members of a West-end club; the clerical meeting; a trio of gushing young ladies who said "it was such a beautiful sermon," although they could not remember the text or a single word of it: the Churchman and the Salvation Army officer who expresses some very plain truths; the Churchwardens and the sidesmen; the school boys, illustrating the superficial manner of hearing the Gospel; the bicyclists; the squire and his guests; lady gossips' party—a scathing exposure of fashionable folly; the artisans, showing how to reach the masses; the detectives, a skit at the people who are always discovering plagiarism; Hodge and his wife, a shrewd character sketch in rustic dialect; waifs and strays, a touching illustration of work among the lowly and the lost, and other sketches, worthy of Dickens in the graphic delineation of character. The book is full of wise suggestions, both for sermon makers and for sermon readers.

The Sabbath for Man. By the REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A., F.G.S., etc. London: C. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This admirable volume is the one which gained the highest prize offered by the Lord's Day Observance Committee of the Wesleyan Conference in England. It is a very thorough and able inquiry into the origin and history of the Sabbath institution, with a consideration of its claims upon the Christian Church and the nation. It goes back to the Garden of Eden, and traces this divinely appointed institution through the Patriachal and Mosaic ages; examines the Levitical legislation; traces the Sabbath among primitive nations—in Assyria, Egypt, in Sanscrit literature, in Greece and Rome. It discusses Christ's doctrine and practice; the Roman Catholic perversions of the Sabbath; modern Sabbath legislation and Christian Sabbath keeping. This is the best book on the Sabbath question that we know.

Report of the Royal Commission on the Mineral Resources of Ontario, and Measures for their Development. 8vo, pp. xxiv.-566.

This book is a model of important investigation and lucid exposition. The work was distributed among thoroughly competent experts—the

scientific aspects of the question being taken by Dr. Bell and W. H. Merritt, and its commercial aspects, by Mr. Charlton; the work of Mr. A. Blue, the very competent Secretary of the Bureau of Statistics, in digesting and arranging the mass of information obtained, is most admirably done. Sessions of the Commission were held at thirty-seven places, from Ottawa to Rat Portage; and 164 witnesses were examined under oath. The geology of the Province, with special reference to its economic material, is fully treated. Then follows a very full account of the mining interests of the country and a digest of the mining laws of all nations, with a chapter on smelting processes and measures for developing mineral interests. About forty diagrams illustrate the subject. This book will be indispensable to all who wish to understand the mineral resources of Ontario.

Scottish Sketches. By MRS. AMELIA E. BARR. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 70 cents.

Mrs. Barr has deservedly won the reputation of being one of the strongest and ablest writers of high-class fiction of the day. We think she is at her best in her delineations of Scottish life and character. The grim pathos of "Andrew Cargill's Confession," the fine feeling shown in "Crawford's Sair Strait," the tragic element in "James Blackie's Revenge," stamp her as an artist of the highest genius. Her stories are sound and wholesome, and keyed up to the highest standard of morality.

Chrissy's Endeavour. By PANSY. Pp. 374. Same publishers. Price 70 cents.

This is the "author's edition" of one of Mrs. Alden's recent works. She has not, to our mind, the artistic skill, the fine touch of genius of Mrs. Barr, but her books are more distinctly religious, and are, therefore, better adapted for Sunday-school libraries. She has the tact also of introducing the current social and and religious movements, as the C. L. S. C., and in this story the "Christian Endeavour" Society. It will be read with pleasure and profit by "Pansy's" many admirers.

A Seven-fold Trouble. By "PANSY" and HER FRIENDS. Pp. 431. Same publishers. Price 70 cents.

The peculiarity about this book is that it was written by seven persons, and edited by the indefatigable "Pansy." Like all the "Pansy" books, it has a distinctly religious moral purpose, and will be very suggestive of helpful methods in the religious training of the young.

Dorothy's Vocation. By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN. Same publishers and same price.

This is to us a book by a new author, but one whose acquaintance is well worth making. It is a story of English life, with rather more of adventure than quiet English life generally affords; *vide* the accident at the weir, so graphically illustrated. It is less pronounced in its religious teachings than Mrs. Alden's books, but is pure and wholesome in tone.

Olive Langton's Ward. Same Author. Same publisher, and same price.

This story opens on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, and is afterwards transferred to Great Britain. The trials of Sydney Furneaux in the great crisis of a woman's life form the theme of a very interesting and instructive story, and show how trials can purify and ennoble the human heart. The above books are all handsomely printed and bound, and very beautifully illustrated. They may be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

The Apostle of Burmah. By the REV. JABEZ MARRAT. London: C. H. Kelly. *Toronto: William Briggs.*

This is a brief, but very satisfactory study of the life of the famous Baptist missionary, Adoniram Judson, whose moral heroism, cruel persecution and tragical death at sea have moved the sympathy and kindled the enthusiam of vast multitudes in both the old world and the new. *The* book is nicely illustrated.