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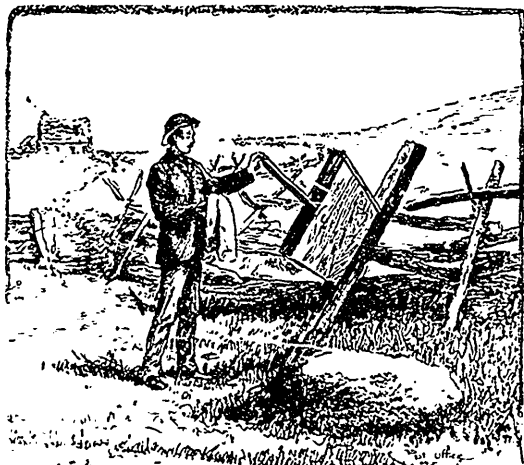
GLACE BAY, SHIPPING.
MAROU BRIDGE.

THE Methodist Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1894.

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CANADA-BY-THE-SEA.

BY THE EDITOR.

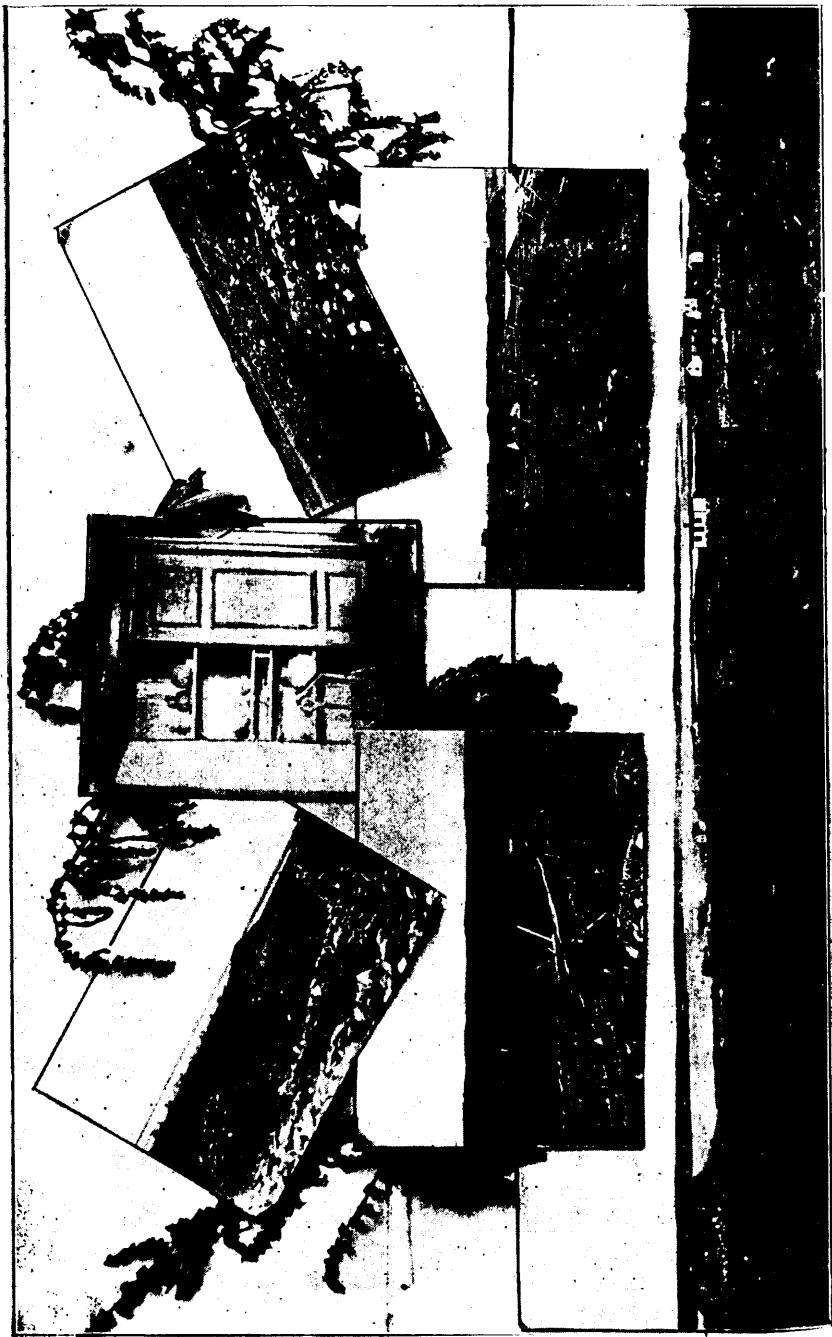


RURAL LETTER-BOX, CAPE BRETON.

COMPARATIVELY few people in the West have any idea of the manifold attractions presented by the Maritime Provinces. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick abound in lovely scenery, and Cape Breton is an almost unexplored country to most Canadians. The Annapolis Valley in Nova

Scotia is a continuous orchard for sixty miles, as beautiful as anything in Normandy. The St. John River is twice as large as either the Rhine or the Hudson, and not inferior in magnificent scenery; that about the Grand Falls is of the most stupendous, awe-inspiring character.

Nor is this region without its thrilling historic associations. The memories of Madame La Tour, who held the Fort at St. John with heroic bravery against overwhelming odds; the crumbling ramparts of Port Royal, one of the oldest settlements of the American coast; the pathetic memories of the Acadian expulsion, in Evangeline's country; the ruined ramparts of Forts Cumberland and Beausejour, on the borders between Nova Scotia



RUINS, CONVENT AND HOSPITAL.  
RUINED WALL AND DITCH FROM CITADEL.

OLD FRENCH CUPBOARD.

INTERIOR, GRAND BATTERY.  
LOOKING FROM GREEN HILLS FROM CITADEL.

and New Brunswick; the magnificent outlook from Citadel Hill and the marvellous beauty of Bedford Basin and North-west Arm at Halifax; and the stirring story of Louisbourg, once one of the strongest fortresses in the world, and now a mass of crumbling ruins,—all lend to our *Canada-by-the-Sea* a fascinating interest.

Mr. G. M. Gow's handsome volume, "*Cape Breton Illustrated*," recently issued by the Methodist Publishing House, Toronto, brings conspicuously before the reader the manifold historic and scenic attractions of this little-known part of the Dominion. From this book, by permission of the publisher, we borrow some of the attractive vignettes which accompany this article.

The island of Cape Breton is so named from its early discovery by the mariners of Breton, in France. It is about one hundred miles long by eighty wide. The Sydney coal-fields are of peculiar richness, and cover 250 square miles. The magnificent Bras d'Or Lakes are a great inlet of the sea, ramifying though the centre of the island and bordered by bold and majestic hills, rising to, in places, a height of over 1,000 feet. The scenery is of surpassing loveliness. To thread the intricate navigation by steamer is a delightful experience.

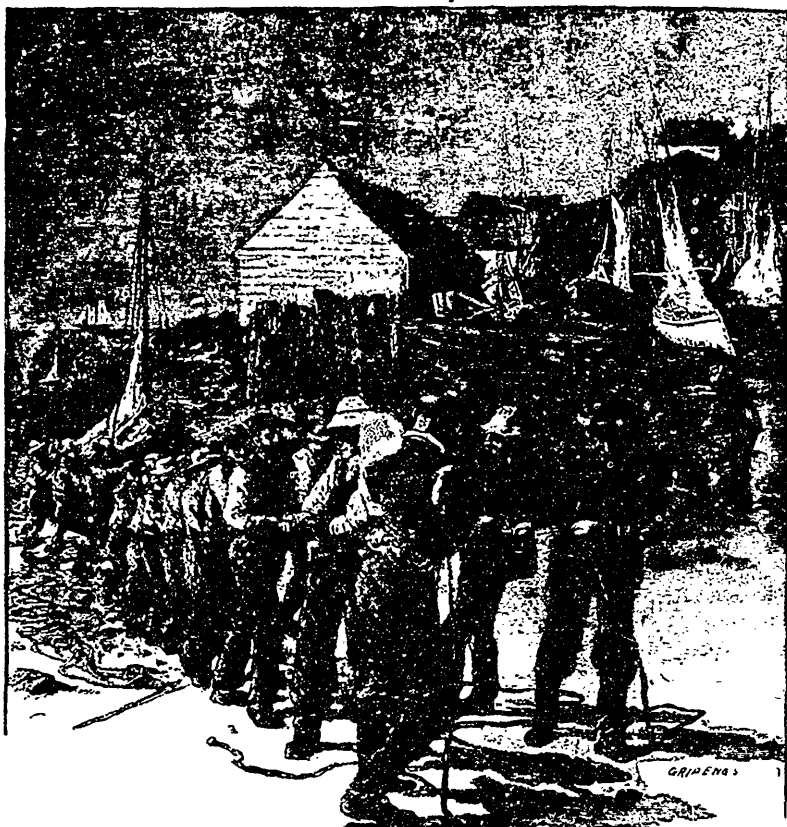
The Great Bras d'Or is a channel from the sea of nearly thirty miles—a continuous panorama of bold and majestic scenery. The Little Bras d'Or is a narrow and river-like passage through which the tides sweep rapidly, and where the water-view is sometimes limited to a few score feet, so tortuous is the channel. The surrounding hills are not more than five or six hundred feet in height, but their pleasing lines, and purple shadows, and reposeful beauty delight the eye and rest the mind. Many of the inhabitants of the island are descendants of the original Acadian settlers, and retain the French language and the Roman Catholic religion. A larger proportion of the population are of Highland Scottish origin, and many of them still speak the Gaelic tongue.

Many of the islanders are bold and skilful fishermen. It is a pleasant sight to see these sturdy fellows haul their boats ashore, as shown in our engraving. The fishing villages, of which the stables and out-houses—roofs and all—are whitewashed, shine like the snowy tents of an army. One sturdy peasant, who came down with his ox-team to the wharf, might just have stepped out of a picture by Millet. I was struck with the lonely little lighthouses which stud the channel, which seemed the very acme of isolation.

I will let the facile pen of Charles Dudley Warner describe the magnificent Bras d'Or Lake:

"The Bras d'Or is the most beautiful salt-water lake I have ever seen,

and more beautiful than we had imagined a body of salt-water could be. The water seeks out all the low places, and ramifies the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote country farms and settlements, the flavour of salt, and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea. It has all the pleasantness of a fresh-water lake, with all the advantages of a salt one. So indented is it, that I am not sure but one would need, as we were informed, to ride 1,000 miles to go round it, following all its incursions into the land."



CAPE BRETON FISHERMEN.

As we sailed on over the enchanted lake the saffron sky deepened slowly into gold and purple, and at length the gathering shadows hid the shores from view, except where the red light of Baddeck glimmered over the wave. In the famous "Golden Arm"—a channel about a mile wide, between the lofty St. Anne range and the islands of Boularderie,—the farm-houses and fishermen's cottages seemed absolutely insignificant beneath the lofty wood-crowned hills behind them, lovely as an English park.

Soon we pass out of the channel. The steamer stops first at North Sydney—a busy coal-shipping port with a marine railway, and the relay station of the American submarine cable, where all the news is transferred to the land-wires. About thirty or forty operators are employed.

Seven miles from North Sydney is old Sydney—one of the most delightfully quaint and curious, old-fashioned places to be found in America. On the high ridge are the remains of the old Government Building. For, be it known, Sydney was once an independent province with a parliament of its own. But its ancient grandeur is fading away. The shore is lined with decaying wharfs, and broken-backed and sagging houses—which seem as if they would slip into the water—with queer little windows, and very small panes of glass. I saw at Oxford, England, an old Saxon church, which looked less ancient than the Roman Catholic chapel of this town. On the dilapidated old court-house is the appropriate motto, *FIAT JUSTITIA*. But everything was not old. There were two new churches in course of erection—our own Methodist church being a very handsome structure—a large and imposing academy, elegant steam-heated houses, and a long and lofty coaling wharf, where they could load a ship with 300 tons of coal, or 70 cars, in an hour, and where ocean-going steamers have received cargoes of 3,700 tons. A splendid new hotel has been erected, offering all the modern comforts and elegancies.

We have in Cape Breton a fine example of social stratification, a Scottish overlying an earlier French civilization. Many of the older people speak only Gaelic, and the preaching is often in that language. Among the guests at the hotel were two brothers, both born on the island, one returning with his wife from New Zealand—shrewd, keen, enterprising men, yet betraying their ancestral Gaelic by an occasional “whateffer” and “moreoffer.” Speaking of the Sunday morning’s sermon, one remarked to the other, “Did you no think it the least bit short, you know?”—the first time I ever heard that complaint.” Yet out of the great route of travel as Sydney is, I found in the register the names of travellers from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Galt, Berlin, Nanaimo, B.C.—the later came to study coal-mining, I judge.

At a dinner recently given in Halifax a military authority declared that he could raise among the Gaelic population of Cape Breton a regiment of a thousand men all over six feet high, not one of whom could speak English.

The mansion of the late Senator Bourinot, who was for many



BOMB-PROOF CASEMATE.  
REINS OF BARRACKS.

HAYMAKING SCENE, LOUISBOURG,  
DITCH AND RUINED WALL.

BLACK ROCK.  
SITE OF WEST GATE.



years French Consul in the port, is a charming spot. The little tree-shaded dock is kept with real man-of-war neatness. There used to be almost always a French frigate on the station, and the military music and stately etiquette gave quite an air of the olden time to society.

Our engraving, page 322, accurately portrays the most salient feature that is left of the most famous fortress in America. This once proud stronghold is now a small hamlet of fishermen, who reap the harvest of the sea on the stormy banks of Newfoundland. The construction of the "Dunkirk of America," as it was proudly called, was begun by the French in 1720. During twenty years they spent upon it 30,000,000 livres. It became a rendezvous of privateers, who preyed upon the commerce of New England, and was a standing menace to the British possessions. In 1744, Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, determined on its capture. Four thousand colonial militia were collected, and William Pepperel, a merchant and militia colonel of Maine, took command.

The celebrated George Whitefield, the eloquent Methodist preacher, who was then in New England, was asked to furnish a motto for the regimental flag, and gave the inscription, "Nil desperandum, Christo duce." Indeed, in the eyes of the more zealous Puritans, the expedition possessed quite the character of a crusade against the image-worship of the Catholic faith.

On the 29th of April, 1745, a hundred vessels, large and small, among them a few ships of the royal navy, under Commodore Warren, having been detained many days by the thick-ribbed ice off Canseau, sailed into the capacious harbour of Louisburg. This was one of the strongest fortresses in the world. It was surrounded by a wall forty feet thick at the base, and from twenty to thirty feet high, and by a ditch eighty feet wide. It mounted nearly two hundred guns, and had a garrison of sixteen hundred men. The assailants had only eighteen cannon and three mortars. With a rush they charged through the surf, and repulsed the French who lined the steep and rugged shore. Dragging their guns through a marsh on sledges, the English gained the rear; the French in a panic abandoned an outwork, spiking their cannon.

On the 21st of May trenches were opened; on the 16th of June Duchambon, the commandant, despairing of a successful resistance, capitulated, and the New England militia marched into the works. As they beheld their extent, they exclaimed, "God alone has delivered this stronghold into our hand," and a sermon of thanksgiving was preached in the French chapel. A troopship with four hundred men and two valuable East Indiamen were captured

in the harbour. The garrison and the inhabitants of the town, over four thousand in all, were conveyed to Brest. The fall of the strongest fortress in America before a little army of New England farmers and fishermen caused the wildest delight at Boston and the deepest chagrin at Versailles.

In 1755 it was again taken by the British. Early in June, Admiral Boscawen, with thirty-seven ships of war, and one hundred and twenty transports conveying 12,000 troops, appeared off the harbour. For six days a rough sea, dashing in heavy breakers on the iron coast, prevented debarkation, the French



CASEMATES, LOUISBOURG.

meanwhile actively throwing up earthworks all along the shore. Early on the seventh day, Wolfe, with a strong force, gallantly landed through the surf, and seized the outworks of the fort. The siege was vigorously pressed by day and night for seven weeks. Madame Drucourt, the wife of the Governor, inspired the garrison by her heroism. During the bombardment, she often appeared among the soldiers on the ramparts, and even fired the great guns, and encouraged with rewards the most expert artillerymen. With her own hands, she dressed the wounds of the injured, and by the exhibition of her own courage enbraved the hearts of the defenders of the fort. Every effort, however, was in vain. The

walls crumbled rapidly under the heavy fire of the besiegers. The resistance was brave but ineffectual. With all but two of their vessels burned, captured or sunk, and when town and fortress were well-nigh demolished by shot and shell, Louisbourg capitulated. Its inhabitants were conveyed to France, and the garrison and sailors, over five thousand in number, were sent prisoners to England.

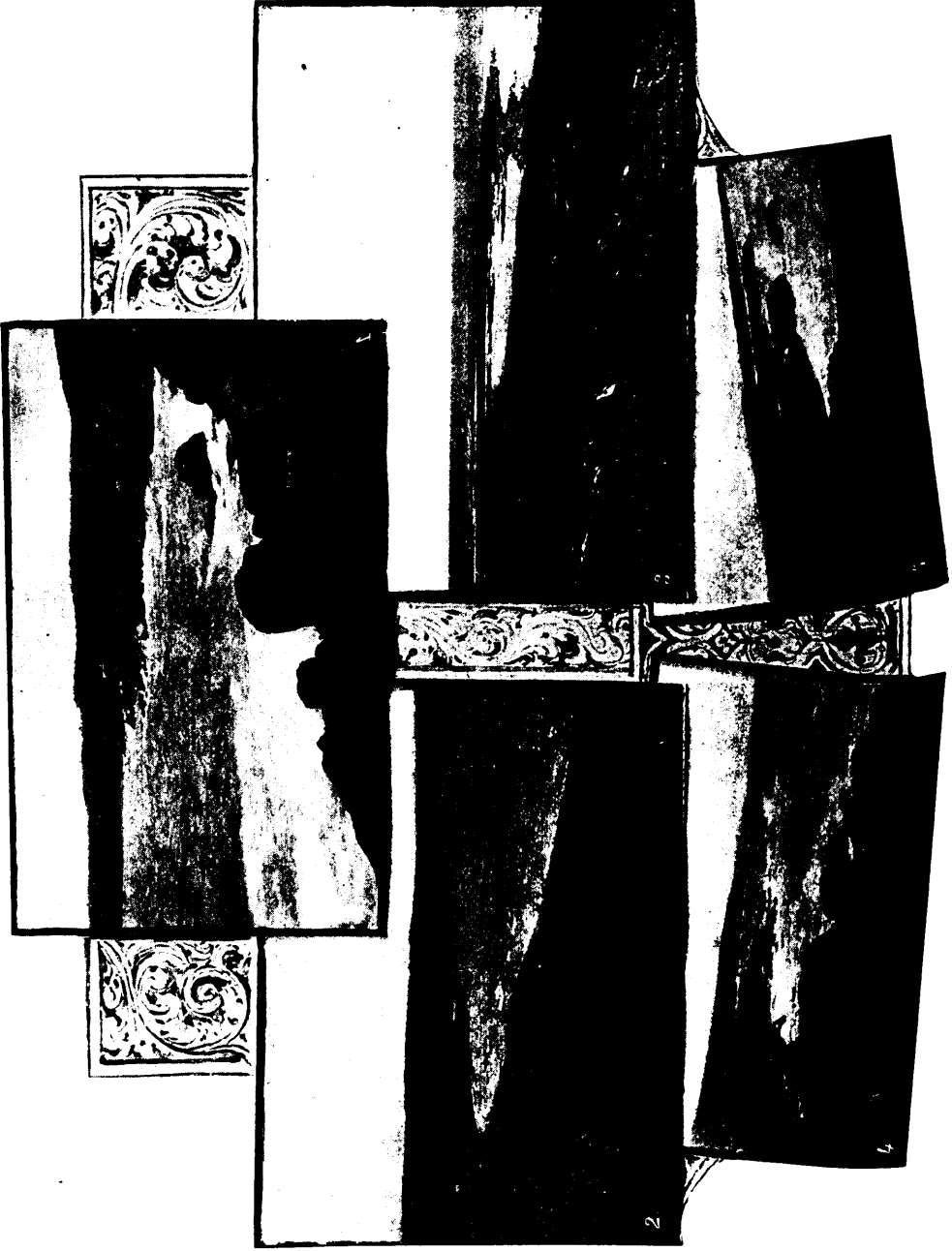
As Halifax was a good naval station and well fortified, "it was deemed inexpedient to maintain a costly garrison at Louisbourg; so sappers and minners were sent there in the summer of 1760, and in the short space of six months all the fortifications and public buildings, which had cost France twenty-five years of labour and a vast amount of money, were utterly demolished,—the walls and glacis levelled into the ditch,—leaving, in fact, nothing to mark their former situation but heaps of stones and rubbish. All the artillery, ammunition, stores, implements,—everything of the slightest value, even the hewn stones which had decorated the public buildings, were transported to Halifax.

The fortress, constructed at such cost and assailed and defended with such valour, thus fell into utter ruin. Where giant navies rode and earth-shaking war achieved such vast exploits, to-day the peaceful waters of the placid bay kiss the deserted strand, and a small fishing hamlet and a few mouldering ruin-mounds mark the grave of so much military pomp, and power, and glory.

The project of making Louisbourg the terminus of the Canadian trans-continental railway system promises to restore much of its former importance to this historic spot. It will shorten the ocean travel to Europe by about a thousand miles, a consideration of much importance in these days of rapid transit.

The extension of the Intercolonial Railway from Port Mulgrave, on the Strait of Canseau to the two Sydneys, enables one to reach the most attractive parts of the island with the greatest ease. An elegant parlour car is ferried across the strait, and amid these recently primeval wilds one may travel in the greatest luxury, even to the tourist buffet which prepares comfortable meals.

At Baddeck I visited the quaint old gaol—a low, log building, more like a country school-house than anything else but for the iron gratings on each window. The cells were not cells, but good-sized rooms, with a fireplace and wide bed in each. A prisoner was looking cheerfully out of the front window, taking advantage of the unwonted stir in the little town—for it was court day. To the court, therefore, I went, and found that I formed one-ninth of its constitution—the others being the judge, clerk, tipstaff, defendant, lawyer and three spectators.

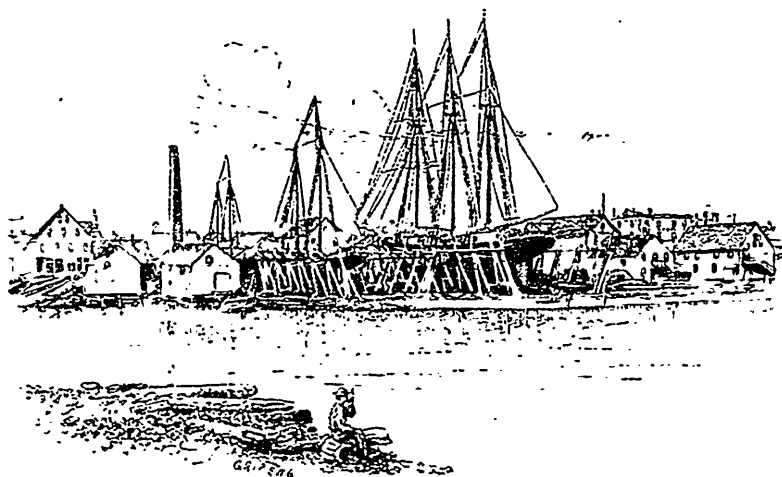


1. WOLFE'S LANDING.  
4. WOLFE'S LANDING, LOOKING EAST.

2. FLAT POINT.

3. SEA VIEW, FROM FLAT POINT.  
5. SEA SHORE FROM LIGHTHOUSE, LOOKING EAST.

It was not very lively, so I went to visit the Indian village. This I found much more interesting. The Indians were Micmacs, who are said to be of purer blood than any other tribe on the Atlantic Coast. I visited several wigwams, but found their inmates rather stolid and uncommunicative. One thing they had of much interest. In several cases I got them to turn out from their little boxes in which they kept their few belongings, their prayer-book and catechism, printed in arbitrary characters invented for them by the Trappist monks. The characters resemble a mixture of Greek and Russian with some cursive letters; not nearly so simple as the Cree characters, invented by the Rev. James Evans. The Indians could read them quite readily, especially the women; but although they spoke English fairly, they said that they could



DRY DOCK, NORTH SYDNEY.

not translate what they read. The books were printed, as the German title-page announced, at the imperial printing establishment, in the imperial city of Vienna—in *der Kaiserlichen Stadt Wien in Oesterreich*. There was also a quaint picture of Christ—"The Way, the Truth, the Life"—*Der Weg, die Wahrheit, das Leben*. Their religious training did not seem to have done much for the civilization of these Indians, for they were squalid and filthy in the extreme. Yet it is said that once a year they all meet at an appointed rendezvous, and all the marriages and christenings and other religious rites for the year are duly performed.

The railway runs from the Strait of Canseau, amid picturesque scenery. This great highway between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the North Atlantic Coast is some fourteen miles in length and about a mile in width. It is of itself a picture worth coming far

to see, on account of its natural beauty; but when on a summer's day hundreds of sail are passing through, the scene is one to delight an artist's soul. On the Nova Scotia side the land is high, and affords a glorious view both of the strait and of the western section of Cape Breton. The prospect both up and down the strait is pleasing in the extreme. It is traversed, it is claimed, by more keels than any other strait in the world, except that of Gibraltar.

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### NOT COMFORTLESS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Lo, I am with thee! Ere I left Mine own  
I promised to return, and comfort them  
With My abiding presence. And for thee  
This word is true—since not with them alone,  
But, through all time, with all believing souls  
I do abide.

And I am with thee now;—  
Not visibly, for once beholding Me  
Thou couldst not turn again to aught of earth;  
Yet I—Myself in very truth—am here,  
Close, close beside thee. Never grief doth draw  
Its blinding veil of mist before thy sight,  
But I, so near, do mark it; and Mine eyes  
Mingle regretful tenderness with love  
In every look; the while I think how thou  
Must tarry, even yet, a little space,  
Where tears are shed. No lonely, longing hour  
Thou dost encounter, but I bend more near  
Above thee; and My brimming heart well-nigh  
O'erflows; so strong its yearning to reveal  
All that it holds in store for thee—beyond  
These days of waiting. Not to thee there comes  
A time of suffering, but I do long  
For that glad day when these, Mine arms, spread now  
Beneath and round thee, swift shall raise and bear  
Where pain is not.

And even now thou shouldst  
Arise with Me—were not My love for thee  
Strong as 'tis tender; so that it can choose  
Thy present sorrow, knowing this doth tend  
To future happiness. The waiting time  
On earth not fully told, e'en heaven itself  
Would lack its fullest bliss. Thou read'st not now  
This mystery aright; but thou shalt read  
Hereafter. And, meanwhile, with patient heart  
Sure thou canst wait; for lo, I wait with thee—  
Unto the bright, bright end!

## CYRIL LUCAR—A GREEK PATRIARCH AND PROTESTANT.

BY REV. W. I. SHAW, D.D., LL.D.,

*Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.*

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS.

WHAT a small part of Christendom is Methodism, twenty-eight millions out of four hundred and eighty. At least as small is the proportion of Presbyterians and Anglicans, and not much larger is Lutheranism with its forty millions, and these are the leading forms of Protestantism. How we measure the universe with a yard-stick! With many the circle of interest is the limit of their home, or at most the boundary of their parish. This is not, however, always owing to narrowness of spirit, but to narrowness of view. Many a child looks out from its home, and leaning on the gate stares at the distant hills and innocently wonders what is beyond. Many a Christian not conversant with Church history, except to elevate into mythology the names of Luther and Wesley, looks out at the remote past of mediæval history, or at the dim but massive outlines of Oriental Christianity, and wonders what is beyond those mountains. It is well to know that behind those mountains are living men and women like ourselves, with like conflicts and like sources of strength, acquainted with the same Christian truth, living for the same heaven and feeling the thrill that comes to every Christian heart from the sound of that precious name, the talisman of earth's woes, Jesus.

Out of that Eastern obscurity one man at least comes to us with overtures of peace. We meet and greet his message with joy, and in true Wesleyan fashion we say, "If thy heart be as mine, give me thy hand." Cyrillus Lucaris—that is, Cyril, son of Lucar—was born about 1570 in the Island of Crete. He bore a name honoured in Eastern history by the distinguished lives of Cyril of Jerusalem, who died in 386; Cyril of Alexandria, who died in 444, and the eminent missionary to the Slavs, Cyril of the Ninth Century. In 1593 he was ordained a priest of the Greek Church,

and afterwards made an Archimandrite. He soon became rector in the Russian Seminary of Ostrog in Volhynia. He thus for a short time had connection with the "Holy Orthodox Eastern Catholic Church of Russia," which has similar relations to the "Holy Orthodox Catholic Apostolic Oriental Church" of Turkey, and to that of Greece, as exist between American, British and Canadian Methodism, these three Churches being one in faith and historical antecedents, but separate in organization.

In 1595, Cyril went as Exarch to Poland to oppose the union of the Greek and Latin Churches. The policy of the latter was that, by alliance with Oriental Churches, Protestantism, which was then in its infancy, might be crushed, beneath the upper and the nether millstone of Latin and Greek prelacy. But the Russian Church had no liking for the alliance. Since the Ecumenical Council of Chalcedon in 451 declared the equality of the



GENOESE TOWER,  
CONSTANTINOPLE.

See of Constantinople with that of Rome; since the Latin Church tampered at Toledo in 589 with the Nicene Creed by the *Filioque* addition; since the learned Photius in the ninth century boldly combated the theology and claims of the Western Church; since the two sections of Christendom had taken with such fervour and frequency to anathematize each other; since the Union Council of Florence, in 1439, served only by misunderstanding and recriminations to increase the spirit of disunion and occasioned the cruel murder of three Eastern Patriarchs on their return home by their co-religionists; since Russia has persisted, then as ever since, in persecuting the Roman



Catholics of Poland, forcing them to an attitude of hatred and exasperation,—there was little heed given in Cyril's time to Western overtures for union between the Greek and Latin Churches, no more indeed than is given to-day to the pious letters of Leo XIII. sent Eastward to restore the unity of the Church.

That Cyril, in 1595, opposed the advances of the Latin Church was a circumstance that sealed his doom, by making him an object of Jesuit intrigue which shadowed him to his death. In 1602, he was elected Patriarch of Alexandria, and in 1621 he was elevated to the Patriarchate of Constantinople, the highest office in Eastern Christendom.

In his Western travels he had frequent interviews with the Calvinistic Reformers of Switzerland and Germany. This increased the activity of Jesuit intrigue at Constantinople, which was so successful that in 1623 he was banished to the Island of Rhodes, but he was soon reinstated, through the mediation of the British Ambassador, whose presence at the court of the Sultan was then, as it has been ever since, one of the best guarantees of toleration and protection of the persecuted, whether Armenians or Americans, whether Nestorian Christians or missionaries of the American Board. England's peremptory demand was met, and Cyril was replaced in the high position in which his Catholic spirit could have the grandest field of operations, the Patriarchate of Constantinople. He resumed his study of Calvinistic theology, and his correspondence with leading Protestant theologians in the West, and in 1629 he wrote his Confession in Latin and in 1631 in Greek. It was published in both languages in Geneva in 1633.

A little delay here in outlining this creed may not be out of place. It illustrates how Protestant theology has impressed a large-souled, honest, brave man, brought up amid the antiquities and ceremonialism of Oriental faith. Cyril's creed is divided into eighteen chapters, with each doctrine supported by alleged scriptural authority. Eight chapters contain views held by his own Church, including the Trinity (with the procession of the Spirit in the conciliatory form of the Council of Florence, "*procedens a Patre per Filium*," not *Filioque* as at Toledo), the Divine Creation and Government, the Fall of Man, the Twofold Nature of Christ, Faith in General, and Baptismal Regeneration.

The remaining ten chapters are decidedly Protestant. Chapter X. asserts the supreme authority of Scriptures, denies the infallibility of the Church, rejects the Apocrypha as authoritative, and commends the free circulation of the Scriptures. Chapter XIII. asserts in the Protestant sense that man is justified by faith and

not by works. Chapter XIV. denies man's freedom of will before regeneration. Chapter III. accepts the Calvinistic doctrine of the divine decrees. Chapter XV. maintains that there are but two sacraments in opposition to the view of the Greek Church that there are seven. Chapter XVII. denies the doctrine of transubstantiation, and teaches the Calvinistic view of a real but spiritual presence of Christ in the Eucharist. Chapter XVIII. denies the doctrine of Purgatory and Post-mortem Probation. In these ten chapters there is the abandonment of points which are largely common to Greek and Latin faith.



PRIEST OF GREEK CHURCH.

The difference between the Greek and the Latin Churches is one of degree rather than of substance, in which the latter has carried out its dogmatic conclusions much beyond the former. Both believe in the infallibility of the Church, but the Greek, like the Anglican, indignantly rejects the supremacy and infallibility of the Pope, a dogma which has done more than all other influences in our times to estrange both Greek and Anglican from the Roman Catholic Church. Both Churches, we think, are violating the Second Commandment. The Latins pay homage to both pictures and images; the Greeks,

ever since the Seventh Ecumenical Council, do not have anything to do with images, but give the most devout consideration to pictures. Both these Churches maintain an uncompromising prelacy, and the genuineness of the Greek succession is sometimes admitted by the Latins, but the condition of priests is very different. Greek priests, who are generally sons of priests, are required to marry, although not allowed a second marriage in the case of the death of the wife. The Latins, on the other hand, at different periods in different countries, have adopted

celibacy, which is now almost universal, the marriage of priests being still allowed only in some small Oriental communions which have made submission to Rome. Both Churches believe in Purgatory, but the materialistic views in eschatology so common in Romanism, and to some extent in Protestantism, are not regarded with favour in the Greek Church, which has more abstract views of the state of the departed, similar to those of Origen, the apostle of Restorationism. Both Churches make tradition co-ordinate with Scripture, but the Greek Church in our times favours to a gratifying degree the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society in the circulation of the Word of God. Both Churches believe in transubstantiation and the seven sacraments, although the approach to the number seven was made much earlier in the West than in the East. Baptism is administered in the East by immersion. In the West, in general it is by sprinkling, though all the leading Churches, including the Anglican and Methodist, following the Latin, admit of either dipping, pouring or sprinkling.

From this analysis some observations readily suggest themselves. First, The Protestant element in Cyril's teaching had much to do in leading the Greek Church more into harmony with the Latin. When Cyril advocated Protestant doctrines, at once the Eastern conservative spirit was aroused and in a few years expressed itself strongly in opposition to what is called evangelical faith. Thus appeared in 1643 the most common Eastern Confession, viz.: that of Mogilas, which was first adopted by the Church of Russia at the Holy Synod of Kieff, and afterwards signed by the four great Eastern Patriarchs, viz., of Constantinople, Jerusalem, Antioch and Alexandria. In 1672 a similar symbol was drafted by Dositheus, Patriarch of Jerusalem. In the same year, and in 1691, the Synod of Constantinople published creeds having the same object in view. Of these the Confession of Mogilas was most generally received. But all of them had one object in common, and that was to condemn Cyril and to mediate between Protestantism and the errors of Romanism. These creeds generally met the needs of the Orthodox Eastern Church until 1839, when the Catechism of Philaret appeared. This is the Patriarch whom Dean Stanley saw in Moscow in 1857, and whom he praised for his ability as a preacher and for his gentleness and dignified courtesy, associating his name, however, with a reactionary movement to mediæval sanctity similar to that represented by Pusey in England.

Another observation suggested by the foregoing theological analysis is, that the first reaction from the errors of sacerdotalism,

either Latin or Greek, is to Calvinism. All Western reforms, from the Lollards to the Lutherans, have been Augustinian. What is the explanation of this? It is very simple. From the legalism of the old system the transition is an easy one to many extreme points in the opposite direction. So, instead of externalism and merit of works, we have the so-called doctrines of grace, with a monergism which necessarily implies the whole system of decrees, and election and irresistible working of the Spirit. Wesleyan Arminianism wisely mediated between these extremes. May we not conjecture that if the earnest-hearted Cyril had found in his Western travels in the seventeenth century a man like Wesley, whose views coincide in many respects with the Eastern



TURKISH TYPE.

theology as distinguished from the Augustinian which was revived by Calvin, he would have given his countrymen a type of doctrine more scriptural and less repulsive than that which naturally excited the indignant opposition of Mogilas, Philaret, and Dositheus.

As soon as Cyril's Confession was published in 1633 there was a storm of indignation. The

French ambassador at the Sublime Porte gave material aid to the Jesuits in fanning the flame, and in appealing to Greek prejudice against Western heresies, which were represented as imperilling all ecclesiastical order and the very foundations of Christian faith. The plots formed succeeded, and Cyril became a worthy successor in the See of Constantinople to the great Athanasius. Cyril, too, seemed to be *contra mundum*. Indeed, when Greek and Latin united against him he was worse off than Athanasius, who, when persecuted in the East always found a refuge and friends in the West. Five times was Cyril deposed and sent into exile or prison, but as often restored through the mediation of England and Holland. What a confession of weakness by his foes, the fact

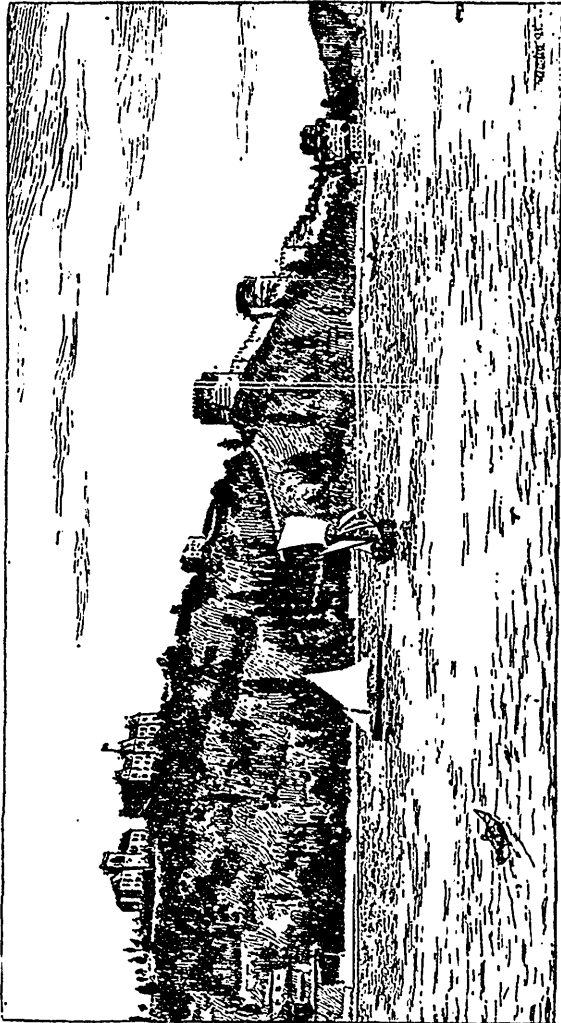
that they destroyed the printing press which, at much expense, he had brought in 1629 from London.

At last the great man succumbed to the malice of his enemies. Having been imprisoned for some time in a tower on the Bosphorus, which stands to-day just in front of that magnificent American institution, the Roberts College, he was most cruelly strangled and his body thrown into the sea. His successor, Cyril of Bercea, who was a prominent agent in the murder, was approached by a determined multitude of admirers of the martyr, who demanded the dead body of their great bishop. It was cast up by the tide, but by order of the new prelate was again flung back into the sea, but reappearing once more it was obtained and buried. Cyril of Bercea himself was shortly afterwards deposed for various crimes. The next Patriarch, Parthenius, was generous enough to give the great Reformer appropriate sepulture. And so the brave Cyril took his place in the noble army of martyrs. He has left us an example of a great and good man, nobly struggling for the truth, and he has also left us what all Western Greek scholars very highly prize, the gift of one of the five great manuscripts of the Greek Testament, that known as the Codex Alexandrinus, which he presented to Charles I. of England, and which is now deposited in the British Museum.

In his catholicity Cyril has not been altogether without imitation in the East. Bryennios of Nicomedia, the discoverer of the Didache, has, in our own times, in the same broad-minded spirit held fellowship with evangelical Protestantism, and in 1884, at the tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh, received the degree of D.D. It is only recently that Bishop Thoburn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, had the privilege of introducing to the North India Conference a Greek Archbishop, who was much impressed with the striking spectacle of American Methodist zeal in its grandly successful work in the far East, and gave the Conference his episcopal benediction.

What is the future of these Oriental Churches, who can tell? See them in their vastness and variety, aggregating ninety millions of Christians. These represent: first, five small national Churches, four of which are heretical, the Chaldean, which is Nestorian; the Armenian, Syrian and Coptic, which are Monophysite; and the Georgian, which is Orthodox. Then there is the Greek Church proper, which has its branches and separate organizations in Turkey, Greece, Russia, and in the several countries adjoining the Danube. The titles of some of the chief Bishops of these Churches are extremely curious. Dionysius of Constantinople successfully rivals His Holiness at Rome, for he is "The

Most Entirely Holy Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome and Ecumenical Patriarch." Sophronius is "The Most Blessed and Holy Pope and Patriarch of the great city Alexandria, and of all Egypt, Pentapolis, Libya and Ethiopia; Father of Fathers, Pastor of Pastors, Archpriest of Archpriests, Thirteenth Apostle



ROBERT COLLEGE, ON THE BOSPHORUS—CASTLE IN WHICH CYRIL LUCAR WAS STRANGLED TO THE LEFT.

and Ecumenical Judge." Yet this good man, weighed down with such a title, has a pastoral charge of only six thousand souls. To disentangle this great mass of Oriental Churches, and to determine their respective degrees of validity, is a task worthy of the most devout sacerdotalist. Whether he would succeed in getting into

communion with so many "Most Blessed Fathers of Fathers," or in bringing them into communion with him is quite another matter. It would be a grand success if he could; but who would be the Archpriest of all the Archpriests, Dionysius, the "Most Entirely Holy Archbishop of Constantinople," or his younger brother, whose episcopate is so much more influential and beneficial, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Of Prelatical Churches there are nine in the East, and in the West there are the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, the Lutheran (in Scandinavia only), and the Moravian. The last two, especially the Moravian, make very little of their succession. If our salvation depends on our finding out among them all "the true Church," what are we to do? In narrowness of spirit the largest of these Churches are the most sectarian of all the sects. They ignore and anathematize each other. The Anglicans are not quite satisfied of the Scandinavian succession. The Romanists pronounce the Anglican succession a piece of falsehood and political craft. Oriental Churches again regard the Romanists as arrogant schismatics, whose intolerance is all the more irritating seeing that there are more Christians outside the Roman Catholic Church than in it. Until the Prelatical Churches—

"These different sects who all declare  
Lo, Christ is here, or, Christ is there"—

settle their difficulties among themselves, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists and Congregationalists can quietly afford to await events, cheered by the fact that the best evidence of apostolical succession is apostolical success. Always willing to treat courteously the Lambeth panacea of the "Historic Episcopate," they wait patiently to hear what is this Episcopate. Where does it exist? And what is the use of it if it can be found? In the meanwhile we are ready for fellowship with any Christians who will have fellowship with us, and to rejoice with loving sympathy in recognizing all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ as members of the Catholic Church, and especially to hold in the highest esteem such broad-minded men as Cyril Lucar, PATRIARCH, PROTESTANT and MARTYR.

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OH, let me feel Thy presence in the darkness !  
Hold me with Thy Strong Hand—  
And lead from out the gloom, past every shadow,  
Into our Father's land.

—Amy Parkinson.

## AROUND CHENTU.\*

BY THE REV. V. C. HART, D.D.

CONGENIAL companionship is a blessing anywhere, but nowhere more so than upon a country trip in China. The writer was greatly favoured in having upon this trip the hearty fellowship of Rev. Mr. Peat, of the American Methodist Mission. Although but April, the thermometer was up in the eighties in the shade, and a stifling atmosphere pervaded everybody and everything. This was evidenced by the slouchy appearance of both tradesmen and coolies—robes half adjusted to the person, and stockingless feet were the order of the day. Hucksters were sprinkling fruits and vegetables with questionable water, and forming into clusters fresh cherries, the first of the season. By 12.30 p.m. we were in our sedans, pushing for Pi-hsien, sixteen miles distant. Our coolies go at a good pace, turning to right and left, dodging wheelbarrows, chairs and caravans of yellow cows, heavily laden with bags of rice and other heavy produce.

Within ten minutes we were out of the push and confusion of the Chinese city, and within the gates of the Tartar city, where all is calm, sedate and stagnant. The Tartars are few in numbers compared with the Chinese, but sufficiently numerous to make things lively and unpleasant for their less warlike neighbours. The streets nearest to the gates are often scenes of violence and bloodshed. The Tartars carry long daggers—although there are periodical proclamations against the practice,—and use them freely when inflamed with wine. As saloons in a Christian city degrade by their presence, and cheapen property, so the Tartar quarter; and the presence of a few thousand lawless idlers degrade and cheapen the property of their conquered neighbors. Alas! when will there be a return of patriotism, and the overthrow of this vagabond government?

The Tartar quarter, occupying the western section of the city, is something like two miles long and one wide. It is well shaded with numerous species of valuable trees, and adorned here and there with neat temples. The parade ground is one of the chief objects of interest, and is well patronized by the Tartar gentry,

\* These pages from the Journal of the Superintendent of the Missions of our Church in China, will be read with special interest in view of the war now waging between that empire and Japan. Our readers should pray earnestly that these shakings of the nations may be overruled by God for the furtherance of His Kingdom, and that our faithful missionaries in both these lands may be graciously protected by His power.—Ed.



both horsemen and bowmen. As we rode through, the targets were suffering many punctures, and the diminutive war-steeds were lazily sipping the blackish snow-water, which flows in abundance, just now, from the mountains west of Chentu.

Bevies of Tartar ladies were out visiting, and shuffled along the shaded streets in single file. They do not wear hats, except upon journeys, and trust alone to their oil-paper umbrellas for protection from the sun. Their shoes are pretty, but worn so clumsily as to spoil their effect. They are taller and more graceful than their Chinese sisters, and far more independent in their behaviour. As I sat in the entrance to their city, upon my return, waiting our tardy baggagemen, many of the fair young damsels stood about me with their brothers. I judge the ladies and girls have the full freedom of their own city, and that of the Chinese too, by the numbers seen there shopping.

Chentu is in a vast plain, which gradually rises from south and east to the north and west. Our course was almost due west. After struggling through the compact and busy suburb, meeting all kinds of people, even to Thibetans, and vehicles such as are known in Western China, we found ourselves upon a wide, dusty road, with flowing streams on either side. Outside of the city, the cool north breeze swept over wheat fields which were now in full bloom, caught up clouds of the fine dust from the road and sifted it gently over the fertile plain.

One is struck with the enormous wheelbarrow-loads of straw that are forced through the narrow streets, and the countless loads of tobacco wheeled along by men and boys. Tobacco is one of the great articles of production in this province; the consumption is enormous, as everybody smokes, women and children as much as men. Hundreds of men and boys parade the streets carrying long brass pipes and tobacco to minister to the wants of the populace, one short smoke costing a cash ( $\frac{1}{2}$  of a cent).

The plain grows more attractive, if possible, as we near Pi-hsien. The fertile fields are well irrigated from the numerous streams which are directed from the main watercourses in every possible direction over the great expanse. The Chentu plain is something like a hundred miles long and sixty wide, varying greatly at different points. This wonderfully fertile valley is perfectly irrigated throughout its whole extent. Its productive capacity is simply enormous; scarcely a foot of waste land is visible anywhere. The climate, too, is so mild that the coldest weather impedes but little the growth of cereals and vegetables. It truly may be called the farmer's paradise. The farm-houses, as a rule, are embowered in dense groves; climbing shrubs and

vines creep up the giant evergreens, staying themselves upon the topmost branches. I noticed one ancient *Péhku* tree that supported a wistaria vine that could not have been less than a foot in diameter at the trunk. This giant climber had taken firm hold upon every branch of the greater giant, and had formed a perfect network over its top, from which hung thousands of violet coloured clusters.

We passed through three or four populous market towns ere we finished our afternoon journey of fifteen miles. Just at sunset our tired bearers entered the city and deposited us in a native hotel, which presented a rather forbidding aspect. After a little palaver we learned that there was a much better hotel at the west end of the city; hastening there we were fortunate to secure the main building for our accommodation, which we were glad to divide with a belated missionary of the China Inland Mission.

It is my usual custom when stopping over night in such hotels—the very best China has to offer—to send at once for several bundles of fresh rice straw, and spread it thickly over the dirt-laden couch, then spread an oilcloth over all before making up my bed.

The next morning was threatening; black clouds swept along before a strong wind, and a few drops of rain fell before we were upon the road. We were at the city gate about as soon as the creaking doors had been swung open, and made an excellent start by seven o'clock, when we halted for breakfast. We were ceremoniously ushered into the only first-class hotel the town supports; and with all deference to the one in the city of Pi, I must say this one was the cleanest; and I pass' this judgment having seen the latter in broad daylight.

We were sensible that our ascent was becoming rapid, from the fact that the streams had lost their sluggishness, and rushed, in instances, over cascades; still no hills were in sight. About ten o'clock the clouds lifted, the breeze subsided, and the mountains forming the rim of this basin plain appeared in the rear of Kwansien. Two hours of fast walking brought us into the celebrated city, where the river which has run a compact stream from Thibet, girt and defended by the everlasting hills, disembogues its precious waters upon the richest plain of Eastern Asia, and perhaps of the world. One half takes the right, the other the left; both divide and subdivide until about fifteen fair-sized rivers course their way in circles, enriching millions of acres, forming a perfect net-work of feeders on every side, to irrigate every field in the vast plain, and to turn thousands of turbine wheels to grind the grain for millions of men and animals.

These waters are gradually collected at the southern end of the valley, and come together permanently a hundred miles below, at Kiangkao, except one branch, which flows in a wayward course to the north and east, and seeks its sister waters at Luchao, three hundred miles away

After such wonderful freaks were played by the water-nymphs, no wonder the ancient Chinaman concluded that a refractory dragon concealed himself in a fathomless pool near the disem-boguemment, and played his lawless pranks. But blessings be heaped upon the good Li-Er-Lang, whose other name was Ice (Ping), who came to the rescue in the Tsin dynasty, 200 B.C., renovated his life at that place, until his spiritual powers were adequate to cope with the dragon's wiles and depose him from his throne. All along the ages from thence, kings, princes, ministers and officials of every rank have done honour to the great man, until in later days his name has become King, and one of the most famous of Taoist temples, by munificent government gifts, has grown, by piecemeal, up the precipitous side of the mountain. I could but second the couplets written at the front of the temple, which read as follows: "Would that heaven always produced good men." "Would that men always performed good deeds."

We ascended to the highest temple of the series, from whence we had a grand view of the river, rope bridges, mountains beyond, and the broad fields to the east. Just beyond the temple there is a rope bridge made of bamboo splints, woven into cables fifteen inches in circumference. These cables, ten in number, for the bottom of the bridge, are twelve hundred feet long, and attached at each end to stone shafts, which rest in sockets in a square tunnel of solid stone masonry, which may be tightened at pleasure by turning the shafts. These cables are stretched over four frames of heavy timbers, which answer for buttresses. On each side there are five cables of the same size and length for railings.

Not far from this point—within the city limits—was pointed out the encampment ground for the Mantsz. or border tribe men, who come from Sung-Pan and other points to trade during the winter months. On our return we met a few of these aborigines homeward bound, laden with heavy burdens. The Thibetans, Si-Fans and Mantsz are very much the same in looks and dress, taller and more muscular than the Chinese, more manly in behaviour, and filthier in clothing and person. The Thibetans we meet in Chentu and Kiating, mostly belonging to Embassies to Peking, and merchants, are a rough, dirty set, and very ignorant.

If Thibet has nothing better to offer in men and women she is poor indeed, as is her reputation among the Chinese. I was disappointed in not seeing the yak, as the herdsmen had driven the unbought ones back into the mountains for the summer. While in Kwan-hsien we put up at the best hotel in the city, and found our proprietor a genial, inquisitive fellow, very obliging and polite. Many travellers were coming and going, and we had little to complain of, except when they hitched their fractious steeds to our bedroom door.

We took a run to Tien-Tsz-Tung, twenty miles to the south of the city, and enjoyed the trip very much. We had some excitement walking log bridges and climbing almost perpendicular peaks. Tien-Tsz-Tung (Master of Heaven's Grotto) is where the first Chang-Tien-Tsz (Master or Teacher of Heaven) over eighteen hundred years ago sat in meditation to obtain the *Tao*—perfect way. The temples at this point are dedicated to his memory. We received anything but a hearty reception from the indolent priests. When we stated that our sojourn was for a night only, they gave us a fairly good room. But when we broached the subject of renting a few rooms from them for the summer, they bristled with opposition, but were too diplomatic to say out-and-out, We will not have you. They began by stating that the people of the vicinity were a robber lot, and that it would be very unsafe for us, and then hundred of pilgrims would come daily in the summer months, and there would not be a single room for us.

We walked over the mountain peak after dinner, and just before sunset reached the foot-hills and the great temple, where resides the Taoist prior. We applied to him for a night's lodging, but he preferred not to be troubled, and we plodded on until dusk, finding only a miserable hamlet, where we, after much difficulty, secured four beds for thirteen men. We preferred to resign the four beds, after inspection, to our weary men, and extemporize for ourselves a bed out of poles and loose boards, which we were able to pick up. We put our bed in the court directly back of the Heavenly Well—an opening in the roof for light, rain, etc. The mouth of the well came within six feet of the square pool under the opening, making it rather an awkward room. Before ten o'clock we were in bed, and as the jabbering of the opium smokers ceased, and quiet began to reign within and without, the noiseless but almost tangible smells seemed to increase upon us until it became a serious question what to do—to go out into country and sit in the moonlight, or struggle through the night with shut mouths and muffled noses.

Just before midnight, as a restless sleep delivered us in part

from outward surroundings, a deafening yell was sounded in my right ear, and the door a foot away flew open, and every opium smoker rushed forth, with pipes, clothes and everything they could lay hands on, crying, as they went, that the house was on fire. We found it only too true, and knew from the character of our house that ten minutes would suffice to make it a ruin. We hastily gathered up our effects and made a dash for the street, where we prepared to stand guard. Water and wind were in our favour, and with a good squad of workers the fire was soon put out, and we occupied again our famous couch.

I cannot close without reverting to Kwan-hsien and its beautiful situation. It is an important centre for trade with the border tribes, and from its elevation, some six hundred feet above Chentu, it possesses an exceptionally cool and salubrious climate. The scenery within and without the city is a perpetual inspiration to one coming from the heated plain. Good-sized streams of pure water rush through some of the residential streets, with well-kept walks on either side. Men and boys were busy fishing in shady nooks. The mountain aspect recalled impressions I have of Kobe, Japan.

It may not be going beyond the reasonable to prophesy that this will become not only our West China health resort, but educational centre.

CHENTU, April 28th, 1894.

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## SORROW.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

THE hands that miss a long-loved clasp  
 May soothe some mourner's pain,  
 The heart that feels its emptiness  
 Shall still in giving gain.

Play the high hypocrite, and seem  
 Careless of thine own care ;  
 Let no repining pass thy lips,  
 Bravely thy burden bear.

And let not trouble reach thy face ;  
 Smile, though thy heart be sad ;  
 Only in secret make thy moan,  
 Let others think thee glad.

Well mayest thou forget thyself,  
 While God remembers thee ;  
 And what thou only seemest now,  
 Sure thou shalt one day be.

VICTORIA, B. C.

## THOMAS CHALMERS.

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

*Professor in Victoria University.*

ONE hundred years ago there entered upon the fourth year of the Arts course in the old Scotch University of St. Andrews, a boy in his fifteenth year, big, brawny, powerful in physique, buoyant and even boisterous in spirits. He had matriculated in the University in 1791, in the twelfth year of his age. He was the son of John Chalmers, a prosperous merchant and ship-owner of Anstruther, Fifeshire. The boy had shown no early genius. He had been a boy among boys. His early intellectual stimulus was found in the Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and certain stories of travel and adventure. Early school days were not remarkably well spent. His first two years at the University gave no promise of future greatness. While without any vices, open-hearted, affectionate and a favourite among "the boys," he had never kindled into any love of study. Yet Thomas Chalmers, that inferior, unpromising student, was destined to be the greatest pulpit orator of his time, the hero of the Free Church, and the most imposing ecclesiastical figure in Scotland since the days of John Knox.

His intellect was awakened by the study of mathematics, and, when once he began to grapple with the great thoughts and problems of the universe, he pursued all congenial subjects of investigation with keenest relish, and communicated the results of his thinking with rare power of exposition.

Having from his earliest youth conceived the purpose of becoming a minister, not so much from religious as from social and ambitious motives (for to the country boy in Scotland then the minister was the greatest of men), he passed, in 1795, from Arts to Theology; and in 1799 was licensed by the Presbytery of St. Andrews as a preacher of the Gospel. But his thirst for knowledge was insatiable, and he spent two years in post-graduate study at St. Andrews, mathematics and physics being his favourite subjects.

In 1803, he was ordained minister of the little parish of Kilmany, nine miles from St. Andrews. During the winter of 1802-3 he had been assistant instructor in mathematics at St. Andrews University. His methods were too fresh and unconventional to find favour among the "dons," and, much to his disgust, his services were dispensed with at the close of the one session! The proximity of Kilmany to St. Andrews afforded him

next year the opportunity of revenge. He formed independent university classes in mathematics and chemistry, whose high success vindicated his power and methods as a teacher. This double work, teaching during the week at St. Andrews, and preaching on the Sabbath in Kilmany, he did not continue beyond the session of 1803-4. Yet for some years to come his heart was rather in science than in theology; in the study of mathematics and political economy than in the cure of souls. In 1808, he published his first contribution to political economy, his famous "Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources."

During these later years, Thomas Chalmers had been struggling with the profoundest religious problems; now bathed in the sunshine of a clear faith in a good God; now wrapped in the deadly gloom of Materialism; verging at times upon mental derangement in the intensity of his anguish; and often heard to pray: "Oh, give us some steady object for our mind to rest upon!" Finally, his mind found repose in the Christian conception of God and the world. But a specific Christian experience he had not yet known; his ambition was still to shine in science and literature. The duties of his parish sat very lightly upon him. He declared it "his own experience, that, after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week in uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage."

But in his thirtieth year there came a revolution. Out from a great crisis he emerged a new man, with a new conception of Christianity, a new personal relation to God, a new aim and object in life. "It was good for him that he was afflicted." The death of a brother beloved, of a dear sister, and of an uncle; the serious illness of two other sisters; his own dangerous illness, debarring him from public work for more than a year; a gradual process of thought, thus face to face with the dread realities of human existence, and face to face with "the Gospel of the glory of the Blessed God," all issued in his conversion in intellect, heart and life.

Before this he thought of Christianity mainly from the ethical standpoint. Now and henceforth he regards it from the standpoint of human sin, and sees in it not a mere republication of natural theology, but the great salvation. He feels intensely and he preaches fervently the fundamental truths of human sin, of redemption by the blood of Christ, of regeneration by the Holy Spirit. He is now a converted man in his own conscious life, and an ambassador for Christ in his divine commission. All the energies of a noble and powerful nature are now devoted to lead-

ing other men to the life which he has found. In the conversion of Thomas Chalmers dawned the new day of evangelicalism for Scotland.

I do not propose to write a biographical sketch. This is impossible within the limits of this article, and also unnecessary. I need only refer my readers to Dr. Hanna's classical "Biography of the late Rev. Thomas Chalmers," or to that racy little volume by James Dodds, "Thomas Chalmers, a Biographical Study."

Suffice it to say that Chalmers remained minister of Kilmany until 1815, when he was elected to the Tron Church, Glasgow. This he exchanged for the new parish of St. John's, in Glasgow, in 1819. In 1823, he became professor of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, and in 1828, he assumed the chair of theology in the University of Edinburgh. In 1843 he was first Moderator of the Free Church, and spent the rest of his life as Principal of the Free Church College, dying in 1847.

Let us now consider Dr. Chalmers under certain aspects of his life; work and character.

As a thinker he occupied no mean place in the history of his country, though his pre-eminence did not lie in the sphere of thought so much as in that of action. He had large powers, vast energy, keen interest in natural science, political economy and theology. His contributions to the literature of his favourite subjects were so numerous that they now occupy thirty volumes. But he would have written better had he written less. He was too anxious to move men to right thought and action to be the coolest of investigators, the most careful of reasoners. He was the born orator, teacher, organizer. In political economy he was not devoid of originality, but his interests here were intensely practical; he was the friend of the poor; his works in this department were more valuable than his words.

In theology he was Calvinistic, but of the most lovable type, broad, generous, sympathetic with all goodness in thought and life. Methodists can never forget his characterization of Methodism as "Christianity in earnest." The keynote of his intellectual activity, as of his whole life was, as James Dodds expresses it, "constitutional intensity." He said of himself that he was formed for "a life of constant and unremitting activity." It was this intensity rather than great acumen which characterized him as a thinker. It was this intensity which made him a mighty power as preacher, teacher and Church leader.

As a preacher his success was immediate and extraordinary. So soon as his great powers had been once inspired by the principle of new life in Christ Jesus, Kilmany was too narrow a sphere.



In spite of the great unpopularity in those days of his evangelical principles, Glasgow claimed him, and his sermons in the Tron Church became the sensation of the hour. The famous "Astronomical Discourses," in which he discussed the objections to Christianity drawn from the vastness of the universe and the improbability that the great God of the universe would so concern Himself with the insignificant affairs of this little world, excited the keenest interest, and when published sold as no sermons had ever sold before. When he visited London, his eloquence was found as effective in the capital as it had been in his native north. His pulpit power never waned. Its sources lay in no special methods of preparation or delivery, in no extraordinary refinement or finish of style, but in the massive simplicity of the great truths which he proclaimed, the intensity of his convictions, the fervour of his utterances. Mathematical in the bent of his mind, he was a reasoner throughout. Yet his reasoning was always on fire with the supreme and consuming desire to move men to action. Each discourse tended to some one definite, practical end, and consisted in the presentation under different aspects and illustrations of the one truth which was fitted to move men to that one end.

Carlyle, in his "Reminiscences of Edward Irving," characterizes Chalmers' discourses as "usually the triumphant on-rush of one idea with its satellites and supporters." Such intensity and concentration of thought and feeling and volition made Chalmers' reading of sermons from manuscript a tremendous power. To sit down and quietly peruse one of these discourses gives one no adequate impression of the matchless oratory which moved the cool-headed Lord Jeffrey to declare that Chalmers' speaking reminded him more of the effect of Demosthenes' eloquence than anything else that he had ever heard, and made Canning weep and exclaim: "The tartan beats us all!" Chalmers was a great and good man, and the whole man spoke in every accent, syllable, and gesture, and his glorious intensity made him the pulpit orator of his time.

It was this same quality, above all others, which made him a power as professor. Other men may have communicated more exact information, or may have gone deeper in original investigation. Few professors ever so inspired their students. In St. Andrews, as professor of moral philosophy, in Edinburgh as professor of theology, his influence was a benediction to his students and the Church, kindling young men into something approaching his own glowing energy, intellectually, morally and religiously, and sending them out, consecrated in every fibre of their

being, to what they not only believed but felt to be the grandest work of life, the work of saving souls.

His method as professor was a combination of reading lectures, of conversational drill, and of the use of text-books. But the secret of his greatest power with his students was the close, loving contact of his great personality with theirs.

In no character does Chalmers appeal more strongly to the sympathies of our day than as a philanthropist. His interest in social science was not so much academic as practical. It was not a theory that he was after, but action such as would improve the condition of the masses. His action was indeed taken in accordance with sound principles which he enunciated in his various writings. But his aim was not to write but to do. It was his conviction, as it was Carlyle's, that the betterment of the condition of the working classes was the great question of the immediate future, and that the problem must be solved on Christian principles.

In his first parish in Glasgow, that of the Tron, he found a population of about eleven thousand, a considerable proportion of which never attended church, and were sunk in ignorance, poverty and practical heathenism. His conviction was that for the rescue of such populations the direct influence of well-organized Christian agency, the hand-to-hand work of good men making themselves personally familiar with the wants of the people, was essential. As he failed to move the city authorities to action on a larger scale, for the whole city, he prevailed upon them to set off for him a new parish in a neglected part, the parish of St. John's, with a population of about ten thousand, and thither, resigning the pastorate of the Tron Church, he betook himself, to work out his beneficent plans of city mission.

His schemes were comprehensive, embracing the relief of the poor as well as the care of souls, the city handing over to him the entire supervision of the parish, with authority to act. He established day-schools and Sabbath-schools. He divided the parish into twenty-five districts, with from sixty to a hundred families in each. Over each district he placed an elder to supervise its more religious, and a deacon to care for its more temporal, wants—Chalmers himself presiding over and inspiring all his workers, visiting the people indefatigably during the day, and holding services, now here, now there, throughout the parish in the evenings.

The relation of this work to poor relief is of special interest to us. The English system of compulsory poor rates was beginning to take root in Scotland. Chalmers dreaded it as destined to bear evil fruit for all concerned, pauperizing the recipients of relief, and withering the Christian sympathies of those who ought

to feel brotherly interest in the unfortunate, and who ought to manifest it by personal contact with them and personal ministering to their needs.

Glasgow permitted him to make full trial of his plan of church and individual effort in St. John's parish. In each of the parochial districts the presiding deacon was able, at the cost of an hour a week in visiting, to investigate the condition of the people. Work was often found for those who lacked it. Relief was secured for the aged and the sick. Impostors were detected. And in short, whereas before the inception of the new plan the poor relief of St. John's parish had cost the city about \$7,000 annually, in a few years' time Chalmers had reduced this expense to about \$1,400. And he had done infinitely more. For he had made the poorest feel that the Christian Church had not forgotten them, that Jesus Christ still went about doing good, that the professed faith of Christians in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man was something better than a pretence.

When shall we see matured for our Canadian cities such a plan of reasonable, united, Christian beneficence, a system which shall map out our cities into small districts easily supervised, and so harmonize and unify the efforts of all Churches and societies as to leave no deserving case of hardship unrelieved, and at the same time save beneficence from the sharks of impostors who prey upon it? No Christian evidences and no religious revival would be more far-reaching in permanent religious results than such a practical manifestation of Christian brotherhood; and no work could be more pleasing to Him who taught us to love our neighbour as ourselves.

Lying at the basis of all Chalmers' principles of social economy was a profound conviction of the supreme value of character as the basis of conduct and the indispensable condition of right social conditions. Get men into right relations to God and duty, then you have some chance to get them into right relations to each other. He was no Utopian dreamer of impossible ideals, but a warm-hearted lover of his brother men, who felt that pauperism is a national disgrace, that the intelligence, industry, and prosperity of the humblest classes is essential to the national stability, that Jesus Christ has but scant sympathy with a religiousness which spends itself in building costly churches and forgets the miseries of the poor. Chalmers was eminently sane. He was intensely evangelical in his theology. He believed and preached the old Gospel of redemption by the blood of Christ. But he was Pauline in the practical conclusion which he drew from the cross and which he worked into his own life. "He

died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." In his life and work religion and ethics were indissolubly united. When he saw a good thing to do, he did it.

As the organizer and leader of the Free Church, Chalmers stands secure in history. Not more surely was Carnot "the organizer of victory" than Chalmers. Not that he loved fighting, or fought merely for victory. He was dominated by the principle of the liberty and independence of the Church of Christ. His ability had made him the leader of the evangelical party in the Church of Scotland. And it was but fitting that, on the memorable eighteenth of May, 1843, when the heroic band of ministers and elders left all and followed Christ into dissent from their beloved national Church, the first moderator of the Free Church Assembly should be the man whose personality had done so much to make the great step possible and successful.

The genius of organization seemed incarnated in Chalmers. In the seven years before the disruption, he pushed so successfully a scheme for Church extension within the Establishment, that he raised about \$1,500,000, and built 220 churches. The same genius of organization now provided for the Free Church, cast for its support entirely upon the liberality of the people, that famous Sustentation Fund, which saved the Free Church ministers from starvation in those early heroic days, and still binds the Church together in the bonds of mutual helpfulness. In the West Port of Edinburgh he proved that the same plans of city mission work which had revolutionized his Glasgow parish, in the Establishment, were applicable to the work of a free and unendowed Church. As Principal of the new Free Church College he inspired the young ministers with a glorious devotion to the building up, not merely of a sect, but of the kingdom of God.

And then came the end. On the night of Sabbath, May 30th, 1847, he retired to rest as usual. But in the morning he was found sleeping that sleep "from which none ever wakes to weep." Gently and beautifully had that prayer been answered for him, which he often uttered in the family circle: "May one and all of us be shielded under the canopy of the Redeemer's righteousness; that every hour that strikes, every day that dawns, every night that darkens round us, may find us meeter for death, and for the eternity that follows."

Thomas Chalmers was a great man, and good as he was great—guileless as a child, unselfish as few men, absorbed in great truths and great enterprises, sympathetic, tender, yet firm in purpose, forceful in act, vehement in utterance, unflinching in

sagacity, pure in motive, entirely devoted to God and humanity. Carlyle thought him overestimated, yet said: "But the great man was himself truly lovable, truly loved; and nothing personally could be more modest, intent on his good industries, not on himself or his fame."

A few weeks before his death Chalmers called upon the Carlyles in London, and Carlyle describes the interview, concluding thus: "Chalmers was himself very beautiful to us during that hour, grave—not too grave—earnest, cordial face and figure very little altered, only the head had grown white, and in the eyes and features you could read something of a serene sadness, as if evening and star-crowned night were coming on, and the hot noises of the day growing unexpectedly insignificant to one. We had little thought this would be the last of Chalmers; but in a few weeks after he suddenly died. . . . I suppose there will never again be such a preacher in any Christian church."

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WHEN WE AWAKE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

We shall be satisfied :

Oh, wondrous thought—oh, comfort passing sweet—  
Oh, blessed hope for lives not here complete  
And hearts now sorely tried—  
We shall be satisfied !

We shall be satisfied :

Although on earth dire disappointments press,  
And sorrow stays our stream of happiness ;  
In heaven true joys abide—  
We shall be satisfied.

We shall be satisfied :

There every yearning heart God's fulness fills ;  
And there He garners good from seeming ills  
Through which He here doth guide—  
We shall be satisfied.

We shall be satisfied :

Though not 'mid scenes of earth, yet, in that land  
Where pleasures ceaseless flow at God's right hand,  
And every tear is dried—  
We shall be satisfied.

We shall be satisfied :

Not here—not now—but when we joyous rise  
And in His presence open our glad eyes,  
With Him for aye to abide—  
We shall be satisfied !

## WHAT ONE CHURCH DID FOR MISSIONS.

*THE STORY OF HERMANNSBURG.*

BY MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

It was an obscure church in an obscure parish. Worse than obscure, it was lifeless and indifferent. A seemingly more unpromising soil in which to cast the seed of missionary zeal could scarcely have been found than this of Hermannsburg.

Where is Hermannsburg, does anyone ask? Among the low-lying lands of the German Empire, north and a little to the east of Hanover, stretches, in undulating lines of glorious purple bloom, the Lüneburger Heath. Its sparse population of peasants and humble yeomen is scattered among the small hamlets and occasional picturesque villages, which, with little hills and clustering woods, relieve here and there the monotony of unbroken heath. One of these villages is Hermannsburg. Like many another, it consists of scarcely more than one rambling street of roomy, homely cottages, each surmounted at the gables by the old Saxon horse, fashioned in wood. A little river divides it into two parts, and it is surrounded by stately trees. The most conspicuous object in the village is the wooden spire of the church.

As the Lüneburger Heath, glowing with rich effects of colour, light and shade, has a certain, picturesque beauty distinguishing it from the dull uniformity of the surrounding country, so its inhabitants possess a distinct character, differing somewhat from that of the neighbouring German peoples. The Rev. W. F. Stevenson, who has been at some pains to acquaint himself with the history of Hermannsburg, writes: "They have 'a sturdy, independent, self-reliant spirit; a very marked family, as distinguished from the common continental social, life; much of the primitive English strength and honesty; and a local attachment as powerful as that of a Highlander or a Swiss."

Yet Hermannsburg was not a place in which to look for missionary enthusiasm. The people of Hanover have never been characterized by much spiritual vitality, and though not swallowed up by the rationalism so prevalent in Germany, they became dominated by a frigid and formal orthodoxy scarcely less deadly in its effects. The conditions in the church itself were such as are most discouraging to an earnest evangelical pastor.

But what conditions are hopeless while God is God? Within the short space of twelve years, beginning in 1848, Her-

mannsburg,—little, lifeless, unpromising Hermannsburg,—was completely regenerated and had become a radiant centre of spiritual energy. So great was the change in the village itself that at the end of that time its inhabitants had become almost as one Christian family. In all Hermannsburg there was not a house without daily morning and evening prayers; absence from church on Sunday or at week-day services, except in case of illness, was unknown; drunkenness and poverty did not exist; the very labourers had prayer about their work, and hymns of the church rang from the fields and gardens instead of the popular ballads in vogue elsewhere.

Every such reformation, whether great or small, is to be traced to the efforts of some single earnest soul, and the name which is forever associated with all that is bright in the career of Hermannsburg is that of the village pastor, Louis Harms. Of his life and personality some slight knowledge is essential to an understanding of our subject. Son of a former pastor, and thus endeared to the people by all those ties of respect and affection which are cemented when, as not seldom occurs in Germany, a pastorate continues in a family from generation to generation, he came first to assist his father in the parish in 1846. On the father's death, two years later, he became his successor.

A man of uncommon endowments, as well as of exceptional energy and activity, was Louis Harms. With the temperament that makes a scholar he combined the strength, independence and profound local attachment so characteristic of his fellow Lüneburger. Even in boyhood, when his delight was to wander over the heath with the "Germania" of Tacitus as his favourite companion, localizing the ancient descriptions and uniting past and present in his eager mind, this combination was manifest. It was the same which in later years led him to employ all his powers, developed by the university career, so congenial to one of his tastes and intellectuality, in work among the peasantry of his own native heath.

But what inspired his best endeavour, brought him his supreme success, and made him the power that he became, was neither his intellectual gifts nor his natural temperament, valuable aids though these were. It was rather his close relation to God, his absolute and earnest faith, the intensity and reality of his spiritual life, and his undivided consecration. These led the man of culture and scholarly tastes to identify himself with the ignorant and stolid peasants, to devote his life to the uplifting and betterment of theirs, to lead them out of a careless and

formal religious life into a rich and joyous spirituality which transformed not only their individual lives but the very character of the community.

This in itself was a wondrous achievement, but it was not, could not be, all. The little church at Hermannsburg, quickened and vivified, growing in spirituality and Christian experience, had become indeed fertile soil. When a mission among the heathen was suggested the seed germinated with singular rapidity. But these were simple, uninstructed people. They knew little or nothing of organizations, nor had they money out of which to contribute to the funds of a missionary society. They would go themselves to the heathen, "Wherever it might please God to show them the greatest need." As early as 1849 twelve persons offered themselves as missionaries.

But "he that believeth shall not make haste." Pastor Harms would not check their zeal, but he knew better than themselves that these untaught peasants with all their earnestness were not then fitted to enter upon the work toward which their hearts yearned. He procured a house in which they might receive the needed training, and laid out a four years' course of study. This course included Introduction to the Old and New Testaments, Exposition and Doctrine, History of the Church, History of Missions, Sermonizing and Teaching. With it was combined a certain amount of daily labour, thought necessary for maintaining good health and making the candidates in part self-supporting, as well as for keeping them truly humble in spirit. What wonder if such requirements had discouraged these simple peasant men? So they would have done, had their conviction been less real, their devotion less complete. But as Stevenson remarks, "Men who came forward out of living faith, and were met by a spirit as devout and practical as this, were likely to make good missionaries."

Their inexperience and their enthusiasm are alike shown in their choice of a mission field. This was among the Gallas on the east coast of Africa, north of the Zanzibar. An odd choice, surely, but they would go where no mission had ever before been attempted. The Gallas are described as a fierce, strong race, difficult of access, robbers and murderers by profession. One of themselves is quoted as saying, "We Gallas are men, it is true, but we are not human."

After the candidates for service had been a year or two in training, their number was increased by the addition of some recent converts in the German navy. They were eager to throw their influence against the slave-trade, and, having heard of the



project of the Hermannsburg church, applied to Pastor Harms for permission to join his little body. The accession of these young sailors, at a time when plans were not yet crystallized, determined the character of the mission, namely, colonization. This also greatly enlarged the scope of the work, for sixty men and women without special missionary gifts now offered themselves as settlers. Of these, however, only eight were at first chosen. But the preparation was tedious, and gradually all of the sailors save two relinquished the scheme. Yet some good results of their connection with it continued, for Harms, so far from being discouraged by their loss, wrote: "Without these sailors we never would have been colonists; for we honest but somewhat stupid heath people would never have dreamed of sending any but real missionaries."

As the time of probation and training came to an end, a new difficulty arose. Money would be required for sending all these persons to Africa. Whence was it to come? But the inflexible purpose and unwavering faith of Harms were not to be baffled. "Then," said he, "I knocked diligently on the dear God in prayer." And as, to quote his own words again, "the man of prayer dare not sit with his hands in his lap," he applied here and there to shipping agents, bishops and missionary bodies for aid and transport. All was without success.

Finally one of the remaining sailors suggested that they build their own ship—a suggestion which Harms after a great spiritual conflict accepted. Every energy was now strained that money might be raised to pay for the ship, which was immediately begun at Harburg. At Hermannsburg, also, work went on unceasingly for the ship—their ship. So busy were the carpenters, smiths, tailors and shoemakers, that no one could get any work done for any other purpose. "A water-butt or a suit of clothes were not to be had at any price," we are told; "while the women and girls knitted with a rapidity that was marvellous. The farmers came in with loads of buckwheat and rye. The orchards were stripped. Pigs and hens accumulated to the proportions of an agricultural show. The very heath was bared for besoms. Nor did a Christmas tree fail, but one was carefully planted in a huge tub to be in readiness against crossing the line."

At last all was ready. The ship was completed, captain and crew chosen, cargo stored. The mission pupils, of whom eight now remained, had honourably passed their examination and been ordained by the Consistory of Hanover. The colonists, among whom were two smiths, a tailor, a butcher, a dyer, and three labourers, had been gotten ready, and Hermannsburg's day

of triumph had come. A farewell service was held in the church, thronged within and without by people of the neighbourhood. On the next day Pastor Harms, with several hundreds of his parishioners, went by special train to Harburg, and by a simple religious service on board the *Candace* dedicated it to the service of God.

There is a pretty description of "the long train of waggons winding through the pleasant street of Hermannsburg in the early morning, and bearing off all the good things the good people have packed up, while the villagers keep pace for a little over the heath, singing their favourite hymns."

At Harburg, "the service on board was a novelty that took the irreligious folk of that city by surprise when they first marked the line of country folk filing through their streets and making for the harbour, the pastor at their head." Last of all the faithful pastor preached a sermon to all on board, which is said, in the affectionateness and plainness of its exhortations and warnings, in the practical turn of every doctrine, and in the solemnity of its charge, to have carried its hearers back to apostolic times. Such was the departure of the *Candace*. All through the voyage regular religious services were held on board, study was continued, and the crafts of the colonists were diligently plied.

It was on the 28th of October, 1853, that the *Candace* weighed anchor. Eighty days later she rounded Cape Horn and, sailing to Natal, began the quest of the Gallas. From the time of leaving Port Natal disappointments and discouragements followed one another in quick succession. Storms, contrary winds, treachery, suspicion, were some of the obstacles they encountered, until at last, reluctantly and with heavy hearts, they returned to Natal, having failed in every attempt to obtain admission to African territory, or to penetrate to a place where they could make a settlement. At Natal they were again disappointed. The Governor, to whom they confidently applied for permission to settle upon government lands in that district, refused to allow them an inch of ground. Their letters of recommendation from the English Government, with which they had had the prudence to provide themselves, availed them nothing, and they were warned that the sooner they left the country the better for themselves. Only long afterward, when it was learned that the captain of the *Candace* had played them false and told the Governor that they were a party of dangerous revolutionists, was this incomprehensible conduct explained.

Two courses only were now left open to them—either to place

themselves under the Bishop of Natal, which they had sufficient reasons for being unwilling to do, or to purchase land upon which to found their colony. Though hard pressed they were still strong in faith and unwilling to give up their cherished scheme. At length they bought for £630 a tract of 6,018 acres. The colony was not, as they had hoped it would be, among the Gallas, but it was well situated for a mission centre, and there was the possibility that they might yet win their way northward to that fierce people. Within the Natal Colony were 100,000 or more Zulu Kaffirs. Around them were the most important tribes of South Africa, including Zulus, Matabele and Bechuanas. Close at hand were more than a score of Germans who had been sent out to grow sugar-cane and cotton, and who, though a missionary from Berlin was stationed among them, were in almost as benighted a condition as the savages themselves.

But difficulties in the way of these devoted peasant missionaries scarcely seemed to lessen, even after the purchase of their territory. Dwellings had to be built and rebuilt; land was to be cleared and cultivated; shelter and food must be provided for twenty-one persons. The resources and energies of every man were taxed to the utmost. But though money was scarce, and two or more trades had to be combined in the practice of several of the colonists, their efforts met with striking success. The most formidable undertaking of all was the mastering of the Kaffir language. For they never lost sight of the original purpose of the colony and were eager for direct work among the natives. Their teacher, when they had any, was Posselt, the Berlin missionary before mentioned. He, writing to the pastor at Hermannsburg, says: "I have seen them struggling with these clicks and clacks till their eyes turned round in their heads. It is a hard nut for them to crack! but they are indefatigable, and they never flinch; real martyrs in the cause."

Is not this zeal heroic in the simple heath peasants, many of them no longer young, and more used, as one says, to a spade than a grammar? Would it have been surprising had they given up their endeavour and turned to the seemingly easier work of converting and uplifting those of their own nationality around them?

We can barely outline the work which they successfully carried on. A range of substantial buildings, 120 feet long by forty wide, named affectionately New Hermannsburg, became the mission centre; land was cleared and tilled around it; other houses and Kaffir huts rose here and there near by; and a school was organized which the Kaffir children were urged to attend. The

influence of the colony on the white families near was as marked as on the blacks, and the change in them such as to recall the blessed days in old Hermannsburg. The excellent character of the mission became so apparent that additional grants of English government land were made to the settlement.

The Lüneburger retained ever much of their simplicity of mind and spirit. Their astonishment and horror at the customs of the heathen were inexpressible and scarcely grew less. "We are often," said one of them, "filled with such nausea and loathing that we could run away if it were not that love and pity withhold us" But they did not run away nor shrink from challenging any evil. New stations were formed, and the purpose to reach the Gallas in God's good time was kept ever before them.

Observe what the faith and consecrated effort of a few German rustics accomplished within eight short years. In the colony at Natal were three mission stations and fifty baptized converts; among the Bechuanas three stations with forty-five baptized; and among the Zulus two stations and fifteen baptized. These stations embraced 40,000 acres of land. Dwellings and workshops had been erected at each.

From this statement it will be inferred that the work at Hermannsburg did not end with the launching of the *Candace* in 1853. Hardly was the excitement of that departure past when twelve new candidates presented themselves for admission to the training-house, and the work was recommenced. A new department was added by the starting of the *Hermannsburger Missionblatt*, a monthly magazine, edited and published by Pastor Harms, after much solicitation and by a great exercise of faith. The decided individuality which Harms infused into this sheet made it to differ widely from all other missionary periodicals. The same had perhaps much to do also with its remarkable circulation, which within five years had increased until it equalled that of the most important newspaper of North Germany, the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

This journal not only kept Hermannsburg and its mission in warm touch, as it was designed to do, but soon became a very considerable source of income. Such was its success that it suggested the desirability of a Hermannsburg printing-press, which was thereupon set up. Not only was greater convenience secured, but the missionaries were thus enabled to learn type-setting, and the printer's art was added to the crafts practised by them. Its value in their labours among the heathen cannot be questioned.

In 1855 the *Candace* returned, and in the spring of the following year a second voyage was undertaken, when a tailor, a smith,

a shoemaker, a wheelwright and a tanner went out as colonists, accompanied by brides of four of the missionaries. The next year, 1857, forty-four persons left their native village for the New Hermannsburg. Among these were the twelve new missionaries who had now been ordained by the Consistory. At the ordination of these were present the King and Queen of Hanover, who showed the deepest interest in the missionaries, sent for them to the palace, conversed with them individually, and promised to remember them in prayer.

Immediately after the departure of the twelve missionaries twenty-one young men entered upon the next course of training. By this time additions had to be made to the house, which was proving far too small for the increasing missionary family.

In the meantime a new burden had begun to press upon the soul of the pastor. Foreign and home missionary work cannot be separated. The attention of Harms had been drawn to the awful and peculiar dangers surrounding convicts on their release from the prisons—dangers both to their own souls and thus inevitably to society. He now decided to connect with the mission a refuge for discharged convicts. The people entered into his plans, and a farm was purchased where these men could be received and provided with employment, removed alike from the repulses of respectable society and from their old evil associations. Harms, with his peculiar insight, perceived the mutual advantage that would result from this relation between the ex-convicts and the future missionaries.

Thus, gradually, the parish and mission-work of Hermannsburg began and grew. As the years went by larger and larger detachments of missionaries and colonists were carried to Africa, and these, almost without exception, from among the peasantry and yeomanry of the Heath. One important addition was made, in the person of Hardeland, the Bornese missionary, who joined the Hermannsburg band at a time when an experienced and able man was imperatively needed to superintend the African missions. To meet this need Hardeland seemed to have been specially sent, and he accepted the responsibility which he afterward most successfully bore.

The Lüneburger have always had a way of their own of doing everything. Early in the history of their mission they established the Missionary Festival, to be held for two days each year, in the month of June, an occasion when Hermannsburg was crowded to overflowing with people from all the country round. Stevenson, who has already been so freely quoted, says of this *Fest*:

“It is a middle point for the Mission interest; the point of attraction.

for strangers, the ecclesiastical date for the country round. The children divide their affections between it and Christmas. It represents the picturesque side of Heath life, and the joyousness of Christian feeling. . . . The day before is marked by a not unnatural commotion in the village, for along every road and bridle-path, and over the moor where there is no path at all, the strangers are dropping in, in waggons or carts, or on horseback, or most of them on foot. Every corner is full; the hay-lofts are crowded with guests; a barn, an out-house, a lobby, anywhere that there is shelter, there is room and content. The majority are peasants. Students drop in from Göttingen; perhaps there is a famous preacher from Berlin; a hot Lutheran finds that his next bedfellow in the hay-loft is a leader of the Reformed; a genial pietist from Würtemberg is sitting beside a dry orthodox divine from Pomerania. They cannot help it. Harms attracts them all; and they have literally no room to display their differences. The next morning all is hushed till the bell rings for prayer. Then forth from every house there bursts a peal of morning psalms, and up on the hill before their doors the mission students blow chorals on their long trumpets."

Service is held at ten o'clock in the church, and again in the afternoon. This is on the first day; on the second occurs the "march of the pilgrims." A procession is formed in the morning, and moves over the heath to a spot chosen in some neighbouring parish. Some go in waggons, many more on foot; all are in holiday dress and holiday spirits. When their destination is reached an open-air service is held, with a sermon from some rock serving as pulpit, much singing, and the reading of extracts from missionary letters. Some time is given for picnicking, and in the summer twilight the weary, happy multitude returns to Hermannsburg.

We have told the beginning, only the beginning, of what one church did for missions. It is almost, if not quite, a unique history, this of what one little German congregation accomplished. The very simplicity and directness of its methods, which the wiser minds of our generation would call chimerical and unpractical, tended to success. And when success is achieved we must honour and admire.

Louis Harms, with his remarkable personality, his vital faith, his constant and conscious communion with God, and his strong self-reliance, was without doubt the moving spirit in all. But back of all was the Divine power, working alike in pastor and people, as it will do in any who yield themselves in whole-hearted consecration as did these. So near did the Hermannsburger live to God that their simple minds were untroubled by many of the considerations so grievous to those who know the world better than they know Him who made it. About money, the lack of which seems inevitably to cripple so many good enterprises, they

concerned themselves only so far as to seek the assurance that their purpose was a right one, to work diligently, and to place their need in God's hands. We are slow to accept and believe in such special providences, but explain it as we will, the fact is, that without solicitation or begging of any kind, which was never tolerated by Harms, the income of the Hermannsburg Mission was each year greater than its expenditure, and that it came often from most unexpected sources by what, if not direct answers to prayer, were most striking coincidences. Further, these coincidences, if such they were, with absolute and invariable regularity followed special petitions for aid.

But the present paper is not a homily, a defence, an exposition, or an exhortation. It is simply the story of "WHAT ONE CHURCH DID FOR MISSIONS."

MOULTON COLLEGE, TORONTO.

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NATURE'S *TE DEUM*.

DEEP in the woods I hear an anthem ringing,  
 Along the mossy aisles where shadows lie ;  
 It is the matin hour, the choir is singing  
 Its sweet *Te Deum* to the King on high.

The stately trees seem quivering with emotion,  
 And tremble in an ecstasy of music rare,  
 As if they feel the stirrings of devotion,  
 Touched by the dainty fingers of the air.

The grasses grow enraptured as they listen  
 And join their verdant voices with the choir,  
 And tip their tiny blades that gleam and glisten  
 As thrilled with fragrant fancies of desire.

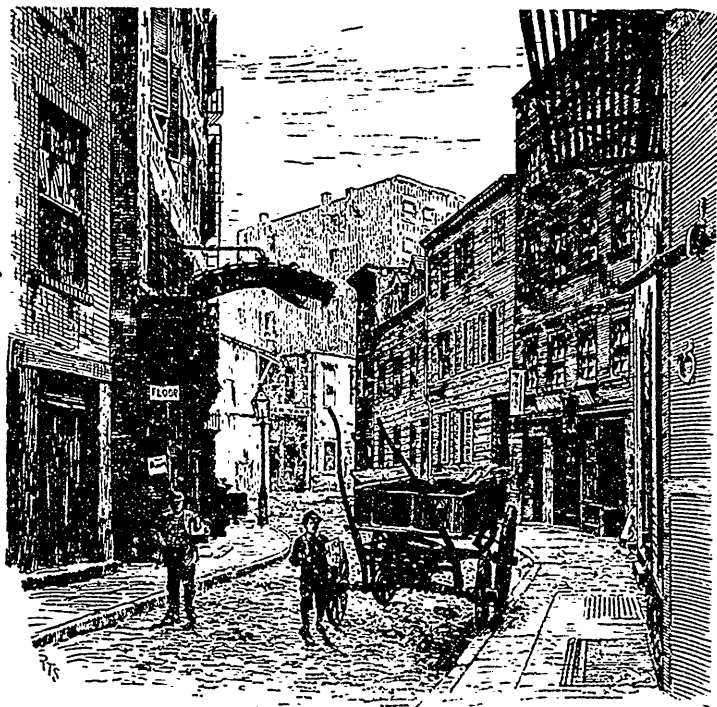
The brooklet answers to the calling river,  
 And singing slips away through arches dim,  
 Its heart runs over, and it must deliver  
 Unto the King of kings its liquid hymn.

A shower of melody and then a flutter  
 Of many wings, the birds are praising too,  
 And in harmony of song they utter  
 Their thankfulness to Him, their Master true.

In tearfulness I listen and admire  
 The great *Te Deum* nature kneeling sings ;  
 Ah, sweet, indeed, is God's majestic choir,  
 When all the world with one pure anthem rings.

## LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

*A MIDNIGHT CURBSTONE MEETING. A CITY  
MISSIONARY'S STORY.*

BOYERS STREET, KNOWN LOCALLY AS SHINBONE ALLEY.

LATE one night I was pleading with a drunken man on the Bowery while two friends stood waiting for me not far off. Suddenly I noticed one of a gang of thieves, who were lounging around the door of a low concert-hall, leave his companions, approach my friends, and enter into conversation. I left my man and joined them. Seeing that I was the leader of the party, he addressed himself to me, suggesting that we try our hands at a "game." "My friend," I said, "I know you and your confidence game. I should think a man like you would want to be in some better business than swindling people. It's mighty mean business—that of a thief—don't you think so?" At first he was too much astonished to do anything but glare savagely at me; then, recovering himself, he acted as though he was about to spring upon me. I laid my hand on his arm and gently said: "You ought to be a Christian?"



He started back as though struck, but quickly recovered, and said with a sneer and in a loud voice: "Me a Christian? Will Christ pay my rent? Will Christ feed me?"

"Well," I said, "I have seen a good many begin serving Christ without a cent or even a place to lay their heads, and I never knew one He let go down who was really in earnest."

"But, see here, did you ever see Christ?"

"No, but I expect to see Him; I have His word that I shall."

Turning to his companions he shouted: "Come here, fellows, and see a chump who's got a promise of seein' Christ."

We were standing under an electric light, it being long past midnight. Quite a number who were passing stopped, the thief's companions gathered around, and I soon found myself in the centre of a typical Bowery crowd—Jew and Gentile, a number of sporting-men and thieves, several drunken men, and others attracted by the noise, eager to see what was going on.

Again turning to his companions, the thief said in loud and jeering tones: "Here's a fellow as is goin' to see Christ."

"Yes," I said, opening the Bible, "I have His word for it; I will read it to you: 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.'"

"Oh, you're a son of God, are you?" he exclaimed contemptuously.

"Yes, and I have His word for that," reading the Bible again; "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.' I was once far away from God, a great sinner, but I believed and received, and became His child."

"Well, brother, here's my hand; I'm a child of God, too," he said, winking at his companions.

"Oh, no," said I, "don't call me brother; you don't belong to the Lord's family. 'Ye are of your father, the devil.'" And I read from Romans: "'Know ye not to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; your regular business is to serve the devil, and you can't palm yourself off on me as one of God's family. But you may be adopted into His family if you will.'" Then I read John iii. 16: "'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

A man who had one of his ears nearly torn off in a fight, and whose head was bandaged so that only his eyes and mouth could be seen, said: "You had better take a back seat, Bill; he's too much for you."

Bill quickly turned with an angry oath, and said: "You'd better get out of this, or maybe you'll get a swipe across t'other ear; there's nothin' here for the likes of you—a man with only one ear."

At this the crowd laughed and guyed the man with the bandaged head, who was quickly making his way out of the crowd,

when I reached over and caught him by the shoulder, and said: "Hold on, my friend, there *is* something for you," and turning to Revelation I read, "'He that hath *an ear*, let him hear. To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life.'"

The crowd laughed boisterously at this quotation, and I saw that I had their sympathy, so I gave them an invitation to attend the meetings at the mission, and after a few more words I closed by saying: "We shall never all meet on earth again, but we shall each have to give an account of this curbstone meeting. May God bless every one of you."

One rough fellow stepped forward with tears in his eyes, and shook my hand heartily, saying: "Stick to it, I wish I had; I was brought up right, in Sunday-school and all, and if I had stuck to it I wouldn't be what I am to-night."

Just as I was going away, Bill came up and said, much to my surprise: "You mustn't mind what I said, I've been a-drinkin'. I used to belong to the Church and was a Christian, but I got off. I know it's the better way, but there's no good talkin' to me. It's no use. It's no use."

After a few words with him, I left, praying God to bless the seed sown by the wayside. On the following Sunday evening, when I opened the meeting at the mission for testimony, one of Bill's companions got up and said: "I have been a drinking man all my life, and have spent many years in prison; but last Thursday night the man in the chair there came down near where I stay, and talked about Christ, and I made up my mind to be a Christian, and I haven't touched a drop of liquor since."

When the invitation for prayers was given, the first one to come forward was Bill. For two nights both of these men were present, Bill coming forward for prayers each night; then I lost sight of them.

Nearly six months passed, when Bill's companion, neatly dressed and greatly altered, came again to the mission-room. He requested us to sing:

"All the way my Saviour leads me,  
What have I to ask beside,"

and followed it by saying, "That is my experience." He then told us how God had kept and blessed him, and had given him employment. The Inspector of police who had so many times caused his arrest had obtained work for him. He was often with us in the meetings after this, and became an earnest worker.

One night he said to me: "Do you remember Bill, the one who wanted to know if Christ would pay his rent?"

"Yes."

"Well, the devil has paid his rent for life; he was sentenced for life last week, for shooting a bartender."

Speaking of this incident at a convention, a nurse from one of the city hospitals inquired the time this occurred, and said: "I think I attended the man who had his ear injured. He came to the hospital and an operation was performed, but it was unsuc-

cessful, and he was obliged to come back again and have his ear entirely cut off. The man asked the surgeon if he could get a false ear. 'No,' said the surgeon, 'you will have to go through life with the one ear.'

"'Well,' said the man, 'thank God I have heard of a book that says there is something for a man with one ear.'"

So God blessed the seed, even though it seemed to fall on stony ground.

#### UP SHINBONE ALLEY.

In dark and dirty Pell Street are many tumble-down tenements, most of them inhabited by Chinese, who run gambling dens and opium-joints. On one side of the street there are a number of stables and several cheap lodging-houses, where for five cents a night one can find shelter and a place to lie down. Half-way down the block a narrow lane with the local name of Shinbone Alley runs in crescent shape round into the Bowery. This alley was the rendezvous of a gang of young thieves.

Many a countryman or Jack Tar, lured a few steps away from the glare of the Bowery into Shinbone Alley, has found himself suddenly surrounded by a crowd of desperate roughs, and before he was aware of it lay on his back in the gutter, minus money, watch, and everything else the roughs could get hold of. The thieves vanished as swiftly as they came and were in safe hiding in stables and dark hallways long before the victim recovered his senses.

It was just three o'clock in the morning when I turned into the alley. Half-way through I stumbled over a beer-keg on which a lad was curled half asleep, who started up, but on seeing me dropped back again, muttering, "I thought it were a copper." In answer to the inquiry as to what he was doing there at that time of night, he replied briefly, "Snoozin'." He was a bright lad of twelve. A portion of an old straw hat hid his dirty, sleepy face. An old vest, several sizes too large, covered a soiled and greasy calico shirt. His pants were a mass of rags and patches tied together with numerous strings. His feet were covered with dirt, thick enough to answer the purpose of stockings. I entered into conversation by asking his name and what he did for a living. He replied in true Bowery dialect, "Me name's Dutchy; I shines, sells papers, and works de growler for de gang." "What's the growler?" I asked. "Don't yer know?" he replied, looking at me in undisguised contempt, "De growler? Why dat's de pail dey gets de beer in when de gang's in luck. I gets only de froth. We wus out to-night and took in de te-a-ter (theatre), and I was barred out of de house and was snoozin' when you comed along."

The lad interested me. I wanted to learn his story. I was turning over in my mind how best to handle him when my attention was drawn to an old covered waggon directly in front of us, inside of which a conversation was being carried on in low tones.

Noticing my look of inquiry, Dutchy said, "It's some of de

'gang." In a moment a lank, typical rough got out of the waggon, staggered over to where I sat, and in a gruff voice said: "What's de time, boss?" glancing at my watch-pocket as though he cared more to see the timepiece than to know the time. He seemed disappointed when I told him I had no watch with me. He returned to the waggon and began conversation again with those inside. I learned from Dutchy that this individual was "Corkey," and that he had just returned "from doin' time up de river" (a term in Sing Sing prison).

Dutchy was now called over to the gang and joined in the whispered consultation. Listening intently, I was convinced from the few words that reached me that they were planning to rob me, and I realized that I had "fallen among thieves." Praying for wisdom to adopt the best course, I awaited developments. In a few minutes the roughs, to the number of eight or ten, got out of the waggon and gathered round me. One, evidently the leader, advanced nearer than the rest and said sulkily, "Boss, we want yer to give us five cents till we get a pint o' beer to wash de cobwebs from our throats."

The time for action had come. I said: "See here, boys, I want to give you a bit of good advice. When you plan to rob anyone, never pick out a missionary, for they are always as poor as a church mouse and never have anything worth stealing. Now, I'm a missionary, so I can save you the trouble of going through my clothes; there's not a thing in them worth the taking." They stood speechless, and I continued, "Boys, I knew what you were up to; but instead of your catching me, I have caught you." Without giving them the chance to say anything I told them the story of the cross, and how Christ in the agonies of death stopped to save a dying thief and took him as a companion to Paradise; and how, if there was salvation for a dying thief, there was certainly a chance for a living one, if they would only come to the same Saviour. I urged them to quit their life of sin and follow Christ. Not one of them spoke a word.

When I turned to go away, I said, "Boys, I want you to remember me the next time you see me. Will you do it?" "Corkey" spoke up and said, "Wal, I'm blowed. I've been around dese corners for de last seven years, and you're de fust one I ever seed round here preachin' religion. You can bet your bottom dollar I won't forget you."

One of this gang not long after, to escape a detective, ran into the mission meeting, and, to use his own words, "was caught by the Great Detective and kept from stealin' and everything else that was wicked and bad."

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'NEATH His pinions if He hide thee,  
Storms may cross the way;  
Safely through them He will guide thee  
Into cloudless day.

—Parkinson.

## SPINDLES AND OARS.

BY ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

## CHAPTER IX.—CROSSING THE BAR.



"IT'S SWANKIE'S BOAT  
COMIN' IN!"

No Skyrle body is ever like to forget the storm that lashed the coast in the spring of the next year.

All round the cliffs the waves boiled, and the ground was white with the strewn blossoms of the surf.

The waves dashed twenty feet above the harbour wall, and the spray was driven far up the High Street to tell the story of what was being done out on the cruel sea.

All along Seagate the fishers stood, their women clinging to them with hard faces that couldna greet. Now and again a wife would tear her hair and beat her breast; but they mostly stood silent, watching the boiling waves with despairing eyes.

The storm had come down suddenly on the sea, and fifteen Skyrle boats were out struggling with it.

William Rafe had been to the manse to fetch the minister's lassie; and they two were down at Seagate, watching the storm, and straining their eyes for a sight of the boats winning back to harbour.

All on the moment Miss Isobel loos'd her hold on William; and

struggling through the wind and keeping close under the houses, she made her way to two that stood apart, holding to the railings of Jean Wishart's house, their white faces set to the sea.

They were Libbie and old Margot; and grief had made the young face and the old like one.

They didna greet, or make any sound whatever; but stood gazing out over the water with such ee that Miss Isobel hadna occasion to ask them who it was they were seeking.

"Miss Isobel," said Leeb, with a thick sound in her voice, "Miss Isobel, my mither dreamed the truth."

"Not yet, Libbie," Miss Isobel cried; "not yet. He may get back yet."

She went up softly and put her arm round old Margot, while tears flowed down her face; but the auld wife smiled an awful white smile at her.

"Dinna greet, lassie," she said. "'Twas meet the auld man suld sleep among his sons. Five bonnie lads the Lord gave to me, and five bonnie lads the sea took frae me. An' noo, lassie, is't a sair thing that father and his laddies suld rest thegither?"

But Miss Isobel could do no better than break her heart greeting.

"O Margot dear! don't! don't!" she cried,

"Greet, lassie, if it's your will," said Margot; "but there maun be no tears for me. Greet for the woman beside you; for Leeb's lad is awa in yon boatie. Weel may she greet, wantin' him; for she's kened love nor of man nor of sons. But for Margot, whose heart's been fu', whose men hae a' steppit fra weel-dune wark to weel-earned rest, it's smiles you suld give her, lassie!"

The noble words of the old body but made Miss Isobel sob the more; and all that day, and for many days after, her young face was wet for the sorrow in Skyrle.

One by one the boats won back. One by one; with such lagging steps for the hearts that wearied waiting.

And more than one home was robbed of the mother whose broken heart couldna bear the pang of travail following that long waiting.

Twa weeks passed; and thirteen boats got back to harbour. The *Margot* was still a-missing, and all felt that there was no hope for the old man and the young lad that had gone out in her on the night of the storm.

Margot bore her loss with a strong heart, but she aged; and Libbie kened that it wouldna be long ere she was left her lane with the seven bairns. And then, one Sabbath, while Mr. Grahame was preaching, old Margot arose in her seat in the kirk, and lifted up her white face with a great cry:

"Do you no hear him comin'?"

Mr. Grahame stoppit in his sermon, and then went on; and Libbie plucked at her gran's dress, and would have her sit down and no fleig the folk at their worship.

Margot didna hear her, but stretched out her hand to the minister, and stood a minute listening.

"Do you no hear him comin'?" she askit again.

At the voice there was an awful-like hush in the kirk, and every face was turned to the pew where Margot stood, and where Leeb sat with her face in her hands sobbing.

Then, gazing right before her, firm on her legs, and straight as on her marriage morn, Margot walked down the aisle and through the church doors alone.

"Let us pray for one on whom God's hand resteth," said the minister.

When they rose from their knees, the folk saw that Libbie and Miss Isobel, and Kirsty, and one and another had gone after her; and a whisper went sighing round the kirk that Swankie's boat had come in.

How it reached Mr. Grahame in the pulpit none kenned; but he maun have known it, for he only stoppit to give the benediction.

In five minutes the kirk was empty and the whole congregation was away to the shore.

Margot had got there before them, and stood on the harbour wall—a gray, lone figure, with eyes fixed on a sail striking round the Bell Tower.

There she stood, dumb, heeding nothing but the flash of white; and a silent crowd gathered, and glasses were set, and the harbour tower signalled the Bell, but couldna make the name of the boat.

But Margot kenned: for though her face was like the dead, her eyes were two flames that saw what the boat was bringing to her.

Ay, I canna doubt she saw the sail spread above the quiet limbs, and the peace of the face looking up to the Sabbath skies. I canna doubt it. Libbie stood beside her, and Miss Isobel was there, holding the lassie's hand. But none dared touch the one that grief had made sacred.

She was an old woman, and had borne herself stooping many a long day; but this day she stood straight before them all, and the change in her quietened the crowd that else would have been skreighing round her.

And larger and larger the sail grew, shining like dazzling silver in the sun; and when the fishers saw that it was making for the harbour a great shout arose up, and the women sprang on the wall, laughing and greeting, and mad with joy.

But Margot stood apart, and didna heed the noise round her.

Suddenly, over the men's shouts and the women's voices, a fisher cried: "It's Swankie's boat! It's the *Margot* comin' in!"

Even then old Margot didna speak, but her eyes, like two flames, clove the distance, and saw what none else saw—just as she had heard what none else heard—the dead man's feet winning hame.

And the boat, with its sail shining like silver, came gliding in over the bar.

And when it had crossed the bar Margot gave a long sigh, and sank down on the wall, and drew her mutch over her eyes. Libbie stooped, and would have put her arms about her, but

Margot signed her away; and the lassie was fain to strain her eyes at the young lad guiding the boat.

Then William Rafe, standing beside Miss Isobel, put up his hands to his mouth.

"Is Swankie aboard?" he shouted.

"Ay is he!" came back over the water; and Lobbie threw her arms round Miss Isobel and sobbit aloud; for it was her sweet-heart, Jim, that had answered.

William moved a step towards Margot to tell her that her man was winning hame; but her head was down on her breast, and her eyes were closed, and he wouldna speak whiles he didna ken the meaning of the one man guiding the boat.

The *Margot* was nigh the harbour now, close in under the wall; and a hundred heads were hanging over watching the lad lower his sail. Only Margot sat still and didna move.

"Libbie," Jim cried up from the boat, "tak grannie ben the hoose. Dinna let her see; dinna let her ken. I've brocht him hame wi' me; but——"

The joy faded from the lassie's face. She ceased her greeting, and turned and bent over Margot. Then she raised her white face.

"I'se no need to hide aught, laddie. She kens a' the noo!"

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#### CHAPTER X.—GOSSIP.

"KIRSTY will sune be getting wedded," said Widdy Rafe.

"You dinna say sae, mem!" Elspeth Mackay cried, letting her spoon fall into the saucer with a rattle.

"Ay, wull she," said the widdy.

"Likely she has telled you all about it, mem?"

"Kirsty hasna opened her mouth to me on the maitter. She kens weel I think her a daft woman."

The widdy supped her tea wise-like, and looked very irritating at Elspeth, as gin she could say mair if she would. Elspeth was a timid body; but she had a woman's right to discuss a marriage, and she kept Widdy Rafe to the subject.

"Aiblins Miss Isobel has been crackin' wi' you, then, mem?"

"Miss Isobel? Havers! Think you wad I stoop to crack wi' a licht-headed lassie like yon? Na, na. I got it from Kirsty hersel', i' the kirk the day."

"From Kirsty hersel', Mistress Rafe?"

"Ay, I saw her reach doon the book, and turn up the merriage hymns, and through the minister's sermon—an awfu' powerfu' discourse it was—she sat takin' the paittron of Jean's new goon."

"Kirsty wadna suit a goon-piece like yon. It's fittin' for a young lassie to wear a flowered delaine, but it's no richt for an auld ane."

"And who's to say that to her? And who's gien *you* opeenions, Elspeth Mackay?" said Widdy Rafe, with a crook in her voice; for it was true Elspeth was but backward in the up-tak. "Who



has gien you opeenions on goon-pieces or ony ither maitter?—a woman that canna keep a man in his place! But, however, Kirsty has gotten the measurements on her fingers, and it's ten yards she'll be buyin' before she's a week aulder."

"Aiblins she was but takkin' note o' the goon for anither year, mem?"

Widdy Rafe set her lips very firm, and took a sip of tea ere she answered Elspeth Mackay, for she wasna used to contradiction, and had her ain way in the kirk, not e'en the minister ever making sae bold as to gainsay her.

"Was it for next year she was suiting her finger to the size o' a ring the while the lesson was bein' read?" she asked scornful-like. "Na, na. And she keeked at her hand this wey and that wey to see how it wad set her. Ay, her thochts rin on merriages. Onybody micht hae seen her thinkin' where she should sit in Dawvid McNaughten's pew the Sabbath efter she is wedded. Ou ay, it's to be at St. Tammas's holidays."

"She hasna sae muckle as gotten a new bonnet for it then," said Elspeth.

"Toots! I ken fine what like of a one she'll be gettin'."

"An' dae you indeed, mem?"

"Ay, she'll juist be havin' a black straw like mine, and ribands like Leeb Swankie's. During the prayer she settled it all, for when she rose her eyes moved fra my head to Leeb's, and fra Leeb's to mine, though she made as gin the licht in the windy was ower muckle for her. Ay, she is a' theer, Kirsty."

"She is that," Elspeth sighed. "And I wadna say but she micht hae dune waur than to tak Dawvid McNaughten."

"She couldna a dune muckle waur—a widdy man and aucht o' a family."

"The pair bairns! And sairly they'll be needin' a mither, Mistress Rafe."

"You're a daft creature, Elspeth Mackay; but you aye had mair heart than wit. Think you an auld cot like Kirsty will be a mither to anither woman's bairns?"

"I'm no sayin', mem. But ony woman wad need to be guid to the mitherless. And she's a clever body, Kirsty."

"I doot she's been too clever for Dawvid, and for the manse people too. Here's the minister sayin' Kirsty's a fine creature that hasna had a chance to show what like stuff she's made of. Havers!"

"They say Dawvid gaes ben the manse each Sabbath nicht, Mr. Grahame favourin' the coortin'," said Elspeth.

"Ay, does he? And that's mair than Dawvid's doin'. Hae you seen them at the coortin', Elspeth?"

"Na, mem; I canna juist say that I hae."

"Weel, indeed, it's a treat! The minister's lassie was telling William aboot it. Dawvid's juist verra canny wi' Kirsty, and it taks her a' her time to hold him to his bairgin."

"Mem."

"Ay, indeed. If it wasna for the supper he gets at the manse on Sabbath I doot he'd gie her the slip."

"An' him the church officer! Deary, deary; but it's a wicked warld. But he winna daur, Kirsty bein' at the manse."

"Ay, she has gotten him fast, I've feart. When the kirk and the manse gae hand-in-hand there's few can pairt them. Ou ay, that's how she's keppit him."

"An' the coortin', Mistress Rafe?"

"The wey o't is this. Dawvid sits doon to his diet—it's an awfu' extravagant manse, a roast ilka Saturday and cold for the Sabbath. It's enouch to mak Wesley rise fra his grave to stap it!—Weel, Dawvid sits doon to it, and fine he kens what to do with the minister's meat. Syne Kirsty taks the chair that's neighbour to his an' sets her tongue going." "Ou ay, ou ay," says Dawvid noo and again. Syne he slimbers, an' Kirsty cracks awa' for a fu' houer, him noddin' in 's chair. Then the lassie cries them to the parlour to worship; and efterwards Dawvid wins oot wi' ne'er a ward to onybody. But Kirsty's vera weel pleased wi' her man, an' she'll get him at St. Tammas's."

"Weel, to be sure! An' what has Dawvid to say to that?"

"I doot he doesna ken it. But I wadna be in his shoon for a' the toon's siller."

"Likely she'll be guid to the bairns, the pair lambies!" said Elspeth, sighing; for her heart was hungry for the girlie she had lost, and she had room until it for a' the bairns in Skyrle.

"I'm no sayin'," said Widdy Rafe. "But when a woman's been guid to hersel' for forty years, she's no likely to be muckle guid to ony ither body."

She poured the last drop from the teapot into her cup. Then she speired at Elspeth Mackay gin she was for more tea.

"Na, I thank you, mem," said Elspeth.

"Aweel there's nane, e'en though you had been for't," said the widdy, emptying her ain cup and turning it upside doon in the saucer.

She pushed her chair to the one side and took a hold of her knitting. A fine figure of a woman she was: straight and tall for all her sixty years; with a braw white mutch over her braw white hair; and a pair of eyes that were keen and bright as any lassie's. She was knitting a stocking to William, and you could see by the way the needles moved that she had a stubborn way with her.

"I shouldna wonder though the merriage was at the auld leddy's in Barber's Croft," said she.

"At Dawvid's mither's hoose?" Elspeth speired at her.

"Ay, the pair auld body is gey lanesome, and has had nae entertainment syne her dochter's funeral twa year past. She's bought an awfu' grand curtain to the windy. An' she has askit the loan of three wine-glasses. Ay, the merriage will be there juist."

"The minister winna tak weel wi' 't gin theer's to be wine i' the glasses," said Elspeth.

"Havers! The minister winna set himsel' higher than his Mester wha made the wine at the merriage-feast. I'm thinkin'

there'll be twa bottles; an' the minister wull tak a gless fra the best wine—twa and saxpence it is at McLean's i' the High Street. It's a braw wine. Eh! I doot Kirsty will no pass the compleement o' biddin' me to the merriage."

"There'll no be muckle room if the aucht bairns are to be bidden, mem."

"Weel, weel; at St. Tammas's Kirsty wull be wed," said the widdy, very decided, turning the heel of her stocking. "And it's a queer thing what a woman wull dae to get a man o' her ain. There's the minister's lassie noo——"

"Miss Isobel? Bless her! She'll no be wanting a man lang," said Elspeth, taking her up quick-like. She would never hear a word against Miss Isobel, who had aye been guid to her. But, indeed, it was only Widdy Rafe, who was like to a crab-apple for sourness, that ever had a word to the lassie's discredit.

"Wull she no?" said the widdy, very dry. "What like a wife wull siccan a lassie make to ony God-fearing laddie?"

"She'll no mak a wife to ony Skyrle laddie, mem. And although William Rafe is a douce lad, he's no good enuch for the minister's lassie, wha might wed wi' the best in the land."

Her own words and boldness made Elspeth tremble; and her hand shook when she sought her kerchief and wiped her mouth.

Widdy Rafe pushed up her glasses and looked lang and straight at her.

"Elspeth Mackay," she said, in a terrible quiet voice, "do you ken that you are speaking of *my son*?"

"It's the truth, mem," said Elspeth. "An' I'll bid you a guid day. An' I'm muckle obleeged tae you for your hospitalitee."

"And, indeed, I wadna hae thocht it," said the widdy.

She didna rise or tak the hand Elspeth held to her, and this gave the pair body siccan a turn she was fain to go ben David's mither's hoose in the Croft to get her strength back. And it was there she kenned that Kirsty was to be wedded from the hoose at St. Tammas's holidays. And Mrs. McNaughten, seeing her so upset, would have her taste the wine she had gotten for the merriage. She even let her smell at the minister's bottle that David had bought from McLean's and paid half-a-croon for.

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## CHAPTER XI.—KIRSTY McNAUGHTEN'S BAIRN.

NEXT to the New Year, St. Tammas's day is the greatest day of the year in Skyrle. It is then the mills are closed, and the weary lads and lassies get leave to spend a whole week away from the noise and din of the factory. And then it is that thrifty folk get wed, and take the week for their honeymoon away among the heather, or maybe among the grand sights of Edinburgh or the southern towns. For mony a year the day has been kept; but

"Wha first ordained this annual tour  
Is lost in ages misty shooer ;

It maybe was some abbot sour  
 At Abbey holy,  
 Wha yearly made poor sinners scour  
 For sin and folly."

But there's little of penance through thae days. The penance comes afterwards, when the lads and lassies pay for too great liberty in eating and drinking.

As Widdy Rafe had said, Kirsty was one of those to get wedded that year at St. Tammas's.

It was an awfu' grand marriage, but spoiled by the number of people at it; even the manse doggie being invited. Though it's but justice to say that Dawvid made the most of his mother's house, and put a guest wherever there was room for a pair of soles to stand. And this was to please Kirsty, who would have had the whole town present to see her wedded. She would have wished the marriage at the manse; but old Mrs. McNaughten was bedridden, and was fain to see her son's second marriage, saying it wasna likely she would live to see the third.

This scarce pleased Kirsty; but the old leddy had a handfu' o' siller to leave David, and was accustomed to say what she would and to have her wishes attended to. So there was nothing for it but to humour her and bid the guests to the house in Barber's Croft. For days beforehand Kirsty was at work in the one room, making ready. And she went so far as to bring the most of David's bits of furniture to his mither's house to make a show before the minister and Miss Isobel. And fine the room looked with a bit of carpet on the floor, and a posy wherever there was a jug to put it in. The old leddy sat in her bed with a grand shawl on her, and a pair of kid gloves; for Kirsty was set on doing the thing respectable. In the other bed, which was just the hole in the wall, they put all the eight bairns, who strained their necks and quarrelled among themselves to get a sight of the company, and the fine bread and cookies that were sitting on the table with a newspaper spread over them.

The bairns made sae muckle to do, that, so soon as David had putten the ring on her finger, Kirsty turned and pulled the slide o' the bed, and so shut them in till the haill maitter was concluded. But she was douce eneuch ere the ring was on; and when the minister askit her gin she wad hae David McNaughten to be her wedded husband, she was awfu' polite, and curtsied to the floor with—"If you please, sir, and thank you kindly."

The which made Miss Isobel catch up the doggie, and hide her face behind him, while she roared and laughed.

Though there's little to laugh at in a woman who isna too proud at gettin' a man to remember her manners. And Kirsty was no the one to forget her place, and tak a husband with less gratitude than she would show at takkin a piece.

There was a deal to do ere David would sign the marriage lines; but Kirsty held him to it, and indeed guided his hand while he put his name to the paper. Then the minister said a few words, and gave the benediction. He had scarce finished

ere Kirsty had turned her gown up (it was the flowered delaine like Jean's), and ta'en the paper from the meat on the table, and begun to serve the company.

The minister was wanting away; but the auld leddy would have him drink to the health of the newly married. There was just the three glasses, and one was cracked; and in the confusion of getting a whole glass for the minister the cheap wine was poured for him. They didna find out the mistake till he had gone, and then the auld leddy would have had the ceremony all over again, so as to set the matter of the wine right.

And it wasna lang ere David would have given another bottle of wine to have had no marriage at all.

He had been a widdy man four year, and had gotten himself into ways that were a weariness to a woman used to a manse; and his wife soon showed that she was no to allow a man's fecklessness in her house.

It was naturally a bitter thing for David to win hame to a house that was too clean for him to sit in. Ilka day it was, "Dawvid, tak af your shoon," and "Dawvid, gae ben the hoose an' wesh yoursel'," and "Dawvid, you mauna pit your fit on the hearthstane," till he was like to gae distractit.

And the bairns made it no better. Even wee Ailie greeted, tellin' him it was aye the Sabbath the noo wi' clean faces and fresh pinders ilka day i' the week.

Between Kirsty and the bairns David had a sair heart; and when ane day Kirsty gave him a clean kerchief on a Wednesday, he just broke down to William Rafe.

"Man!" said he, wiping his brow, "I hinna kenned ere this what the minister has gotten tae pit up wi'. It's a marvel he can carry a far<sup>3</sup> sae content wi' clean claes ilka day of the year. It's powerfu' hard on a man, that. Na, na, William, dinna merry wi' a lassie that dwells in a washtub. Man! it's juist awfu'."

He wiped his brow again, and sat down under the old clock in the vestry; for it was the night of the class, and he and William were waiting on the minister and the other members. But for all his words, David was unco proud when his friends admired the bonnie housie Kirsty got together in a puckle weeks.

The saucepan lids on the wall were like pictures; and David didna ken himself when he saw his ain face in the oven door.

To be sure it wasna at thegither comfortable when four plates had to serve the ten of them, Kirsty having hung up most of the dinner-set ben the hoose, to imitate Miss Isobel's blue chaney in the manse drawing-room. But there! a man canna be like the quality without payin' for it somewhere. When David had been wedded a while he had the wit to let Kirsty gang her ain gate, though it irked him to see the puir bairns with no spirit in them, and to ken he wasna master nor in the hoose nor in the kirk. Though he was church officer, Kirsty stood in the porch on Sabbath to see what the folk threw in the plate; and she would e'en hae carried the books into the pulpit before the minister gin he had let her.

So Kirsty went her own way, and never dreamed she was pulling down the family life while she made a show of building it up.

To be sure she fed the child's bodies; but she starved the wee souls, and didna take a mother's place in their poor little empty hearts.

I'm not to say her system didna work well enough with some of the bairns; but wee Ailie, who was a tender little maid, grew peaked and wan for wanting a loving word now and again.

Her father had aye made much of her; but after the marriage, when Kirsty got the upper hand, he daurna so much as take Ailie on his knee o' nights, for his wife's tongue. She was mair than ordinary severe on Ailie; but she favoured the boys, who, needing them, throve geyly on hard words.

I'm no sure but the life would have killed Ailie if Kirsty's eyes hadna been opened to see the emptiness of the little heart. When she had been married a while, a babe came to her; and the wee thing taught her in a month what her whole life hadna been able to teach—that love was a better thing than managing a house, or getting the power into her ain hands.

There was no power left to Kirsty when the babe came to the house, and she just gave in to be ruled by it, like the weakest-hearted woman in Skyrle.

The little child led her into a new life, and she grew soft and tender-like, and would e'en forget to scold lest her voice should wake the babe.

Eh! how she loved the wee thing! She was even jealous of it, and wouldna let it out of her sight an hour.

The ither bairns were all taken up with it, and would sit like mice beside the cradle; and seeing them so guid to it, Kirsty's heart waxed kind to them, and so the family drew together.

As for David, although he was dour as ever, he was fine and content after the babe came; for now he got leave to please himself, and wasna fashed with clean handkerchers, or indeed ony ither clean thing, week-day or Sabbath.

Widdy Rafe was awful sarcastic on Kirsty being the mother of a babe, and many a pointed word she stuck into her clavers with her.

But Kirsty let her talk as she would. Her sharp tongue was learning silence from the babe's dumb lips.

"Kirsty McNaughten's bairn has dune mair for Kirsty than a' the ministers at the totum kirkie," the neighbours said. And indeed it was true.

So the months went by, and there was a gey guid change in David's house by reason of a kindly woman intil it, when a sair test was putten upon Kirsty. A great sickness went through Skyrle, and three of David's boys were laid down with it.

When the doctor telled Kirsty that her babe would likely take the fever if she stayed to nurse the laddies, a terrible cry broke from her, and she snatched up the wean and made as gin she would fly fra the hoose. But she wasna farther than the door

when she turned again, with a noble look in her eyes, though her mouth was all of a tremble.

"Doctor," said she, "I canna leave the laddies. I'm a' the mither they hae gotten. I maun e'en bide wi' Dawvid's bairns. Will the babe tak the sickness, think you?"

He didna ken how to answer her but though his silence cut like a knife through Kirsty's heart, she wouldna give in to her terror.

"God winna tak my bairn fra me, though I dae my duty tae the laddies," said she, turning away from the doctor laddie, who, being new to the profession, still had a hold o' truth.



"THAT IS NO MY BAIRN. WHERE IS MY LIVING BAIRN?"

After that it seemed as gin she couldna take her eyes off the babe; but when Elspeth Mackay came in and offered to bear him away out of danger, she just laid him in her arms and turned away without a word.

But afterwards she slapped Aiiie soundly for greeting for the wee thing.

Through six days Kirsty bided with the laddies, and the very morn when the doctor said the crisis would come, Elspeth Mackay sent word that Kirsty's bairn was no keeping well.

I mind the look on the puir body's face when the word was brought her, but she just turned sharp on David. "Gae you to the babe. I maun bide wi' the laddies till the danger's past."

Never another word she said; but their ain mither couldna hae been softer wi' the laddies all that day, and through the night.

When the morn broke the doctor grippit her hand.

"God bless you for a brave woman!" said he. "You have saved the laddies."

Kirsty made him no answer. She reached down her shawlie, and pinned it over her head. Then she spoke very gentle to David, who had won in from Elspeth's.

"Dawvid, my man, Janet wull tak tent o' the laddies. I maun gae to my bairn, who'll be needin' me."

David let his eyes fall, and opened his mouth to stop her. But he couldna find words to say her bairn wad no be needin' her again.

When Kirsty entered Elspeth Mackay's house, little Ailie was sitting holding the dead babe in her lap; and two or three neighbours were talking together as to who should break it to Kirsty.

She stopped on the doorstep as she saw the women, and her face changed. "Gie me my bairn," said she, in a voice that went to the heart of ilka ane ben the house.

The women gazed the one at the other, and Elspeth stepped forward and lifted the babe from the girlie's knee. "That is no my bairn," said Kirsty in an awful-like voice. "Where is my living bairn?"

Elspeth fell back from her white face; but little Ailie sprang up and knit her arms round her neck with a great cry—

"O mither! mither! I'm your bairn the noo!"

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## CHAPTER XII.—THE LAST SABBATH.

It was weel known that the totum kirkie was given to changing its minister oftener than ony ither kirk in Skyrle. Every three years, just when the members had begun to think of liking the minister and to have a notion of what manner of man he was, the Conference put its hand upon him and moved him on.

And the members would have been left greeting for the old minister if they hadna wanted their sight clear to criticise the one that followed him.

It was a gey irritating system for the Scotch, who are no althegither quick in the up-tak, and are suspicious of changes in doctrine; but it had its advantages whiles. To be sure, it was greatly envied by the Established members, who had listened to the same sermons for a matter of forty years, and were like to listen to them for another forty, the little old minister wearing as well as Karmonthie salt cod.

And I have seen the Free Kirk wearying for a Conference that would take a man from the charge without reflecting discredit on the members that wanted him away.

John Wesley maun a kenned human nature fine when he ordered the ministers to be moved every three years.



And I have observed that, although a deal was said about the wrongfulness of the system to the minister leaving, the members didna quarrel ower muckle with it when his successor got among them.

But at any rate the arrangement acted like the tide in the sea, and the continual coming and going kept the Church's life fresh and sweet and healthy.

Only now and again the tide bears away one that leaves some loving heart broken for his loss.

When Mr. Grahame's time drew to an end there wasna a member in the totum kirkie but would have petitioned to the Conference to bid him stay in Skyrle another three years. There were even some that would have gone a further length, and prayed to have him always.

But none took any notice of these, for they were young things who hadna learned caution from their years, nor had muckle knowledge of human nature to guide them.

However, when it came to August, and the manse was cleaned down, and there was aye a packing-case sitting at the kirk gates, young and old would fain have had leave to keep the minister in Skyrle a whilie longer. And William Rafe, who, being circuit steward, had a deal to do with the flitting, was chief in crying down the English rule of change, which was no weel suited to the northern character.

But the lassie just mocked at him. William couldna get a serious word from her, and his heart waxed heavier and heavier, poor lad; for she couldna care muckle for him, he thought, gin she could be so licht-hearted at gaen away from Skyrle.

It was well seen that the laddie had no knowledge of the way a lassie conducts hersel' when she has a secret to hide.

And then on the Saturday nicht Miss Isobel's face changed. "Oh, I wish we were never to leave Skyrle," she cried, passionate-like.

"And what makes you wish that?" said William very softly.

"It is my father," said Miss Isobel. "I know he feels leaving this place more than anyone guesses. I dread to-morrow for him."

But the lassie needna have fashed hersel'; for the next day when the minister rose up in the pulpit one would have thought he was a young man come to his first charge, to see the strength and vigour of him.

The kirk was full of its ain members, but it wasna crowded, all the other churches being in.

However, David had set the benches in the vestry handy; for he kenned they would be needing them at night to accommodate the strangers that were aye ready to flock about the kirk when there was anything to do.

For it is astonishing the pleasure human nature finds in a funeral, or a parting, or any other sorrowful-like thing.

To be sure there was small greeting in the kirk that morning; the most of the members keeping their tears for the night when tears would be expectit of them.

But here and there the parting lay heavy on one and another.

William Rafe at the instrument played more than one wrong note; and do what she would Elspeth Mackay couldna keep a dry eye. But she sat very quiet, and didna put the tears away with her kerchief, being kind of shamed to be the only one in the kirk greeting.

For all that she couldna escape Kirsty's een; and Mrs. McNaughten set her kerchief to her mouth and closed her eyes, and rocked herself, to show she had her feelings as well as Elspeth Mackay.

The minister was very plain with his people that morning. He didna fash himsel' talking of partings and tears; and he didna quote poetry to prove his sorrow at leaving the church. You would have thought it was a second year's sermon, so frank was he with the members, and so clear on the privilege of giving, and the duty of attending the means.

There were some there that took ill with such plain speaking.

And afterwards there was a great controversy at the kirk gates, the members not being quite agreed as to the person Mr. Graham intended it for. Ilka body saw its application to some other body; and, indeed, Widdy Rafe went so far as to say the most of it was suited to Kirsty, whose failings were open to all, and especially since she had wedded with the church officer.

"Ay," said the widdy, wagging her head, "the minister is a wise man. He kens weel the members that mak profession, and the profession that maks members. An' I'm sure I marvelled to see Kirsty McNaughten biding so still under the truth that maun hae come hame to her."

"And indeed, Mistress Rafe," said Kirsty, speaking loud for all to hear; "when the minister spak o' a bitter tongue I thoct to mysel' he maun hae veesited you through the week."

"And indeed he did that," said the widdy, not taking in Kirsty's meaning. "And when he bid me farewell I was very faithful wi' him on his duty in his new charge. I doot he's no dune a' he might hae dune i' Skyrle."

"You're richt, mem. He micht hae wrought a change in ane or twa hearts that dinna ken their ain hardness," said Kirsty.

"Weel, Kirsty, you should ken, if ony. And what-like manse is yon fleecin'-about lassie to leave?"

"You maun speir at her yoursel', Mistress Rafe, and you'll likely be seein' ower the manse yoursel'. I doot William will be having a wife to tak that wark fra you ere anither minister gaes oot."

"Weel, I'll hae a sicht o' a' that's in the manse ere Sabbath first. I doot there'll no be muckle i' the keepin'-room, for yon prood lassie has steyed intil't week-day and Sabbath. It is a guid thing for the manse she'll soon be awa'. She'd hae been the ruin of the church wi' her extravagant ways. Siccan a change fra the carefu' creature that had the manse before her."

"You're richt," said Kirsty. "I mind the haill o' the furniture was destroyed i' her time wi' the damp; she keepin' the rooms lockit, an' no livin' i' them ava."

"Ay. It's awfu' what a circuit has gotten to pit up wi'," the

widdy sighed. "If the members didna ken what true religion is, I'm thinkin they couldna thole the minister out o' the pulpit."

She would have said more; but just then Miss Isobel came out of the kirk talking with William Rafe, who keppit a dour face, and hadna a smile for any body.



SHE HAD NEVER GOTTEN OVER THE SIGHT OF THE  
MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

At the sight of him his mother's face changed; for she was angered that Kirsty should see him too taken up wi' the lassie to mind of keeping his mother waiting on him. I doubt it was jealousy that made her bitter-like to Miss Isobel, for she was the only body in Skyrle that had a word to say against her.

She had never gotten over the sight of the minister's daughter dancing down the street on Sabbath with her little dog; and when she saw her happy ways, frank and daring and open-

handed, she juist trembled at the thought of William wedding such, instead of a douce Skyrle lassie that would keep the bawbies warm in her poke.

And, moreover, the widdy was set on his looking where there was money; and this being so she wasna likely to favour Miss Isobel, who hadna any siller whatever, but was only sweet and bonnie and as true-hearted a lassie as ever stepped.

It isna every mother that has eyes to see good parts in the woman that is to take the first place in her son's heart, and the widdy was more than ordinar' blind when William praised Isobel.

"I dinna care aucht for qualities that canna be told i' siller," she'd say to him. "Nae guid can come o' a flighty lassie like you wi' hair that is a disgrace to ony manse."

"Miss Isobel is not flighty," William would answer. "It's true her hair is bonnie, but that's not her blame; and she is the finest lassie in Skyrle, and has the truest heart."

"And what can a laddie like you ken o' the mystery and deceitfulness o' a woman's heart, William?"

That was aye the way of it. She never seemed to see that he was wearing breeks, but treated him as gin he was in bairn's frocks, seeing in him still the babe she had dandled on her knees.

And when she saw him drawing to the minister's lassie she would have had the tawse to him, if she hadna had the conviction that he would never marry wanting her consent. He was the best son in Skyrle in his obedience to his mother, and aye gave in to her whims whether he held with them or no.

And it was a picture to see them on Sabbath winning to the kirk, she on his arm, awful proud, yet making as gin she thought no muckle of it.

Widdy Rafe was well known in the kirk for a woman of a critical spirit; but true and just where duty can be reckoned in siller. And after her duty was done, hard and close as the iron chest in William's office at the mill. She was proud, too, and had never pardoned her husband for willing the mill-house and furniture to her only so long as William was a single lad. At his marriage sh' would have to flit to a wee housie on the Fairbank-road, and she couldna bend her mind to that. So she settled with herself that it should be a long day ere she ceased to be mistress of the big house that, overlooking the mill, gave her the opportunity of seeing how William was managing the business.

And after the business of the mill the widdy was maistly taken up with the business of the manse, and could tell better than the minister himself what way Miss Isobel managed the house and treated the furniture. "And dae you no ken I'm waiting on you, William, to win to the Abbey yard?" said she at the kirk gate that Sabbath, when she saw he was like to follow Miss Isobel ben the manse.

"I am sorry I have kept you, mother," said he, absent-like, his eyes on the lassie as she stepped through the garden. Then he gave his arm to the widdy, and led her out to the Abbey, where they halted together beside his father's grave.

## A SINGER FROM THE SEA.\*

## A CORNISH STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

*Author of "The Preacher's Daughter," etc.*

## CHAPTER XIII.—DEATH IS DAWN.

THE Lanhearnes, by an old-fashioned standard, were a very wealthy family. They were also a large family, though the sons had been scattered by their business exigencies and the eldest daughters by marriage. Only Ada, the youngest child of the house, remained with her father; for the mother had been dead many years, and the preservation of the idea of home was felt by all the Lanhearne children to be in Ada's hands. If she married and went away, who then would keep open the dear old house and give a bright welcome to their yearly visits?

Ada, however, was not inclined to marriage. She was a grave, quiet woman of twenty-two years of age, whose instincts were decidedly spiritual and whose hopes and pleasures had little to do with this world. She was interested in all church duties and in all charitable enterprises. Mission schools and chapels filled her heart, and she paid out of her private purse a good-hearted little missionary to find out for her cases of deserving poverty, which it was her delight to relieve.

Roland had never before come in contact with such a woman, and at a distance he gave her a kind of adoration. In spite of the unhappy memories of the past, in spite of the worrying thoughts which would intrude concerning Denasia, he was at this time very happy. He knew that Elizabeth would be in London until June, and he resolved to remain in New York until she left for Switzerland. He would then join her at Paris and spend the summer and autumn in her company: beyond that he did not much trouble himself.

He was sure that Denasia had returned to St. Penfer. He knew that ever since they came to America she had written at intervals to her parents, and though it was indeed a labour of love for either John or Joan to write a letter, Denasia had had several communications from them. Evidently, then, she had been forgiven, and he had no doubt that for the sake of her child she hurried homeward as soon as it was possible for her to secure a passage.

Still he allowed three weeks to pass ere he made any inquiries. During those three weeks his own life had settled into very easy and pleasant ways. He breakfasted alone or with Mr. Lanhearne. Then he read the morning papers aloud and attended to the mail. If the weather were favourable, this duty was followed by a stroll or drive in the park. Afterward he was very much at leisure until dinner-time.

At the end of the third week he ventured to his old home. The room they had occupied was dark. The next night he sent a messenger to inquire for Mrs. Tresham's address, and the boy said, "It was not known. She had left two weeks before. She had spoken of England, but it was not positively known that she had gone there."

"She is likely in St. Penfer by this time," mentally commented Roland, and the thought gave him comfort. As for Elizabeth, she knew from her brother's letters that he had deceived and left his wife, and she had, of course, thought it proper to offer a feeble remonstrance, but Roland knew right well she would never betray his hiding-place.

So Roland lived on week after week in luxurious thoughtlessness. Mr. Lanhearne grew very fond of him, and Ada, in spite of her numerous objects of charitable interest, found it pleasant to discuss with so handsome and intelligent a companion religious topics on which their opinions were widely apart.

So the Christmas came and went, and the days lengthened, and there was so much misery among the poor that Ada's time and money were taxed to their uttermost use and ability. And the suffering she saw left its shadow on her fair face. She was quieter because her thoughts were deep in her heart and did not therefore readily resolve themselves into words. She sat down on the cold hearths with broken-hearted wives and mothers, and held upon her knees the little children ready to perish. Money she gave to the uttermost, but with the money something infinitely more precious—love, like that which made the Christ put His hand upon the leper as well as heal him; womanly sympathy, which listened patiently to tales of intolerable wrongs and to the moans of extreme physical suffering.

One bitterly cold night in February Roland returned to Lanhearne House in a particularly unhappy mood. It was met on the threshold by influences that drove it back into the desolate street. The warm, light house and the peace and luxury of his own room soothed his mental sense of something wrong. And when he descended to the parlour, he was instantly encompassed by soft warmth, by firelight and gaslight, by all the visible signs and audible sounds of sincere pleasure in his advent. Mr. Lanhearne had a new periodical to discuss, and Ada, though unusually grave, lifted her still face with a smile of welcome.

She had, however, an evident anxiety, and Mr. Lanhearne probably divined its origin, for after dinner was over he said: "Ada, I saw your little missionary here, late. Is there anything very wrong?"

"I was just going to tell you, father. Mr. Tresham may listen also, it can do him no harm. Mrs. Dodge came to tell me of a most distressing case. She was visiting an old patient in a large tenement, and the woman told her to call at the room directly above her. As she went away she did so. It was only four o'clock then, but in that place quite dark. When she reached the door she heard a voice praying—heard a voice thanking God

amid sobs and tears—oh, father, what for? For the death of her baby! Crying out in a passion of gratitude because it was released from hunger and cold and suffering!”

Mr. Lanhearne covered his face, and Roland looked at Ada with his large eyes troubled and misty. The girl was speechless for a moment or two, and Roland watched her sympathetic face and saw tears drop upon her clasped hands. Then she resumed: “Mrs. Dodge entered softly. The mother was sitting on a chair with her dead baby across her knees. There was no fire, no candle in the room, but the light from an oil-lamp in a near window fell upon the white faces of the mother and her dead child. There is no need to tell you that Mrs. Dodge quickly made a fire, cooked the poor famished creature a meal, and then prepared the dead child for its burial. But she says the mother is distracted because she cannot buy it a grave and a coffin. I have promised to do that; you will help me, father? I know you will.”

“To be sure I will, Ada. To be sure, my dear girl! I will help gladly. Has the poor, sorrowful woman no husband to comfort her in this extremity?”

“She says he is dead. Her story is a little out of the common. She is an English woman and was a public singer. The name she is known by is Mademoiselle Denasia—but that, of course, is not her real name.”

A quick, sharp cry broke from Roland’s lips. He was gray as ashes. He trembled visibly and stood up, though his emotion compelled him instantly to reseal himself. He was on the point of losing consciousness. Mr. Lanhearne and Ada looked at him with anxiety, and Mr. Lanhearne went to his side.

“I am better,” he said, with a heavy sigh. “I knew—I knew this poor woman! I told you I was once on the road with a company. She was in it. Her husband was a brute—a mean, selfish, cowardly brute—he ought to be dead. I should like to help her—to see her—what is the street? the number? Excuse me—I was shocked!”

“I see, Mr. Tresham,” answered Ada, kindly. She had some ivory tablets by her side, and she looked at them and said, “It is a very long way—One Hundred and Seventieth Street—here is the address. I shall be glad if you can do anything to help. I am sure she is worthy—she has had good parents and been taught to pray.”

“My dear Ada,” said Mr. Lanhearne, “sorrow forces men and women down upon their knees; even dumb beasts in their extremity cry unto God, and He heareth them. Roland was able, when Mr. Lanhearne ceased speaking, to say:

“Mademoiselle Denasia is a Cornish woman. She comes from a village not far from where my father lived. I feel that I ought to stand by her in her sorrow. I shall be glad to do anything Miss Lanhearne thinks it right to do.”

The subject was then dropped, but Roland could take up no other subject. With all his faults, he was still a creature full of

warm human impulses. There was nothing of the cold, calculating villain about him. He was really shocked at the turn events had taken.

The incident affected the evening unhappily. Roland was not able either to talk or read, and Mr. Lanhearne, out of pure sympathy for the miserable young man, retired to his own apartment very early. This was always the signal for Roland's dismissal, and five minutes after it Mr. Lanhearne, looking from his window into the bleak, wind-swept street, saw Roland rapidly descend the steps and then turn northward.

"I was sure of it," he whispered. "There is more in this affair than meets the ear, but I like the young man, and why should I rake among the ashes of the past?"

For once Roland feared to call, "Denasia!" He hesitated at the foot of the narrow stair and then went softly to the door. All within was still as the grave, but a glimmer of pale light came from under the ill-fitting door. He might be mistaken in the room, but, he resolved to try. He turned the handle and there was an instant movement. He went forward and Denasia stood erect, facing him. She made no sound or sign of either anger, or astonishment, or affection. All her being was concentrated on the clay-cold image of humanity lying so strangely still that it filled the whole place with its majesty of silence.

He closed the door softly, and said, "Denasia! Oh, Denasia!"

She did not answer him, but sinking on her knees by the child, began to sob with a passionate grief that shook her frail form as a tree is shaken by a tempest.

"My dearest! My wife! Forgive me! Forgive me! I thought you were in St. Penfer. As God lives, I believed you were with your mother. I intended to come to you, I did, indeed! Denasia, speak to me. I will never leave you again—never! We will go back to England together. I will make you a home there. I will love and cherish you forever! Forgive me, dear! I am ashamed of myself! I hate myself! I do not wonder you hate me also."

"No, no! I do not hate you, Roland. I am lost in sorrow. I cannot either love or hate."

"Let me bear the sorrow with you, coward, villain that I am!"

"You did not mean to be either. You were tired of misery—men do tire. I would have tired, too, only for my baby. Oh, Roland! Roland! Roland! my love, my husband!"

Then—ah, then. No one can put into mere common words the great mystery of forgiveness. It is not in words. Heart beat against heart, eyes gazed into eyes, souls met upon clinging lips, and the sweet compact of married love was renewed in the clasping of their long-parted hands. They sat down together and spoke in soft, sad voices of the great mistakes of the past. Until the midnight hour they wept and talked together, and then Denasia said:

"In a short time a poor woman who is nursing at the Gilsey House will be here. She is on duty until twelve o'clock, but as



soon as she is released she promised to come and sit with me. So you must leave me now, Roland. It is useless to explain to my neighbours our relationship. They would look at you and me and think evilly. I would not blame them if they did. When all is over I will come to you; until then I will remain alone."

Nevertheless Roland lingered and pleaded, and when he finally consented to her wish, he left all the money he had in her hands. She looked at the bills with a sad despair. "All these!" she whispered, "all these for a grave and a coffin! There was nothing at all to help him to live."

"Nothing could have saved him, Denasia. He was born under sentence of death. He has been ill all his poor little life. My darling, believe that it is well with him now."

Yet her words and tears troubled him, and he bade her good-night, and then returned so often that the woman Denasia had spoken of passed him in the narrow entry, and he paused and watched her go to his wife's room. Even then he did not hurry to his own home. He went down the side street, and stood looking at the glimmering lamp in the sorrowful place of death until he became painfully aware of the terribly damp, cold wind searching out and chilling life, even to the very marrow of the bones. Then he remembered that he had come out in his dress boots, consequently his feet were wet and numb, and he had a fierce pain under his shoulder. A sudden, uncontrollable fear went to his heart like a death-doom.

He had to walk a long way before he found any vehicle, and when, after what seemed a never-ending period of torture, he reached his room, he knew that he was seriously ill. But the house had settled for the night; he had a reluctance to awaken the servants; he hoped the warmth would give him ease; he was, in fact, quite unacquainted with the terrible malady which had seized him. In the morning he did not appear, and after a short delay Mr. Lanhearne sent him a message.

Roland was, however, by this time in high fever and delirious. The news caused a momentary hesitation and then a positive decision. The hesitation was a natural one—"Should not the young man be sent to the hospital?" The decision came from the cultivated humanity of a good heart—"No. Roland was 'the stranger within the gates,' he was a countryman; he was more than that, he was a Cornishman." In a few moments Mr. Lanhearne had sent for his own physician and a trained nurse, and he went himself to the side of the sick man until help arrived.

Toward night Roland became very restless, and with a distressing effort constantly murmured the word "Denasia." Mr. Lanhearne thought he understood the position exactly, and he had a very pardonable hesitation in granting the half-made request. But the monotonous imploring became full of anguish, and he finally took his daughter into his councils and asked what ought to be done.

"Denasia ought to be here," answered Ada. "I have her address. Let Davis go for her."

"But, my dear! you do not understand that she may—that she is, perhaps, not what we should call a good woman."

"Dear father, who among us all is good? Even Christ said, 'Why callest thou me good? There is none good save one, that is God.' We know nothing wrong of her with certainty. Why not give her the benefit of the doubt? Are we not compelled to be thus generous with all our acquaintances?"

So Denasia was sent for. She was sitting alone in her comfortless room. The baby was gone away forever. Thinking of the lonely darkness of the cemetery, with the cold earth piled high above the little coffin, she felt a kind of satisfaction in her own shivering solitude and silence. She was as far as possible keeping with the little form a dreary companionship. Yet she had been expecting Roland and was greatly pained at his apparent neglect.

When Davis knocked at the door she said drearily, "Come in." She thought it was her husband at last.

"Are you Mademoiselle Denasia?" inquired a strange voice.

A quick sense of trouble came to her; she stood up and answered, "Yes."

"There is a gentleman at our house, Mr. Tresham; he is very ill indeed. He asks for you constantly. Mr. Lanhearne thinks you ought to come to him at once."

"I am ready."

She spoke with a dreary patience and instantly put on her cloak and hat. Not another word was said. She asked no questions. She had reached that point where women arrest all their feelings and wait. The splendid house, the light, the warmth, all the evidences of a luxurious life about, moved her no more than if she was in a dream. A great sorrow had put her far above these things. She followed the servant who met her at the door without conscious volition. A woman going to execution could hardly have felt more indifference to the mere accidentals of the way of sorrow. And when a door was swung softly open, she saw no one in the room but Roland. Roland helpless, unconscious. Roland even then crying out, "Denasia! Denasia!"

The physician, Mr. Lanhearne, and his daughter stood by the fireside, and when Denasia entered Ada went rapidly to her side.

"We are glad you have come," she said kindly. "You see how ill Mr. Tresham is. You are his countrywoman—his friend, I think?"

"I—am—his—wife."

About the ninth day Roland, though weak, had some favourable symptoms, and there were good hopes of his recovery. He talked with Denasia at intervals and assured of her forgiveness and love, slept peacefully with his hand in his wife's hand.

A few days later, however, he appeared to be much depressed. His dark, sunken eyes gazed wistfully at Mr. Lanhearne, and he asked to be alone with him for a little while. "I am going to die," he said, with a face full of vague, melancholy fear. The look was so childlike, so like that of an infant soul afraid of some

perilous path, that Mr. Lanhearne could not avoid weeping, though he answered :

"No, my dear Roland. The doctor says that the worst is over."

Roland smiled with pleasure at the fatherly dropping of the formal "Mr.," but he reiterated the assertion with a more decided manner. "I am going to die. Will you see that my wife goes back to England to her father and mother?"

"I will. Is there anything else?"

"No. She knows all that is to be done. Comfort her a little when I am dead."

"My dear Roland, we are going to Florida as soon as you are able."

"I am going to a country much farther off. I will tell you how I know. All my life long a figure, formless, veiled, and like a shadow, has come to me at any crisis. When I was striving for honours at my college it whispered, 'You will not succeed.' When I went to my first business desk it brought me the same message. The night before I sailed for America it stood at my bedside, and I heard the one word, 'Failure.' This afternoon it told me, 'You have come to the end of your life.' Then my soul said, 'Oh, my enemy, who art thou?' And there grew out of the dimness the likeness of a face."

For a few moments there was a silence painful and profound. Roland closed his eyes, and from under their lids stole two large tears—the last he would ever shed. And Mr. Lanhearne was so awed and troubled he could scarcely say :

"A face. Whose face, then, Roland?"

"My own! My own!" and he spoke with that patience of accepted doom which, while it carries the warrant of death, has also death's resignation and dignity.

After this revelation there was a decided relapse, and after a few more days of suffering, of hope and despair, had passed, the end came peacefully from utter exhaustion. Mr. Lanhearne was present, but it was into Denasia's eyes that Roland gazed until this sad earth was lost to vision, and the dark, tearless orbs, once so full of light and love, were fixed and dull for evermore.

"It is all past! It is all over!" cried Denasia, "all over, all over! Oh, Roland! Roland! My dear, dear love!" and Mr. Lanhearne led her fainting with sorrow from the place of death.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.—SORROW BRINGS US ALL HOME.

"Look in my face. My name is Might-have-been :  
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell."

—*Rosetti.*

Roland Trésham was buried beside his son, and the friends and the places that had known him knew him no more. There were only strangers to lay him in the grave. His wife was too worn out with watching and grief to leave her bed; his sister was far away. Mr. Lanhearne and two or three gentlemen whose

acquaintance Roland had made at the club of which Mr. Lanhearne was a member paid the last pitiful rites, and then left him alone forever.

Ada sat with the sorrowful widow. And undoubtedly sympathy is like mercy; it blesses those who give it as well as those who receive. As Ada and Denas talked of the great mysteries of life and death, their souls felt the thrill of comradeship. Denas was usually reticent about her own life, yet she opened her heart to Ada, and as the two women sat together the day after the funeral, the poor widow spent many hours in excusing the dead and in blaming herself.

"I will go to the good father and mother that God gave me," she said. "I will weep no more rebellious tears. I will surrender myself and wait for His comfort. I am but a poor, suffering woman, but I know the hand that has smitten me."

Then they spoke of the sea-journey, and Denas wished to go away as soon as possible. "I shall get some money as soon as I arrive in London," she said. "Lend me sufficient to pay my passage there."

"You have no occasion to borrow money, Mrs. Tresham," said Mr. Lanhearne. "There is a sum due your husband which will be quite sufficient to meet all your expenses home. I will send a man to secure you a good berth. Shall it be for Saturday next?"

"I can go to-morrow very well."

"No, you cannot go to-morrow, Mrs. Tresham," answered Ada. "You must have proper clothing to travel in. If you will permit me, I will attend to this matter for you at once."

In less than a couple of week Denas landed in Liverpool and went direct to London. She had business with Elizabeth, and she felt constrained and restless until it should be accomplished. She hesitated about going to the house in which she had spent with Roland so many happy and sorrowful days, but when she entered the cab the direction to it sprang naturally from her lips.

It had been her intention to see Elizabeth in the morning, and she was provoked at her own remissness, for what she feared in reality happened—Elizabeth was out driving when she reached her residence. The porter thought it would be six o'clock ere she could receive any visitor, "business or no business."

Denas said she would call at six o'clock, and charged the man to tell his mistress so.

Elizabeth returned in due season from her drive, drank a cup of tea, and then made her evening toilet. For Lord Sudleigh was to dine with her, and Lord Sudleigh was the most important person in Elizabeth's life. It was her intention, as soon as she had paid the last tittle of mint, anise, and cummin to Mr. Burrell's memory, to become Lady Sudleigh. Everyone said it was a most proper alliance, the proposed bride having money and beauty, and the bridegroom-elect birth, political influence, and quite as much love as was necessary to such a matrimonial contract.

Elizabeth, however, in spite of her pleasant prospect for the evening, was in a bad temper. The bishop's wife had snubbed

her in the drive, and her dressmaker had disappointed her in a new costume. The March wind also had reddened her face, and perhaps she had a premonition of trouble, which she did not care to investigate. When informed that there was a lady waiting to see her on important business, she simply elected to let her wait until her toilet was finished. She had a conviction that it was some officious patroness on a charity mission—someone who wanted money for the good of other people.

Finally she descended to the drawing-room and was ready to receive her visitor. There was a very large mirror in the room, and pending her entrance Elizabeth stood before it noticing the set and flow of her black lace dress, its heliotrope ribbons, and the sparkle of the hidden jets upon the bodice. Denas saw her thus; saw her reflection in the glass before she turned to confront her.

For a moment Elizabeth was puzzled. The white face amid its sombre, heavy draperies had a familiarity she strove to name, but could not. But as Denasia came forward, some trick of head-carriage or of walking revealed her personality, and Elizabeth cried out in a kind of angry amazement:

“Denas! You here?”

“I am no more Denas to you than you are Elizabeth to me.”

“Well, then, Mrs. Tresham! And pray where is my brother?”

“Dead.”

“Dead? dead? Impossible! And if so, it is your fault! I know it is! I had a letter from him—the last letter—he said he was coming to me.”

She was frightfully pale; she staggered to a sofa, sat down, and covered her face with her gloved hands. Denasia stood by a table watching her emotion and half-doubting its genuineness. A silence followed, so deep and long that Elizabeth could not endure it. She stood up and looked at Denasia, reproach and accusation in every tone and attitude. “Where did he die?” she asked.

“In New York.”

“Of what did he die?”

“Of pneumonia.”

“It was your fault, I am sure of it. Your fault in some way. My poor Roland! He had left you, I know that; and I hoped everything for his future.”

“He had come back to me. He loved me better than ever. He died in my arms—died adoring me. His last work on earth was to give me this list of property, which I shall require you either to render back or to buy from me.”

Elizabeth knew well what was wanted, and her whole soul was in arms at the demand. Yet it was a perfectly just one. By his father's will Roland had been left certain pieces of valuable personal property: family portraits and plate, two splendid cabinets, old China, Chinese and Japanese carvings, many fine paintings, antique chairs, etc., etc., the whole being property which had either been long in the Tresham family or endeared to

it by special causes, and therefore left personally to Roland as the representative of the Treshams. At the break-up of the Tresham home after his father's death, Roland had been glad to leave these treasures in Elizabeth's care, nor in his wandering life had the idea of claiming them ever come to him. As for their sale, that would have been an indignity to his ancestors below the contemplation of Roland.

Fortunately Mr. Tresham's lawyer had insisted upon Mrs. Burrell giving Roland a list of the articles left in her charge and an acknowledgment of Roland's right to them. "Life is so queer and has so many queer turns," he said, "that nothing can be left to likelihood. Elizabeth herself had done all that was required of her in order to keep the Tresham family treasures within the keeping of the Treshams.

She was now confronted with her own acknowledgment and agreement, or at least with a copy of it, and she was well aware that it would be the greatest folly to deny the claim of Roland's wife. But the idea of robbing her beautiful home for Denasia was very bitter to her. She glanced around the room and imagined the precious cabinets and china, the curious carvings and fine paintings taken away, and then the alternative, the money she would have to pay to Denasia if she retained them, came with equal force and clearness to her intelligence.

"Mrs. Tresham," she said in a conciliating voice, "these objects can be of no value to you."

"Roland told me they were worth at least two thousand pounds, perhaps more. There is a picture of Turner's, which of——"

"What do you know about Turner? And can you really entertain the thought of selling things so precious to our family?"

"Roland wished you to buy them. If you do not value them sufficiently to do so, why should I keep them? In my father's cottage they would be absurd."

"Your father's cottage? You are laughing at me!"

"I am too sorrowful to laugh. A few weeks ago, if I had had only one of these pictures I would have sold it for a mouthful of bread—for a little coal to warm myself; oh, my God! for medicine to save my child's life or to ease his passage to the grave."

"I had forgotten the child. Where is he?"

"By his father's side."

"That is well and best, doubtless."

"It is not well and best. What do you know? You have never been a mother. God never gave you such sorrowful grace."

"We will return to the list, if you please. What do you propose to do?"

"I have spoken to a man in Baker Street who deals in such things. If you wish to buy them and will pay their fair value I will sell them to you, because Roland desired you to have them. If you do not wish to buy them or will not pay a fair price I will remove them to Baker Street. There are others who will know their value."

"I advanced Roland a great deal of money."

"You gave him it. You demanded and accepted his thanks. The sums all told would not pay for the use of the property."

"I shall do right, of course. Bring the man you have spoken of to-morrow afternoon, and I also will have here an expert of the same kind. I will pay you whatever they decide is proper."

"That will satisfy me."

"I am sorry affairs have come to this point between us. I tried to be kind to you. I think you have been very ungrateful."

"You were kind only to yourself. In me you had a companionship which you could control. You played upon my restless disposition, my love of fine clothing, my ambition to be someone greater than Denas Penelles, and as soon as good fortune came to you and you had everything you desired, you found me a bore, a claimant on your sense of justice which you did not like to meet. Understand that the fact of wearing silk and jewellery does not give you the right to take up an immortal soul and play with it or cast it aside as you find it convenient. You made me dissatisfied with my own life, you showed me the pleasant vistas of a different life, and when I hoped to enter with you, I found myself outside and the door shut in my face."

She left Elizabeth's house in a very unhappy mood, and at a rapid walk proceeded to her lodging in Bloomsbury. She would have felt the confinement of a cab to be intolerable, but it was a relief to set her personality against the friction of a million of encompassing wills.

At length she was hungry, and she turned into a place of refreshment and ate with more healthy desire than she had felt for many months, and then the restless, fretting creature within was pacified, and she resolved to walk quietly to her room and sleep before she suffered herself to think any more.

That night as she sat there alone she buried forever this hope of a life for which she was not destined. Yet it was while sitting on that very hearth together Roland and she had felt the joy of her first triumph at Willis Hall.

Weary and exhausted with emotion, she lay down and slept, and in the morning the courage born of a resolved mind was with her. When she had finished her business with Elizabeth, then there was her father and her mother and her real life again. She must go back and take it up just where she had thrown it down. And this humiliating duty was all that her own way had brought her. Never again would she take her destiny out of the keeping of the good God who orders all things well. On this resolution she stayed her heart, and somehow in her sleep there had come to her a conviction that the time of smiles would surely come back to her once more.

Elizabeth was quite prepared for her visitor. She was, indeed, anxious to get the affair settled and to dismiss Denasia from her life forever. Her lawyer and appraiser were busy when Denasia arrived, and without ceremony each article specified in Roland's list was examined and valued. Elizabeth offered her sister-in-law no courtesy; she barely bowed in response to her

greeting, and there was a final very severe struggle as to values. Mrs. Burrell had certainly hoped to satisfy Denasia with a thousand pounds, but the official adjustment was sixteen hundred pounds, and for this sum Roland's widow, who was irritated by her sister-in-law's evident scorn and dislike, stubbornly stood firm.

It is probable that Elizabeth would also have turned stubborn and have suffered the articles to go to the auction-room had not her personal pride and interests demanded the sacrifice. But she had already introduced Lord Sudleigh to these family treasures, and she could not endure to go to Sudleigh Castle and take with her no heirlooms to be surety for her respectability. So that, after all, Denasia won her rights easily, because a man whom she had never seen and never even heard of pleaded her case for her.

When the transaction was fully over, and Denasia had Elizabeth's cheque in her pocket, the day was nearly over. The business agents left hurriedly, and Denasia was going with them, when Elizabeth said: "Return a moment, if you please, Mrs. Tresham. I have heard nothing from you about my brother. I think it is your duty to give me some information. I am very miserable," and she sat down and covered her face. Her sobs, hardly restrained, touched Denasia. She was sorry for the weeping woman, for she knew that if Elizabeth had loved any human creature truly and unselfishly, it was her brother Roland.

"What can I tell you?" she asked.

"Something to comfort me, if you are not utterly heartless. Had he doctors? help? comforts of any kind?"

"He had everything that money and love could procure. He died in Mr. Lanhearne's house. I was at his side. Whatever could be done by human skill to save his life was done."

"Did he name me often?"

"Yes."

"And you never said a word—never would have done—you were going away without telling me. How could you be so cruel?"

"It was wrong. I should have told you. He spoke often about you. In his delirium he believed himself with you. He called your name three times just before he died; it was only a whisper then, he was so weak."

Elizabeth wept bitterly, and Denasia, moved by many memories, could not watch her unmoved. After a pause she said:

"Good-bye! You are Roland's sister and he loved you. So then I cannot really hate you. I forgive you all."

But Elizabeth did not answer. The loss of her brother, the loss of her money—she was feeling that this woman had been the cause of all her sorrows. Grief and anger swelled within her heart; she felt it to be an intolerable wrong to be forgiven. She was silent until Denasia was closing the door, then she rose hastily and followed her.

"Go!" she cried, "and never cross my path again. You have brought me nothing but misery."

"It is quite just that I should bring you misery. Remember, now, that if you do a wrong you will have to pay the price of it."



Trembling with anger and emotion, she clasped her purse tightly and called a cab to take her to her lodging. The money was money, at any rate. A poor exchange for love, certainly, but still Roland's last gift to her. It proved that in his dying hours he loved her best of all. He had put his family pride beneath her feet. He had put his sister's interest second to her interest. She felt that every pound represented to her so much of Roland's consideration and affection. It was, too, a large sum of money. It made her in her own station a very rich woman. If she put it in the St. Penfer Bank it would insure her a great deal of respect. That was one side of the question. The other was less satisfactory. People would speculate as to how she had become possessed of such a sum. Many would not scruple to say, "It was sinful money, won in the devil's service." All who wished to be unkind to her could find in it an occasion for hard sayings. In small communities everything but prosperity is forgiven; that is never really forgiven to anyone; and though Denasia did not find words for this feeling, she was aware of it, because she was desirous to avoid any ill-will.

She sat with the cheque in her hand a long time, considering what to do with it. Her natural vanity and pride, her sense of superior intelligence, education, travel, and experience urged her to take whatever good it might bring her. And she went to sleep resolving to do so. But she awoke in the midnight with a strange sense of humiliation. In that time of questions she was troubled by soul-inquiries that came one upon another close as the blows of a lash. She was then shocked at the intentions with which she had fallen asleep. The little vanities, and condescensions, and generosities which she had planned for her own glory—how contemptible they appeared! And in the darkness she could see their certain end—envy and hatred for herself and dissatisfaction and loss of friends for her father and mother. Had she not already given them sorrow enough?

Her right course was then clear as a band of light. She would deposit the money at interest in a London bank. She would say nothing at all about its possession. Before leaving for St. Penfer she would buy a couple of printed gowns, such as would not be incongruous with her surroundings. She would go back to her home and village as empty-handed as she left them—a beggar, even, for a little love and sympathy, for toleration for her wanderings, for forgiveness for those deeds by which she had wounded the consciences and self-respect of her own people.

This determination awoke with her in the morning, and she followed it out literally. The presents she had resolved to buy in order to get herself a little favour were put out of consideration. She purchased only a few plain garments for her own everyday wearing. She left her money with strangers who attached no importance to it; and, with one small American trunk holding easily all her possessions, she turned her face once more to the little fishing-village of St. Penfer by the Sea.

## ONE AFTERNOON.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

ELINOR NOEL sat in a comfortable chair by a cheerful fire, her neglected work lying in her lap, her slender hands clasped, her eyes dreamy and sorrowful. Not far from her was her elder sister, sitting in an uncompromising, high-back chair, her needle flying fast, but her thoughts intent upon Elinor. Now and then she glanced at the unconscious girl, and her look was puzzled, anxious, half-vexed and half-pitying. At length she broke the silence so abruptly that Elinor started.

"Elinor, what has been the matter with you lately?"

"Elinor smiled, picked up her forgotten work, and asked,

"Is anything the matter with me, Janet?"

"You know there is," said Miss Janet shortly. "You are an entirely changed girl, Elinor."

"In what way, pray?"

"You don't seem to care about anything. You are that dull and glum"—Miss Janet was given to the use of terse and expressive language. "You are getting as thin as a lath; and you don't eat any more than a sparrow."

And if Miss Janet's speech began with something like vexation, it certainly ended with something very like anxiety. For they were alone in the world, these two, and Janet had been mother as well as sister to Elinor. The latter made no reply, and Janet returned to the charge.

"There is old Mrs. Simpson; you used to go to see her twice a week regularly, and now you hardly go there; I don't see how you can neglect her so."

"She isn't neglected," said Elinor, quickly. "I *always* send her broth, and jelly, and things."

"When you know she likes you better than—than all the jelly in the world!" said Miss Janet, energetically. "And there is that little girl, Winnie Ried; she worships your shadow, almost, and you used to take her with you for your walks, and have her here, and make her little life pleasant; but now you hardly notice her. And there's the Sunday-school picnic next week."

"O Janet! Janet! you are as—promiscuous—as a mosquito!" said Elinor. "I'm changed; I'm dull and glum; I'm thin; I don't eat; I neglect old folks and am unkind to young ones; and now there is the picnic—I haven't done anything to that, for it hasn't come off yet."

But Janet meant to speak her mind. "You don't want to go to it, for one thing," she said. "And if you do go you will spoil it, unless you alter. *Last year* you were the life of it, seeing that everyone had a good time."

"Last year," said Elinor, bitterly, "One gets tired of the same things over and over again. Besides, I am growing old, you know."

"My conscience!" said Janet, under her breath. She had no chance of saying more, for Elinor folded her work hastily, and went upstairs to her own room. And then Janet poked the fire uneasily, telling herself that she hoped the child wouldn't cry her eyes out, because of what her cross old sister had said.

If the truth must be told, Elinor had forgotten her sister before she reached her room. She drew a chair to the low window, and sat looking out. The gray sky and the dreary moor seemed to her as joyless and barren as her own life. Only a few short months before, she had been a happy, light-hearted girl, whose days were filled with duties that were cheerfully discharged, and simple pleasures that often grew out of the duties themselves. Then came a time when a great and bewildering joy was hers to take or to refuse; but between her and the bright pathway so tempting and so eagerly longed for, duty stood, and with relentless finger pointed another way. Elinor obeyed, not without a long and hard struggle with her rebellious will; but with what fainting of heart, with what shrinking from the darkened future, with what bitter longing for the "might have been," only God and her own soul knew. So quietly had the sacrifice been made, that even her sister had no idea of what it had cost her to give up all that made life sweet and beautiful. It seemed to her, worn with the long struggle, that she had done all she could, and that, having chosen the hard, dark path because it was the *right* one, she must faint and fall by the way. Surely, having such a heavy burden to carry, she need not add to it the old-time duties that had once been pleasures, but which now seemed as if they would be the "last straw!" So thinking, she fell asleep, and dreamed.

In her dream, she was walking along a stone-paved, dusty street, upon which the sun poured his pitiless rays. The blank stone houses offered her no shelter from the heat; the very wind was hot and stifling. Her feet were aching, her eyes burning, and her heart was very heavy. But as she went slowly and painfully along, she felt a little hand slipped into hers, and looking down, saw the child of whom her sister had spoken. The upturned face was very pleading, the brimming eyes so wistful that Elinor's heart smote her, and drawing the tiny form close to her, she met the eager look with a loving smile. The child's face brightened, and she trod the heated pavement lightly and in happy content; and somehow the old love and care of the child, which had seemed to be crushed to death beneath the weight of her sorrow, revived in Elinor's heart.

Presently she felt herself being drawn by the clinging hands another way; and looking down again, saw the child pointing to an old forsaken road to the right. Elinor did not want to go; the way was steeper than the one they were treading; there were rough, large stones on it, and not far away a wall to climb, beyond which they could see brambles and trees, white with dust. But love led her, and she yielded; together they stumbled over the uneven stones and rubbish, together they climbed the ruinous wall, and pushed through the prickly undergrowth, and then

Elinor knew why the child had drawn her from the hopeless, joyless road.

For as they went along, there was young, tender grass under their feet, starred with flowers and gemmed with dew. The stifling wind was changed to a breeze that had life and healing in it. Sunlight was there, but it came shimmering through the leaves of budding and blossoming trees; stones were there, but they were covered with velvety mosses and tiny, delicate ferns. A brook, clear as a baby's eyes, laughed between its low banks, bright with primroses and sweet with violets. There were other flowers, too,—delicate white bells such as Elinor had never seen, and with a faint, strange fragrance; but these had to be sought, and were sometimes hard to find and gather; they grew almost out of reach, guarded and hidden by thorny leaves.

As Elinor sat down on the bank, with the lovely flowers in her hands, she became aware of a Presence that filled the place, and made it holy. Brighter than the sunshine, nearer than the child by her side, more real than the wind that swayed the trees, deeper than her deepest grief; a divine tenderness and strength, it surrounded and enfolded her so that all pain was transfigured, and her heart was filled with the peace that passeth understanding.

Miss Janet was folding up her work when she heard her sister's light step at the door. Looking up, she was surprised to see Elinor with her hat in her hand.

"You were right, as you always are, Janet," she said, gently kissing her. "I'm going to see Mrs. Simpson; and if Winnie is at home I'll bring her back with me. And I won't spoil the picnic. As to those other items (you got them dreadfully mixed, Janet), I will try to attend to them, too. There, am I not a model sister?"

"I wonder," said Miss Janet to herself, as she donned an apron preparatory to getting ready something "extra nice" for tea, and at the same time musing over the sweet, bright change in Elinor's face. "I wonder what has come over the child, all of a sudden? It couldn't have been what I said that did it!"

No, Miss Janet; your words did not do it; but they helped, as all true words must.

VICTORIA, B.C.

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#### AFTERWARD.

SOME time, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
 And sun and stars for evermore have set,  
 The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
 Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
 And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
 And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

## CHRISTIAN CULTURE.\*

BY THE REV. A. H. REYNAR, LL.D.,  
*Dean of Faculty of Arts, Victoria University.*

“And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment.”—PHILIPPIANS i. 9.

RELIGIOUS men have often mistrusted, and do sometimes still mistrust, learning and the learned. So, on the other hand, learned men have often mistrusted, and do sometimes still mistrust, religion and the religious. In this mistrust the religious and the learned have both been right and both been wrong. For there is a knowledge, and there are learned men of whom the religious do well to stand in doubt, and there are religious men and forms of religion that the learned do well to mistrust.

But is this antagonism and mistrust natural, inevitable and permanent, or is it only accidental and transient? I shall not endeavour to show from the nature of both learning and religion that there can be no necessary and final conflict between the two. For after I had said all in support of my hypothesis, ingenuity would doubtless find argument for the opposite hypothesis. But there is no arguing against facts, and to them we turn. It is well known that in all times and in all lands, many of the greatest of men have been at one and the same time most religious and most learned. In times and lands remote from us we have examples of this in Abraham, Moses and Solomon; Zoroaster, Confucius and Buddha; Plato and Socrates; Antonine and Seneca. In later times and of our own race, Newton and Locke, Herschel and Faraday, Thompson and Maxwell, Agassiz and Gray. These names prove that the antagonism between learning and religion is not essential and permanent, but accidental and transient. They even suggest, further, that however the harmony between the two may be imperfect on the lower levels, yet on the heights there is most frequently a perfect accord. One of the wisest of men has given it as a general truth that “a little philosophy inclineth a man’s mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men’s minds about again to religion.”

I have used these names to show what is the evidence of the facts as to the harmony of learning and religion. If I would appeal to the authority of great names, it would not be to the names of those who are partial to our own opinions, but rather to those with whom we are not in complete accord—to such names, for example, as John Tyndall and Herbert Spencer. The former tells us that the materialistic and atheistic view of the world could never commend itself to his mind, but that in the presence of stronger and healthier thoughts it ever dissolved and disappeared as offering no solution to the mystery of the universe in which we live and of which we form a part. And Spencer, notwithstanding his well-known doctrine of agnosticism, assures us that whatsoever mysteries may surround us and grow the more mysterious, the more they are investigated “this one absolute certainty remains, that we are in the presence of an infinite and eternal

\* The Baccalaureate Sermon, preached to graduating class in Central Methodist Church, Toronto, June, 1894.

energy from which all things proceed." As to the nature of that infinite and eternal energy, he elsewhere tells us that it is a mistake to assume that the power that lies at the back of things is either a person or less than a person, and not rather a person or more than a person. Yet again Mr. Spencer declares that the "conception to which the investigations of modern science tend, is much less that of a universe of dead matter than that of a universe everywhere alive." So does this great teacher lead his followers through the wilderness of agnosticism and by the Dead Sea of atheism to the borders of a pure and lofty theism. And I doubt not that in the hosts of science will be found some Joshua, who will lead the people into the truth, scientific and religious, to the satisfaction of every yearning of the heart as well as every aspiration of the mind.

But we have not yet entered into this promised land. The noise of battle is about us, and in the confusion we cannot always distinguish friend from foe. Some good people there are who still fear the way of the school and college as too full of peril to the soul, and it is to be feared that our schools and colleges are not yet without men whose example and influence go to say, shun religion and the religious if you would be true to reason, and knowledge, and judgment.

On this special occasion I would not merely quote the great names that are a standing demonstration of the harmony of reason and religion. We are glad to have these names, and I am sure you will not allow them to be overborne by names of less weight. I would do more, too, than quote from the sayings of great men, who cannot be suspected of bias in favour of the accepted forms of Christian teaching. We are thankful also for their testimony to the truth. Many a modern Balak has cried to these men, and said, "Come curse me Jacob, and come defy Israel;" but like Balaam of old, they have replied, "How shall we curse whom God hath not cursed, and how shall we defy whom the Lord hath not defied."

The point of view I would have you take is that of the original sources of Christian teaching, the sacred Scriptures, the words of the holy men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

In our text we have the teaching of St. Paul on the subject of our study, viz., The ideal of Christian culture, or the conception of the relation of learning and religion to each other. "And this I pray," etc.

The first and greatest doctor of the Christian Church had seemingly no thought of a necessary opposition between religion and knowledge. On the contrary, his ideal of the perfection of a Christian implies the harmonious combination of the supposed discordancies, and his hope for the beauty and beneficence of the Christian life is in the union of abounding love, with sound knowledge and broad culture.

It may help us in our study to look, as we pass, at the character of the people to whom these words were addressed, and also at the character of the writer. The Philippians had great advantages in the school of life. In the first place they were Roman citizens. For though Philippi was in Macedonia, it had been raised by Augustus to the dignity of a Roman *colonia*. Many of its inhabitants had come from Italy, and brought with them something of the Roman imperial strength and dignity. There was also a Greek element in the population of Philippi, who made the life of the city more beautiful and bright, and enriched it with the treasures of

art, philosophy and song. And there was in the city a small but strongly-marked Jewish community, who bore a firm testimony against idolatry, and in favour of a pure morality and lofty monotheism. Each of the great races of the ancient world thus brought to the common life its peculiar treasure of strength, and wisdom, and beauty, and moral elevation. Life at Philippi was, to all who would so use it, a liberal education. How appropriate are the words of the text, as addressed to the Christians of such a city!

Look now at the man who writes these words to the Philippians. He, too, was a Roman citizen, and would be called by some an aristocrat. His father, though a Jew, had been raised to the rank of a citizen of Rome. We do not know what qualities led to this elevation, but we may be sure that they also kept his family in the enjoyment of superior advantages. We may judge how great were the privileges of his birth, when we see the respect of the magistrate at Philippi, and the tribune at Jerusalem, when they discovered his rank. In this first respect, St. Paul was qualified to speak to the Philippians, but by his education, also, he understood the people. Tarsus, his birthplace, was no mean city. It vied with Athens and Alexandria as a seat of learning. In his early days, St. Paul must have had the careful instruction in rhetoric, literature and philosophy that were desired by persons of good family in such a city as Tarsus. Evidences of this early culture are found in his references to Greek literature, in his superior use of the Greek language, and in the consummate skill and courtly bearing that mark his epistles and speeches. His words to the Philippians were listened to as the words of a scholar and gentleman, as well as a man of birth. In the last place, St. Paul had been the most distinguished disciple of the most distinguished teacher of the Jewish people. He had profited so much above his fellows, that when only about thirty years of age, he was entrusted with the affairs of the great court of the Sanhedrim. The highest place as priest and prince was within his reach. So much for his qualifications of rank and training, but besides these, there were extraordinary spiritual experiences that attended his conversion, and that on later occasions lifted him above the normal experience of his fellow-Christians. How rarely qualified as a teacher was this remarkable man! In ancient or in modern times, there is no name better entitled to respect when dealing with the question we have in hand.

What, now, we are prepared to ask, is this great teacher's ideal of Christian culture? Briefly expressed, it is a symmetrical and harmonious development of all the powers of our spiritual being, of heart, and mind and will.

This ideal is so simple and natural, so obviously true, that it has only to be mentioned in order to be approved. Some might even be tempted to say that so great a man might be expected to give us a more striking and original doctrine. And yet, obvious as the principle is when once it is stated, the whole world and the Church, too, have ever been and are still wandering away from it. Let me illustrate the difference between knowing a truth and knowing it truly. The need of a symmetrical and harmonious development is nowhere more manifest than in the growth, at the same time, of the powers of mind and body. When the mind of a child does not grow, how keen the sorrow and disappointment of the parent. It matters not

how beautiful and strong the body, if there is no mind there, the parent is looked upon as worse than childless. Again, when the mind is clear and strong, but the body is smitten with a blight that robs the child of strength and freedom of action, then the parent's own life droops in sorrow. People all say that this is true, but for once that we see them act according to the truth, it is seen a hundred times that parents sacrifice the strength and beauty of their children to a forced and hot-house mental precocity, that consumes those energies on which all future growth and usefulness depend. It may be said that this is done through forgetfulness and ignorance, but my point is that it is done in spite of assumed knowledge. Still more frequently, and through a more deplorable disregard of what people say they know, we see parents ministering to and rejoicing in the physical well-being of their children to the neglect of the mental and moral training, whose absence will bring their own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, and cover the young lives with shame. A simple principle is it that mind and body should grow together? Would to God that more of us knew it truly! I do think, however, that we are learning these things better. In home and school and college there are good signs of improvement. Let me ask you here to help on the good cause. So shall the next generation of Canadians be more and more blessed with a sound mind in a sound body. God has joined soul and body together in this life, doubtless for the best. It is our wisdom to conform to His order, and to know that the body, too, may be, as at the beginning, "very good."

"Let us not always say  
 Spite of this flesh to-day  
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole;  
 As the bird wings and sings,  
 Let us cry all good things  
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul."

But the ideal of culture held by the Philippians and other Greeks was not wholly one-sided. It included intellectual as well as physical qualities. When at the great national games it was sought to discover and crown the noblest specimens of Greek manhood, there were contests in wisdom, and poetry, and song, and all the arts, as well as in running, and wrestling, and feats of arms. The words of the text, "knowledge and judgment," seem chosen to suggest the Greek ideal, when the Apostle would show what must be added to it in order to bring it up to the ideal of the Gospel.

I do not forget that the Christians at Philippi were not, at least in large part, the *élite* of the city. Some such there were in the primitive Church, even about the Imperial throne. But it was in those days as it is in these, the ruling ideas of the age possessed and mastered minds that never acquired them by learning. It is so with the scientific method of this age, which has become the fixed habit of thought of the common people, and not merely the possession of the master minds by which it was produced. Just so with the Greeks of old. Their common ideal of culture combined physical beauty and strength with knowledge and judgment or refined and cultivated taste.

My brethren, I am persuaded that you do not look to me for words of scorn as I speak of this ideal culture, even when I must condemn it as



falling short of our high calling as Christians. It matters little what his place, the man who scorns refinement of taste and manners shows the clown, and he who scoffs at knowledge and science proclaims his own ignorance. Scorn and hate have no right to a place in the spirit of a Christian, unless it should be "the hate of hate and scorn of scorn."

Nothing is to be gained, but much is to be lost, including truth and charity, by belittling a great name that deserves well of our generation, and caricaturing a view of culture that has high aims and noble impulses, though they fall short of the highest. Let us rather give generous admiration to whatever of sweetness and light may be found in the old Greek ideal or in its modern counterpart, but let us not take a part for the whole or suppose that we have a power unto salvation in the gospel of culture as well as in the Gospel of Christ.

In the first place, this ideal is not suited to the need of the great mass of mankind, with all their sorrow and their sin. The men who need saving most of all, are least able, from the nature of the case, to reach that sweetness and light, that knowledge and judgment by which it is proposed to save them. To take an extreme case: the attempt to lift a community of thieves and outcasts and cut-throats from their wretchedness by teaching them to read and write and reckon, without reaching their hearts and drawing them to truth and charity, would most likely make them three times the rogues they are and ten times harder to detect and punish. The Duke of Wellington spoke with the moral insight of a true Englishman when he said that to give the people secular learning, without the principles of the Gospel, would be to make them "clever devils."

I have said that the gospel of culture or of mere knowledge and judgment is not suited to the needs of those who are in sorest need. I go further, and say that it is not suited to the need of our poor humanity at its best. It has in it no cure for sin, and sin is with us and in us, for "there are none righteous—no, not one." Theorize about it as we will, say that we have fallen, or that we have failed to rise,—here we are conscious of sin and guilt. And though we may have lived lives without reproach, how we tremble to think what might have been had we not been shielded from the temptations that have overtaken others. Let those who are without sin do with knowledge and judgment, with sweetness and light, but as for us we will hold to the Gospel of love and grace, the Gospel that made such men as St. Paul and St. Augustine, Luther and Wesley, Havellock and Gordon. It was once objected to Renan's philosophy that it did nothing with sin, and he was asked what he would do with sin. His answer was, "Je le supprime". There was nothing else to be said in the exigency of the argument, but I have yet to hear of the first bad man, French or English, in whom the philosophy of Renan has suppressed sin and made him pure and noble. No, my brethren, a fan is a pretty thing, and sometimes it is useful, and the fresh morning air is sweet and healthful, but who would try to cure the typhoid fever with a fan and the summer air? Just as powerless to save the world have been the influences of sweetness and light apart from the purifying and constraining power of the love of God in Christ. That beautiful Greek world, with all its light and joy was sick unto death of sin, and its glory is departed for want of a power to save. The same story is told in our own times by the *causes célèbres* reported in the press with all their gruesomeness and filth. If the most

highly-favoured in mental training and social accomplishment in these days find no more power to save in knowledge and judgment than did the ancient Greeks, how can we ask the world to come to the same cisterns for the water of life, to broken cisterns that can hold no water?

I have said and I repeat that knowledge and judgment do not make our nature perfect, but do not misunderstand me so as to think I say that our nature can be made perfect without these things. The most skilfully constructed steam-engine, with the best fuel and water all in their places and in perfect order, is absolutely powerless without fire; but the engine and the coal and the water are not therefore useless. Even so the treasures of knowledge and the charms of judgment do not exalt and perfect the soul without the divine fire of charity, but when these treasures and faculties are utilized and vitalized by love, then we have the perfection for which we were created and redeemed.

But this New Testament ideal of culture is not always the ideal of Christians.

How often do we hear it said of the adherents of a certain Church that "their ignorance is the mother of their devotion," and yet in that Church are many of the most learned men in the world, whilst in all the Churches are found some good men who, in their fear of a proud mind and stubborn will, give up to others the task of forming their opinions and guiding their actions. How are such men better than those which in the old time mutilated their bodies for fear they might be tempted to sinful excess? The good and faithful servant whom our Lord commends, was the one who used the talents given to him and made them more, but it was the wicked and slothful servant who hid his Lord's money in the earth for indolence and fear.

There is again an opposite extreme of one-sided development of the spiritual nature. An undue emphasis is placed on the reason and the will. Correct thinking and orderly living are made the be-all and end-all. Hence what is sometimes called a "cold rationalism," and hence also a "dead orthodoxy" and a "dry formalism." Not that rationalism must be cold, or orthodoxy dead, or formalism dry, but that if we have not the mind of Christ in our thinking and the heart of Christ in our living, we are none of His. Though we have all knowledge and all faith and have not charity, we are nothing.

Did time permit, it would be pleasing to review the remarkable declarations of our Lord and His apostles on this subject. Let me mention some of them very briefly. In the famous thirteenth of first Corinthians, we have the supreme and eternal excellence of charity set forth. In Romans xiii. is the same teaching that "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and in the thirteenth of Hebrews, at the head of all the admonitions is this, "Let brotherly love continue." To all the world, Roman and Greek, Jew and Gentile, the Master of all proclaims, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment, And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Once more, there is the word of the disciple whom Jesus loved, and who lingered as His last witness upon the earth. "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and everyone that

loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God ; for God is love."

Love, therefore, is the dominant, the essential, the vital principle of the religion of the Gospel. With this root-principle, even the ignorant and the rude have the life of Christ, and they will grow up into Him in all things and be conformed to His likeness, but without this germ of life. all else must perish and be cast out.

This is the general truth of the New Testament, but the particular teaching of the text is that the larger the life, and powers, and resources dominated by the principle of love, the nobler is the spiritual development, and the more full of blessing to the world. It is very true that a man may be in good health without his limbs, and that he may have hands and feet and yet be helpless from weakness or disease ; but true physical well-being is not realized in either of these cases, but only in the man whose body is at once sound and perfect. In like manner, a man may be a true Christian, notwithstanding gross ignorance and rudeness, while he may have no true spiritual life though learned and refined. Yet the ideal of spiritual well-being is not realized in either of these cases, but rather in the man whose possibilities of knowledge and culture are developed, and whose love abounds more and more, consecrating body, soul and spirit to the glory of God his Saviour and the good of his brother man. Such a spiritual manhood as this has not only a heart, but also hands and feet.

This is the original idea of Christian culture. I have no new ideal for you. Eighteen centuries have passed since St. Paul set forth this ideal in his prayer for the people whom he seems to have loved the most. The times have changed since then, but human nature is the same ; its need is the same, and in our own day and all along the ages it has been proved that in the apprehension of the grace of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, there is the same power to lift men from their lowest degradation, and to exalt their highest accomplishments and attainments, and change them as the water into the wine.

This is the ideal of life I would present to you on this occasion, so full of interest in our college life ; this is the prayer that will follow you from your *Alma Mater* and from all who love you best. It would not give us pleasure to know that you had, each one of you, a giant's strength, if we thought you would use it like a giant. It would not give us pleasure to know that you had, each one of you, an inheritance of millions, if we feared you would use it in selfishness and self-indulgence, to oppress the poor and pamper your own lusts. And we would have but small satisfaction in thinking of the knowledge and culture you have gained in your student years, were it not for the good hope that you will use your superior advantages in the superior service of mankind and to the greater glory of the God of love.

The world was never in greater need than it is to-day of the help that only men who are at once wise, and strong, and loving, can give. The age seems to be on the verge of dissolution or of regeneration ; the old heavens and the old earth seem about to pass away. If this should be in strife and blood, it will be because love will not abound. But whether it be by revolution or by evolution, that changes come and the old heavens and old earth pass away, be it yours by every good word and work to help in the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Men

who have had your advantages are needed to protect the sanctities of the Home, to further the enterprises of the Church, to preserve the order of Society, and to ensure the safety of the State. Wisdom as well as love is needed. When a child is smitten with disease, it taxes all the love of the parent and all the skill of the physician to bring about the restoration. Much more in the service of the Church, and of Society, and of the State do we need the skill and wisdom, as well as the most generous devotion.

Take with you, therefore, this ideal of Christian culture, and then whilst your opportunities have been great, and your responsibilities are great—great, too, will be your work and your reward.

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## HITHERTO.

By ANNIE CLARKE.

FOR the way Thy love has led us, we give thanks and sing  
Praises to our Shepherd-Saviour, glory to our King.  
And the future we can face rejoicing in Thy name,  
For the love that blessed our past is evermore the same.

Thou hast led us, we have followed—oft with faltering feet,  
By the thronging haunts of men, and up the busy street ;  
Then alone with Thee, along some pathway drear and bare,  
Learning precious truths Thou couldst not teach us elsewhere.

By still waters, flowing softly through the pastures fair,  
Leafy shade and sunny gleam, and fragrance in the air ;  
Resting, safely sheltered, till we heard Thy whispered "Come !"  
And we left the pleasant pastures for a valley-gloom.

And ofttimes we toiled with crosses that were hard to bear,  
When our song sank into silence, praises into prayer ;  
Till we trusted Thee more fully, understood Thy word,  
And we cast our burdens on our burden-bearing Lord.

Up the steep and stony mountain, to its utmost height,  
Where we saw Thee changed, transfigured, clothed in shining white ;  
And when we would linger, heard Thee say in tender tone,  
"Come with Me, I may not tarry ; will ye stay *alone* ?"

Shine and shadow, calm and storm, with changing loss or gain,  
But we found a compensating sweetness in the pain ;  
For we proved Thee very strong to comfort us and bless,  
And we proved as ne'er before Thy heart of tenderness.

Jesus, we have found Thee true ! Thy mercy never fails,  
Though we try Thee daily, sorely, ever love avails ;  
Thou hast met our sin with cleansing, been a faithful Guide,  
And when we have faltered, drawn us closer to Thy side.

For the way Thy love has led us, we give thanks and sing  
Praises to our Shepherd-Saviour, glory to our King ;  
And the future we can face rejoicing in Thy name,  
For the love that blessed our past is evermore the same !

## HEATHEN CLAIMS AND CHRISTIAN DUTY.\*

It is not as a mission worker in even the humblest department of mission work that I have been asked to speak to-night, but as a traveller, and as one who has been made a convert to missions, not by missionary successes, but by seeing in four and a half years of Asiatic travelling the desperate needs of the un-Christianized world. There was a time when I was altogether indifferent to missions, and would have avoided a mission station rather than have visited it. But the awful, pressing claims of the un-Christianized nations which I have seen have taught me that the work of their conversion to Christ is one to which one would gladly give influence and whatever else God has given one.

In the few words that I shall address to you to-night, I should like, (for I cannot tell you anything new or anything that you do not already know) just to pass on some of the ideas which have suggested themselves to my own mind in my long and solitary travels, and perhaps especially since I came home, full of the needs of the heathen world, and to some extent amazed at the apathy and callousness of the Christian Church at home. I have visited the Polynesian Islands, Japan, Southern China, the Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, Northern India, Cashmere, Western Thibet, and Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, and Asia Minor. In each of these countries I have avoided, as much as possible, European settlements, and have scarcely lingered so long as I could have wished at mission stations. My object was to live among the people, and I have lived much in their own houses and among their tents, always with a trustworthy interpreter, sharing their lives as much as possible, and to some extent winning their confidence by means of a medicine-chest which I carried. Wherever I have been I have seen sin and sorrow and

shame. I cannot tell of the fields whitening unto harvest, nor have I heard the songs of rejoicing labourers bringing the sheaves home. But I have seen work done, the seed sown in tears by labourers sent out by you, honest work which has made me more and more earnestly desire to help the cause of missions from a personal knowledge of the work in the mission fields, but not among the lower races, or the fetich worshippers, or among the simpler systems which destroy men's souls. The reason, perhaps, why I have seen so little missionary success is because the countries in which I have travelled are the regions of great, elaborate, philosophical religious systems, such as Buddhism, Hinduism and Mohammedanism.

Naturally, among those at home there is a disposition to look at the work done. On my part there may be too great a disposition, possibly, to look at the work left undone, because it seems to me so vast and so appalling. The enthusiasm of Exeter Hall has in it something that to many is delightful and contagious. We sing, hopeful, triumphant hymns; we hear of what the Lord has done, of encouragements which a merciful God gives to inadequate and feeble efforts, and some of us perhaps think that little remains to be accomplished, and that the kingdoms of this world are about to become "the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ." But such is not the case, and I think that we may, instead of congratulating ourselves upon the work done, though we are thankful for what God has enabled us to do, bow our heads in shame that we have done so little and served so little. And I would like to-night that we should turn away from those enchantments, for enchantments they truly are, and set our faces towards the wilderness,

\* From an address delivered in Exeter Hall, London, by Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, F.R.G.S., and Honorary Fellow of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

that great, "waste, howling wilderness" in which one thousand millions of our race are wandering in darkness and the shadow of death, without hope, being "without God in the world."

The work is only beginning, and we have barely touched the fringe of it. The natural increase in population in the heathen world is outstripping at this moment all our efforts; and if it is true, and I believe it has never been contradicted, that four millions only have been baptized within this century, it has also been said without contradiction that the natural increase of the heathen world in that time has been two hundred millions, an awful contemplation for us to-night. It is said that there are eight hundred millions on our earth to whom the name of Jesus Christ is unknown, and that ten hundred and thirty millions are not in any sense Christianized. Of these, thirty-five millions pass annually in one ghastly, reproachful, mournful procession into Christless graves. They are dying so very fast! In China alone, taking the lowest computation of the population which has been given, it is estimated that fourteen hundred die every hour, and that in this one day thirty-three thousand Chinese have passed beyond our reach. And if this meeting were to agree to send a missionary tomorrow to China, before he could reach the Chinese shores one and a half millions of souls would have passed from this world into eternity. Nineteen centuries have passed away, and only one-third of the population of our earth is even nominally Christian.

In some countries I have hardly ever been in a woman's house or near a woman's tent without being asked for drugs with which to disfigure the favourite wife, to take away her life, or take away the life of the favourite wife's infant son. This request has been made of me nearly two hundred times. This is only an indication of the daily life of whose miseries we think so little, and which is a natural product of the systems that we ought to have subverted long ago.

There are no sanctities of home; nothing to tell of righteousness, temperance, or judgment to come, only a fearful looking for, in the future, of fiery indignation from some quarter, they know not what; a dread of everlasting rebirths into forms of obnoxious reptiles or insects, or of tortures which are infinite and which are depicted in pictures of fiendish ingenuity.

And then one comes to what sickness is to them. If one speaks of the sins, one is bound to speak of the sorrows too. The sorrows of heathenism impressed me, sorrows which humanitarianism, as well as Christianity, should lead us to roll away. Sickness means to us tenderness all about us, the hushed footfall in the house, everything sacrificed for the sick person, no worry or evil allowed to enter into the sick-room, kindness of neighbours who, maybe, have been strangers to us, the skill of doctors ready to allviate every symptom—all these are about sick beds, together with loving relations and skilful nurses; and if any of us are too poor to be nursed at home there are magnificent hospitals where everything that skill and money can do is provided for the poorest among us. And, besides, there are the Christian ministries of friends and ministers, the reading of the Word of God, the repetition of hymns full of hope—all that can make a sick-bed a time of peace and blessing enters our own sick-room, and even where the sufferer has been impenitent, He "who is able to save to the very uttermost," stands by the sick-bed ready even in the dying hour to cleanse and receive the parting soul.

But what does sickness mean to millions of our fellow-creatures in heathen lands? Throughout the East sickness is believed to be the work of demons. The woe and sickness in the un-Christianized world are beyond telling, and I would ask my sisters here to remember that these woes press most heavily upon women.

This is only a glimpse of the sorrows of the heathen world. May we seek to realize in our own days

of sickness and the days of sickness of those dear to us, what illness means for those millions who are without God in the world, and go from this meeting resolved, cost what it may, to save them from these woes and to carry the knowledge of Christ into these miserable homes! What added effort can we make? The need for men and women is vast, and I see many young men and women here who perhaps have not yet decided upon their life work. Then go. Young Christian friends, here is the noblest opening for you that the world presents. A life consecrated in foreign lands to the service of the Master is I believe, one of the happiest lives that men or women live upon this earth. It may be that advancement in the professions at home may be sacrificed by going to the foreign field; but in the hour when the soldier lays his dented armour down, after the fight has been fought, and the hands which were pierced for our redemption crown his brow with the Crown of Life, and the prize of the high calling of God is won, will there be one moment's regret, think you, for the abandoned prizes of the professions at home?

Our responsibilities are increased by our knowledge. We pray God to give the means to send forth labourers. Has He not given us the means? Have we not the means to send forth the missionaries? Have not our friends the means? And when we pray God to give us the means, may we not rather pray Him to consume the selfishness which expends our means upon ourselves? Dare we, can we, sing such hymns as

"All the vain things that charm me  
most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood,"

and yet surround ourselves with these "vain things"—the lust of the eyes and the vainglory of life? Our style of living is always rising. We are always accumulating. We fill our houses with pleasant things. We decorate our lives till further decoration seems almost impossible. Our expenditure on ourselves is enormous; and when I returned

from Asia two years ago I thought that the expenditure on the decoration of life among Christian people had largely risen; and I think so still, and think so increasingly. Now we have many possessions. We have old silver, we have jewellery, objects of art, rare editions of books, things that have been given to us by those we have loved and which have most sacred associations. All these would bring their money value if they were sold. May we not hear the Lord's voice saying to us in regard to these, our treasured accumulations, "Lovest thou Me more than these?" It is time we should readjust our expenditure in the light of our increased knowledge; and not in the light of our increased knowledge alone, but that we should go carefully over our stewardship at the foot of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the light of those eyes which closed in death for our redemption.

In conclusion let me say that the clock which marks so inexorably the time allotted to each speaker, marks equally inexorably the passing away of life. Since I began to speak two thousand five hundred human beings at the lowest computation have passed before the bar of God. "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground?"

The fields are white unto harvest, but who is to be the reaper? Is it to be the Lord of the harvest, or him who has been sowing the tares ever since the world began? Let each of us do our utmost by any amount of self-sacrifice to see that it shall be the Lord of the harvest. And may the constraining memories of the cross of Christ, and the great love wherewith He loved us, be so in us that we may pass that love on to those who are perishing. "We know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor," and we hear His voice to-night, ringing down through the ages of selfishness and luxury and neglected duty, solemnly declaring that the measure of our love for our brethren must be nothing less than the measure of His own. May He touch our hearts with the spirit of self-sacrifice and love.

## WHY THE DEACONESS WORK DESERVES SUPPORT.

BY REV. A. J. BUCHER.

THERE are three reasons why the deaconess work deserves our most enthusiastic sympathy and support.

1. *Because it is bound to succeed.* By lending it a hand we are not setting out for a journey on a sinking ship. We are not making deposits in a bank which is liable to fail. But we are promoting a cause upon the face of which God Himself has put the indelible seal of success. This movement cannot fail nor be restrained, because it is God's work; because it has grown out of that faith which is the victory that overcometh the world; and because it is a fruit of that divine love, the gentle power of which is as irresistible as the warmth of the vernal sun or the fructifying inundations of the River Nile. Love, the motive power and the origin of this work, is the all-conquering power in the universe and in history. Whenever, in the course of the centuries, there has been a decline of Christianity, it was due to a lack or decrease of the first love in the Church. Of this love the deaconess movement is a glorious revival, which even the world, though it does not believe in revivals, hails with delight and gratitude. Any merchant is sure to succeed if he can put an article upon the market for which there is a real general demand. What is the one great, universal demand throughout our poor, suffering humanity? Whether they acknowledge it or not, it is love, that divinely practical love which Christ Jesus brought down from heaven into this cold world, and diffuses throughout the globe through his devoted followers. And because the deaconess movement is meeting this great, universal demand, it is bound to succeed. Christ himself, the greatest of all philanthropists, the Divine Friend and Lover of suffering mankind, is in it. The world will and must feel through it the throb of His great, compassionate, loving heart, and the touch of His tender, healing hand. Very correctly Napoleon de-

finied the secret of the marvellous success of Christianity when he said, at St. Helena, looking over the ruins of his shattered empire: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and I have founded empires. But upon what did we rest these creations of our genius? Upon force! Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love; and therefore millions of men would die for Him at this moment." Being God's work, and a fruit of faith and love, the deaconess cause is bound to succeed. Again, we ought to support it,—

2. *Because it opens for the Christian woman in this age of emancipation an unbounded field of blessed, Christlike activity*—an activity as to the Scriptural lawfulness of which there is no difference of opinion whatever. No New York and Cincinnati side to this question. Here the careful, conservative German Christian fully agrees with his more impulsive and progressive American brother. The Teutonic woman does not covet a seat in General Conference, nor the episcopal ordination and consecration to the ministry. She is rather inclined to follow the example of that noble country-woman of hers, the indirect founder of American Methodism, Barbara Heck, who, with her burning heart, went to Philip Embury, and other capable men, and made them preach and lead in Church matters. She may be considered timid and slow on the account, but she is not slow nor timid to sacrifice her all if called by God into the service of self-denying Christian charity. When the cholera broke out at Hamburg last summer, our deaconesses were the very first to present themselves in a body to the authorities for any and every service—one of them at the cost of her youthful life. While there are no specially ordained female preachers and evangelists in German-speaking Europe, there are thousands upon thousands of holy women, many of them having stepped out of



a life of luxury and wealth, engaged in the glorious deaconess work. O that God may multiply the number of such consecrated women in this our own beloved country! Can you imagine a life spent more beautifully and Christlike than that of a devoted deaconess! Is there any institution more godly and beautiful in itself, and of greater blessing to mankind, than a Deaconess Home and Hospital. Here is a communism of the kind the world wants, but is not able to produce; of the only possible kind, in fact—a communism of love, not to self, but consecrated to the alleviation and salvation of the suffering neighbour. No preference here, nor offensive distinction of rank, descent, intelligence, nationality, and race, I dare to add; and yet at the same time unlimited opportunity for the development and blessed application of the diverse gifts and qualities of all. The deaconess movement has opened the way and door for every Christian woman, no matter how highly or how little cultured, who feels herself divinely constrained to enter into the vineyard of God. Finally, the deaconess work deserves our sympathy and enthusiastic support.

3. Because it furnishes to the world one of the very best and most irresistible proofs of the Divinity of our Christian religion. The world is tired of systems, dogmas, creeds. What it wants is deeds. They, being tangible and practical, are the only kind of arguments which it will, and *nota bene*, which it is compelled to, accept. The world resembles the blind man who only reads one kind of print, that which he can feel. It is like unto a dying one, with whom all communication has become impossible except through the tender touch of a loving hand. The ungodly do not come to hear the sweet gospel of love. God bless the noble sisters, who, like their Saviour and

Master, sacrifice everything to go and bring it to them in the form of loving ministrations in the day of distress and sore affliction, at the sick-bed and in the dying hour! A converted Chinaman described the difference between the religions of Confucius, Buddha, and Christ, as follows: "A man had fallen down into a deep, miry pit, where he was not able to move, and in danger to perish any moment. A Confucian priest came along, and carefully approaching the pit, said to him: 'Poor fellow, I am very sorry for you, indeed. How could you ever be foolish enough to get into this awful place? Let me give you a piece of good advice before I go. If ever you should happen to get out, then be sure to be careful not to fall down into such a dangerous pit again!' This, said the Chinaman, is Confucianism. Then, after a while, a Buddhist priest passed by. Looking down to the unfortunate brother, he said: 'Poor fellow, how I do pity you! If you could only climb half or two-thirds of the way up to me, possibly I could help you. But the poor man could not stir, and kept sinking.' This," said the Chinaman, "is Buddhism. But now, attracted from far distance by the perishing man's calls for help, Jesus Christ came to the pit. Without any unnecessary words he went right down upon his knees, and stooping over, reached his hand away down where the sinking man could grasp it, calling to him: 'Take hold!' and pulled him out and saved him. He washed him, put new clothes on him, and pressed him to His bosom, saying: 'Go thy way, and sin no more!' This," said the Chinaman, "is the religion of Jesus Christ." And I conclude by adding that of this wonderful, practical religion of love, there is no more beautiful, convincing proof and illustration than the glorious Deaconess Movement.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

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DEAR Lord, I feel my weakness,  
But Thou, so strong and kind,  
Wilt always let me lean on Thee  
And strength for weakness find.

—Parkinson.

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

FOR the third time in fifty years the Conference has met in Birmingham, the metropolis of the "Black Country," which has long been a stronghold of Methodism. This is the 151st Conference. A wonderful change since, 1743 when John Wesley wrote thus respecting himself and his brother Charles—"He," Charles, "looked like a soldier of Christ. His clothes were torn to tatters. The mob of Wednesday, Darlestone, and Walsall had taken him by night out of the Society House and carried him about for several hours with a full purpose to murder him."

Now the citizens, headed by the mayor, welcome the Conference, 270 homes were provided for ministers in the city, and more than 160 other families in other circuits welcomed them as guests. The Rev. Walter Green was elected President. He has been in the ministry since 1855. He was first a missionary in Barbadoes. He raised \$500,000 for the Worn-out Ministers' Fund. Dr. Waller was re-elected Secretary.

This year about seven hundred ministers changed circuits, all of whom, except 150, were previously engaged. Fifty-four probationers were ordained, and of 108 candidates only sixty-eight were accepted.

The question of separated chairman occupied a long time and was finally rejected.

The appointment of Miss Dawson as one of the lay representatives excited much interest. She was deemed ineligible because of her sex.

An address was presented by the Nonconformist denominations, which was signed by representatives of all the Churches, including the Friends and the Salvation Army.

No representative from abroad

occasioned more interest than Prince Ademuzima, from Lagos, Western Africa, who is a class-leader and local preacher and speaks good English. He pleaded hard for a training institution for native ministers in Western Africa. He denounced the effects of the drink traffic on the native races. With great energy he urged his hearers to lift up their voices against the traffic, "which was a shame to England."

At the West-End London Mission fourteen ministers are employed, twenty-two halls and chapels are occupied, twenty lay agents are devoted to house-to-house visitation, with seventy to eighty sisters going among the most needy of the people.

Rev. Thomas Champness reports that ninety-two men and twenty-five women are employed in the Joyful News Mission.

The conversation on the state of the work of God brought out the fact that in making up for a loss in the membership from emigration, deaths, etc., 47,934 new members had been received, and that the net increase was 5,650.

The Worn-out Ministers' and Widows' Fund received from the *Methodist Times* \$1,634, and from the *Methodist Recorder* \$625. The Trust Assurance Company gave \$4,000, and the Book-Room \$2,000.

The number of deaths was very large; forty in all, thirty-two in England, one in Ireland, and seven in foreign mission fields.

### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The training institution for native ministers, at Tientsin, China, in charge of the veteran Rev. John Innocent, is doing good work. In Shantung Circuit there is much itinerating, and during last year 173 baptisms were performed.

Of the resolutions of Conference 220 are printed in the Minutes. Here are some of them: A new four years' course of reading for local preachers, strong resolutions adopted against gambling and other evils, and an outline arrangement for the celebration of the centenary of the Connexion during the next three years.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

A case of unusual interest has occurred in Kentish-town, London. Rev. R. R. Connell has been brought before the police magistrate charged with obstructing the thoroughfare, while conducting religious worship. He denied the charge and refused to comply with the request made to cease holding open-air services. The case has been appealed, and until settled by the higher courts the services will still be held.

The three years' term is not universal in this branch of Methodism. Sometimes ministers remain six years, and in a few instances even longer.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

Six young men completed their probation, and nine candidates for the ministry were accepted; three young ladies were also admitted into the ministry.

A motion was introduced to abolish the four years' ministerial term to a circuit, but it was not adopted.

A mission hall has been erected at Cardiff. Two young ladies preached at the opening.

In August a Re-Union Methodist Conference was held at Grindelwald, Switzerland. Ex-presidents of the various branches of Methodism in England were reported as taking part in the proceedings.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Garrett Biblical Institute, the Methodist theological seminary at Eranston, sent out a class of twenty. Among them—and queen of them—Miss Amanda E. Sandford, of LeGrand, Indiana, not only received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, but was awarded the prize of \$100

for proficiency in scholarship. In addition to these triumphs she made one of the best speeches on commencement day.

The mission at Peking, China, has recently received three heathen temples and hopes soon to obtain a fourth, in all of which religious services will be held.

A young lady, within the bounds of the Erie Conference, has undertaken to secure one thousand subscribers to the *Epworth Herald*, for which she is to have all her expenses paid in Allegheny College for one year.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

The St. Louis Conference, at its late session, discussed the question of Methodist Union. The almost universal sentiment seems to be that it is best not to make any rash experiments. At the same time there is a decided feeling in favour of federation, and a committee of fifteen was appointed to consider the whole subject. The same Conference also adopted a resolution endorsing the project for founding the American University at Washington City. This is a further token of unity.

The late Mr. Barnes, of St. Louis, has made a bequest of \$1,000,000 to found a hospital in that city under the care of the Church. The bishops are the trustees of the fund and will carry out the purpose of the legacy. Mr. Barnes was an Episcopalian, but gave this money to the Methodist Church because of the care of the said Church for the poor. The reason assigned is a most gratifying testimony to the fidelity of Methodism to its divine mission.

RECENT DEATHS.

Bishop Hawkins, of the British Methodist Episcopal Church (coloured), died very suddenly at Chat-ham, shortly after he had preached one Sunday evening. He was eighty-six years of age, and was a man greatly beloved.

Rev. William Bray, of the Bible Christian Church, England, has left

the Church militant. He entered the ministry in 1851. He was President in 1885 and discharged his onerous duties with great acceptability. As a preacher and platform speaker, he had not many equals.

Rev. J. C. Ogden, of Nova Scotia Conference, was preparing to remove to his new circuit, but was called to his eternal home. He came from Yorkshire and was received as a candidate for the ministry in 1874. He was a minister of more than ordinary ability. Heart failure was the cause of his death.

Rev. G. P. Story, Newfoundland Conference, was suddenly removed from earth to heaven. He was

editor of the *Monthly Greeting*, and soon after the late Conference, at which his services were duly acknowledged, the end came. He entered the ministry in 1876. Six years ago he was appointed Guardian of the Home. In all the positions which he occupied he discharged his duties with great fidelity. His last words were "All is well."

Rev. Ozias Barber, formerly a member of the Wesleyan Conference, Canada, died at Joliet, Ill., where he had resided a few years.

The General Conference is now in session as these notes pass through the press. A condensed report of its proceedings will appear in our next issue.

## Book Notices.

*The Picturesque Mediterranean, its Cities, Shores and Islands*, with illustrations on wood. By J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A., F. LULLEY-LOVE, R.I., J. O'CONNOR, R.I., W. SIMPSON, R.I., W. H. J. BOOT, S.B.A., C. WYLLIE, E. F. COMPTON and others. Quarto, two volumes. New York: Cassel Publishing Co. Price, \$17.00.

Unquestionably the most interesting sea in the world is that to which the ancients gave the name of Mediterranean—"In-the-middle-of-the-earth." He who knows the story of this sea and its adjacent shores, knows in large part the history of the world's civilization. Bordered by Europe, Asia, and Africa, with their many diverse races and dynasties, it has acted and reacted in shaping the course of history from the earliest times to the present day. Of it Byron spoke:

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all  
save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what  
are they?  
Thy waters wasted them while they  
were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores  
obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their  
decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts."

The sumptuous volumes under review are the most adequate treatment of this storied sea with which we are acquainted. Neither illustrations nor text proceed from one pencil or pen. That would be impossible. It is only by division of labour, by distributing its different parts among experts in these different departments, that this theme, or group of themes, can be successfully treated. Hence the descriptive parts of this magnificent work are discussed by such accomplished tourists and descriptive-writers as M. Betham-Edwards and Canon Tristram, for the Syrian coast; Charles Edwardes, for the Grecian Islands and Calabria; Miss Lucy M. Garnet, for the Dardenelles; T. G. Bonney, for the Adriatic and Tuscan coast, and our own Canadian Grant Allen for Marseilles, Nice, the Riviera, and Algiers. The illustrations number many hundreds, and we think have never been surpassed as magnificent specimens of the engraver's art. They owe almost as much to the excellence of the presswork and the sumptuous, thick, cream-laid paper on which they are printed.

For those who have visited those classical shores these volumes will

prove a delightful *souvenir* of many well-remembered scenes. For stay-at-home travellers, who must do their touring at their own fireside, they will prove one of the best substitutes for foreign travel. Indeed, with their ample descriptions and graphic illustrations of the things best worth seeing, from the best points of view, and under the best conditions, the attentive reader may derive a more intelligent appreciation of very many of these places of interest than restless globe-trotters, whose impressions of travel are blurred by the kodak-like rapidity with which they are snatched, without, however, the kodak's accuracy and retentiveness of impression.

From a somewhat extended acquaintance with most of the places portrayed and described in these pages, we can bear personal testimony to the photographic accuracy with which they are delineated with pencil and with pen.

*Footprints of the Jesuits.* By HON. R. W. THOMPSON, ex-Secretary of the Navy. Author of "The Papacy and the Civil Power." Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Cloth. 509 pages. With portrait of author. Postpaid, \$1.75.

That subtle and sinister system, which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had belted the world with its missions, and won renown and execration in almost every land, gained some of its greatest success in the United States and Canada. The Jesuits had numbered as converts hundreds of thousands of baptized pagans in India and the Moluccas, in China and Japan, in Brazil and Paraguay. They almost entirely controlled the religious education of youth in Europe; and kept the consciences of kings, nobles, and great ladies, who sought at their feet spiritual guidance and counsel. They had won well-merited fame for attainments in ancient learning, for modern science, for pulpit eloquence, and for subtle statecraft. Under the

disguise of a Brahmin, a mandarin, an astrologer, a peasant, a scholar, they had compassed the world to make proselytes to Rome. Deciphering ancient manuscripts or inscriptions, sweeping the heavens with the telescope, or digging the earth with a mattock, editing the classics or ancient Fathers, or teaching naked savages the Ave or Credo, they were alike the obedient and zealous servants of their order, to whose advancement their whole being was devoted. They were at once among the greatest friends of human learning and the most deadly enemies of civil liberty.

Mr. Thompson has given years of painstaking study to the Jesuits. His treatment is thoroughly judicial. He quotes very largely from recognized Catholic authorities. He does not write as a Protestant against the religious teaching of Romanism. He does not allow himself to be tempted into a discussion of the loose moral code of the Jesuits. He writes as a patriot in defence of the institutions of his own country, as a statesman in defence of civil liberty everywhere, and he writes because the facts which he has gathered from all quarters concerning the origin, principles, and history of "the Society of Jesus," compel the conviction that civil liberty is imperilled by the very existence of this society in any land. These facts he presents, and in so discriminating and withal so forceful a manner that the book must at once take its place as an authority upon this vital subject. An excellent portrait of the author forms the frontispiece, and the book is a beautiful specimen of typographical art.

*James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder.* By P. HAY HUNTER, author of "Sons of the Croft," etc. Edinburgh and London: Oliver, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

By some strange delusion many persons fancy that the Scotch are deficient in humour. They cite the old saw about the need of a surgical instrument to get a joke into their

heads. It could be easily established that Scottish writers are pre-eminent for their wit and humour. The immortal Sir Walter, the poet Burns, and Christopher North of the old school, and Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Annie Swan and the writer of this volume, to mention but a few recent writers, are striking refutations of the outworn saw. "James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder," represents the emulation, not to say strife, between the rival Kirks of Scotland—

The Free Kirk, the wee kirk, the kirk  
wi'out the steeple,  
And the Auld Kirk, the cauld kirk, the  
kirk wi'out the people.

It recites, as a matter of history, the disestablishment of the Auld Kirk which is yet only a matter of anticipation. It discusses the live political issues of the times in a very humorous manner. It abounds in pithy proverbs dressed in quaint Scottish dialect which accentuates their humour and sharpens their point.

To attempt to set forth the humour in this book by illustration is like using a brick as a specimen of a house. Take these as sample bricks:

"I wad rather keep the door in the Free Kirk," says our hero, "than dwell i' the tents o' the Establishment."

"The Hoose o' Lords is juist the draff of the kintra. A wheen auld wives, an' lunies, an' wastrels, sittin' in their gilded chawmer, like clockin' hens on cheeny eggs, no able to hatch onything theirsels an' pitin a stop to a' reforms!"

"It's because oor Kirk's like Awron's rod that turned into a muckle serpent, as we're tellt in the Buik o' Exodus, an' wan the warlock bodies caist down their staves an' they turned into serpents tae, Awron's aye stude up on its hind legs an' devoored them a', an' left naethin but their tails."

"Div ye no ken what's the beginnin' an' end o' the politics?—grup a' ye can, an' haud on by what ye've gruppit!"

"I hae learned to no' discuss politics wi' a woman, especially when

you are married till her. And this is reason enough in my opeenion for not giving her the vote. What wad be the use?—she wadna ha' understude it, for thae things are ower deep for the minds o' weemen folk."

*Recollections of a Long Life.* By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D., author of "Ecclesiastical History of England"; "Stars of the East," etc. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row.

This is a most enchanting volume. The author was born November 18th, 1807, so that he is, now nearly eighty-eight years of age. He has seen much of the world, has mingled with all classes, and in this volume of "Recollections," he has described the principal events of the century in a most graphic manner.

Dr. Stoughton was born of an excellent parentage. His father was reputed to be an "honest lawyer," and would never undertake any cause if he did not believe in the justice of his client's claim. His father was at least an adherent, if not a member, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. His mother was a "Quakeress," but when she married she was dismembered from the "Friends," and worshipped in the same sanctuary as her husband. Her father was a Methodist, and she often told her son how she remembered John Wesley visiting at her father's house in her childhood days, and was dandled and caressed by the founder of Methodism.

As our author's father died when his son was young, the training of the lad largely depended upon his mother and maternal grandfather, who was a staunch Wesleyan. He received a good education in Norwich, and was intended for the legal profession, but he soon renounced the study of the law, and prepared to become an ambassador of Christ.

The preaching of such men as Joseph Benson, Dr. Adam Clarke, and some local preachers who officiated at Norwich in those days, was made a great blessing to him. He joined the society, and, to use his

own words, "attended class according to rule, and I found the practice beneficial, inasmuch as it was a constant spur to self-examination."

Our author became a believer in the Congregational mode of church government, and cast in his lot with that denomination, but never renounced his attachment to the Church of his early choice. With Dr. Newton, Dr. Bunting, and many other well-known Wesleyans, he was always on terms of friendship, and frequently occupied Methodist pulpits, and spent many delightful seasons with them in the social circle. We cannot withhold the following episode, which we give in our author's own words.

"The Wesleyan Conference met in London. Dr. Jobson, an eminent Wesleyan, invited a party of friends to his house. He kindly included me in the number. I found at his hospitable board the President for the year and some ex-presidents. Together with them, Drs. Binney, Raleigh, Allon, and Donald Fraser were present. Our host was a thorough Methodist and very comprehensive in his sympathies, for he had mixed with different denominations. He had many friends in the Establishment, and in early life had studied under an eminent Roman Catholic architect, at whose house he met bishops and priests of that communion. On the occasion I refer to, he, in an easy way, initiated a conversation which I can never forget. He appealed to his guests, one by one, for some account of their religious life. All readily responded, and this is most remarkable,—all who spoke attributed to Methodism spiritual influence of a decisive kind. To use Wesleyan phraseology, most of them had been 'brought to God' through Methodist instrumentality. Dr. Osborne was present and made some remarks, at the close of which, with choked utterance he repeated the verse—

"And if your fellowship below,  
In Jesus be so sweet  
What heights of rapture shall we  
know,  
When round His throne we meet?"

Dr. Stoughton was a strict non-conformist, but he was truly "the friend of all and the enemy of none."

He had numerous friends among all denominations of Christians, and was accustomed to associate with ministers and laymen of the most diverse views on religious matters. During his extensive travels on the continent of Europe, he spent many pleasant hours with Roman Catholic dignitaries, who gave him free access to their libraries and in other ways acted the part of Christian gentlemen. The remarks which he makes respecting some of the services which he attended in several churches are wise and discriminating, and very creditable to the author, who thus proves that he was free from the spirit of bigotry and intolerance.

"Recollections of a Long Life" contains a number of photos of distinguished men with whom the author met—Archbishop Tait, Dr. Magee, Dean Alford, Dean Hook, Cardinal Newman, and others are often respectfully mentioned—Dean Stanley was his special friend. Again and again they met at each other's houses. They conferred together respecting their literary labours and aided each other like true friends.

Dr. Stoughton was pastor of only two churches, and it is not a little remarkable that both were largely indebted to a servant in the royal household, who had served under more than one monarch. Large congregations always waited upon his ministry, and when he retired a purse of \$15,000 was awarded him. He now lives in retirement, calmly awaiting the command of the Master "Come up higher."

*Systematic Theology.* By JOHN MILEY, D.D., LL.D. Octavo, pp. xix.—557. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Methodist publishing houses, in New York and Cincinnati, are rendering a valuable service to the Methodism of the world, by the publishing of their admirable Library of Biblical and Theological Literature, edited by Geo. R. Crooks, D.D., and Bishop John F. Hurst, D.D. The reception accorded the volumes already issued has been

in the highest degree gratifying. The venerable Dr. Harman's "Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures" has reached a sale of ten thousand, a very remarkable fact in view of its large size and necessarily somewhat high price. The other volumes have also had a very large sale.

The present volume is the complement of Dr. Miley's previous volume on "Systematic Theology." The same qualities of broad scholarship and accurate yet independent thought which characterized his former volume marks the one under review. The greater part of the book is taken up with the subject of Christology and soteriology, or atonement and salvation in Christ. More and more is the theology of the age becoming Christo-centric. Within the realm of higher systematic thinking as well as of practical evangelization is the scripture fulfilled, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Dr. Miley discusses very fully the different theories of the atonement, the theory of moral influence, the theory of satisfaction, the governmental theory, etc., and amply sets forth the consistent Arminian theory of the sufficiency and universality of the atonement. The objections and erroneous teachings on this subject are fully and fairly met.

In this book the great questions of "fixed fate, foreknowledge, and free will," and the doctrine of free agency are treated in a masterly manner. The distinctly Methodist doctrines of justification, regeneration and sanctification are fully vindicated and set forth. The subject of eschatology is treated

with reverence and tenderness and unflinching faithfulness.

*Pan Michael*: An Historical Romance of Poland, the Ukraine, and Turkey. A sequel to "With Fire and Sword" and "The Deluge." By HENRY SIENKIEWICZ. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Price, \$2.00.

Literature has in this *fin de siècle* age become strangely cosmopolitan. Sweden, Russia, Finland, Poland, Germany, Italy, France, Portugal, Great Britain and Greater Britain all pour their separate streams into this wide sea. The remarkable Polish writer of this tale is, we suspect, not widely known in Canada. He has been described as combining the genius of Sir Walter Scott and Cervantes, while in dramatic effect and vivid pictures he has been compared to that greatest of French writers, Victor Hugo. For centuries Central Poland was the buffer between the aggressive Turkish Empire and the rest of Europe. Across the great plain of the Ukraine ebbed and flowed the tide of battle. The period of the tale was two hundred years ago, and in the time of the great Sobieski, the last champion of the freedom of Poland. It is an interesting tale of chivalry, romance, and daring, of splendid heroism and devotion, yet, it has well been said, amid the clash of arms there is love as gentle, tender, enduring and overmastering as in the most advanced civilizations, reminding us of the old truth that human nature is the same everywhere and in all ages.

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#### ABIDE WITH ME.

REACH down Thy hand, O Saviour,  
Thy hand, to grasp my own;  
With all these sore afflictions  
I cannot stand alone.

Thou art the dearest comfort  
There is, or e'er has been;  
Abide with me, dear Saviour,  
Life's long night-rains begin.

—Mrs. M. A. Sutfin.