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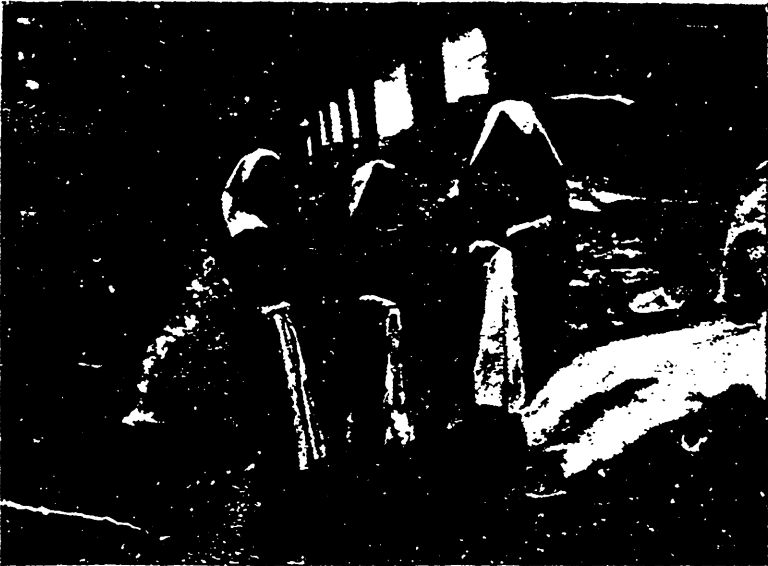
VILLAGE OF DOGMAR, TIBET.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

MARCH, 1899.

"IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND."*

BY WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS.



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SHOKA WOMEN OF THE HIGHLANDS OF TIBET.

Mr. Landor, "by caste, European; British subject; by occupation, artist and traveller"; his home at Empoli, near Florence, Italy, and his residence, London, was satiated with civilization. He desired, without drugs or other portable medical aid, to try the rarefied air of Tibet and the ozone of barbarism. This is not his first trial, either of huts and hovels or of the appalling simplicity of savage life. He has been in that

country long called "a forbidden land"—Corea; which now, however, is suffering the pangs of transformation. Even before that, Mr. Landor had travelled and lived among the Ainos of Yezo, in Northern Japan, the most primitive of gentle savages, where much patience and insect-powder are indispensable.

Look at this traveller and you will see a slender youth with no bulging brawn or corrugated muscles. Upon his spidery legs and arms and his almost effeminate face, every line of which bespeaks the artist and the man of keen

* "In the Forbidden Land." By A. H. Savage Landor. Two vols., 8vo., illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$9.00.

susceptibilities, a heavy-weight pugilist or Japanese wrestler would look with contempt. Yet, as in the case of so many of those British heroes, we note on his face the lines of stern determination, a conquering nose, a resistless chin, and soft liquid eyes, piercing and determined. We have seen many such, wondering how such "baby faces," with rosy cheeks and mild visage, could in any way forecast the heroism which makes history.

marring came is told in the books before us.

The appearance of this brace of volumes, whether we consider their superb mechanical outfit of paper, print, binding, maps, and illustrations in ink and colour, taken by an artist on the spot, or reproduced from photographs, or the triumphs of German colour-reproduction, or whether we revel in the delights of a fascinating literary style and rich vocabulary,



From "In the Forbidden Land."

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SHOKA WOMAN WEAVING.

Yet from February, 1897, there came a change, as we see in four front and side views of the same face, in four aspects. This apparently pampered son of a luxurious civilization becomes, in October, 1897, a prematurely aged man, with a sad and wrinkled face, bearing the stamp of pain. The features refuse to conceal some awful horror of experiences, that plunged the man from youth to mid-life. How the aging and

or whether in the story itself, charming, thrilling, horrifying by turns, must be welcomed as a literary event of great significance.

To Englishmen in India, so daring seemed to be his route, and so horrifying his story, that it appeared impossible that he could have survived both fatigue and tortures. When the reports of his adventures reached London, some healthy gales of criticism began to blow in England. Hence

Mr. Landor has taken the wise precaution of substantiating his main narrative by gathering into an appendix a sheaf of reports from Government officers in India, who were sent to investigate the simple facts, with the oaths and depositions of his servants, and of the American missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Markua Wilson, who dressed his wounds and tended him during his sickness, as well as of the nurse who took care of him, and of various other persons who saw him in his awful plight and during convalescence.

Early in 1897, having arranged with the Russian and Turkish legations in London, and sent on his cartridges and ammunition by water, expecting to reach Tibet by way of Russia, he learned that the steamer had stranded just before reaching her port of destination. Furthermore, the Turko-Greek war broke out. So determining to take no more preliminary risks, he abandoned the Russian route, and resolved to go by way of India. He reached Bombay in the midst of intense heat, when the city was devastated by the bubonic plague. From Bombay, by rail, waggon, and on horseback, he arrived at Naini Tal, where he announced to the British officers his purpose to journey into the sacred land of the Lamas. He was fortunate in finding two unconventional persons who proved endlessly faithful, Chandan Sing and Mansing.

It seemed to promise a waste of months in negotiation before he could obtain a military escort of Gourkhas—the little fighting men of the Indian army. Realizing that the passes would then be closed and his enterprise be foredoomed, he "snapped his fingers at all the red tape the job required," and set forward. With condensed provisions prepared by

the Bovril Company, and with all proper equipments for a scientific observer of things visible and invisible of earth, heaven, and air, this scientific man and artist, relying more on fresh air and exercise to keep him well than on a medicine-chest and its contents, started upward on his great climb with thirty bearers.

Landor is a keen student of man and nature. Glorious was the view of the Hamahlyas (as he spells the name), with their oceanic depths of colour and shadow, and with pinnacles of ice and snow that seemed fitly to adorn this "Roof of the World." This inter-Alpine region of Asia is called Tibet. One is mightily impressed with his descriptions of these high places of the earth with their dazzling altitudes, whose glaciers feed rivers and nourish the civilization below. In these regions prayer is done by wind and water power. The noble missionaries of the American Methodist Episcopal Church are working here to rout superstition and lift up the people. Our traveller found pleasant society, helpful suggestions, and, for some of his journeys in south-western Tibet, a delightful companion in Dr. Wilson, one of the missionaries.

The picture of the Nerpani road gives one a vivid impression of the awful desolation of rock and sand, the terrors of gorges and steep paths over mighty altitudes, but they also reveal the splendours of colour in which an artist revels. It was in the inhabited part of Tibet, but away from the beaten roads, that Mr. Landor travelled. Probably ten million people lived on this plateau. As one reads through the book he finds a vast variety of bases for human habitations—on the rock, on the drift, in colossal valleys, where a village seems but a dot, and on the sheer face of precipices that remind us

of the Arizona cliff valleys. Yet only occasionally did one find a house which might suggest wealth or power.

Very properly, a good space is devoted to the people called Shokas, with their curious customs, such as the dances in front of the house and around the lay figure of a deceased man, whose clothes are bound on a goat, which is driven out of the village or over a precipice, other tribes profiting by the simplicity and superstition of the Shokas.

from a comparatively low elevation, while standing on the point of the rock, saw a circular rainbow. He beheld himself reflected as a Brocken spectre.

On some of the mountain passes were yards or areas of stone pillars, erected by devotees who each put a pebble on the structure. He passed forts on conical hills. He encountered fierce snow-storms, and fiercer men armed with matchlocks resting on long bifurcated frames. While sleeping at night he was sometimes



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OLD SHOKA WOMAN SMOKING IN CAVE DWELLING.

Mr. Landor, with his passion for unbeaten tracks, pictures some perilous passageways. In one case, on the perpendicular face of a sheer rock, had been cut holes for hands and feet. With his face to the wall and his back to space, over a gap of forty or fifty feet, he made his way, though it suggests dizziness even to look at the feat. Moving on these elevations, of from thirteen to twenty-two thousand feet above sea-level, he once,

nearly buried in snow. Besides adventures both amusing and dangerous, passing Tibetan guardsmen and thieving Dacoits, he visited the two great lakes of Rakastal and Mansarowar. In this land of Lamaseries and Lamas, "brick tea," broken up, is served as food, after being churned with butter and salt.

Tibetan Buddhism, though of an antique type, is a caricature of the original doctrines, ritual, and

order. An amazing number of stones is to be seen in walls, foundations, the ruins of deserted cities, inscribed with Sanskrit writing, especially with the mystic words, "Omne manu padme hun."

Mr. Landor's purpose had been to reach the inaccessible city of Lassa, the headquarters of his Mysteriousness the Dai Lama, who is about the last survivor of a once lively mob of divinity-hedged mortals who posed as incarnations of Deity, Sons of Heaven, etc., to whom the Chinese Emperor and the Japanese Mikado and Great Mogul were brothers, and the Czar and German Emperor are distant relations. He did not reach Lassa, but he did achieve notable geographical results, and his lively book will be valued both by general readers and special students. The treachery and cruelty of the Tibetans defeated our author's purpose.

His Shoka bearers, having left him, informed the Lamas of his purpose (so sacrilegious in their eyes), and, being prepared, laid an ambuscade for him. In crossing the river Neo Tsambo, one of his yaks, or mountain ox, sunk with all its load of provisions, clothes, shoes, money, etc., so Mr. Landor reached Tuxem in a state of raggedness and starvation. Having little money left, he went out to buy provisions and ponies. Walking among the villagers unarmed, supposing them to be friendly, he was suddenly seized, knocked down, and overcome,

bound hand and foot. At the signal of a shrill whistle, four hundred armed soldiers appeared and hustled him before the Lamas. After brutal treatment he was handcuffed and made to ride on a saddle on the back of which four or five sharp iron spikes projected which pierced and lacerated his back. He was fired at, but the murderer missed his aim. In the torture-room his feet were stretched apart on a sharp-edged mass of wood, to which he was tied, his weight resting thus painfully upon it. A bar of red-hot iron was held close to his eyes until his nose was scorched and his eyeballs almost burst. Another twenty-four hours of horrible pain, in a cramped and suspended position, formed but the prelude to further intended torture.

How he escaped, and, how, through the good offices of the missionary and the Government officer, who were already anxious about the traveller, he finally got back, after many exciting adventures, to the Methodist hospital, where he recovered, and reached India and home, is told in the last half of the second volume. Mr. Landor is no mere tourist. He has solved the uncertainty regarding the division of the two great Tibetan lakes, ascended an altitude of 22,000 feet, pictured the great Hamahlyan glaciers, and visited and has fixed the position of the two principal sources of the Brahmaputra, never before reached by a European.—Harper's Weekly.

TO CLEOPATRA'S MUMMY—IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

Beauty deceitful, and favour vain!
 Can it be for this twisted sack of bones
 Legends of passion were writ in pain,
 And lustful monarchs forgot their thrones?
 Be these the mangled wages of sin?
 Did the tiger crouch in this shrunken
 frame?
 Could her silken sails and cohorts win
 No haughtier fate for a storied name?

Do dreams recall her those poisoned slaves,
 Whose torment instructed her sultry charms
 To walk seductive the way of graves
 From Antony's pillow to Death's grim arms?
 Stolid she turns but a crumbling ear;
 She who was more than a Pagan's heaven!
 Egypt as Ichabod moulders here,—
 "Number six thousand eight hundred and
 seven!"

THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN ART.

All the half-tone pictures in this article, except the last two, are copyright (1895 6) by James Tissot, and are used by the special permission of the American Art Association, and of *The New Voice* of New York.



J. JAMES TISSOT.

No book is such an inspiration in the realm of art, as in that of morals and religion, as the Word of God. The greatest paintings of all the ages, the greatest sculpture of the Christian era, find their "motif" here. The art galleries of all the cities of Europe, as well as the cathedrals, minsters, and humbler fanes, are a great illuminated Bible with their paintings of sacred scenes in the life of our Lord. No single artist, however, has more devoutly studied the Matchless Life, or more faithfully portrayed its many aspects than the French painter, James Tissot. We spent a delightful afternoon in studying his wonderful work in the New Bond Street Gallery, in London. His six hundred paintings and pen and ink drawings are now on exhibition in New York, and are attracting an intense interest. We have, therefore, much pleasure in giving a sketch of the author's life and presenting half-tone reproductions of a few of his marvellous paintings. From an

article by Clifton Harby Levy, in *The Outlook Magazine*, we glean the following facts :

M. Tissot was fifty years of age when he began his special labour. What had he done all his life before ? The pictures of that earlier period are not exhibited with the late creations, with the exception of five. The great mass of earlier work lies entirely in the background—yet it was considered excellent, and so it is. It was done by the same master hand that sketched the hills and valleys of Judea and the face of Jesus a hundred times over. But the spirit is entirely different. James Tis-



THE CARPENTER'S ASSISTANT.

sot, the Bohemian artist of the boulevards of Paris, the restless sympathizer with the Commune, who took up his residence in England for many years, was an artist, but his art was directed to the commonplace.

At length M. Tissot had a vision, a revelation of the Christ, the Saviour of men. He heard a voice which said: "I am the solution of all your problems; without me civilization is a ruin." From that day forth M. Tissot could not return to the work of his earlier days, and yet he felt himself all unworthy to touch that greatest of themes to a devout Christian—the picture of Jesus. He sought to render himself worthy of the task. He left Paris, and it was reported that he had entered a monastery. But he had really gone to Palestine as a humble pilgrim to seek for the true environment of Jesus, to try to escape the conventional and fanciful pictures of him, and look back to the Jesus of the first century—Jesus the Jew, not the Italian, the German, or the Frenchman.

When the artist touched the Holy Land, his soul overflowed with emotion. As he looked upon the lakes, the rivers, the eternal hills, which must have been regarded by Jesus, he was often overcome by his feelings. But he persevered. He walked or rode over the whole ground, visiting each spot identified with the life of Jesus.

For ten years M. Tissot was at work on his paintings and sketches, in which he has presented the pictured life of Jesus and his environment. He did not remain in Palestine for more than four months at a time, lest he should lose the sense of freshness and newness with which he came to each scene. After sketching and photographing for several

weeks or months, he settled himself quietly in some studio, there to paint the pictures as they could not have been executed on the field. He was sixty years of age when all was complete. Ten years had fled—but he had produced a wonderful work.

These five hundred pictures have also been reproduced in two handsome volumes, which sell for



MARY MAGDALENE BEFORE HER CONVERSION.

\$150 and \$500. Each picture is accompanied by the extracts from the Gospels upon which it is based, in both the Latin of the Vulgate and the English of the Authorized Version.

In M. Tissot's "Life of Jesus," from the cradle to the cross, the onlooker sees the living Jesus moving, working, preaching



MARY MAGDALENE AFTER HER CONVERSION.

among his brethren amid the surroundings which furnish the only possible background for his remarkable career. It is not an Italian, a French, a German, nor a Dutch Jesus, but Jesus the Jew, striving mightily to realize his ideal reforms among the Jews.

It was to ascertain the truth in all its bearings upon the character and teachings of Jesus that M. Tissot spent so many years in the Holy Land, sometimes passing an entire day sketching a single corner of landscape, returning to Europe with his eyes full of Eastern light, his heart full of pious emotion. His paintings are a vivid commentary, a real interpretation of the life of Jesus, in so concrete a form and so clear characters that they afford more actual information in a glance than many hundreds of pages about Palestine. His commentary upon the Gospels is one such as they have never had before, enduing them

with a new vividness and reality, pointing to the living purposes behind their composition.

If James Tissot had not been a firm believer, not only in the living Jesus, but in the resurrected Christ as well, he could not possibly have painted these pictures. They are, indeed, the graphic chronicle of a wonderful life accepted as true by millions of human beings. The result of his work must be a reviving and broadening of the interest in the study of the life of Jesus. He has made him live again for many who would not or could not grasp the full content of his life; and for that Christendom must be grateful.

M. Tissot himself thus describes some of his pictures and the manner of their making :

"That picture has a history—a very interesting story. Perhaps you would like to hear it," said M. Tissot, of the painting of a much-bedecked woman, clothed

almost entirely in red, representing Mary Magdalene before her conversion.

"With the Jews of old, as to-day, red was always the symbolic colour of sin. The scapegoat which carried the sins of Israel off into the wilderness had red ribbons tied to its horns. The red mantle in which the Saviour is so often pictured has the same symbolic significance. Mary has also an abundance of gold ornaments and jewels about her, showing

life, and began to yearn for something better. This is the moment I have chosen for my picture. You will notice that she is not yet within the kingdom of grace, but just looking in at the door, with a yearning in her eyes that comes from the soul."

The artist then, after considerable reluctance, went on to tell of his pilgrimage to Palestine in preparation for this series of paintings. His pilgrimage was an arduous and often dangerous one.



CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

that she was wealthy. Mary was not a courtesan, as we understand the term. She had considerable money from her family, which was an aristocratic and influential one. She owned a good deal of property, including a great castle at Magdala; hence her name, Mary of Magdala, or the Magdalene. But she had drunk deeply of the pleasures of the world, and was a very sinful woman. She made a great feast to the rich people of Tiberias. She became uneasy and dissatisfied with her manner of

With the devotion of a palmer in the days of the Crusades, he went laboriously over every sacred place in the Holy Land to catch the spirit of the people and institutions.

"I had no theory of art to elaborate or vindicate in doing this," he said. "I devoutly believed that Christ, on His human side, was a fine-grained, sympathetic man, of ineffable charm, and I wanted to fill myself with the religious and human spirit of the people who surrounded Him.



CHRIST IN PRISON.

“The Christian world has for a long time past had its imagination misled by the fancies of painters; and there is a whole stock of images that must be driven out of its mind before it can be familiarized with notions that are a little nearer the truth. All the schools have, more or less consciously, had a hand in leading the public mind astray on this point. Is it not time to restore to reality—I do not say to realism—its usurped rights?”

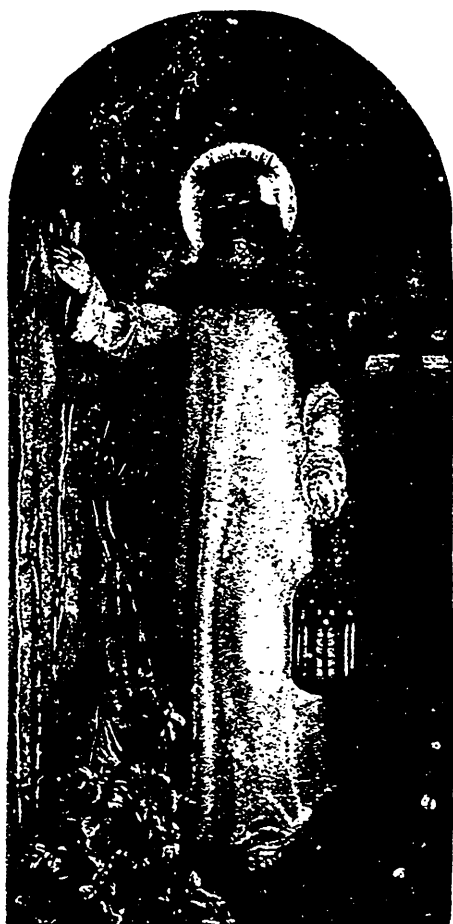
“My work took me, altogether, ten years. I went to Palestine three times, spending about four months in the country on each visit. I visited every spot mentioned in that Sacred Story, and thoroughly studied the people, the country, the architecture, every-

thing. Nothing escaped my attention. Even the initial letters, head and tail pieces, and other typographical ornaments in my work, are characteristic. They are all from Palestine; and each represents some place, tomb, sculpture, temple, mosque, cornice, or ornamental flower.”

M. Tissot talked with the rabbis at Jerusalem; he conversed with Turk and Syrian; he sketched Jews, Armenians, and Arabians; men, women and children of all stations in life. He delved into the Talmud, he visited the synagogues, he listened to the street urchins. An idea of his conscientious preparation may be obtained from the fact that at one time he stood on a certain spot where it is alleged Christ addressed a multitude, and accurately gauged the distance that the human voice could carry at that spot, thus estimating the possible number of the listeners, and picturing his crowd accordingly.

The pilgrimage was intensely interesting, but often very laborious and dangerous. Being a devout Catholic, M. Tissot had the privilege of entering old churches, monasteries, and other sacred buildings, with all their stores of ancient manuscript, relics, etc., which, perhaps, would have been denied to artists of another faith.

“The Turks,” he said, “have kept the Christian holy places in very good order. Many of the Christian sanctuaries are holy places to the Mohammedans also, and they are very carefully preserved and guarded. It was, even then, only necessary for me to pay a small fee to the keepers to secure entrance. That was fifteen years ago, and conditions are much better now. But if the officials were obliging and approachable, the same cannot always be said of the general populace. As is always the case when dealing with



“THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.”
(Holman Hunt.)

Oriental, I had to be firm. If you look the least afraid or even shy before these people, you are lost. I always carried a revolver, and never felt in the least frightened, although I was the only European in my party. I had a task to perform, and believed I would be preserved to complete it.

“I had several narrow escapes from a violent death. While crossing the Jordan, we were fired upon by a band of robbers, and a bullet passed through the hair of Father Didon, the pious priest who was with me at the time.

The guard warned me continually not to go out of his sight.”

Tissot's paintings of Christ number 365, and his pen-and-ink drawings 150. They represent the entire life of Christ in detail. They are all small, the largest being 18 inches by 12, but all exquisitely finished. When they were first exhibited in the Champ de Mars, Paris, in 1894, excursions to view them took on the character of a pilgrimage. Peasants came in crowds and fell down on their knees before the pictures, weeping and praying.

By way of contrast with Tissot's realistic pictures, we present one by the great English artist, Holman Hunt. It bears the title, “The Light of the World,” and was sold, we believe, for sixty thousand dollars. It is not an attempt at realism at all, but is a mystical symbolism. Our Lord, clothed in a pure white garb, over which is thrown a richly embroidered ecclesiastical robe, bearing in his hand a mediæval looking lantern, and wearing a crown upon his head, as if to symbolize at once His humanity, His divinity, His royal priesthood, is standing at the closely barred and iron-bound door, against which have grown a tangled thicket of vines and thorns and briars. The religious teaching of this seems to us far more impressive than even the striking realism of Tissot's pictures. To our mind it recalls the impressive words, “Behold I stand at the door and knock.” words which have been well paraphrased in the following verse :

“Behold, says the Saviour, I stand at the door,
And knock for admission, where I oft knocked before ;
My head hath no shelter, the night dews are chill,
Oh ! why should this mansion be closed to me still ?



THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE. —(After Goodall)

Awaken, O sleeper! the night waneth
 fast,
 The hours of my waiting are hurrying
 past;
 Awaken, and open the door to my love,
 Or thou shalt be barred from the mansions
 above."

Of a different type is Goodall's beautiful picture of the Presentation in the Temple, and the offer-

ing by the Virgin Mother of our Lord of her humble offering of two young pigeons. It is midway between the mystic symbolism of Holman Hunt and the strong realism of Tissot. The tender, wistful innocence and purity of the Virgin's face is the symbol of sweetest, holiest motherhood.

Christ came to seek and to save the lost. We must do the same if we would be like Him.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.



LORD BEACONSFIELD IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS,
BEARING SWORD OF STATE.

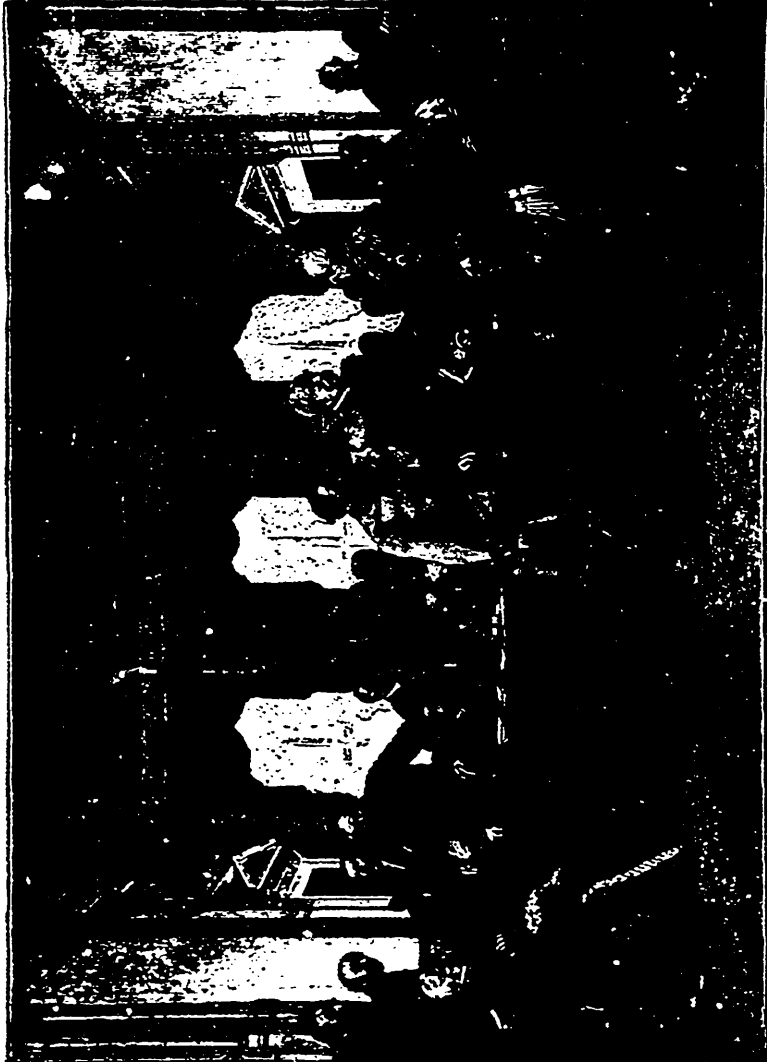
“Old Dizzy,” to our fathers, or, at least, to such of them as chanced to lean to Whiggery’s side, was just about as big a bug-bear as was “Old Boney” to our grandsires, whether Whig or Tory. Benjamin Disraeli and Napoleon Bonaparte, though, were not men on whose brows time had “delved his deep parallels” when they were complimented with the common

prefix. They were styled old for other reasons. As applied to them, the term indicated a mingled feeling of fear and defiance, of wonder and of wrath, which those who used it entertained. Perhaps, too, there was not always absent the animus of intense dislike.

Disraeli was a Spanish Jew, who, if all men had their own—

which in this crooked world they manifestly have not—would probably have borne the surname of the illustrious house of Lara. His family, which for unreckoned centuries had lived in Spain, was one

some of its bishops and its primates. Truly these unchristened and anti-Christian prelates in Spain and other lands have got the "apostolical succession" into a frightful fix. 'For it is impos-



DISABLED AT THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN THE FIGURE WITH A CANE.

of those which, spite of their Jewish birth and cult, had furnished functionaries for the highest positions in the state. They had withal supplied the Church, a large department of the State, with

sible to demonstrate that orders depending on the touch and the "intention" of faithful Christian men, can be other than "absolutely null and utterly void." when they descend through the

medium of such as were confessedly either Jews or infidels!

I have said that Disraeli was a Spanish Jew. He was, however, like his father before him, born in England; whither his grandfather, a stripling of eighteen, came in 1748 to seek his fortune. The family, driven from Spain by the Inquisition, had been settled for several generations in Venice; where they assumed the cognomen of D'Israeli,—a name at once significant and unique. But they never forgot their pedigree and prestige; and were proud of their Castilian progenitors. Indeed, Disraeli, who plumed himself on his heraldic lore, when he came to boast a coat of arms, used the tower of Castile as his crest, and quartered it upon his shield.

His genealogy, too, accounts for the strange affection formed for him by Mrs. Brydges Willyams, a wealthy widow of Cornwall, who subsequently bequeathed him the whole of her large fortune. She was a Jewess, of Spanish origin, and professed to trace some connection between her house and his own. For twelve years this eccentric old lady lavished her gifts upon him; and, at her death, she was by her own express desire interred at Hughenden, near the spot where Disraeli himself was to lie. He had gratified her by quartering her coat with the bearings of an ancient Spanish family from which she claimed descent, using the help of ambassadors and ministers, and ransacking the private cabinet of the Queen of Spain, for that purpose.

During that interesting period of a man's life usually referred to as his salad days, when most men are flaunting their chlorophyll in the face of an astonished world, Disraeli was settling down to hard work in the realm of letters. He came honestly by his preference.

For it is steadily maintained that certain gifts and qualities—wooden legs included—run in the blood; and Disraeli's father was a litterateur. Isaac Disraeli's books are still upon the market, and familiar to all of us. He simply lived in his library, scarcely leaving it except to "saunter in abstraction upon a terrace, muse over a chapter, or coin a sentence."

Of the son it is said that boyish pursuits and amusements had no interest for him. "He pondered over the music of language, studied the cultivation of sweet sounds, and constructed elaborate sentences in lonely walks." This employment became a passion with him; and in later days he found infinite pleasure in the composition of those rapier-like, incisive paragraphs, with which he was wont to torture his opponents in the House of Commons.

Disraeli did not enjoy the educational advantages which are usually associated with those who have risen to the high positions which he filled. He knew nothing of life in the great schools or at the university. Not that his father was unable or unwilling to send him thither. The truth is, his nationality was against him. For although, when Disraeli was nearly thirteen years of age, the whole family had been received into the Established Church, they were still pure-blooded Jews, and English prejudice in school and college was strong, if not intolerable.

The boy attended for a while a private school, and then a Unitarian institution at Walthamstow, where, however, his stay was of short duration. Soon, at home with his father, he was working hard twelve hours a day, apparently developing into a careless and conceited fop, but really consumed with a mighty ambition to make a great man of himself.

His father intended him for the bar, and sought to dampen his literary ardour by articling him to a solicitor, but his malady, "bred in the bone," broke out again, and could not be cured or checked.

"Vivian Grey," the first of about a dozen novels that dropped from his pen, appeared when Disraeli was just of age. It created an immense sensation, and became the book of the season. As Froude has said, "Disraeli, like Byron, went to sleep a nameless youth of twenty-one, and woke to find himself famous." The work, to employ a favourite adjective of his own, was a "prodigious" production for one of his years. Its plot is poor, its rhetoric sometimes puerile, and its apostrophic paragraphs too often bear the mark of having been lugged in from among the bombastic essays of a boy's exercise-book. Yet it has grip, and strength, and insight; and it reveals a profound worldly wisdom.

"Why is it," he asks, "there have been statesmen who have never ruled, and heroes who have never conquered? Why have glorious philosophers died in a garret? And why have there been poets whose only admirer has been nature in her echoes? It must be that these beings have thought only of themselves, and, constant and elaborate students of their own glorious natures, have forgotten or disdained the study of all others. Yes; we must mix with the herd; we must enter into their feelings; we must humour their weaknesses; we must sympathize with the sorrows that we do not feel, and share the merriment of fools. Oh, yes; to *rule* men, we must *be* men; to prove that we are strong we must be weak; to prove that we are giants we must be dwarfs; even as the eastern genie was laid in the charmed bottle. Our wisdom must be concealed under folly, and our constancy under caprice."

Isaac Disraeli and his son are unquestionably the prototypes of Mr. Grey and Vivian. Both young men are extremely am-

bitious, and look on the bar with the same abhorrence.

The BAR—pooh! Law and bad jokes till we are forty; and then, with the most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet. Besides, to succeed as an advocate I must be a great lawyer, and to be a great lawyer I must give up my chance of being a great man."

Each father, too, misunderstands his son; and so we have the sage reflection:

"But so it is in life; a father is, perhaps, the worst judge of his son's capacity, He knows too much—and too little."

Though there was a likeness between his hero and himself, Disraeli protested that they were not one. There were many persons, however, who insisted on their identity. To these he addressed himself in the following paragraphs, which serve to show with what ambidexterity he could wield the whip-lash:

"I am loath to speak even for one moment of the author instead of the hero; but with respect to those who have with singular industry associated the character of the author of 'Vivian Grey' with that of its hero, I must observe, that as this is an inconvenience which I share in company with more celebrated writers, so also it is one which will never prevent me from describing any character which my mind may conceive.

"To those who, alike unacquainted with my person, my life, my habits, have, with that audacious accuracy for which ignorance is celebrated, not only boldly avowed that the original of my hero may be discovered in myself, but that the character, at the same time, forms also a flattering portrait of a more frail original, I shall say nothing. Most of these chatterers are included in that vast catalogue of frivolous beings who carry on in society an espionage on a small scale, not precisely through malice, but from an invincible ambition of having something to say, when they have nothing to think about. A few of these persons, I am informed, cannot even plead a brainless skull as an excuse for their indecent conduct; but dreading that in time the lash

might be applied to their own guilty littleness, they have sought, in the propagation of falsehood on their part, a boasted means for the prevention of further publication on mine. Unlucky rogues! how effectual have been your exertions! Let me not by one irritable expression console these clumsy midwives of calumny for the abortion of their slander; but pass over their offences with that merciful silence, to which even insolent imbecility is ever entitled."

A period of over half a century elapsed between the appearance of "Vivian Grey" and of "Endymion," Disraeli's last attempt at fiction. The latter throws little fresh light upon his creed or character. He happened to be in want of money, and it netted him ten thousand pounds. Some of the works that came between, however, were written with a purpose, and reflect his own convictions on social or political subjects. Take "Coningsby," for instance, in which he discusses the relations of Church and State:

"What can be more anomalous than the present connection between State and Church? Every condition on which it was originally consented to has been cancelled. That original alliance was, in my view, an equal calamity for the nation and the Church; but, at least, it was an intelligible compact. Parliament, then consisting only of members of the Established Church, was, on ecclesiastical matters, a lay synod, and might, in some points of view, be esteemed a necessary portion of church government. But you have effaced this exclusive character of Parliament; you have determined that a communion with the Established Church shall no longer be part of the qualification for sitting in the House of Commons. There is no reason, so far as the Constitution avails, why every member of the House of Commons should not be a Dissenter. But the whole power of the country is concentrated in the House of Commons. The House of Lords, even the Monarch himself, has openly announced and confessed, within these ten years, that the will of the House of Commons is supreme. A single vote of the House of Commons, in 1832, made the Duke of Wellington declare, in the House of Lords, that he was obliged to abandon his sovereign in

'the most difficult and distressing circumstances.'

"The House of Commons is absolute. It is the State. 'L'Etat c'est moi.' The House of Commons virtually appoints the bishops. A sectarian assembly appoints the bishops of the Established Church. They may appoint twenty Hoadleys. James II. was expelled from the throne because he appointed a Roman Catholic to an Anglican see. A Parliament might do that to-morrow with impunity. And this is the Constitution in Church and State which Conservative dinners toast! The only consequences of the present union of Church and State are, that on the side of the State, there is perpetual interference in ecclesiastical government, and on the side of the Church a sedulous avoidance of all those principles on which alone church government can be established, and by the influence of which alone can the Church of England again become universal. . . .

"No ecclesiastical revenues should be safe that require protection. Modern history is a history of church spoliation. And by whom? Not by the people; not by the democracy. No; it is the emperor, the king, the feudal baron, the court minion. The estate of the Church is the estate of the people, so long as the Church is governed on its real principles. The Church is the medium by which the despised and degraded classes assert the native equality of man, and vindicate the rights and power of intellect. It made, in the darkest hour of Norman rule, the son of a Saxon pedlar Primate of England, and placed Nicholas Breakspear, a Hertfordshire peasant, on the throne of the Cæsars. It would do as great things now, if it were divorced from the degrading and tyrannical connection that enchains it. You would have other sons of peasants Bishops of England, instead of men appointed to that sacred office solely because they were the needy scions of a factitious aristocracy; men of gross ignorance, profligate habits, and grinding extortion, who have disgraced the episcopal throne, and profaned the altar. . . .

"I speak of the past, of the past that has produced so much present evil. We live in decent times; frigid, latitudinarian, alarmed, decorous. A priest is scarcely deemed in our days a fit successor to the authors of the gospels, if he be not the editor of a Greek play; and he who follows St. Paul must now at least have been private tutor of some young nobleman who has taken a good degree! And then

you are all astonished that the Church is not universal! Why, nothing but the indestructibility of its principles, however feebly pursued, could have maintained even the disorganized body that still survives."

It would be interesting to linger over more of Disraeli's words—over "Tancred," whose hero was Algernon George Percy, Duke of Northumberland, who died the other day, and found his sepulchre in the St. Nicholas chapel of the Abbey—over "Lothair," which, it has been said, students of English history in time to come, who would know what the nobles of England were like in the days of Queen Victoria, will read with the same interest with which they read Horace or Juvenal. But it is time to turn to Disraeli the Radical.

Soon after his return from a visit to Greece and Syria in the early thirties, Disraeli concluded that, though he was lionized in London society, success as a mere novelist would not meet his aspirations. He had studied politics all his life; he now began to study politicians; believing that theirs was the sphere in which he could best distinguish himself. In the summer of 1832, when scarcely twenty-eight years of age, he offered himself as a candidate for High Wycombe. He was neither a Whig nor a Tory; "Toryism," he said, "was worn out, and he could not condescend to be a Whig."

His opponent was returned; but, as dissolution took place in a couple of months, we find Disraeli offering himself to the same constituency again in the autumn. In his address, he urged them to have done with "political jargon," to "make an end of the factious slang of Whig and Tory, two names with one meaning, and only to delude the people," and to "unite in forming a great national

party." He continued, "I come before you to oppose this disgusting system of factions; I come forward wearing the badge of no party and the livery of no faction. I seek your suffrages as an independent neighbour. . . I will withhold my support from every Ministry which will not originate some great measure to ameliorate the condition of the lower orders." His radicalism was, however, too drastic for High Wycombe, and he was again defeated.

His appearance at this time, from an aesthetic or sartorial standpoint, was decidedly "fetching." At a dinner party he wore a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers, with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders. Now we hear of him in a gorgeously embroidered waistcoat, with a quantity of chains about his neck; and now in a laced shirt and patent leather pumps with red rosettes. His person, too, was always odoriferous—a perennial advertisement of the water of Cologne.

Disraeli turned Tory, and awaited an opportunity to enter the House. This did not come until 1837, when, as a supporter of Sir Robert Peel, he took his seat for Maidstone. Everybody has heard of his first speech in Parliament. The record has it :

"Immediately after O'Connell Disraeli rose. His appearance was theatrical, as usual. He was dressed in a bottle-green frock-coat, with a white waistcoat, collarless, and with needless display of gold chain. His face was lividly pale, his voice and manner peculiar. He began naturally and sensibly, keeping to the point of the debate. He was cheered by his own side, and might have got through tolerably enough; but the gentlemen be-

low the gangway had determined that his Philippi should not end with a victory. Of course he did not yet know the House of Commons. Affected expressions, which would have been welcomed at Wycombe or Taunton, were received with scornful laughter.

"He bore it for a time good-humouredly, and begged them to hear him out. He was answered with fresh peals of mockery. He *did* speak of the alliance between the Whigs and the Irish Catholics. With a flourish of rhetoric he described Melbourne as flourishing in one hand the keys of St. Peter, in the other he was going to say, 'the cap of liberty,' but the close of the sentence was drowned in derisive shouts. The word had gone out that he was to be put down. Each time that he tried to proceed the storm burst out, and the speaker could not silence it. Peel cheered him repeatedly. The Tory party cheered, but to no purpose. At last, finding it useless to persist, he said he was not surprised at the reception he had experienced. He had begun several times many things and had succeeded at last. Then pausing and looking indignantly across the House, he exclaimed in a loud and remarkable tone, which startled even the noisy hounds who were barking loudest, 'I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.'"

Disraeli married two or three years after this episode, and when he was beginning to make his way in the House of Commons. His wife brought him a handsome fortune, but she was a widow, and fifteen years his senior. Their marriage was, however, a truly happy one. To her he dedicated his "Sybil," and, when he became Prime Minister, he made her a peeress in her own right. She was his guardian angel, and his devotee :

" 'Tis not the worst, our nuptial ties among,
That joins the ancient bride and bridegroom young :—
Young wives, like changing winds, their power display
By shifting points and varying day by day ;
Now zephyrs mild, now whirlwinds in their force,
They sometimes speed, but often thwart our course ;

And much experienced should that pilot be,
Who sails with them on life's tempestuous sea.

But like a trade wind is the ancient dame,
Mild to your wish and every day the same ;
Steady as time, no sudden squalls you fear,

But set full sail and with assurance steer ;
Till every danger in your way be past,
And then she gently, mildly breathes her last ;

Rich you arrive, in port awhile remain,
And for a second venture sail again."

So wrote comical old Crabbe in his "Parish Register;" and, in the main, Disraeli confirmed the truth of this homely philosopher. True, he made no "second venture," though his wife pre-deceased him; but he found her a true and constant helpmate, confidante, and adviser, and the hours he spent in her company were the happiest he knew.

As leader of the Opposition, when his party were on the left, and as Chancellor of the Exchequer, when they were on the right, Disraeli had served a prolonged apprenticeship until 1868, when he reached the height of his ambition by succeeding Lord Derby as Premier. The newspapers of that year show us how public opinion ran :

"There is little real and abiding success without merit; and in the case of such a triumph as Mr. Disraeli's," said one journal, "it would be an insult to the English nation to regard his position as other than a proof of merit. Who have been the Premiers since government became national? Let us go back through only a small portion of the list, and we read the names of Palmerston, Russell, Aberdeen, Peel, Melbourne, Grey, Wellington, Canning. Does a man take his place among such men by accident, or in spite of unworthiness? The least gentlemanly of Mr. Disraeli's enemies have not failed to see that it is England, and not the Premier, whom they would assail in denying his right to be where he is."

Other papers protested that it was a mere "pantomimic change" which had converted Mr. Disraeli

into a Prime Minister; while Thomas Carlyle, speaking of "this clever, conscious juggler they call Dizzy," waxed lugubrious :

"A superlative Hebrew conjuror," he complained, "spell-binding all the great lords, great parties, great interests of England to his hand in this manner, and leading them by the nose like helpless mesmerised somnambulist cattle to such issue! Did the world ever see a 'fible ludibrium' of such magnitude before? Lath-sword and scissors of Destiny, Pickle-herring and the three Parcæ alike busy on it. This, too, I suppose we had deserved; the end of our poor old England (such an England as we had at last made of it) to be not a fearful tragedy, but an ignominious farce as well."

After a few short months in power, the Ministry collapsed, and the elections placed Disraeli again in the Opposition. There he stayed until 1874, when Gladstone was defeated at the polls, and the second Disraeli Cabinet was formed. Two years later he was made an Earl, received the Garter, and entered the House of Lords, whence he directed his party for the next few years.

At the general elections of 1880 there was a furious time. The present scrivener, then in his hobbledehoyhood, well remembers the excited mobs of London, and of some large provincial towns, inspiring peaceful citizens with terror. Startled Tories confessed that they were "afraid they were in for another Liberal Government;" and celebrated singers, responding to encores, brought down the house with verses in which they averred, "If Gladstone wins poor Ben will be 'dizzy' in the morning."

Disraeli, or Beaconsfield, as we must now call him, was again defeated; and it was not long before he retired to his quiet retreat at Hughenden. Here, in March of

the following year, he was taken ill, and, his disease becoming aggravated by a cold, he grew worse day after day, until on the 19th of April he breathed his last. He was interred at Hughenden by the side of his devoted wife and the eccentric Mrs. Willyams. A noble statue to his memory stands in the north transept of Westminster Abbey, and (such is fate) at its foot a grave was lately opened for his great opponent, Gladstone.

Disraeli was strong and clever; but neither as a man of letters nor a statesman do we deem him great. No public man in England ever rose so high and passed so soon and so completely out of sight. "Not one of the great measures," says Froude, "which he once insisted on did he carry or attempt to carry. The great industrial problems are still left to be solved by the workmen in their own unions. Ireland is still in the throes of disintegration. If the colonies have refused to be cast loose from us, their continued allegiance is not due to any effort of his."

Though in heart a Hebrew to the end, Beaconsfield's honesty and magnanimity were more conspicuous than that of many a so-called Christian politician. He never abused his great trust, nor could his bitterest enemy suspect him of avarice or dishonour. The pension he gave to Carlyle showed that he lived above all petty spite and realized true merit. He reached the end he sought and of which in his ambitious youth he dreamed; and he had the satisfaction of reflecting some credit on his despised race in his own elevation to the proudest position in the mightiest Christian nation under heaven.

Orono, Ont.

MOSES AND MYTHOLOGY.

BY C.

II.

5. Pandora's Box. The account given in the Theogony of Hesiod represents Prometheus as one of the most artful and wicked of mortals. To indulge his love of profane sport, he sacrificed two bulls to Jupiter. Having separated the flesh from the bones, he put all the flesh into one skin and all the bones in the other, and then asked Jupiter which he would choose. The god was deceived by the artifice, and chose the bones. On discovering the trick, and being goaded to madness by the ridicule heaped on him by Prometheus, he resolved to punish such daring impiety by taking fire away from the earth. But again Prometheus outwitted the "father of the gods." By the help of Minerva he climbed into heaven and stole fire from the chariot of the sun, and brought it back to the earth on the end of his staff. This bold act exasperated Jupiter more than ever, and he resolved on visiting such flagrant wickedness with the most condign punishment.

He ordered Vulcan to make a woman of clay. Jupiter gave her life, and introduced her into the Assembly of the Gods. Venus gave her beauty. Pallas gave her wisdom. Juno gave her riches. Mercury taught her eloquence. Apollo taught her music. Then Jupiter, to complete his design, gave her a most beautiful box, in which he had enclosed age, disease, war, famine, poverty, pestilence, discord, envy, jealousy, calumny, and all other evils with which he intended to afflict the earth. Naming her "Pandora," he instructed her to give the box to the man who should marry her.

He then commanded Mercury to conduct her to Prometheus. But he, suspecting some evil design, sent her to his brother Epimetheus, who at once married her. She then presented the box to her husband, and when he opened it all the distempers, calamities and sorrows of our world immediately issued from it. But Hope remained in the box to cheer mankind under the ills and burdens of life.

Here we see merely the drapery of the figure which the fable places before us. Let us more closely study the figure itself. Or, to change the metaphor, let us disregard the objects that would first catch the eye, and study the deep background of the picture. And surely in this myth, with all its absurdities, we can trace the main outlines of that saddest of all earthly histories, so faithfully sketched by the pen of Divine Inspiration, namely, the Fall of Man from his pristine purity and happiness, and the sufferings which that terrible lapse has entailed on the human race. In the story of Pandora's Box, we see, in a corrupted form, the temptation,—the fall,—the displeasure of God,—the miseries of sin,—woman's part in the great apostasy,—and God's gracious legacy of Hope to the bowed and sorrowing hearts of men.

6. Discordia's Apple. In the fabulous representation, the goddess Discordia was daughter of Night and sister of Death. Owing to her irascible temper, she was continually fomenting quarrels among the gods, and creating endless dissensions and troubles. She

caused so much strife that Jupiter at last banished her from heaven. When Peleus, King of Thessaly, was married to the goddess Thetis, Discordia was not invited to the marriage. At this neglect she was so deeply offended that she appeared suddenly to the company and threw an apple into the midst of the guests bearing the inscription, "Let the greatest beauty take me." This gave rise to vanity, jealousy, contention and anger, each goddess fancying herself the most beautiful, and each struggling to secure the apple.

If the original of this mythical scene is not to be found in the forbidden fruit of Eden, we may despair of being able to trace the story to any supposable source. The fruit of which Eve partook at the suggestion of the serpent has certainly been an "apple of discord" from that day to this; and it is simply impossible that such an event as the fall of man from a state of moral purity and happiness could occur without impressing itself on the minds of men of all nations and all ages. And however we may view the biblical account of the forbidden fruit of Eden, whether as being literal or metaphorical, still the fruit of "the tree of the knowledge of good or evil," and the apple of Discordia both tell the same sad tale

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into our world, and all our
woe."

7. Orpheus and his Lyre. This beautiful though mournful myth makes Orpheus to be a most accomplished musician. He descended into the regions of Pluto, the god of hell, in search of his wife, Eurydice. He had a lyre that was given him by the god Apollo. His music was so masterful that at the sound of it rivers ceased to flow, wild beasts forgot

their wildness, and mountains moved towards him to listen to his strains. When he struck his lyre in hell, the souls of the lost forgot their torments. The wheel on which Ixion was torn ceased to revolve. The stone that Sisyphus was doomed to be forever rolling up hill, but that was yet forever returning upon him, came to rest. And Tantalus forgot the burning thirst with which he was tormented. When Orpheus played before Pluto and Proserpine, the infernal deities who presided over hell, they were moved with compassion by the sadness and sweetness of his strains, and promised that, on certain conditions, they would restore to him his long-lost Eurydice.

We all know something of the power of music. It is one of the elements mysteriously and inseparably connected with the physical universe. It is a latent element, indeed, but one that is easily educed and brought into play by the various appliances of human art. It presents to us one of the finest displays of the wisdom, power and goodness of God, and it is one of the most natural and appropriate means by which we express the emotions and passions,—the hopes and fears,—the joys and sorrows,—of our souls. In all ages of the world men have acknowledged its power, and have given themselves up to the influences of its enchantment. It has played its part in the notes of triumph that rang at the passage of the Hebrew host through the Red Sea; in the sound of psaltery and harp that entered into the religious services of the Jewish Church; in the ringing strains that proclaimed, at the birth of Christ, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men"; in the swelling harmonies of the grand cathedral; in the mournful psalm of the persecuted Coven-

anter; in the triumphant hymn of the Christian convert; in the rattling chime of the marriage bells; in the solemn dirge that breathes our sorrow at the grave of departed worth; and in the sublime chorus of countless voices before the eternal throne.

Whoever, in the earlier ages of the world, should excel in this divine art could hardly fail to be immortalized alike in veritable history and in classic fable,—in the facts of the Bible and in the fictions of heathenism. More than this, he was sure to be deified, and to be worshipped by the votaries of a false religion. Look at this story of Orpheus; strip it of its fabulous embellishments; bring it into the light of sacred history, and who is this lyrical hero but Jubal, the son of Lamech and Adah,—“the father of all such as handle the harp and organ”?—Gen. iv. 21.

8. Deucalion's Flood. The traditional account of Deucalion's Flood is one of more than ordinary interest. It is a deeply significant fact that traditions of a Universal Deluge have been repeated from generation to generation, and from time immemorial among all the nations of the earth. The ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, Scandinavians, early Britons and American aborigines, in sculptured monuments, in engraved brick, and in unwritten story, have preserved the imperishable record of this wonderful event. In matters of mere detail names change and incidents vary. Each nation has its own way of representing the scene. But the main event on which the varying fables hang remains the same in every case. As confirmatory of the Scripture account of the Deluge, let us study the mythical story of Deucalion's Flood.

Deucalion was the son of Pro-

metheus. He married his cousin, Pyrrha, daughter of Epimetheus and Pandora. During his reign as King of Thessaly the impiety of mankind so provoked Jupiter that he resolved to destroy them with a deluge of water. Deucalion was forewarned of the approaching flood, and he built a ship, in which he and his wife were saved. After being tossed on the waters for nine days, the ship rested on Mount Parnassus, where Deucalion and his wife remained till the waters subsided. They were then instructed by the Oracle of Theusis to repeople the earth by throwing behind them the bones of their grandmother; and these they understood to mean the stones of the earth. Those thrown by Deucalion became men; those by Pyrrha became women. After their deliverance from the perils of the flood they offered sacrifices to the gods as an expression of their gratitude.

Any one who will carefully study the details of this account must surely feel that it is not all fiction. Not only does the heathen version agree with the Mosiac as to the main fact, but even in the minutest particulars and incidents that go to make up the story, there is not one that does not bear a more or less striking resemblance to its corresponding point in the inspired history. Study carefully the narrative of Moses in the sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of Genesis, and it will at once be seen that all the important features of that narrative are easily recognizable in this tradition. In the persons and incidents described in the heathen fable we see the wickedness of the antediluvian race; the displeasure of God; the forewarning of Noah; the building of the ark; the deluge; the safety of Noah and his family; the ark on the mount; Noah's sacrifice; and the repeopling of the earth. Here are

nine distinct particulars in which the two representations most marvellously agree with each other.

9. The Giants. These were the sons of Coelus and Terra, or Heaven and Earth. To accomplish some ambitious project, they made war on Jupiter and the gods. The weapons with which they fought were huge hills torn from their foundations; trees plucked up by the roots, and enormous blazing faggots. They piled mountains upon mountains in order to scale the walls of heaven and attack Jupiter in his own kingdom, and thus overthrow his divine authority. They had not been long engaged in this project when the gods sent against them a strong wind which scattered them in every direction, confounded their language, and utterly defeated their designs.

Let the reader now turn to the eleventh chapter of Genesis and read of a scene that occurred on the "Plain of Shinar," soon after the Deluge of Noah. Then, as sacred history tells us, "the whole earth was of one language and one speech." And the people said, "Go to, let us build a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." But God said, "Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth, and they left off to build the city." Let any one read the first paragraph of the eleventh chapter of Genesis, and then say if the fable of the Giants is either more or less than an extravagant distortion of the Mosaic account of the building of Babel, the confusion of tongues, and the scattering of the builders. The fable is born of the fact; the

tradition confirms the truth of the history.

10. Jupiter and Semele. The legendary tale of Jupiter and Semele must furnish the final illustration, for the present, of the subject of this paper. According to the classic myth, Semele was the object of Jupiter's most tender affection. This fact excited the jealousy and resentment of Juno, who resolved to punish her rival. To accomplish this object she borrowed the girdle of Discordia, by the use of which she was able to assume the appearance of Beroc, who had been Semele's nurse. She then visited Semele, and artfully persuaded her to make the request of Jupiter that he would present himself to her in a display of his divine attributes. At his next visit Semele asked him if he would grant her a favour. He swore by the river Styx—the most binding oath a god could take—that he would grant her any request that she saw fit to make. On making the demand that he would show himself to her in the awful glories of his divine majesty, Jupiter was horrified, and begged her to recall the request. This she refused to do; and he revealed himself to her clothed with clouds and lightnings, and armed with thunderbolts. As Semele was but a mortal being she could not enure the overwhelming glory, and was instantly consumed to ashes.

To the above fable may be added a quotation from a heathen poet respecting Jupiter :

"The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involved in tempests and a night of
clouds;
And from the middle darkness shining
out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about."

The special point to be noticed here is that some of the views which the ancient heathen entertained respecting their supreme

deity were of the most awful and impressive character. Such views were not born of the metaphysical systems or philosophical theories of classic times. They were traditional ideas that had descended from father to son through many generations, and that had their origin in those sublime and humbling disclosures of the Divine character that were revealed to the patriarchs in the days when polytheism and idolatry were unknown. Our thoughts will recur to that profoundly impressive incident in the life of Moses in which he prayed, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory," and in which God answered him, "Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live."—Exodus xxxiii. 18, 20.

The question may be asked, "Of what value is the evidence from the traditions of classic heathenism, or how can it aid in proving the truth of the Mosaic records?" This question can be best answered by asking another. Let it be supposed that in all the writings of the most highly civilized of the ancient idolatrous nations, not one trace, or hint, or vestige of the alleged facts of Moses could be found; that, as to these supposed facts, the historians, poets and philosophers of classic times are all utterly silent; and that we search in vain through the fragments of Sanchoniathon, the history of Herodotus, and the

poems of Hesiod and Homer for any slightest or remotest allusion to the events which Moses pretends to describe—what would the sceptics and infidels of the present day say about it? Would they not point to the Mosaic account of Creation, the Fall, the Expulsion from Eden, the Deluge, the Confusion of Tongues, and other events; and would they not say, "These statements cannot possibly be true. They are but the wildest fictions of perverted imagination. Had such events ever occurred, they must have left an ineffaceable impression of their reality on the minds of all the nations of antiquity; and some dim recollections of them must have descended, through many national channels, from the earliest dawn of history down to the present day."

This would be the infidel argument; and the evidence which he would thus demand we can triumphantly furnish. We do not depend on heathen tradition to prove the truth of the Pentateuch. But when we examine the cosmogonies and mythologies of the heathen nations, while we find in them much that is absurd and impure, we also find in them many traditional accounts that lend the strongest confirmatory evidence of the reality of those wonderful events described by the graphic pen of the great historian, prophet and law-giver of the Hebrew people.

DISARMAMENT.

Put up the sword! The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons,
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
*O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!*

—John G. Whittier.

THOMAS CHALMERS—THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.

BY THE REV. A. W. NICOLSON.

II.

The great opportunity in Chalmers' life came when he was still in his prime. In fact, he was a mighty agent in making the opportunity. Like Gladstone, he began a doughty champion of the Church as he found it, and ended with a radical spirit for reform. The two, indeed, had much in common. Gladstone, the statesman, and Chalmers, the ecclesiastic, were doing similar work, one for and the other in the Church. Both strenuously fought at the outset for things as they were, and as they gained wide views, fought with equal purpose for things as they should be. One introduced a cleavage of the Episcopal, the other of the Presbyterian Church.

Methodists can appreciate the principle for which Chalmers contended. When the Free Church was fairly launched, Mr. Farmer, then Treasurer of the Missionary Society of the Methodist body, had the honour of showing what our people thought of the disruption. When Chalmers' plate was uncovered at the inaugural banquet, Mr. Farmer's cheque for one hundred pounds was exposed—the first money paid into the treasury of the great cause. Years afterward, Dr. Guthrie, as a delegate to the London Missionary anniversary, eloquently referred to the good countenance of the Methodists during the struggle, and exclaimed, "If ever your backs are to the wall, call for the help of the Free Church."

What was the principle? That of the right of the Church to select its own ministers. The Government officials and land proprietors had exercised this right,

insisting on placing in the pulpits men to whom the people were opposed. It was often the case that a score or less of hundreds sat in the pews, while the pulpit was filled by some servile nominee of a proud if not Godless landlord, or an official who held pulpits and preachers in his hand as a player holds cards or dice. The Government paid an annual amount to the Church, and came to regard the nominations as its right by purchase. It also owned the property, and so manses went with stipends. To oppose the system, therefore, meant the surrender of home and living.

Chalmers, now full of zeal, and with gradually enlarging views of the relations of Church and State, became a second conscience to his brethren and a terror to all autocrats. He was not alone. Such men as Hugh Miller—a marvellous champion of Christianity and Christian science; Dr. Guthrie—of keen, logical mind, and abounding in that most popular form of eloquence, the humorous and the pathetic; with scores of others scarcely second in pulpit and platform ability, clustered around the giant leader. They began by admiring his courage and powers of persuasion, and ended by being persuaded themselves. Some of these spoke the language of the North. After each General Assembly they went home to their highland parishes and repeated the arguments against a degenerate system which made the Church the creature of the State, whereas it ought, like Christ, its head, to be free.

The country was soon on tiptoe, ready to renew the old conflict for the old faith. The question of

the people's privileges went to the courts, and from the courts to Parliament. In every trial of this kind the Church was required to submit, much to the grief and irritation of the contestants. To the authorities of Church and State no true apprehension of the extent to which the agitation had reached ever dawned upon them till it was too late—till the heather was on fire.

While but a boy, two great events were ushered in, much to the exciting interest of the present writer. One was the coronation of Queen Victoria, the other the coronation of Thomas Chalmers. With the one came volleys of artillery and intense joy for the English-speaking world. With the other there were loud reverberations indeed, but they were from the pulpits, the press, and platforms of Scotland. Victoria, by birthright, ascended the throne of a wide empire. Chalmers, by divine endowment and direction, was elevated to a more exalted place—he became the leader, the emancipator of a multitude, and the founder of one of the purest of God's republics.

Coincident with the Disruption there was another revolution in the more northerly districts of Scotland. Well can we remember the crowds that thronged the streets of the principal towns and villages of the Highlands as the Crofters abandoned, or were driven out of, their narrow livings, that the land might be turned into forests or moors for the sportsmen of the time. Pheasants and moor-fowl were to take the place of men, women and children. It was a sad and cruel alternative, to cross the ocean for a precarious home, or remain to meet the grim conditions of famine. They chose the former. Like the travail of the Disruption, however, this anguish gave birth to freedom. The

descendants of both are found to-day in the chiefest places of her Majesty's colonies.

"What an extraordinary country!" wrote Voltaire, during a visit to Great Britain in 1727. "Here I find fifty religions, and but one sauce."

There were at once revealed the infidel and the gourmand! Once a people is made shackle-free they begin to think for themselves. In 1843 he would have found the legitimate outgrowth of this freedom in Scotland, where creeds were the chief elements that passed through the crucible. Hugh Miller, in *The Witness*, and such men as Chalmers, Guthrie, Candlish, and others, in pulpit and platform, keen marksmen, behind hundred-ton cannon and rapid-firing guns, were enough to excite the most phlegmatic people. In Scotland they simply brought the nation to a state of almost frenzied agitation. At the loom, the plough, the fishlines, the turf spade, nothing was heard or felt but "The Church and Covenant."

At length came the culmination. St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, held over five hundred ministers in General Assembly. Four hundred and seventy-four walked out to Canonmills Hall, while crowds lined the streets, some wondering, some weeping. They were leaving fully two million pounds sterling—ten millions of dollars—of revenue behind them. With no roof but the sky, no churches or glebes or manses, no visible means of bread and butter, these men, their wives equally brave, threw themselves on the providence of God and the strong convictions of the nation.

A hard winter lay ahead of them, during which at least one child was born—born almost under the cruel drift of a snow-storm, which sifted in upon her cradle through the rifts of a cheap

tenement. Her father and mother had disestablished and disendowed themselves for conscience' sake, having lived on a parish whose revenue was equal to three thousand dollars a year. That brave woman was destined for happier things, to be the wife of a popular and favoured minister of the Free Church. As a near relative her home was our home during a visit to Scotland in 1881.

"These men are mad, and the pity is there is no lunatic asylum big enough to hold them," said one of their bitterest opponents. "I am proud of my race," said another, who did not relinquish the Established Church, yet still saw here the stuff of immortality, the heroism that beamed out at Bannockburn. The congregations of these heroic men followed them, leaving scarcely a remnant. But they had a long, hard struggle before them. Landowners refused to sell them sites for building. Nearly five hundred ministers were obliged to flit from abundance to poverty, within a few short weeks. Their poor little churches were greeted, as they went up, with the jeer,

"The free kirk, the wee kirk,
The kirk without a steeple."

and the not over-courteous retort went back,

"The auld kirk, the cauld kirk,
The kirk without a people."

As Chalmers went on, however, and the new host took heart, they found the bulk of the country with them. The leonine head of the great leader was often seen beside the classic features of Dr. Guthrie, and the majestic brow of Gordon, on many a platform. Money poured in, freely offered by the new-found friends. If for nothing else, the gift of giving was worth the trials of the Disruption.

Chalmers succeeded in building up a magnificent Sustentation Fund. With his confreres he soon saw a college established, at whose head, by common consent, he was placed.

"The Grange Cemetery" contains all that was mortal of this great man. We shall never forget the object-lesson of that richly endowed burying-place when we last visited Scotland. "Surely," said Rutherford, while dying and thinking of those by whose bodies his own would be placed, "we will be a heap of bonny dust." We thought of it on that sacred spot. Hugh Miller's headstone was a huge slab of red sandstone, simply inscribed with his name. Guthrie's monument was a marble shaft, exquisitely cut with wreaths and delicate tracery. Chalmers' has at his head a massive square pillar of granite. Could anything be more appropriate!

THE HELMSMAN.

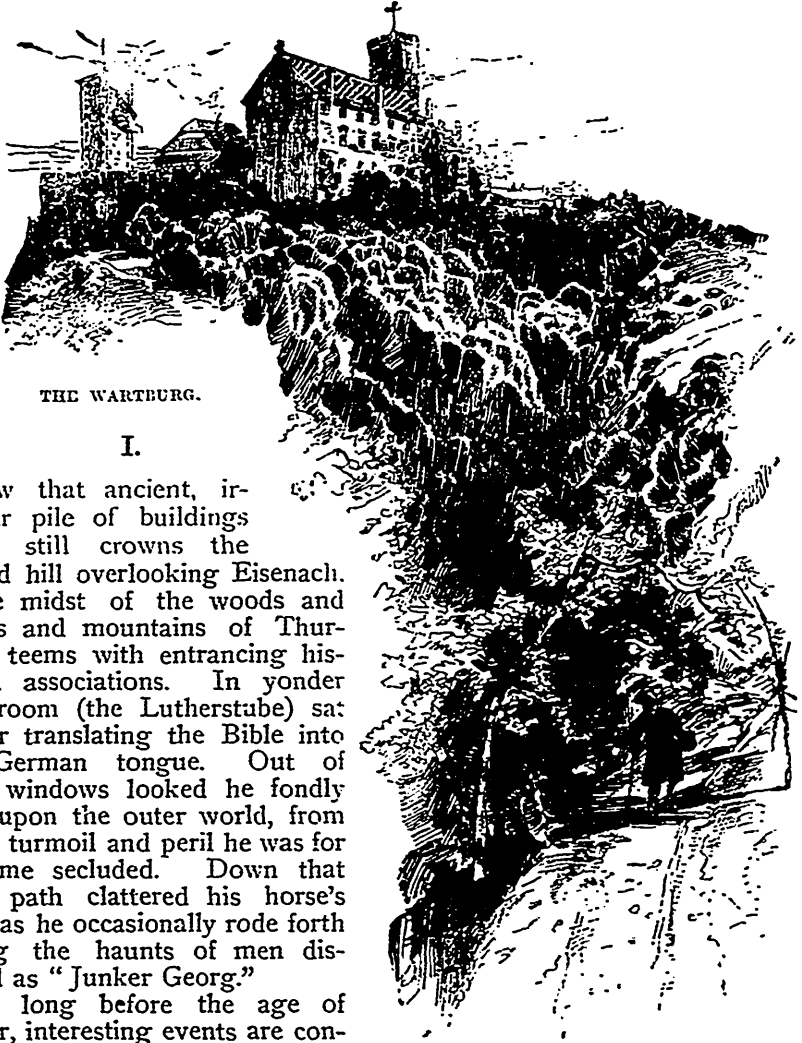
BY M. A. DE WOLF HOWE, JR.

What shall I ask for the voyage I must sail to the end alone?
Summer, and calms, and rest from never a labour done?
Nay, blow ye life winds all; curb not for me your blast;
Strain ye my quivering ropes; bend ye my trembling mast.
Then there can be no drifting, thank God, for boat or me—
Strenuous, swift our course over a living sea.
Mine is a man's right arm to steer through fog and foam;
Beacons are shining still to guide each farer home.
Give me your worst, oh winds; others have met the stress;
Even if it be to sink, give me no less—no less!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE SAINT OF THE WARTBURG.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,
Professor of New Testament Exegesis, Victoria University.



THE WARTBURG.

I.

How that ancient, irregular pile of buildings which still crowns the rugged hill overlooking Eisenach, in the midst of the woods and valleys and mountains of Thuringia, teems with entrancing historical associations. In yonder little room (the Lutherstube) sat Luther translating the Bible into the German tongue. Out of those windows looked he fondly forth upon the outer world, from whose turmoil and peril he was for the time secluded. Down that steep path clattered his horse's hoofs as he occasionally rode forth among the haunts of men disguised as "Junker Georg."

But long before the age of Luther, interesting events are connected with the Wartburg. Here took place that contest of the Minnesingers, or Bards, which Wolfram von Eschenbach has recorded, in 1207, when Hermann was Landgraf of Thuringia and Hesse.

It is in connection with this

scene that we first find trace of Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew, King of Hungary, destined to be the Saint of the Wartburg. The legendary story runs that Klingsohr, the Hungarian bard, a man of noble birth, while acting as

judge of the poetic contest, informed the Landgraf Hermann that on the very night on which he spoke a daughter should be born to King Andrew, who should be named Elizabeth, become the wife of Hermann's eldest son Ludwig (Louis), and be a "saint." The probability seems to be that Elizabeth was born a year or two earlier than this date, for she was married in 1220, and can therefore hardly have been born later than about 1205.

death; "The Epistle of Conrad of Marburg to the Pope (Gregory IX.) on the Life of St. Elizabeth," before 1235; "The Life of St. Elizabeth," by Dietrich of Apolda, 1289; "The Life of Ludwig IV," by Berthold, his chaplain, written before 1289.

However and whenever the birth of the daughter to King Andrew of Hungary was announced to Hermann of Thuringia, the betrothal of Elizabeth and Ludwig certainly took place at a



PRIVATE DWELLING IN EISENACH.
(*Birthplace of Sebastian Bach.*)

Much that is legendary is mingled with the story of Elizabeth. But that story is by no means a tissue of legend. There is firm historical fact in the outline and in the details of her life. In the pages of Montalembert, in Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints," in Kingsley's "The Saint's Tragedy," the strange, pathetic, fascinating story may be read. And all such later writers base their narratives on the following original authorities: "The Book of the Four Maids of St. Elizabeth," written 1234, within three years of her

very early age, for Elizabeth was carried as a baby-bride to the Wartburg, in a silver cradle, escorted by Hungarian nobles, of whom Walter von Vargila was most conspicuous, and accompanied by a train of mules carrying her dower—"vessels of gold, silver baths, jewels, pillows all of silk," such as had never before been seen in Thuringia. The two children were laid side by side in the same cradle, and it was counted a happy omen that they turned smiling to each other and clasped each other in their little



THE LUTHER HOUSE, EISENACH.

arms. The two beautiful things which were destined to illuminate Elizabeth's otherwise dark lot were the knightly fidelity of Walter von Vargila, and the pure, constant affection of Ludwig. As they grew up they called each other "brother" and "sister," which was their simple manner of address even throughout their married life.

In 1215 Hermann died, and

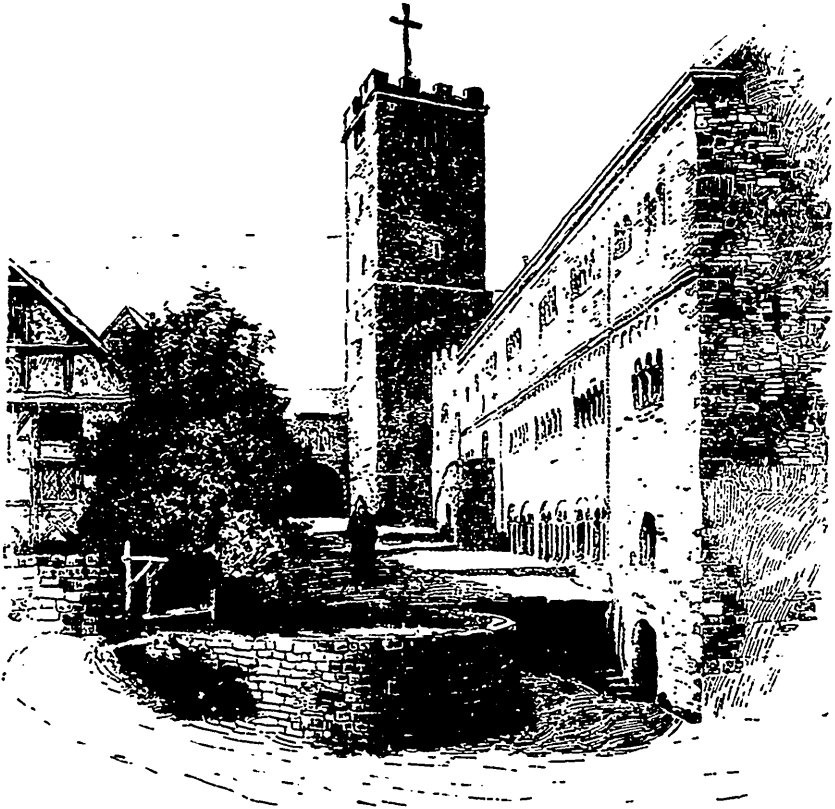
young Ludwig, only fifteen years of age, succeeded to the honours and duties of Landgraf. His character seems to have been singularly pure and beautiful, fearing God, hating evil, sincere, open, generous, mild, yet not inactive, and "modest as a young maid." The neighbouring princes would fain have imposed upon his youth and inexperience, and he had many difficulties to face, but

he succeeded in holding his own right manfully.

It was during his frequent absences from home that his betrothed began to taste to the dregs that bitter cup of suffering which it was her sad lot to drain. From the first her destined mother-in-law, the Landgravine Sophia, had disliked her. Sophia was hard and ambitious, and would have

Elizabeth with unrestrained insolence. The brutality of Sophia went so far as to even gratuitously slander Elizabeth's mother, who had been murdered by the Hungarian nobles in 1212. Sophia said of Elizabeth, "She may be a king's daughter, but her mother was a concubine."

Elizabeth could hardly be expected, under such circumstances,



THE INNER COURT, WARTBURG.

chosen for her eldest son a wife of another sort than the simple, humble, pious child whom he so fondly loved. Baffled in every attempt to break off the match, she poured all the vials of her haughty pride and disappointed ambition upon the poor, gentle, unprotected girl. The attendants, following the example of Sophia, treated

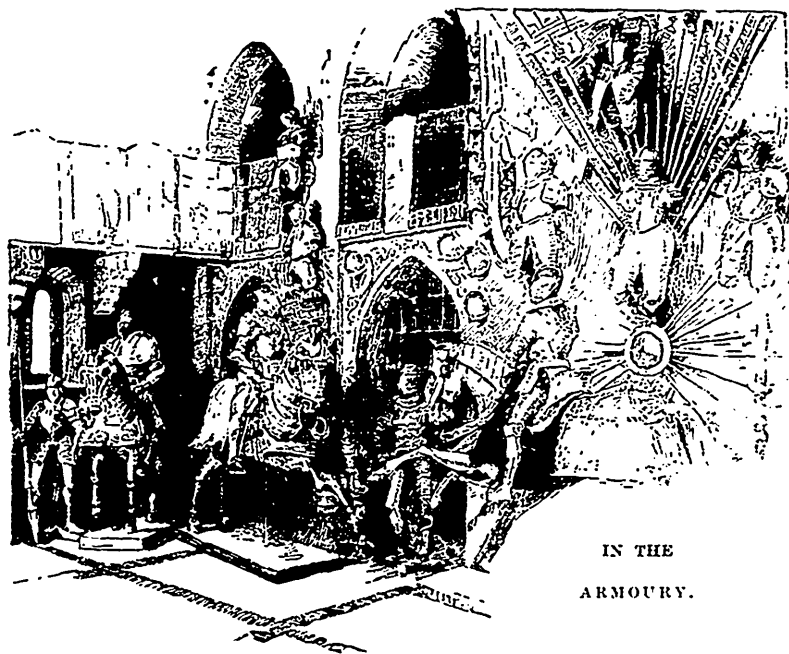
to grow up with any love for the gay life of the Wartburg court. Her only earthly resource was in the tender affection of her Ludwig, and he was often long absent. She was thus thrown upon religious contemplation and worship for her consolation. From her earliest years she seems to have been of a most reverent and

pious temper, loving holy places and church services, and learning to see her Saviour in His poor, and to minister to Him in ministering to them. Such isolation from the life of her equals about her, such scorn and contumely from those who should have loved and cherished her, naturally developed her religious devotion into an extreme and morbid sensitiveness, into an ungoverned impulsiveness which characterized her ever after.

image of the Crucified. Sophia, irritated at this interruption of the stately ceremony, rebuked her sharply. Elizabeth gently replied :

“Dear lady, I pray thee let me alone; there stands the form of the sweet, merciful Christ, crowned with thorns, and I cannot pass Him with a chaplet of gold and pearls upon my head.”

The underlying feeling here is admirable; but the element of impulsiveness and extravagance bore



IN THE
ARMOURY.

One day, on the Feast of the Assumption, she went in solemn procession with the Landgravine and her daughters to the Church of our Lady, in Eisenach, to hear high mass sung by the Knights of the Teutonic Order. The noble ladies were arrayed in their most gorgeous robes and wore their coronets upon their brows. Elizabeth paused before the great crucifix within the door of the church, burst into tears, took off her coronet of gold and pearls, and sank in prayer before the

fruit later on not so admirable. Between such utter devotion to Christ and the worldliness of the court there could be but little fellowship.

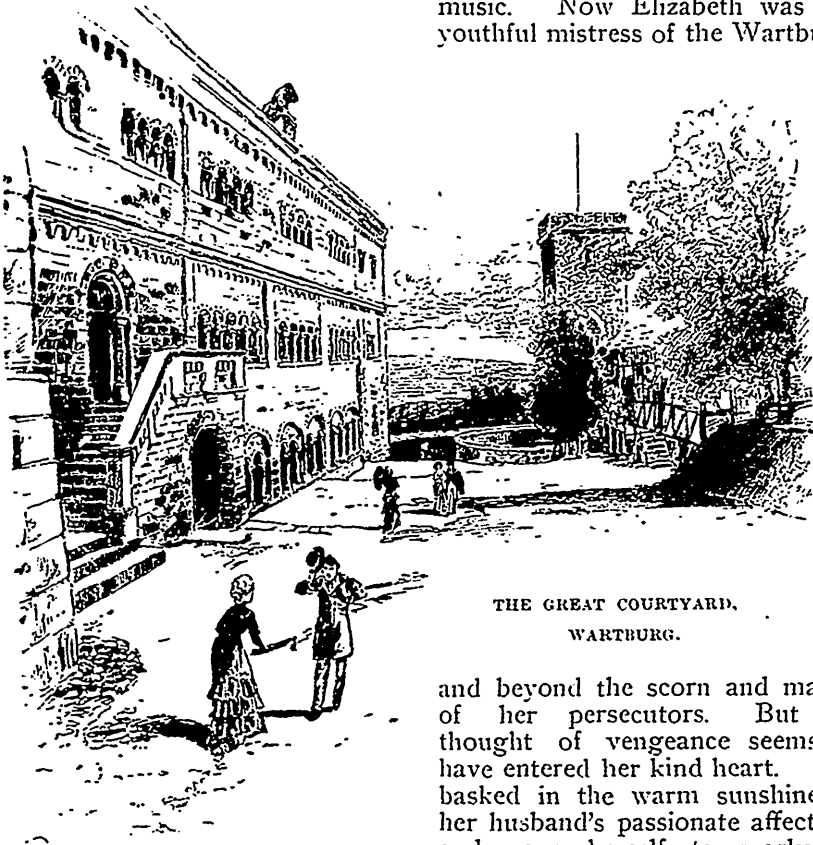
Ludwig's coming home must have been awaited with eager impatience by his despised and persecuted little bride. And when he came, it was always with some gift of love. Once he was long absent, and sent no love-token and no message. Sophia and the ladies of the little court began to whisper that Ludwig had at last

outlived his love for the child-bride, with her excessive piety, and would soon send her back to Hungary, and seek a more suitable alliance.

Poor Elizabeth was almost broken-hearted. She sent her faithful Walter Von Vargila to tell Ludwig what was being said, and to ascertain his intentions. "Your

a crucifix carved on the back, as a pledge of his faithful love.

This pledge was soon redeemed. In 1220, having been duly knighted, and having proved his prowess both in 'tournament and on the field of battle, at the age of twenty he wedded Elizabeth, who was now about fifteen, celebrating the marriage with three days' festivity, tournaments, dancing, and music. Now Elizabeth was the youthful mistress of the Wartburg,



THE GREAT COURTYARD,
WARTBURG.

poor little maiden." said Walter, "is made very unhappy by those hard women at the Wartburg."

Quick and noble was Ludwig's answer: "Look at yonder mountain; were it solid gold from top to bottom, I would fling it away like water ere I would forsake Elizabeth." And he sent her a beautiful gift, an ivory mirror, with

and beyond the scorn and malice of her persecutors. But no thought of vengeance seems to have entered her kind heart. She basked in the warm sunshine of her husband's passionate affection, and gave herself to works of charity among the poor of Eisenach.

There is but one shadow on the beauty and joy of the wedded life of Elizabeth and Ludwig, and that is cast by the struggle in her mind between her devoted love to him and the false conception of the celibate life as the truly saintly life and of marriage as a degradation. Kingsley speaks of

“ . . . the struggle between healthy human-affection, and the Manichean contempt with which a celibate clergy would have all men regard the names of husband, wife and parent. To exhibit this falsehood in its miserable consequences, when received into a heart of insight and determination sufficient to follow out all belief to its ultimate practice, is the main object of my poem. That a most degrading and agonizing contradiction on this point must have existed in the mind of Elizabeth, and of all who with similar characters shall have found themselves under similar influences, is a necessity that must be evident to all who know anything of the deeper affections of men. In the idea of a married Romish saint, these miseries should follow logically from the Romish view of human relations. In Elizabeth's case their existence is proved equally logically from the acknowledged facts of her conduct.”—Introduction to “The Saint's Tragedy.”

Not that the relations between them as husband and wife were ever other than most beautiful; but that the innocent, pure joy of wedded life was “sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought” in Elizabeth's mind, with the “foul scruple” that faithfulness to her wedded husband was unfaithfulness to her heavenly spouse, with the regret “that she had not been deemed worthy to preserve the glory of virginity!”

Elizabeth is above others the patron saint of the poor. Her labours for them, aye, and among them, were most abundant. She gladly left the palace halls and the conversation of noble ladies, arrayed herself in the plainest dress, descended the steep hillside, and stole gently into the poor hovels of Eisenach, carrying to their inmates food and clothing, and speaking of the love and mercy of the Saviour, whose compassion to the wretched and the outcast she so beautifully exemplified.

Strange tales, in which fact and legend are doubtless blended, are told of her ministering to the poor.

How once she wrapped a poor beggar in her own silk mantle, and when Ludwig prayed her to appear before certain noble visitors in suitable attire, she promised not to shame him, and sending to her wardrobe had brought to her a miraculously provided silk suit, embroidered with pearls, in which her beauty shone forth resplendent. How once, during Ludwig's absence, she had a wretched leper, for whom no one would care, carried up to the castle and laid on her husband's bed that she might the better tend him; how on Ludwig's unexpected return his mother informed him of the outrage which Elizabeth had dared to commit; and how Ludwig, looking upon the leper, cried: “I see only Jesus Christ being ministered to in the person of His sick member.”

The best known story of Elizabeth seems to have no basis in fact, but to be a myth pertaining originally and properly to the nature-goddess Freya. The beautiful story runs that as Elizabeth was one day descending the hill from the castle with a lapful of loaves for the poor, her husband met her and demanded to know what she had in her lap. Elizabeth with pious fraud said, “roses,” and when Ludwig rudely forced her to show him the contents of her robe, lo! the loaves were actually transformed into flowers!

This story is not in keeping with the character either of Elizabeth or of Ludwig, however poetic it may be, for she was more truthful and he more gentle and more generous than this would imply. Nothing, indeed, is more beautiful in the whole beautiful story of the charity of Elizabeth than the frank admiration and sympathy with which her husband regarded and supported her in her good deeds.

In the year 1225 all Germany



THE FIRST COURT, WARTBURG.

was stricken with sore famine. The harvests were destroyed by great floods. The people soon lay perishing over all the land. Ludwig was absent in Italy with the Emperor Frederick II., and Elizabeth took upon her the responsibility of relieving and saving the starving populace of Thuringia. She distributed corn to feed the hungry. She opened a hospital at the foot of the castle hill, where the sick could be housed and tended, and herself descended to nurse them, heedless of foul smells and of danger of infection, and took destitute, diseased, scrofulous children on her knee, caressing them with such tenderness that they called her "mother."

Money for her lavish benefactions failing, "she sold her own ornaments to feed the members of Christ," says Dietrich. On her husband's return, the officers of the court made instant complaint that the Landgravine was wasting her substance in these ministrations to the poor.

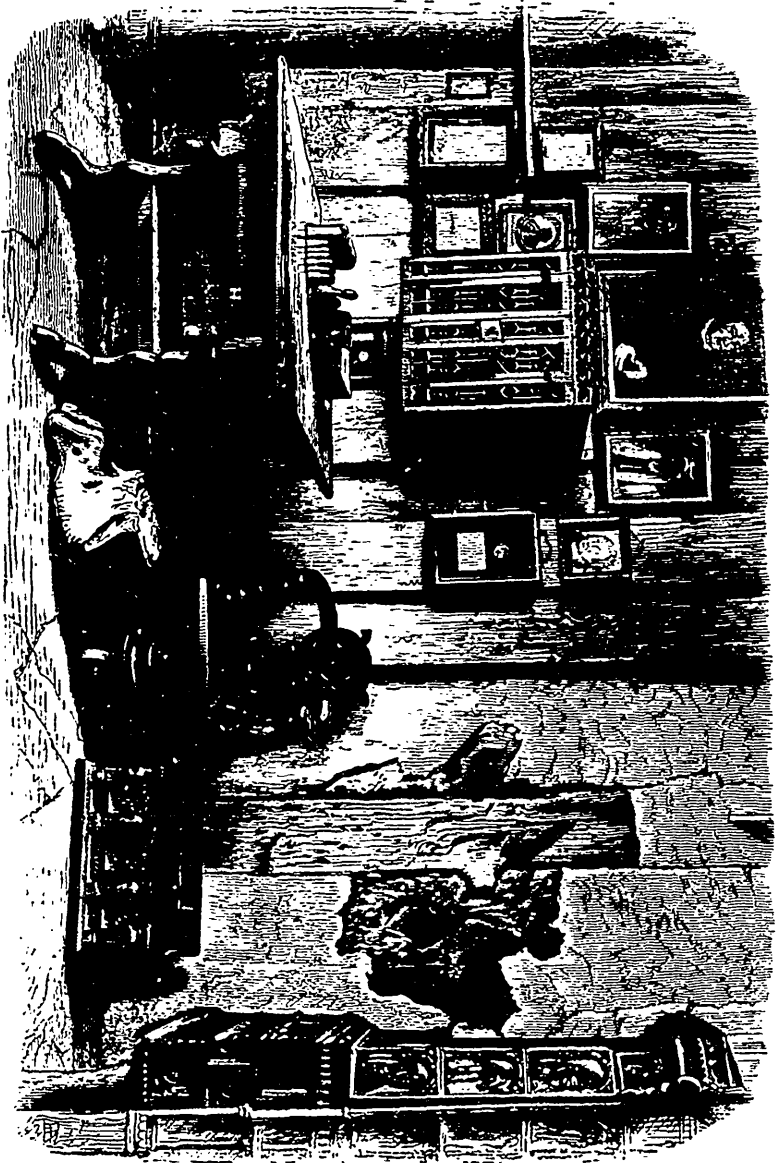
"Let her alone," replied he, "to do good, and to give whatever she will for God's sake, only keep Wartburg and Neuenberg in my hands."

Elizabeth was not lacking in good sense, withal, for she endeavoured not to pauperize by giving money, but rather to put the needy in the way of helping themselves, giving them scythes

and reaping-hooks, so soon as there was opportunity to use such implements once more. One story that is told of Ludwig depicts him

on each return shared his profits, watched over his investments, and, when the pedlar's business had grown so large as to attract the

LUTHER'S STUDY IN THE WARTBURG.



assisting her in these endeavours right heartily. A poor pedlar gained his attention. Ludwig took pity on the man, stocked his pack, became a partner with him,

attention of certain Wurzburg robbers, sent an armed force to avenge the poor man's wrongs and compel restitution.

So passed some happy useful

years, in the endearments of wedded love, in Christly ministrations to the people. Three children were born to Ludwig and Elizabeth. In 1223, Hermann; in 1224, Sophia; in 1225, another Sophia.

"This most Christian mother," says Dietrich, ". . . used to dress herself in serge, and taking in her arms her newborn child, used to go forth secretly, barefooted, by the difficult descent from the castle, by a rough and rocky road to a remote church, carrying her infant in her own arms, after the example of the Virgin Mother, and offering him upon the altar to the Lord with a taper."

It was about the year 1225 that the baleful shadow of Conrad of Marburg fell upon the path of Elizabeth, intensifying all her tendency to religious extravagance, and poisoning the fountains of her joys by his terrible influence. He was a Franciscan monk, an inquisitor, sent by Pope Gregory IX. to burn heretics and exterminate heresy in Thuringia. A man of great ability, of boundless ambition, of a most domineering will, he soon inaugurated a veritable reign of terror. Victims of all classes were burned at the stake. His grip it seemed impossible to loosen, but his very success was finally his own undoing, for in 1233 he was assassinated by some

noblemen who had suffered cruelly at his ruthless hands.

Conrad's one title to fame is his connection with Elizabeth, and his influence with her entitles him to be held in endless and boundless detestation. By the sanctions of religion this heartless ecclesiastic claimed and secured an authority over Ludwig and his wife such as no man ought ever to exercise over the conscience of another. Ambitious to make Elizabeth a "saint," he exercised his authority over her with diabolical craft and cruelty, crushing all the sweet spontaneity of her character, putting her on the rack of scruple and suspicion, and gloating over her agonies.

The base-born "spiritual director" exulted in his power over the gentle daughter of a king! If you shift part of the infamy from the shoulders of Conrad and place it upon the false ideals of ascetic continence and church obedience—so much the worse for such ideals and for those who would revive them now. The brutal cruelty of such inquisitors as Conrad may indeed be partly due to the lack of all tender family relationships, and that awful, blind devotion to the Church which breeds fanatics of the vilest type.

IN BONDS OF DEATH.

In the bonds of Death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain;
But the Lord is risen to-day:
Christ hath brought us life again.
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud with cheerful voice.

Of the sons of men was none
Who could break the bonds of Death.
Sin this mischief dire had done;
Innocent was none on earth.
Wherefore Death grew strong and hold,
Would all men in his prison hold.

That was a wondrous war, I trow,
When Life and Death together fought!
But Life hath triumphed o'er his foe;
Death is mocked, and set at nought.
'Tis even as the Scripture saith—
Christ through Death has conquered Death.

Let us keep high festival
On this most blessed day of days,
When God his mercy showed to all!
Our Sun is risen with brightest rays,
And our dark hearts rejoice to see
Sin and night before Him lie.

—Martin Luther. *Tr. Miss Winkworth.*

THE DOUKHOBORS.*

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS OF TO-DAY.

BY AYMER MAUDE.



DOUKHOBORS WHO COME TO CANADA.

The Universal Brotherhood Christians, as the Doukhobors (i.e., "Spirit-Wrestlers") prefer to be called, have suffered terrible persecution, especially since June, 1895, and many of them have died for their faith.

And what is the belief which has provoked a Christian Government, in our day, to persecute its subjects? that has caused it to banish men by scores to distant parts of Siberia; to send Cossacks to at-

tack and flog large numbers of unarmed and unresisting men and women; to quarter Cossacks on villages; to uproot an industrious settlement of 4,000 people; to oblige them to abandon their cultivated lands; to reduce many of them to the verge of starvation; to confine a population, accustomed to the cold climate of a district lying 5,000 feet above the sea-level, in hot and unhealthy valleys, where out of 4,000 people about 1,000 perished within three years; to do men to death by flogging, under-feeding, and physical violence in the "penal battalions"; and finally, as an act of mercy, to grant that these ruined people may leave their country, provided that they go at their own expense, that they never return, and that they leave behind those of their number who have been summoned for military service?

What is the faith that provoked so terrible a persecution? It is the faith of Him who said: "Resist not him that is evil," but "love your enemies"; and who taught His followers to overcome evil with good.

Those are precisely the precepts for trying to act upon which the Doukhobors have been persecuted in the Caucasus.

The Doukhobors refuse to enter the army; believing that it is wrong to prepare to kill men. It is a case in which patriotism and Christianity are precisely opposed to each other. The Czar is a patriot first and a Christian afterward; the Doukhobor is a Christian first and a patriot afterward. The result is that the Czar is only ready to begin to discuss the ques-

* This article is abridged from an article in *The New Voice* and from other sources. For the illustrations we are indebted to the courtesy of *The New Voice*. The name Dou-kho-hor is not difficult to pronounce. *Dou* is pronounced like the verb *do*. *Kho* is pronounced almost like the implement a *hoe*; the *k* is scarcely sounded. The accent falls on the last syllable.

tion of limiting our armaments when the Doukhobor is prepared rather to die than to learn to kill other men. Few there are in any country, among the wealthy and "cultured" classes, who are ready to follow Christ's leadership in this matter!

To many, the Doukhobors' belief that it is wrong to kill men in war seems strange; but they are by no means alone in their belief. The Quakers in England, America, and elsewhere; the Mennonites in Russia and Canada; the Nazarenes in Austria, and other sects in many lands have held and acted on the same principle. Many of the world's best men, from Isaiah to Tolstoi, have taught the same lesson; and the question, "What is to be done with men who would rather die than kill?" has made its way into practical politics.

Russia is trying to facilitate the solution of this question, or at least to make it less urgently pressing, by allowing some 7,500 Doukhobors to leave the country. These Doukhobors are migrating to Canada, where free land has been granted to them. Their new home is to be just where the territories of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan and the Province of Manitoba meet. The first shipload of Doukhobors left Batoum just before Christmas, and arrived safely at St. John, N.B., after nearly a month's voyage. In Russia, and also in England, money has been collected to enable them to begin to cultivate the land granted them in the country of their adoption, and in the United States also a "Tolstoi Fund" is being raised with the same object.

The man the Doukhobors look up to as their leader is Peter Verigin. In his younger days he is said not to have been as steady as he should have been. Those were days when the Doukhobors, having been exiled by Nicholas I.

to the Caucasus, had settled on the lands allotted to them, bleak as those lands were. Conscription had not as yet been introduced into the Caucasus to trouble them, and they waxed fat, forgot to obey the precepts of their fathers, smoked, drank strong drink, ate meat, accumulated private property, discussed their religion as a matter of intellectual interest, and eased their consciences by being very "charitable." They founded a "Widows' House," for the aged, the orphans, or such as by any misfortune were in want. Their "Widows' House" accumulated a capital of some \$250,000; and with so much property they were dragged into the net of the law, to have recourse to which was contrary to their principles.

On the death of the woman who had been regarded as their leader for many years, and in whose hands the disposal of these charity funds had rested, the courts of justice decided that the money should be regarded as the personal property of her heirs. This led to a split among the Doukhobors, who numbered about 20,000 at that time. A considerable majority of them regarded Peter Verigin as the new leader. His conduct at this trying time appears to have been remarkable. He refused advantageous offers made to him, and set himself energetically to work to revive the old faith and the old custom of the Doukhobors. He and they returned to vegetarianism and total abstinence from intoxicants. They left off smoking. They redivided their property voluntarily, so as to do away with the distinctions between rich and poor, and they again began to insist on the strict doctrine of non-resistance. The Government felt that Peter Verigin had better be removed, especially as the conscription was then being introduced into the Caucasus. He



DOUKHOBOR CHILDREN NOW IN CANADA.

was, therefore, about twelve years ago, banished to Lapland. As in the case of Captain Dreyfus, justice does not seem to have had much to do with the verdict. It was a matter rather of "political expediency."

The Doukhobors made efforts to keep up communication with their leader even in his banishment, and after some years it was thought wise to transfer him to Obdorsk, in the north of Siberia, near the mouth of the river Obi, in order that he might be more completely cut off from them.

The Doukhobors, however, did not abstain from trying to re-

establish communication with Verigin even at that distance. They despatched one of their number to visit him. After many weeks of travelling, this Doukhobor reached the last post-town before Obdorsk. Here he had to change reindeers, and while he was resting he was visited by a man who questioned him as to his destination and as to the object of his journey. The Doukhobor told no lies; but suspecting that he had to do with an emissary of the police, as soon as the visit was over he made haste to get fresh reindeers harnessed to his sledge, and pushed on quickly to Obdorsk. He reached his

destination safely, saw Peter Verigin, had some conversation with him and delivered letters to him; but their interview had not lasted long before the police arrived in pursuit of the traveller, and sent him back to the Caucasus.

Some time later the same Doukhobor was again despatched, by his brethren, on the same errand. He was to visit Verigin; but his mission was far more difficult than before. The police supervision of the Doukhobors had become stricter meanwhile. But, after all, Russia is a big place, and "God is merciful," as the peasants say.

Somehow or other the Doukhobor reached Moscow. There he consulted friends as to the best mode of procedure. This happened a couple of years ago, when I was still resident in Moscow, and I remember the excitement that thrilled the little group of sympathizers at the risk he was running. An officer (a near relation of a friend of mine) was sentenced to be shot for correcting the grammar in a socialistic proclamation of which he disapproved, and for charitably subscribing some roubles for socialists who were in want. After the rest of those who had been condemned and imprisoned with him had been led out one by one and hanged outside his prison window, his sentence was commuted to banishment to Siberia.

What this Doukhobor was risking, neither he nor we knew. He was advised that it was useless to attempt the direct road to Obdorsk which he had travelled before. The only thing for him was to travel north to Archangel, and then to drive eastward, with reindeers, many hundreds of miles, till he reached Obdorsk from that side. He set out, but (at Archangel, I think it was) he was arrested and ordered back to the

Caucasus. The police furnished him with a passport marked with instructions that he was to be allowed to travel nowhere but toward his village. With this pass he was sent from one police post to another. Before he had gone far, however, he found that the name of his obscure Caucasian village was not familiar to the police officers into whose hands he had passed; and he availed himself of this to turn his face eastward and to push on once more toward Obdorsk, using his pass, when necessary, as a proof that his journey was sanctioned by the police. In this manner he made his way almost to Verigin's place of exile—almost, but not quite. He was once more arrested; and this time the police took care of him till he reached the Caucasus.

After the persecution of the Doukhobors had been carried on for some time, a commission was appointed to examine them, to point out their errors to them, and to promise them restoration of lands and property if they would but take the oath of allegiance as a preliminary step toward entering the military service. The general presiding over the commission tried to explain to them how much they lost by their obstinacy, and how unreasonable it was for them to refuse to take part in what was being done by other people. But the longer he talked with them the more he felt that their position was logically valid. So ultimately he said something to this effect: "Well, this is all very true what you say about the duty of loving all men, and it will be a good thing if the day comes when every one thinks as you do; but while everybody else is ready to fight, your ideas cannot be carried out. What you are doing is premature—the time has not yet come."

"Well, general," replied a Douk-

hobor, "the time may not have come for you; but the time has come for us."

It is customary for the inhabitants of the Caucasus to possess arms; but the Doukhobors feel that so long as you possess a weapon it is difficult to abstain from using it when any one comes to steal your horse or cow. So to remove temptation and to hold fast to the rule, "Resist not him that is evil," they resolved to destroy all their arms. This decision was carried out simultaneously in the three districts they inhabited, on the night of the 28th of June, 1895. In the Kars district the affair passed off quietly. In the government of Elisavetpol the authorities made it an excuse for arresting forty Doukhobors, who were kept in confinement more than four years. But it was in the government of Tiflis that the most amazing results followed.

A large assembly of Doukhobor men and women attended the ceremony of burning the arms, and accompanied it by singing psalms or hymns. The bonfire was already burning down, and day had already dawned, when two Cossack regiments arrived upon the scene, and were ordered to charge the Doukhobors! The Cossacks charged at them; but seeing a crowd of unarmed and unresisting peasants, they instinctively stopped when close upon them, and only when the order to attack had been repeated did they again advance and begin to flog men and women indiscriminately with their whips. They struck right and left, cutting the heads and faces of the people; and when the lashes of their whips were wearing out, orders were given to attach fresh lashes to the whips, and the flogging recommenced.

Few stranger scenes are recorded in history. Here were some thousands of people bent on

carrying out the dictates of their religion, which was the Christian religion professed by their government. And here were two regiments of Cossacks cruelly (though in some cases reluctantly) beating men and women, till clothes and ground were stained with blood, and their psalms were turned into cries for mercy and into groans of pain.

The newspapers have strict instructions not to make any reference to such matters; and three friends of Leo Tolstoi's, Vladimir Tchertkoff, Paul Birnkoff, and Ivan Tregonhoff, who went to St. Petersburg with a carefully worded statement of what had occurred, and who wished to see the Emperor about it, were banished, without trial and without being allowed to make the matter public.

Punishment fell not on those who had done the wrong, but on those who had suffered it unresistingly. Cossacks were quartered on their village, and stole property, and did much worse. Four thousand people had to abandon their homes, sell their well-cultivated lands at a few days' notice, and be scattered in banishment to unhealthy districts, where about 1,000 of them perished in three years of want, disease, or ill-treatment.

There is something truly heroic in this small body of poor, obscure, and for the most part illiterate men daring to think for themselves, and, regardless of the material consequences, acting as they think right.

Against them, as against Christ of old, is the power of the priesthood. Besides the Church, the Doukhobors (like the English Quakers of two hundred years ago) have to defy the law of the land, for the Russian law decrees that every adult male is liable to be called on for military service. But in spite of the Church, the Doukhobors think it is wrong to

kill men. In spite of the State, they prefer to obey God, who, they say, is revealed to us by our reason and conscience, rather than by man.

We are sometimes told that the wild grafts of humanity must be subjugated or exterminated to insure the progress of the race. But the Doukhobor knows well that the Circassians, Georgians, Tartars, and the semi-savage tribes he has encountered in the Caucasus

have treated him far better than the priests and officials who were sent to look after his spiritual and temporal welfare. Above all, he knows that the divine spirit of which he is conscious in himself, and which he, like the Quaker, does not hesitate to recognize as God, does not call upon him to take part in any work of extermination or subjugation, but rather to tread in the footsteps of the Prince of Peace.

THE PALIMPSEST.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B. D.

I dreamed (or did I dream?) an angel slipped
 Into my hand a rare old manuscript.
 With eager haste the volume I unrolled,
 Gleaned its initial wrought of burnished gold.
 I read, A child on certain day was born,
 In certain place,—'twas my birthplace and morn.
 His parents' names were such, such was his name.
 What strange coincidence, mine were the same!
 Spellbound, amazed, I read, from year to year
 Of my own life the record true and clear.
 Things dim in memory, or forgotten quite,
 Were by the story summoned back to light.
 Day-dreams, long buried wreckage on Life's shore,
 Full-rigged swept o'er the sun-lit waves once more.
 Beneath, I'd noticed all the parchment o'er
 Strange letters, half-defaced, writ long before.
 I to the angel, "What is this?" To me
 He gave a roll and said, "This is the key."
 O'er characters of most unique design
 I pored, deciphering slowly word and line.
 Began they also of a child to tell;
 His birth, name, parents, perfect parallel.
 Life's great outlines in both ran side by side,
 'Twas the same person lived and laughed and cried.
 But oftentimes divergencies were great,
 Though the same circumstances, place, and date.
 There sick, here hale and vigorous and strong;
 There moody, buoyant here with joy and song;
 There thoughts unholy all the mind control,
 Conceptions here transcendent thrill the soul;
 Here evils overcome and victories won,
 And blisses rapturous o'er duties done,
 Good deeds performed and noble words outspoken,
 Love paramount and Hate's strong fetters broken,
 A character in angels' eyes sublime,
 A diamond sparkling on the crown of time.
 Then to the angel I, "What meaneth this—
 A life like mine, but full of light and bliss,
 And mountain peaks shot o'er with heavenly light,
 And gleams ecstatic of the infinite?"
 Said he, "This life th' Omniscient wrote for thee
 Upon the page of possibility.
 Hadst thou to God and man all duty done,
 Then in this higher groove thy life had run.
 Life is not only what by Self is seen—
 The thing that is—but all it might have been."

Delhi, Ont.

DONALD MUNRO DRYSDALE,*

THE MERCHANT EVANGELIST.

BY D. E. ANDERSON, M.D.



D. M. DRYSDALE.

On Christmas Eve, 1897, at the age of sixty-three, Donald Munro Drysdale, of Silvermere, Prince's Park, Liverpool, timber merchant, entered into the presence of his Master, at Mentone, Southern France.

Mr. Drysdale was intimately connected with the religious movement that began twenty-three years ago with the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Great Britain. It was he, in fact, who first induced these brethren to cross the Atlantic, and start those revival missions which were so abundantly owned of God. He had heard Mr. Moody in Chicago, and on returning to Liverpool he assembled a few merchants, bankers, and ministers, and they formed the committee which invited the revivalists across, and arranged their plan of campaign. Mr. Drysdale

was the honorary secretary of that committee, and on Mr. Moody's second visit to Europe he was vice-chairman.

On leaving Liverpool, Mr. Moody, who had the knack of finding out the best men in his congregation and of setting them into the right work, persuaded Mr. Drysdale to carry on the large meetings which had night after night met in the immense wooden hall, temporarily erected. This was no new work to the Liverpool merchant, for on Sundays it had been his habit for several years past to preach in the open air in Wavertree Park. He now hired at his own cost the large Hengler's Circus, and during the next sixteen winters, without missing a single Sunday night, he addressed a crowded house of five to six thousand persons, God working mightily through him for the conversion of souls. The Holy Spirit burned in him, his tongue was loosened, and thousands hung on the words of grace that flowed from his lips. The after-meeting was invariably the birth-place of scores of souls brought to a clear knowledge of the redeeming work of their Saviour, through the instrumentality of His humble servant.

The usefulness of this man of God did not stop here. Churches, chapels, and other meeting-places in and out of Liverpool called him to their help, on week-nights, after a hard day's labour at his own business. He was a keen and prosperous merchant, upon whom not only his own family depended, but many others besides, not taking into account the numerous

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religious and benevolent societies to which he generously subscribed.

The characteristic trait in our brother's Christian career did not lie so much in his acquired gift as a preacher as in his incessant boldness in speaking in season and out of season for the Master. In the streets, in the trains, trams, buses, lifts, steam-boats, and other public vehicles, wherever he had an audience of two or more, he would, after a few preliminary remarks, ask his hearers if God were to take them away that day, whether they knew where they would go; then in a few clear, concise words he would tell them of the way of salvation through the blood of Jesus.

Of course this method of imposing one's thoughts upon the public, whether the latter wished to hear him or not, constantly gave offence, but our brother used to say that he had reason to believe during the thirty years that he had thus daily testified for the Master, that the majority were glad to hear him, and many a time, a Thank you, or Praise the Lord, an Amen, or an approving smile, or shake of the hand had encouraged him not to mind the disapprobation of the few. If he had no audience, he would accost individuals in the street, and asking them politely to accept one of his tracts, put the question, "Is your soul saved?"

In the summer holidays, whilst resting at the week-end at some seaside health-resort, he would never miss his opportunity of thus reaching the masses individually, and it was whilst thus engaged that he came across the late Professor Huxley, to whom he offered a tract and put the familiar question. The Professor thereupon lost his temper, and tearing the leaflet replied that his soul's salvation was his own business and not another's. Mr. Drysdale, who did

not know whom he was addressing, simply apologized for having given offence, and added: "You have well said: 'Your soul's salvation is your own business,' but it is the greatest business of your life." The next day the daily local papers contained a letter from Professor Huxley against tract distribution, and even some of the London papers took up the cudgel for and against the Tract Society.

In the meantime, the worthy inhabitants of the little seaside town showed with which side they sympathized by literally swamping the place with tracts; in every nook and corner, on every public bench were deposited these messengers of the Gospel. As aforesaid, to every one man that objected to being talked to on spiritual things, ten welcomed Mr. Drysdale's words, and only after the resurrection shall it be known how much good and how very little harm was done by this speaking in season and out of season.

One illustration will suffice to show that God did use His servant to bring at least one soul to repentance by this method. A few years ago Mr. Drysdale, accosting a policeman, asked him if his soul was saved. "Yes, Mr. Drysdale," replied the policeman: "I thank God you put that question to me some ten years ago when I was a stevedore on the quay by the riverside. I was not saved then, but your question troubled my conscience, and I did not rest until I had found peace through the blood of Jesus Christ."

Mr. Drysdale was a Baptist, and every Sunday he could be seen in his pew with his family at Prince's Gate Chapel. In his sermons he was simple and practical, and the three cardinal considerations that seemed to impress him most were, first, that the Creator was a living and observant God, second, that at the judgment day he would have

to give an account of all his actions during life, and, third, that he, as much as the earliest Christians, must preach the Gospel to every creature.

During his college days he was an athlete, and later on he was chosen to play cricket for Liverpool against the All England eleven, and right on to the last days of his illness he took great interest in cricketing and football. In business he was a successful merchant, and had travelled over 50,000 miles in the United States and Canada in connection with the timber trade. At his beautiful home, Silvermere, in Prince's Park, he was genial, kind, and hospitable, as a great many workers of different nationalities in the Lord's vineyard will testify. A few years ago he added a large hall to his house, in which religious and temperance meetings were frequently held. Mr. Drysdale was a strict teetotaler. From the day of his conversion, which happened thirty-three years ago, at the death of his first wife (the daughter of Mr. Wm. Millner, of Huddersfield), although always of an abstaining character, he had considered as a great hindrance to spiritual growth, inveterate drinking.

Mr. Drysdale was in the full enjoyment of vigorous health until six months before his death. He had never known what a day's sickness meant until it was per-

ceptibly evident that the strain of an extensive business, unrelieved by any long holiday, coupled with his arduous labour in the Lord's vineyard on Sundays and week-evenings, was shattering beyond any remedy the resisting powers of his constitution. It was thought that the bracing air of Scarboro' and Harrogate would cure him, but he returned home in the autumn unbenefited, and as a last measure his medical advisers sent him to bask in the sunshine of Mentone, where at first he seemed to rally, but toward the middle of December, 1897, he rapidly sank, and on Christmas Eve, with his wife, daughter and son-in-law, and his grandchildren around his bed, he quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

He was sustained through weeks of gradually progressive decline in entire submission to the Divine will, and joyful anticipations of being "forever with the Lord." His grasp of truth was just as tenacious in sickness as in health. When at length the end came, no cloud of doubt or fear disquieted him.

He fell asleep in Christ his Lord :

He gave to Him to keep
The soul His great love had redeemed,
Then calmly went to sleep.
And, as a tired bird folds its wing,
Sure of the morning light,
He laid him down in trustful faith,
And did not dread the night.

Paris, France.

THE RED CROSS.

They, too, have heard the drum-beat,
They follow the bugle's call,
These who are swift with pity
On the field where brave men fall.

When the battle-boom is silent,
And the echoing thunder dies,
They haste to the plain red-sodden
With the blood of sacrifice.

The flag that floats above them
Is marked with a crimson sign,

Pledge of a great compassion
And the rifted heart divine,

That once for man's redemption
Knew earth's completest loss.
These to the field of valour
Bring love's immortal cross.

And so they follow the bugle,
And heed the drum-beat's call,
But their errand is one of pity—
They succour the men who fall.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

BY GEO. WOLFE SHINN, D.D.

Two preliminary statements seem to be necessary before proceeding to answer the question.

One of these is, that the general subject of the existence of a spiritual world apart from the world of matter is not denied by any believer in Christianity.

If anything shall be said, then, against modern Spiritualism, it is not in the interest of the materialism which denies all spiritual existences and regards the visible world as all there is. The writer is not a Materialist, but a believer in a spiritual life, a spiritual world, and spiritual existences.

The other preliminary statement is that we must have the very highest respect for the motive which has led many persons to adopt modern Spiritualism. The claims of Spiritualism came to them when their hearts were wrung with sorrow, and it promised consolation. In the midst of their bereavements it seemed a blessed thing to find something that promised to reveal the continued existence and the present condition of their departed ones in another world. Bewildered by sorrow, bowed down by grief, they eagerly listened to those who assured them that the dead were living in another sphere, and that the dead could speak to them from the other world.

Far be it from us to have aught but tenderest sympathy for them in their afflictions and yearnings. There is no harsh word for such people, even while we try to point out where true consolation may be found.

Spiritualism in some form is not a new thing in the world. The attention of men in all ages has

been directed to the question whether the disembodied spirits of the dead could communicate with the living.

About fifty years ago, in this country, new interest was given to the whole subject by what became known as the Rochester knockings. In 1847 the Fox sisters and others in Western New York became the centres of certain manifestations which were supposed to indicate the presence of spirits. There has grown up since then a large society of Spiritualists having their circles in nearly every city. The membership is numerous. In a few places they have buildings used for their meetings. Boston has a structure of the most substantial character, the gift of a wealthy enthusiast.

The main idea of modern Spiritualism is that we may hold communication with those who have passed into the spiritual world, sending and receiving messages, and that disembodied spirits make their presence known by audible sounds and by becoming materialized. There are three classes of statements which are made to uphold modern Spiritualism. Let us look at them :

1. There is the moving and tapping of tables and chairs and other articles of furniture in rooms.

2. There are rapping sounds and some other modes of communication by which spirits make their presence known, and information is imparted without the agency of any medium except the inanimate objects themselves.

3. There are a great variety of communications through the agency of persons called mediums who are particularly susceptible to

the influence of the spirits, and are favourite means of communication, and who thus become transmitters of intelligence from the spirit world to this.

These are the three general groups of alleged facts. We need not enter into the particulars of a table-turning circle. Let it be assumed that all have heard of the strange proceedings of a table when surrounded by a number of people whose hands complete the necessary magnetic circle. It will move around and sway back and forth, and do many other strange things.

Nor is it necessary to describe a seance with a medium. The mediumistic seances and manifestations are quite varied, but none of them are particularly interesting. There is, perhaps, the thrumming of a guitar in the air while the people sing; the thrusting of an arm out of a cabinet; the gliding of a white figure through the darkened room; the whispering in the ear of the anxious inquirer; the sound of bells; the turning on of the light, and the collection of the fee. Then it is over.

Sometimes there is the writing on the inside of a slate which has been fastened against another slate. Then there are rappings and scrapings and displacement of articles.

Now and then a chance medium appears, and in her trance she talks with spirits and tells you what they have to say about you and the pocket-book you lost, or what is to be the issue of your business venture, or the present condition of your great-uncle who died in the Revolutionary War. Perhaps the seance is varied by the presence of some spirit who is bubbling over with information. Often these very communicative spirits are Indians who have somehow lost their old-time slowness of

speech since they went to the happy hunting grounds.

Let us resist the temptation to repeat what some of the spirits are reported as saying.

Poor ghosts! they haven't grown a bit wiser than when they left us, if the printed specimens of their communications are at all correct. There is Shakespeare, who wrote good poetry once, but now from the spirit world he is sending back to us stuff that would not find space even in a school-girl's album.

There is George Washington. Think of him dabbling in poor poetry, too. If he had written such poetry when he was on earth his friends would have wept over him.

It makes death all the more to be dreaded if there is the probability that people get so absurdly weak when they become spirits.

Modern Spiritualism has done nothing for the intellectual welfare of mankind thus far. It has added nothing valuable to its literature, nor has it enriched science or in any way helpfully enlarged man's mental horizon. If it be said that its main purpose is to bring comfort to the living by establishing communication between them and departed friends, then we have to say that there has been so much of fraud and deception mingled with the whole system that confidence in its declared revelations is checked. It presents the greatest facilities for artful and unprincipled persons to practise gross and dangerous deceptions upon others. The wonder is that, with the constant exposures of frauds, so many are willing to put such absolute faith in the whole system known as modern Spiritualism. There may be enough in it to excite the inquiry of the curious, or even to awaken the interest of the scientific student; but judging from the communications which have been attributed to

spirits, the world has not been at all enriched thus far, and as has just been said, there has been so much fraud mingled with it that it is amazing how any one can give it even a limited confidence, much less make it a religion, a substitute for Christianity.

One of the most interesting contributions to the study of this question is the report of the Seybert Commission, published in 1887.

Mr. Henry Seybert, an enthusiastic believer in modern Spiritualism, bequeathed to the University of Pennsylvania a sum of money sufficient to endow a chair in Philosophy. To this gift he attached the condition that the University should appoint a commission to investigate all systems of morals, religions, or philosophy which assume to represent truth, and particularly of modern Spiritualism. The bequest was accepted with the condition attached, and eleven men of well-known ability were appointed to examine Spiritualism.

At their preliminary meeting each member in turn expressed his entire freedom from all prejudices against the subject to be investigated, and his readiness to accept any conclusion warranted by facts. One of the number, the acting chairman, so far from being unprejudiced, confessed to a leaning in favour of the substantial truth of Spiritualism. Well, what did they find out about Spiritualism? They took great pains, we are told, with their investigation. They conducted it with scrupulous fairness. They examined many of the best-known mediums. They took plenty of time for it. They investigated slate-writing, spirit-rapping, and spirit materializations. And what were their conclusions?

Listen to what they say. They have not discovered thus far a

single novel fact. The slate-writing, whereby it was claimed that the spirits of the dead communicated messages to the living, they declared to be nothing more than mere tricks of legerdemain which could be imitated without the slightest reference to spiritual agency.

The spirit-rappings they found to have a purely physiological origin, from the fact that the mediums always knew the rappings whenever they occurred, and could always detect imitations. The conclusion is well-nigh irresistible that the mediums themselves somehow produced the rappings, whether by muscular contractions, or by the movements of joints of the body, or otherwise. It may not be possible to say just how, but their consciousness revealed their own agency. As to spiritual photography, the commission declare that it is worse than childish to claim a spiritual source for results which can be obtained at any time by any tyro in the art of taking composite pictures. You know how it is done. No one can be deceived by it. One picture is placed over the other.

As to the materialization of spirits, they declare that trickery is the leading element in it. They found deliberate attempts at deceiving them, and saw how the thing was done.

Here, then, is one of the most crushing blows ever delivered at Spiritualism. This committee un-animously concludes that so far as they had examined the subject in its fourfold manifestations of writing, rapping, picture-making, and materialization, the whole thing was based on gross and intentional fraud. They saw how the tricks were done. They saw the tricks imitated. They could employ men, mere jugglers, to do the same things. This report is really

conclusive to any reasonable mind, as showing how much of deception is bound up to-day with Spiritualism.

But the report of the Seybert Commission does not stand alone in condemnation of Spiritualism. We have the confession of the Fox sisters that the rappings in which the spiritualistic faith originated were produced by a knack they had of half dislocating their toe joints and knee joints and replacing them with a sudden snap. This can be done by other persons to-day; but in this odd mode of deception modern Spiritualism was born. Thus it was ushered into being by a palpable deception. The condemnation of Spiritualism begins, then, in the very confession of its founders.

But later on that condemnation is added to by the statements of mediums who have been driven into a corner and compelled to confess that they were tricksters.

The phenomena which profess to be based on a communication with the spiritual world seem to be very largely the result of vulgar legerdemain or of human credulity. Other phenomena, such as the movements of chairs, tables, and such like, may be accounted for. A great many of them can be imitated, designedly imitated. There are others which seem to result from the creation of what some have called the odylic force—a power developed in the human system, in connection with the brain as the nerve centre. This force allows the production of like mental states in accordance with what is known as the mesmeric relation, or possibly the hypnotic condition. This force seems to be transferred to bodies in contact with the persons in whom it is produced, and hence the moving and tipping of tables and the like. Thus some explain it.

We are becoming more and

more acquainted with some of these strange powers that reside in the body, and things which are to-day very mysterious may be matters of course to-morrow.

When you consider the origin of Spiritualism, and the cloud of fraud and deception that surrounds it to-day, you may be ready to exclaim, there cannot be many who would be led away by it. But stop; do not be too confident; for, notwithstanding all the evidence which is always accumulating to show the falsity of the claims of Spiritualism, there are thousands of people in all parts of the world who are the victims of this delusion. In every city you will find them holding their seances. They publish quite an extended literature. They make converts, and some of their converts use money freely to build up their sect.

Why does Spiritualism grow? Why does any one ever become a Spiritualist?

These are pertinent and important questions. There are several answers. Perhaps the most prominent one is the craving of the human soul to have some further knowledge of the departed spirits of those who were near and dear to them in this life. There is a desire to connect themselves in thought and interest with those whom they loved and who have now gone on before. It is a longing for continued intercourse with those whom they loved on earth. When there is the death of one to whom there has been an especial attachment this longing becomes intense. You have seen the mother bemoaning her child year by year; the father inconsolable because of the loss of his firstborn. The wife who has leaned long upon the strong arm of the husband finds it very hard to think of not speaking to him again until she passes hence.

When all these cravings of the

soul are strongest, and when the heart is most open and tender, then it is that Spiritualism offers itself. It says to bereaved ones, "Come and see and be helped in your grief."

It is with the hope of finding this help that many have plunged into this dreadful delusion and have been held in its snares. Some of them have been persons with no religious feeling up to the time of their being afflicted; but something has been awakened in them by their sorrow, and not having been properly directed, they have taken up vagaries at which religion and common sense alike reluctant.

2. But converts to Spiritualism are made still further by that strange propensity which is so often exhibited, the giving way to delusions, losing one's judgment and throwing one's self recklessly into a swollen current. It is a most curious fact that there are delusions which sweep over communities like wild-fire. Hence you will find here and there common sense upturned and mysterious outbreaks of excitement in obscure neighbourhoods. It is like a contagion. It takes hold of people and deprives them of all their good sense. They are in a state of unwonted excitement. There is a fellowship of kindred thought and feeling, and an enthusiastic interest, perhaps a burning zeal, for the cause. By-and-bye, when the fever is allayed, and they drop into an ordinary state, a few of them are able to escape, but many of them are ashamed to break away. They continue to be Spiritualists in name, hoping for a return of the old interest and for a renewal of their old faith.

3. In accounting for the growth of Spiritualism, we must not leave out of the consideration two classes, the designing and the unbalanced. Judging from the con-

tinual exposure of the frauds of mediums, it is not hard to believe that a considerable number of persons have taken it up for what they can make out of it. They are crafty, guileful people, who cajole money from the unwary and gain influence and renown by tricks which entitle them to rank with the swindler and the forger. It is time that some one uttered a warning against a tribe of deceivers who, as spiritualistic mediums and physicians, are luring people to places, where they are not only swindled out of money, but are sometimes exposed to new temptations.

There are some very skillful traps laid for the unwary. It is safest to shun the whole thing. There is nothing in Spiritualism that has ever been of any profit to the world, and the quest for any benefit it offers is apt to lead through ways that are very dark and treacherous. There is so much trickery connected with it that the unwary are very apt to fall into some pitfall if they let their curiosity get the better of them.

There is a class of unbalanced people who have become Spiritualists, or who rather show that they are unbalanced, by claiming to hold intercourse with the dead. The sad fact is constantly before us that there are very badly balanced people who are not in insane institutions. Some are monomaniacs, daft in one direction, able to attend to business, but otherwise they are deranged. Some are weak and shaken in all directions. Not wildly excited, but their judgment has become practically useless. Their sad lives have broken them, and now they would deal with the dead, would interpret mysterious sights and sounds which they fancy reveal the presence of departed spirits. Just along the borderline of insanity, we say, are these

people. Alas! how many there are who are walking to-day just on the line that divides the sane from the demented, and are indulging in the very speculations which tend more and more to unhinge them. They ought not to be brooding over dark mysteries. They ought to turn their faces upward to the bright sunlight of heaven as God has revealed Himself through our Saviour Christ.

There must be some spiritualists who are not wilfully deceiving themselves or other people, who believe what they say, and who live as if they were ever hearing sounds from the spirit world. To such people we say, "Why cling to Spiritualism as a sect, when in the Christian Church you will find everything that is good in Spiritualism? Besides this you will find there what Spiritualism aims at but never attains."

The Christian Church believes in a spiritual world and in a world of spirits. It believes in the continued life of the departed. It believes that they are not annihilated,

not slumbering, but alert and conscious. How much they know of the affairs of this life we cannot tell beyond the assurance that they with us form one family in the Lord. Thus we have fellowship with the departed. Through our Saviour Christ they are alive upon that other shore as we are alive on this. We commemorate the departed. We do not want to forget them. We cannot forget them. We look forward to joyous meetings, to gladsome reunions, to the extension of bliss in the binding together of those who one by one come into the eternal kingdom. We know that we shall find our home with those who have gone hence in the Lord.

Yes, we say everything that is good in Spiritualism stands clearly before us in the Church of Christ, which cherishes the solemn declaration of the Divine Master: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. Whosoever believeth in Me shall never die, and whosoever believeth in Me shall not die eternally."

A DWELLING IN ENDLESS DAY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

I know of a radiant mansion,
That fronts on a sun-bright street -
Down the centre of whose broad roadway
There courseth a river fleet,
That makes, with the rush of its waters,
A music passing sweet.

Near by, there are great trees growing,
Whose leaves of lustrous green
Do never, for hues of dark decay,
Put off their verdant sheen—
And amid whose branches rich clusters
Of fruit are always seen.

The house hath its many windows
To the fragrant breeze wide thrown ;
And through every room is wafted
A perfume to earth unknown,
From flowers more fair than have ever
In this world's gardens blown.

O'er that happy abode descendeth
No shadow of darksome night ;
But forever around and through it
Streams the radiance unchanging bright.
Methinks that there could not be pictured
A place of more rare delight.

Dost thou wonder to whom is appointed
Such a dwelling in endless day ?
It awaiteth the blissful moment
When *thou* shalt the call obey,
Which will summon *thy* eager spirit
From these shadowy scenes away.

It was planned by the Friend, than all others
Who loves thee more tenderly ;
He knew that thou fain would'st be dwelling
Where His face thou might'st always see :
And therefore a home hath been builded
In His heaven of glory for thee.

THE TROUBLE AT ROUNDSTONE.

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BEST LAID PLANS.

The sun shone brightly through the Gap next morning, and seemed to promise a day of brightness and joy to the Holler, but it soon disappeared behind Old Baldy, and before it came out again the sky was clouded over, and the wind shifted to the north, and had a wet, uncomfortable feeling that suggested the approach of fall. It increased in intensity during the day, and came at times in gusts down the creek, catching the leaves that were beginning to fall, and driving them in windrows along the road, and collecting them in heaps in fence corners and other sheltered nooks. It was a day to make men feel uncomfortable, and Larkin Sawyer rose with a headache, and a bitter taste in his mouth. He ate his breakfast in silence and shame, yet with something that struggled with these feelings to bring back a sense of injury. Try though he would to keep them out, some of the unjust words of Ephraim would sometimes come to mind. And while he still had no purpose but to seek at once his friend, there was in his thought what had been crowded out last night, a consciousness of the wrong he himself had suffered, a feeling of soreness over the disgrace which had been put upon him before his neighbours, a conviction that he was not the only sinner—a conviction that began to have something of comfort in it—and a suggestion which came into his mind that the whole of the confession ought not to be expected from him.

He began to plan how he would go to Ephraim and say, "Eph, ole feller, I'm sorry fur wut I said yes-tiddy, an' you know I didn't mean it."

Then he wondered what Eph would say. If he said, "That's all right, Lark, an' I'm mighty sorry, too," then it might be all right. Still, he would like it better if Eph would take back what he had said about the trade of them steers for the two-ye'r-old, fur that was a plumb lie, an' Eph knowed it. And that called to mind some other things that he hoped Eph would take back, until he had enu-

merated quite a catalogue of them. Still, none of these things moved him from his purpose to make his peace with Ephraim, and he would do it. He saddled his mare, and led her out to the stile blocks, and stepped on the lowest one to mount. He still could mount from the ground, and time had been when he had scorned a lift, but now, though he was only forty-eight or fifty, he found it quite as easy to mount from the upper side, and if a stile block was at hand, and no one about who would chaff him about his use of it (for men are sensitive about the beginnings of age), he did not scorn to employ it. As he prepared to mount, his mare backed a step off from the block. He had been holding a tight rein, and, so subtle is the relation of thought to action, in the thought which was at that moment in his mind, that Eph would have to meet him half way, anyhow, he jerked a little on the tender mouth of his mare.

"Come up, hyur!" he exclaimed, impatiently, bringing the mare about with a round turn. "Now, stand still, will ye!" But it required two or three efforts to mount the nervous little animal, which had been needlessly disturbed by his harshness and impatience, and he was not in the best of humour when he got into the saddle. Just as he mounted, Jake Jeffry rode up, on his way through the Gap.

"Howdy, Lark?" said he.

"Mornin', Jake," was the reply.

"How's the warter?"

"Gone down a heap, but 'tain't safe ferdin' yet. Ye'll hev to go round." For Jake had no doubt which way Larkin would ride. "Seed Eph sense las' night?"

"No," answered Larkin, with a touch of resentment piqued with curiosity, for he knew that the question implied news. "Hev you?"

"Well, no, not adzackly, but Eb Frizbee rode by a spell ago, an' he'd stopped at Eph's as he come by, an' he 'lowed as how Eph told him as how he'd had word from Tom Siler as how Tom knowed that hit war you thet said you'd fetch the bar, fur he heerd you. He says he heerd Eph wen he was a-gettin' of the ground-

hog loaded and you was a-startin' off ter the fan, he heerd Eph holler, 'Hev you got the bar, Lark?' an' you said, 'No, I hain't got it, but I will. Don't you mind hit,' says you."

"Hit's a lie! I never!" interrupted Larkin, savagely.

"Wall, Tom sezs you did, or Eb told me as how Eph says that Tom says you did. An' he says he'll prove it, an' he'll make you swaller wut you said to him about that, an' a heap more that you said, besides."

This spark fell into the train of powder which Larkin had left trickled along the way to the magazine of his hot and rather sullen temper.

"I'll see who's gotter swaller wut he said!" he exclaimed, and started to meet Ephraim.

Jake went his way, and, as he went, told the neighbours what he had told to Larkin, and what Larkin had said in reply, and neither in his telling nor in the frequent reiteration of the neighbours did either story lose anything, and there soon was more to tell.

CHAPTER V.

MARTHA'S ADVICE.

Ephraim Whitley had spent an uncomfortable night of it. He went to his home soon after Larkin had passed, with a few neighbours keeping him company and answering his own unkind words about Lark with certain tales of their own. Trivial things they were that were said against him, and most of them unjust, and those who said them disclaimed any intention of widening the breach between Eph and Lark, but they said them, notwithstanding, and Eph, who would have resented them a few hours before, heard them now, and with satisfaction. Leander came to the house soon afterward, and his downcast looks, together with Ephraim's evident discomfort, caused Martha to demand an explanation, which Lee gave her. Lee resented the words which Larkin had said against his father, but was silent about his father's hot words, and Ephraim felt that Lee's attempt to conceal from the family his own unkindness was in itself a condemnation of what he had done. Inwardly he resented it, and, saying little, nursed his wrath.

"Wy, Eph Whitley," cried Martha, "you don' mean thet you 'n' Lark

has quarrelled? Pshaw! 'tain't nuthin! You hain't nuther, an' you hain't a-goin' ter. Over a mean ole crowbar, too! I wisht hit was down the Sinks! Now, you jus' eat yer supper an' set out on the porch an' smoke wile I git the dishes washed, an' we'll go over thar, an' you an' Lark'll make up in no time."

"We cyant git acrost," said Lee. "Roundstone is clear outen banks, an' the foot log's gone down."

"I hain't goin' acrost," said Eph, "an' I wouldn't ef I cud. He kin come acrost hyur wen he's ready ter take back the lies he's told about me."

"Now, you jes' looky hyur, Eph Whitley," said Martha, "I hain't a-goin' ter hyur no sech talk. I hain't no manner o' doubt he said a heap he hadn't orter, an' I hain't no more doubt thet you said as much about him 'et you hadn't orter."

This was only the preliminary to her attempt at a judicial and pacific proposal, but Ephraim was in no frame of mind to receive it.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, "do yer mean to take Lark Sawyer's side agin yer own man?"

"No, Eph," said she, calmly; "I don't mean ter do no sech thing, an' you know I don't, nur never done nothin' like it. But God A'mighty never meant fur you an' Lark to fall out about no rusty ole crowbar."

"Wull, 'tain't my fault," retorted Eph. "He begun a-jawin' about Lee, an' Lee hadn't orter ben so long about it, but—"

"I wasn't no longer'n I had ter be," interrupted Lee.

"Don't yer sass me!" cried Eph.

"I hain't a-sassin' yer," said Lee. "I only said—"

"You said mor'n you'd orter, an' you needn't say nothin' more. Ef you 'n' yer mother both would let my business alone, hit would be a heap better."

That was the last of it that night, and in the morning it was no better except that there was silence; and Shoog, who had been in bed the night before, was the only happy one at the table. She ran from her father to her mother and back again, laughing and chatting, as was her wont. She was happily incapable of understanding such affairs, and she had had little experience with them, for that matter, for no home on Roundstone was happier, as a rule, than that of Ephraim Whitley, unless it was that of Larkin Sawyer.

After breakfast Ephraim walked out on the porch. He would not have admitted it, but he was waiting for Martha to come to him. And she came very soon.

"Eph, I'm awful sorry you an' Lark's fell out, but hit won't do to hev it go on. Now you know that as well as I do, an' sech things don't git no easier by folks a-waitin'. Now you jest putt the saddle onter Stonewall an' go over thar' an' you an' Lark make up."

"I don't want'er go over," said Eph, weakening, and because he weakened, he blustered. "I've went over thar afore, an' ef he wants to see me he kin come over hyur. I've went over thar when hit war harder fur me to go than hit'll be fur him ter come. I went over thar wen his young 'uns was sick, 'n'—"

Here Martha laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Eph Whitley, I never heerd you brag afore of doin' a kind deed. You're a brave man an' a kind man, an' ef any woman knows it, I reckon I do. An' I'd brag fur yer ef thar was need, but I don't want ter hear you brag on it thataway."

Ephraim was shamed to silence, and waited for Martha to go on.

"Eph, you know Lark loves you lack a brother an' more 'n a brother, but he's got a sorter sullen streak in him that you hain't got. You're quick, but you don't sorter chaw the cud of yer anger as Lark does. Now, Lark won't come hyur, but wen you go thar an' he sees you a-comin' he'll be the gladdest man inside ten mile o' Roundstone; an' wen you tell him you're sorry, ef they hain't no women folks round ter see, he'll cry lack er baby, an' ast yer ter forgive him, an' you'll hev gained thy brother."

"I don't know 's I be sorry," said Eph, in a tone that admitted that he was conquered.

"Yes, you be, an' I know it, ef you don't. You're plumb ashamed o' yourself, an' he's as much ashamed of himself as you be."

It was worse than useless to discuss it with Martha, and he went to the barn to attend to his chores, with a view of saddling a little later to ride around the Sinks to Larkin's.

He was engaged in picking up some apples to feed to his pigs when Eb Frisbee rode by, a sack of corn under him on his claybank gelding.

"Hello, Eph! Wind blow off many on 'em las' night?"

"Wall, yes, right smart. But they was a-fallin' right pert afore. Seems ter be some sorter worms or somethin' gits at 'em this year. I hain't had time ter gether 'em fur a week 'count o' the thrashin', an' some on 'em is rottin' right smart, an' I was a-gatherin' on 'em fur the hogs. Hev an apple? No, thet hain't a good one. Try this' un. They're a mighty good apple, the Berry. A fellow cum by las' spring noticed my orchard. He was a-goin' ter set out some trees across on Tiger-tail, n' he ast me wut sorter apples he best set out, an' I ast him how many trees he 'lowed ter hev, an' he said twenty. 'Wall,' says I, 'ef I was a-goin' ter set out twenty apple trees, I'd hev nineteen on 'em Berry apples.' 'Wut'd yer hev the other one?' says he, an' I studied on hit awhile, an' I says, says I, 'I'd hev that 'un a Berry, too.'"

They laughed, a hearty, good-natured laugh, as each cut an apple with a long-bladed Barlow knife, and then they turned to other themes.

"Goin' ter mill, be ye?"

"Yas. The warter 's been so low they hain't been no chance ter hev grindin' done, an' we've ben grittin' ever sence roastin' ears. got good. But they kin grind now, I reckon."

"Yas, they won't be no trouble 'bout warter now. Hit was gittin' mighty low fer stock. The spring in my hill paster got so low I didn't know but we'd hev ter drive stock ter the creek."

"Yas, hit has been powerful dry. Heerd anything from Lark this mornin'?"

"No, I hain't. I was jis' a-gettin' ready ter go over thar."

"Yer cal'late he'll take back some o' wut he said, don't yer?"

"Wall, yas. I don't harly believe he'll feel lack stan'in' to hit all."

"Wall, I seed Tom Siler this mornin', and he says he heerd you ast Lark ef he had the bar, an' he said he didn't, but he'd fetch it, an fer you to go ahead with the ground-hog, an' not fer you ter mind the bar. 'cause he'd fetch hit."

Ephraim had forgotten about the bar. He had not thought this mornin' of the occasion of the quarrel but now there came into his heart a sense of savage triumph. So much, at least, Lark would have to acknowledge. Lark was wrong in the beginning, and he would have to admit it. And in a moment of foolish vainglory Eph said, and Eb repeated

the idle boast with interest and material addition, that while he was willing to admit that he'd said things he hadn't orter, Lark was wrong about the bar, and he could prove it. Eb rode on down the creek, and half an hour later Eph mounted Stonewall, his big black horse, and followed him. Martha called out to him as he passed the house:

"Tell Jane howdy, an' tell her to come over wen the warter gits down. Tell her I'm a-comin' over thar wen I get sorter ketched up 'th my work. Tell Cynthy I'm a-puttin' up plums, an' ef she hain't busy, I wist she'd ride over 'n' help me with 'em. An' tell Lark I said fur him 'n' you not to be fools."

CHAPTER VI.

TWO MANY COOKS.

So Ephraim rode off, starting on the two miles and better around the Sinks to Larkin's house, which was only a half-mile across the meadows when the creek could be forded, and a little nearer yet as the crow flies. While he was over his passion, and felt both penitent and good-natured in general, he cherished with increasing satisfaction the conviction that, after all, he had been in the right, and Larkin would have to admit it.

He rode around the Sinks, and past the house of Oliver Cranch, who saw him coming, and came down to the fence to meet him, and stood whittling the top rail with his Barlow when Eph rode up.

"Howdy, Eph?"

"Howdy, Noll?"

"Which way yer bound?"

"Oh, I's jest sorter ridin' roun' towards the Gap."

"Uh-hu. I didn't know but what you's a-goin' roun' to Lark's."

"Wall, like's not I will stop in ef he's ter hum."

"Goin' ter make him take back wut he said about the bar, be ye? Eb Frisbee was along, an' he was a tellin' me wut you said about it."

"Wall, yes. I 'iow ter prove ter him that he was wrong, but I hain't agoin' ter hev no trouble with him."

"Wull, I hope not, but I don't know about Lark. He don't git over his mad right easy. Got yer gun 'th yer?"

"No. Wut in sam hill do yer reckon I want with shootin' arns?"

"Oh, nothin'. Only I didn't know

but ef you'd knowed wut he said about you as we kim along hum las' night, you'd think it was a more serious matter'n you'd ben a-thinkin'. He said,—But I hain't a-goin' ter make no trouble atween neighbours. Only I'd look out."

Ephraim knew better than to fear a resort to pistols, as Oliver had hinted, but the suggestion of the words that Larkin had spoken after leaving him struck him in a tender spot. He had gone home boasting and threatening, had he? He had said things too bad to be repeated, had he? And he was the one that had lied about the bar to start with. Eph would have said "mistaken" five minutes before, but now he said "lied." We would see who had to take back what he had said, and so Ephraim spoke foolishly with his lips in the presence of God and of Oliver Cranch. And it was the more unfortunate, for while the hot words were yet on his lips, Larkin rode in sight, and Oliver stood awaiting the issue.

"Howdy, Lark?" said Eph.

"Tol'able. Howdy yourself?"

Then there was silence. Each looked at the other waiting for the conversation to begin. Eph tried to begin and stopped, and then tried again. At last he said, and all the while felt that he was saying just what he did not want to say, but for the life of him he could think of nothing else:

"You's wrong about that bar, Lark."

"Ef that's wut you've come to say you mought better 'a' stayed to hum," said Larkin. "I tuck about all the sass from you yistiddy that I mean ter."

"I didn't come to have no row," said Eph, "but I hain't a-goin' to tell no lies to please nobody. I was right about that bar, an' I kin prove it, an' the difference atwixt the sass I gin you and wut you gin me, was that my sass war true and yourn warn't."

"You mean ter call me a liar?"

"Wall, I mean to say that I kin prove wut I said an' you cyant prove wut you said."

"Eph Whitley, I never tuck the lie from no man, an' as you're a livin' man, ef hit war any other man a-livin' but you or my own dad, I'd make you take it back or shoot you, one."

"I didn't mean to call you a liar, Lark, an' you know I didn't, but I told the truth an' you didn't. I'm

willin' to admit that you was mistakened, an' not a-lyin', but you've gotten admit tnat I was right about it."

"Wull, I won't never do it."

"Then you an' me's quits."

"I hain't a-keerin'."

"Wall, I reckon we mought as well divide up wut we got in common. Wut about the groundhog?"

"The groundhog! I wisht hit was in—the Sinks!"

"Wall, that's about the fus' thing we're agreed upon to-day, but I'd seen it furdern thaf afore I'd 'a' fit with you. Lark, I'm right smart mad, but not mad lack I was yistiddy, an' I hain't gettin' no bet'er natured a-talkin' to you. Say, oe ye willin' to admit ye was wrong 'bout thet, 'n' less we be friends, or hes hit got ter be t'other thing?"

"Locky here, Eph Whitley, you as good as tell me I lie, and then say we gotter be enemies if I don't admit it?"

"I didn't say ye lied. I only said ye didn't tell the truth, but whether ye knowed ye was wrong yistiddy, ye knew it terday, an' it comes mighty nigh bein' a lie by your stickin' to your mistake."

"I hain't a-goin' to stay hyur an' take no more o' thet," cried Larkin. "I kin stand some sorter insults, but to have it rubbed in next day lack this, hit's enough to make a preacher swear! Don't yer never cross my threshold agin' till ye take back wut ye said, callin' me a liar!"

"I won't. Don't you worry. But I've seed the time you was mighty glad to hev me cross yer threshold!" and with this parting shot Ephraim turned Stonewall toward home, and Larkin jerked the mouth of his mare until she reared, as he turned her head back toward the Gap, and the two men rode their own way home on opposite sides of the valley.

It was the last time for months that they met in friendship, and all the milk of human kindness which each had had for the other seemed to turn to gall.

CHAPTER VII.

LOVE AND DUTY.

There were two sad households on Roundstone creek when Larkin and Ephraim returned to their respective homes and announced that all relations between the two families were

to be broken off. Two wives refused to accept the situation, yet later, for the sake of peace at home, submitted. Two families of children that had played together as brothers and sisters wonderingly agreed to separate, and promptly began to think evil of each other. And two young people, whose lives were pledged to each other, found the course of true love flowing according to its traditional custom. It was a hard thing to both of them to agree for the time to bend to the storm rather than to brave it.

The next day, after Larkin and Ephraim parted at Oliver Cranch's, Lee took down the rifle from the antlers above the fireplace, and started hunting. He knew better than to go across the foot log, which had been replaced, and instead ascended the Dryfork where his hopes had builded an air castle for himself and Cynthia, and thence turned up the valley, coming over a spur of Sewanee and down a branch on the other side to the creek at his Uncle Captain Jack Casey's.

"Howdy, Uncle Jack? Howdy, Aunt Jen?" he called, as Jack, who had been holding the calf away while his wife milked, now let loose the ravenous young bossy and turned to meet his nephew.

"Howdy, Lee? Huntin', be ye? What's yer game?"

"I 'lowed ter leave some ter kill on the way back."

"Wall, I reckon you left it all. Couldn't ye git ary squirrel? They are plumb thick up that holler yander.

"I didn't see none. I 'low ter cross an' try ef they hain't none on t'other side. Kin I take yer canoe?"

"I 'low ter use it myself after while. But I'll set ye over, an' when yer come back, jes' make some sorter fuss on t'other side, an' I'll come across an' git ye."

The both stood up in the round-bottomed log craft that rolled on the slightest provocation, and which all attempts to balance prove delusive to the uninitiated.

"You hev to wink both eyes ter wunct in this, don't yer?"

"Wall, it hain't the best place ever was fur a dance."

As they talked, the canoe pushed out from the land, Jack standing in the stern paddling on one side only, and keeping the craft going in nearly a straight line by a graceful turn of the paddle, making it first propeller

and then rudder, all in a single stroke. Lee stood in the bow, rifle in hand, strong, lithe and erect, and as the craft touched the opposite shore, sprang lightly to the bank, pushing back the boat with the same effort, and calling back :

"Much obleeged till yer better paid."

"I reckon I best make much o' the obleeged," replied Jack, "fur I don't reckon I'd git rich runnin' ferry."

Lee pushed his way through the woods and down the creek until he came to the ravine back of the Sawyer house, where, for the first time, he appeared to find game. Only a squirrel or two fell before his rifle, but he shot what seemed a needless number of times. At length, beside a pretty brook, which fell in a cascade that now had fallen almost to its usual proportions and clearness, he seated himself on a smooth rock that nature seemed to have made for a seat, and waited. Soon he heard through the woods not far away the whistle of a quail, and answered it. And then the pushes parted, and Cynthia's face and figure appeared, framed in the autumn leaves. It would have warmed the heart of an anchorite to have seen her, fair and plump and trim, with the clearest of blue eyes, that were almost liquid when one looked into them closely, and that danced and sparkled when she smiled. And who shall describe the dimples that made her smiles the sweeter, or the flush of the cheek that was like the bloom upon the peach? Well might Lee's heart beat high as he caught sight of her, and rose to greet her. Together they sat by the cascade, and for a few minutes only.

"Cynthy," said Lee, "I hain't got no heart to talk about it. I don't know wut hit's all a-comin' to. But one thing I know, Cynthy, you won't forget me."

"Forget you, Lee! I reckon not! But pa's forbid me a-seein' of you, an' I know I'd orter do wut he says. He's my pa, you know, an' besides, hit ain't bes' fur nary one of us to make this gully that's washed out atwix our two homes none the deeper nor wider nor muddier, an' we would if we pestered our pas or sided agin 'em. Hit cyant las' furever, an' ef hit should, wy then we'd fine it out in time an' marry anyhow. Eut 'tain't bes' ter talk o' that now. I hain't eighteen yit till June, an'

they hain't no hurry an' we kin wait."

"I knowed you'd say that, Cynthy. I knowed you'd do yer duty, an' I'll do mine ef I kin. But Cynthy, ef this row lasts forever, an' our pas don't never love each other agin, we'll love each other anyhow, won't we?"

It was a picture for an artist when they said good-bye for duty's sake, but lingered still for love's, not long, though to their consciences, that already suffered slight compunction for this lapse into disobedience, it seemed long, while yet so short. The great gum tree behind them was gorgeous with crimson and gold. The fallen beech leaves about them made a soft yellow carpet, and the waterfall was dashing its little stream to spray, but they had no eye for the beauty of nature and no heart for the pathos or romance of their situation. It was love and duty, and they would be true to both, and that was the whole of the story to them. But the sun that shone through the changing foliage never looked into the valley upon a prettier scene, and the eye of the recording angel witnesses few partings more truly and nobly heroic.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE QUARTERLY MEETING.

Brother Jeems Manus was troubled. It was quarterly meeting, and something was wrong among his members. At the quarterly conference, on this Saturday afternoon, or evening, as the Holler calls the time from twelve o'clock till dark, the attendance had been unwontedly small, and interest was painfully lacking. The presiding elder noticed it, and said he began to fear that Brother Manus had made a mistake in leaving the itinerancy and "locating." He rather thought it might be necessary to transfer him to another charge, and put some one else on the Roundstone Circuit. This grieved Brother Manus, who felt in his heart that his ministrations to the four churches, of which the one at the Sinks was the most important, had been faithful and successful. He did not know as yet of the trouble which had happened but two days before. He explained to the elder that the high water had kept away a good number who might have been

expected, but he knew that that did not account for the absence of Larkin and Ephraim, and after the meeting he left the elder sitting in his home while he threw the saddle upon his roan mare, Jezebel, and rode up to Ephraim's. But Ephraim was not communicative, and he rode back unenlightened. Ephraim said, however, that he would be at church in the morning, and he came and led the singing, as was his wont, though with less than his usual spirit. Larkin also was at the meeting, though he did not arrive until after the love-feast, where the bread and water passed from hand to hand, and testimonies and exhortations came from brothers and sisters alike.

At the preaching service, Brother Jeems led, and Elder Osgood followed with a long and strong sermon. Then came the communion service. Brother Manus lined the hymn and Ephraim led it, and as they sang a stanza the members came forward and knelt before the teacher's desk, which to-day served as pulpit, and the elder passed first the bread on a thick white plate, and then the wine in a glass, from one to another, saying, "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, my brother." "The blood of our crucified Saviour, my sister." When all who were kneeling had been served, they resumed their seats during the singing of another stanza, and the altar was filled with another row. Four times this was done, while they sang four stanzas of the hymn. "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed."

Neither Larkin nor Ephraim had gone forward. No one present could remember when such a thing had happened. The fifth stanza was begun, with a last invitation to any remaining communicants. Brother Jeems looked at Larkin. The elder looked at Ephraim. The two men shot a glance at each other, a glance at first of perplexity, and then of defiance, and then both, on opposite sides of the house, went forward and knelt at the altar. What made them do it they never could tell. It began in a feeling of embarrassment, and then in a spirit of bravado, which made each willing, at any risk, to brave the accusing glance of the other. And there was a silence like that of the grave, that ran round the school-house. Larkin Sawyer was sweating cold drops. Ephraim felt the blood mounting to his temples, and his breath came short and fast. The elder took the bread and started

toward Ephraim, but hesitated as he saw Ephraim instinctively draw back.

"Stop, Elder Osgood!" cried Brother Manus. "I don't quite know what the trouble is, but I feel it in my soul thar's death in the cup to them men ef they drink it! Brethering, you've ben my most faithful members, an' God knows I love ye an' wouldn't misjudge ye. But I know thar's somethin' wrong. Ef you've brung yer gift to the altar and remember that God or yer feller-man has aught agin ye, leave yer gift, and leave the altar, an' go do yer duty. Fur ef you eat an' drink unworthily, you eat an' drink damnation to your souls, an' I'll clar my skirts o' your souls' blood!"

The two men could bear no more. Ephraim rose and rushed from the church, and Larkin followed him in haste, and the two men went down to their houses, trembling and guilty, feeling that they had nearly, if not quite, committed the unpardonable sin, yet both unforgiving and unforgiven.

CHAPTER IX.

A WEARY WINTER.

The winter came and went, and the breach only widened with the progress of the months. The men dropped all pretence of religious observance. They grew more and more taciturn and sullen in their homes. They cared less and less for the society of their neighbours, and as they grew more miserable they grew more uncompromising. When little Ike was sick, and Jane going to the spring just before dinner found a gourd of chicken broth, so fresh and hot that it had evidently been left but a few minutes before, she knew how it had come there, and hastened to the house with it. But Larkin saw the gourd, and at a glance understood it, and asked:

"Whar'd ye git that ar gourd? Whose gourd is that?" and snatching it from her, he took it to the door and flung it with all his might. Little Ike cried, for the odour of the broth had already tempted his fickle appetite, and Larkin bribed him to stop crying with promises of candy and all other injurious sweetmeats known to children of the Holler. But when the illness proved to be a sort of winter cholera terminating in flux,

he was glad to maintain official ignorance of a bottle of blackberry cordial which also was left at the spring, and which proved a material benefit in the slow convalescence of Ike.

It was thought, at first, that Captain Jack Casey would be able to effect a reconciliation between the men. He was respected in the Holler, and was often useful in adjusting differences between neighbours. He was a justice of the peace, for that matter, and had the law behind him. But his military title and his reputation for fair dealing gave him added authority.

He was the friend of both men, and had known them both in the army. He was Eph's brother-in-law, beside, and their wives' friendship, like their own, dated from that prehistoric period, "before the war."

But even Captain Jack failed to move either of the two enraged neighbours.

Brother Manus made several ineffectual attempts at a reconciliation, but at last gave up all hope.

"I'll pray fur 'em," he said, "but I cyant do no more."

Great as was his professed faith in prayer, it may be doubted whether this admission did not indicate in his mind a desperate condition of affairs.

But there was one person who could never be brought to recognize the breach between the families. Shoog made her frequent visits back and forth unhindered. To be sure, Ephraim tried to prevent her. He scolded her; he explained to her, and once he even whipped her. But while she seemed to understand the words he spoke, and grieved sorely over her punishments, she could not get through her mind the idea of an estrangement, and at length they gave up trying to have her understand. So, almost daily, when the weather permitted, Shoog crossed the foot log, and wended her way across the bottoms to Uncle Lark's. Larkin at first attempted to ignore her presence, but the attempt failed, and she was soon as much in his arms and heart as she had ever been; and many prayers and good wishes went with her back and forth, as Jane and Martha saw her come and go, and often went a piece with her, though true to their unspoken parole of honour to their husbands, speaking no word to each other.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEXT FALL'S FRESHET.

Spring came and summer, with little change and that for the worse, and with the autumn there was more trouble. For threshing time came round again, and a division of property was necessary. Neither man would meet the other, but Ephraim went to Ebenezer Frisbee's, where the ground-hog and fan had been left the fall before, and scoured the rust from the ground-hog's teeth, and went to threshing on his own account, charging one bushel in sixteen for threshing without winnowing. Larkin followed him from place to place with the fan, and got the other half of the toll. They took care not to see each other, but Larkin entered suit against Ephraim for taking more than his share of the property in the division, and prepared himself against the trial to prove that the ground-hog was more valuable than the fan. Ephraim fortified himself by calculating the excess of grain which had gone to Larkin's bins the preceding fall in anticipation of a division which had never been accomplished. Thus separately they threshed the grain of the Holler, while waiting for the trial to come off.

Captain Jack Casey refused to issue papers in the case, and it was to be tried in Manchester.

The neighbours realized more than ever now how hopeless was the division. Moses Davis expressed the feeling of the Holler when he said that "Hit warn't lawful fur man to put the fan an' ground-hog asunder," and all felt somehow that this division of the property indicated a hopeless separation of the two men. Brother Jeems Manus mourned long and sadly, but no solution of the problem appeared.

One day, late in September, word came to Larkin that Ephraim had met with an accident. He had been caught in the tumbling-rod of the ground-hog, and had broken his leg, besides sustaining severe bruises. He was doing well, however, the report said, and would soon be around on crutches. So Larkin hardened his heart, which instinctively had softened when the message first came, and strangled in his breast the impulse to visit his old friend.

But three days later there came

other word. It was the day of the line storm, that Doctor Culvert, riding round the Sinks, told Lark that Eph was mighty bad off. The bruises had proved serious, and he feared trouble with the brain. Then Larkin sat down to think. What if Eph should die? What if that cursed machine had caused his death, and the quarrel had been a sort of murder long drawn out? He groaned in spirit, and hated himself for the bitterness and ungodliness of the past year. He tried to pray, but his prayer seemed to him abomination to the Lord. He tried to relent, he tried to forgive, and his soul seemed dead to every emotion but this bitter remorse that was eating out his heart. The air of the house seemed to stifle him and he went out into the storm. Almost at the door he met Brother Manus, who had crossed the meadows to find him.

"Larkin Sawyer," he said solemnly, "thar's a soul agoin' to leave this hyur earth an' stan' afore his Maker. You know whose soul I mean. I hain't got no charges to bring against hit, but I've come ter warn you not to let that soul go outen this world unforgiven by you, nor without gettin' his forgiveness for yerself. You need forgiveness mighty bad, Larkin Sawyer, the forgiveness of Ephraim Whitley and of God and the church. I hain't a-sayin' he's ain't to blame, nor I hain't a-sayin' he is. My duty's to the livin' and not to the dead."

"Dead! he hain't dead, is he?"

"No, but he hain't got long to live. He's crazy by spells, an' calls out 'Lark, Lark! I didn't mean a word of it! Do you hear, Lark? I keer jes' as much fur ye as ever I did!' An' then when he comes to, he jes' lays an' moans."

Larkin waited to hear no more. He rushed across the meadows in the blinding rain that drove full in his face. The minister kept him in sight with difficulty. He called after him to mind the foot log, which was mighty nigh ready to float off, but Larkin ran on. As Brother Manus approached the creek, he saw Larkin come to the log and stop. The creek had risen even since the minister had crossed, and the foot log was unsafe, but on its opposite end stood Shoog, coming to meet him.

"O Uncle Lark! Come to pa! Pa wants you!" she cried.

"Stan' back, Shoog, I'm a-comin'!" cried Larkin.

Shoog waited a moment, and Lar-

kin started to cross, but again hesitated, and stepped off.

"Tain't safe," he said. "Shoog, go to the house an' tell yer pa I'm comin'. You tell him I'm comin'! I gotter go back an' git a hoss an' ride round. Go, back, Shoog, go back!"

But as he stepped away from the log she started across. "Uncle Lark, don't go 'way! Pa wants you!"

The log was trembling and about to float. Larkin looked for an instant, and then rushed on to meet the little girl. The log swung loose at the unweighted end, and in a moment was rushing down the wide river where before there had been but a creek, and they were thrown together into the water. Larkin held to Shoog with one hand, and with the other clung to the log. Together, and rapidly, they drifted toward the Sinks.

They had just missed Shoog in the house, and Lee had stepped to the porch to see if she had wandered out into the storm. A shout from Brother Manus attracted his attention, and he looked just in time to see the log go with Shoog and Larkin upon it.

"Fetch ropes. A horse!" cried Manus.

Lee's call brought to the door a half-dozen of the neighbours, who were gathered at the house, and these rushed down the road, yet not so fast as the current of Roundstone. Brother Manus, on the opposite side, ran along the creek, and, as the log was now and then caught in an eddy and turned about, kept opposite it, calling out to Larkin to hold on. Lee ran to the barn, hastily gathered what rope he could find, loosened the halter of Stonewall, and leaped to his back, urging him on with the halter strap. But there was little need of urging, for the horse seemed to understand that some unusual duty was expected of him, as, guided only by Lee's hand upon his neck, he tore down the road to the Sinks.

Roundstone narrows just above the Sinks, and the channel deepens between high rocks. There they hoped the log would lodge, at least long enough to permit a rescue. It stopped for a moment only, and then, just as the footmen came up, it was caught in the whirling, foaming maelstrom of the Sinks. Brother Manus was waist-deep in the water, trying to catch the end of the log. Lee was there ahead, and had rounded the Sinks, for the bank was less steep

on that side, and had a noose in the longest rope ready for a cast. Just as the log swung into the current again, Jake Jeffries caught the rope from Lee's hand and splashed into the water beside the preacher. Once the log whirled by, but Jake was in just too late for it. A second time it went round, and nearer the centre, and Jake threw the lasso with an aim that seemed unerring, but it missed. A third time they whirled by, and this time the nearer end of the log rose out of water as the other end was sucked down into the glassy funnel, and again the rope hissed through the air.

"Thank God!" cried the preacher, and the neighbours on shore set up a shout.

"Pull!" yelled Jake, and he and the preacher together pulled at the rope with all their strength. Lee was beside them, and other strong hands quickly laid hold of the rope, and they drew Larkin to land, unconscious, but still clutching in a grip like a vice the body of little Shoog.

They took them both to the home of Bro. Manus, where they laboured long and ardently for their resuscitation. They wrapped them in blankets, they applied hot bricks and jugs of hot water to their feet. They turned them from back to side and from side to back. They breathed their own warm breath into their mouths. They rubbed their limbs toward the heart, as directed first by the minister, and later, as soon as he could be summoned, by Dr. Culvert. At length Larkin sighed. They started at the sign of life, it was such a weird, unnatural sigh. But the breathing began, almost imperceptibly, and little by little his life came back. He regained consciousness only to ask:

"I hung onter Shoog, didn't I? I didn't leave go on her, did I? Did I?"

They told him that he had held her fast, and he closed his eyes wearily and dropped asleep.

"Leave him alone," said the doctor. "Barrin' he ain't bruised so's to be injured internal. he's all right."

When next he awoke, after night-fall, when the room was lighted by the fire and a tallow dip, he was strong enough to be told the little that he did not already know,—Shoog was dead beyond all human power of restoration.

"Dead!" he cried, "Shoog dead!" and then from his closed eyes the

tears pressed out and coursed down his cheeks.

Jane stood over the bed, weeping silently. The minister reached for the leather-bound Bible that was worn through at the edges, and read:

"Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

Then kneeling beside the bed, he lifted up his voice in thanksgiving for the life that had been saved, and continued:

"An' now, O God, our Father, that has snatched this life back from the jaws of death and the swellin' of the waters, save hit fur good an' not fur evil, and preserve hit from bitterness an' strife. Forgive him, O God, the sin of this past year that has made his life bitter an' brought sorrow to his home, and caused him to forsake his God an' despise God's image in his brother man. Forgive him fur bringin' thy cause inter reproach, an' causin' the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. Show him how thou hast saved his life from a watery grave to save his soul from a burnin' hell.

"An' bless his brother that's lyin' at the p'int o' death. O God, thy will be done, but we cyant somehow see the use o' havin' him die unreconciled to his brother and his God. We plead fur his life. We pray thee to spare it. Cut him not off in the midst of his years. Let him not die as the fool dieth, but spare his life to be at peace with his brother, and let him die at last the death of the righteous, and let his last end be like his.

"An' comfort the hearts of all of us fur the loss of little Shoog. We used to sorter wonder at thy providential dealin's with her, an' sometimes mighty nigh questioned 'em, but we sorter seem to see the reason fur 'em now. We thank thee that Shoog's gone to whar she'll grow, but we thank thee that whilst she was hyur she was kept from the sorrow of this present evil world, that she might make less sorrow for others, and has entered the kingdom of heaven as a little child.

"Hear all our prayers in heaven, thy dwellin'-place, an' answer on yarth accordin' to thy will, and not accordin' to the words in which we pray. Right all our many wrongs,

and forgive our many sins. Go with us through life's changin' scenes and unseens, an' wen it is ourn to die, save us all in heaven, through riches of grace in Christ Jesus. Amen."

CHAPTER XI.

THE INTERCESSION OF JAMES MANUS.

Jane and Larkin hardly missed Brother Manus when he excused himself and affected to go to bed in the other room. But Mrs. Manus knew that it was not to bed that he went. Out on the hillside alone he "wrestled in prayer" as he said, for the life of Ephraim Whitley. The moon was high overhead when he began, and it sank low before he closed. The leaves were still wet with the heavy rains, and the mountain air was chill with frost. As the moon sailed through the heavens overhead, he prayed as one who clung to the skirts of God, with no assurance of acceptance, but with fervour that did not lag, and with a persistence that would not go without a blessing. When the moon went down, and the night grew black, a horror of great darkness came over him, and he prayed still, but with a voice that felt the presence of God, and would have hidden from it had the prayer been for himself, and found courage to face the Almighty only in the altruism of his petition.

But soon the darkness lifted from his spirit, and a strange peace filled him, and he cried aloud, "I have prevailed with God, and he shall live!"

Lifting himself from the earth, he turned his face to the eastern sky and thanked God for the answer to his prayer, and when he opened his eyes and looked before him across the valley, the first gray streak of the morning was tinging the Gap, and he went down to his house, trembling yet rejoicing.

Brother James Manus came with the sunrise to the house of Ephraim Whitley. Moses Davis opened the door for him, and he entered the low-studded kitchen.

"How's Eph?" he asked.

"Sleepin' sorter quiet now," said Moses.

"Sence wen?"

"Sence 'bout the time the moon went down, long somers to-wards mornin'."

The minister's face lit up.

"I knowed it," said he. "He's goin' to git well. Hit was jes' at that hour that I got the victory!"

When an hour later the doctor came, he reported a marked change for the better, and said that with care Eph might recover. The symptoms which had threatened the brain appeared to have modined, and Eph was doing well.

"I'll leave some Dover powders," said he; "give one to him wen he wakes, an' ef he don't go to sleep in an hour, give him another. Ef he sleeps twelve hours more, I shan't have no fear."

But having given the directions, Dr. Culvert himself stayed to administer the powder, and when Eph woke about breakfast time, gave with his own hands the gruel and the medicine, and gently but firmly hushing all inquiries, yet noting with satisfaction that they were rational, watched beside him till he fell asleep. All day and all night, with occasional wakings, he slept, and on the next morning, as the doctor and the minister leaned over him, he woke and said:

"I've been sick, hain't I?"

"Yes, sick some," said the doctor.

"I've been crazy, hain't I, an' callin' fur Lark?"

"Wall, you was jus' a leetle bit shaky b' spells. Had sleep enough?"

"Yes; I feel sorter weak lack, but I hain't sleepy. Nor I hain't crazy nuther. But I wanter see Lark jus' the same as ef I was."

"You kin see him in a day or so."

"No; I wanter see him now. This thing has went fur enough. I won't give sleep to my eyes nor slumber to my eyelids till I've made my peace with him, 'n' after him with God."

"Wall, Lark's sorter under the weather himself," explained the doctor.

"Looky hyur, Doc!" exclaimed Eph, "you're keepin' somethin' from me; hain't you? Is Lark—? Is anything the matter with Lark?"

"Oh, no; 'tain't thet. They's been one or two things happened that we hain't thought best to pester you with. But Lark's all right. He got wet day before yestiddy comin' to see you, an' sorter tuck cold or somethin'."

"Whar is he?"

"Down to the parson's."

"Kin he be fetched hyur?"

"Wall, he mought be, fur's thet's concerned, but 'tain't wuth while fur a day or two, I reckon."

"Doc," said Brother Jeems, drawing the doctor aside, "both these fellers' bodies'd git well sooner ef their souls was at peace, an' ef they're strong enough, hit mought do 'em good."

"Looky here, Eph," said the doctor, "ef I fetch Lark here an' lay him in the t'other bed over thar, will you jes' sorter rest contented, an' save yer confessions an' all sich lack till ye git a mite stouter? 'Cause I don't want nuther o' you to talk too much jist yet."

Eph promised, and the doctor and minister, with Moses Davis and Jack Casey and Lee, brought Larkin up the road, carrying him well-bundled in a rocking-chair.

"Hit's all right fur Lark," said the doctor. "an' I reckon hit's all right fur Eph. He hain't so sick as I was feared, an' he's got a powerful sorter o' springiness. He was always sorter lack a dry hide—you press him down in one place, an' he'll raise up in another—an' I reckon hit's safer to let him see Lark than to refuse him, and not let his conscience keep a diggin' at him lack a toothache, fur I hain't got no sorter forceps nur turnkeys nuther that'll pull that."

So they laid the two men in beds placed side by side, with many admonitions not to talk. But these instructions were hardly necessary, for the men understood each other without words, and neither knew at all what to say.

Eph reached his hand across and grasped Larkin's and said simply:

"Howdy, Lark? How d'ye come on?"

And Larkin answered:

"Tol'able, thank ye, Eph. We've both ben fools, hain't we?"

And Eph replied:

"That's a plumb fact, Lark. I'll be hanged ef hit ain't."

That was all they said, and the doctor told them to "be quiet and stop their foolin' an' go to sleep," which by this time they were weary enough to do. They sobbed and smiled, and holding each other's hands, they went to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

ABOVE THE SHADOWS.

It was long after noon when the two men awoke, and both were evidently better. The doctor felt Eph's pulse, and said, clearing his throat:

"Eph, we hev ben a-keepin' some-thin' from you, an' I'm mighty glad 'ou're well enough to know it now. An' I reckon Brother Jeems better tell you wut it is."

"Eph," said Brother Manus, "they hain't no use in trying to beat around the bush. You're a plumb man, an' kin bear a hard truth. They's goin' to be a buryin' over in the graveyard on Torkletop about an hour b'sun, for little Shoog has gone to heaven."

Larkin began weeping silently, and Ephraim started violently and hurt the splintered leg.

"Hear me through," said Brother Jeems. "Eph, little Shoog was drowned in the freshet day afore yistiddy, a-tryin' to fetch Lark over to see you. And Lark was drowned, but not quite dead, a-tryin' fur to save her. We've been a-hopin' you'd come to yourself enough to be able to see her face afore we lay her little body away, an' the doctor says ye kin."

Four strong men lifted the bed with Larkin in it just far enough away to admit two chairs, on which they placed the little black coffin, cunningly wrought by Joel Travers, the carpenter, and covered inside with glazed white muslin over a soft bed of cotton batting, and outside with black cotton cloth. The two men raised themselves on elbow and mingled their tears that dropped upon the sweet face within, and clasped their hands across the casket, while Brother Manus prayed:

"O thou God of the livin' and not of the dead, open our eyes to see beyond the veil of flesh and the grave of the body, an' show us the life that lays beyond the valley of the shadder of death. We thank thee for that thou didst give, and we bow our heads in submission at thy takin' away. Blessed be the name of the Lord! We thank thee fur the sweet and happy life which thou didst give to this home, an' for the joy and light which she has been to other homes. We thank thee for her ministry of peace to these two misguided households, and that her life of peace as it passes away brings in the peace of God that passeth understandin' where thar has been strife an' bitterness. Thou who didst lead thy children of old with a pillar of fire an' cloud through the wilderness and through the sea, we thank thee that thou hast led these brethren by the hand of a

little child, through the wilderness wherein they've been a-wanderin' fur this last year, and through the flood of proud waters that has went over their souls. An' now that she who's ben God's angel to these two households has gone to be a angel of light, may her sperret still lead them in ways of pleasantness and in paths of peace! Comfort us all in thy rich mercy! Forgive our sins agin thee, an' our sins agin one another. Forgive us for frettin', as well as for fightin', for they hain't much difference. Forgive us for sinnin' when sin costs such sacrifice. Prepare us for life and fur the hour of death,

an' wen the earth an' the sea give up their dead, save us all in heaven without the loss of one, fur Christ's sake. Amen."

Then they carried out the little coffin, but moved the beds back side by side, and the doctor watched alone by the two men who lay with clasped hands and with feelings too deep for words while the twilight came on.

Up the slope of Torkletop, half-way to the summit, they carried the body of little Shoog—up out of the valley where the shadows had fallen. to where the sun was still shining—and there they buried her.

THE END.

LOVE THY BROTHER.

BY AGNES E. RUSSELL.

"Especially dedicated to those who have relinquished the pleasures and comforts of home and society to labour in God's kingdom."

This prayer for long time I had uttered, "Lord, teach me to reverence Thee more; Give me more of Thy bountiful Spirit than e'er I have known heretofore; Show me what thou art like, O my Father! draw nearer!" Ah, such were my prayers, While demanding that others should give me what service I claimed to be theirs!

But my prayers seemed to go all unheeded, or else must have wandered astray; For my spirit I knew was as wayward, and God seemed still far away: Till, thinking that something was lacking in that which I wasted above, I studied, for some inspiration, God's wonderful message of Love.

Like a dominant chord, then, its keynote resounded with deep, thrilling roll, That before, indistinct 'mongst its changes, eluded the ear of my soul.
"O man, love thy neighbour and brother as thou thyself lovest!" it bade;
"And help him along up life's pathway—condoling the suffering and sad,

Giving comfort and help to the needy, pointing hope for despondents, in Christ,
And lovingly winning the erring from sinning, with Jesus instead to make tryste."
And this was what Christ then would teach us; and this the demand that He makes?
What else would constrain His descending from glory to shame for our sakes?

From the depths of my heart then I uttered this prayer, so simple of speech,
"Lord, help me to love every brother, and spend and be spent for each!
The enemy, too, that revileth,—O, help me to love him instead!
For love no ill worketh, but goodness; and castest out all fear and dread."

And into the highways and byways that beckoned, I went forth to show
This love I had craved of the Father, where before I had spurned to go.
Did I lack then of love to the Father, because I was spending my love
On His creatures that needed it sorely, or feel lack of love from above?

Did I miss the sweet sense of His presence, as, alone, 'mongst the lowest I went?
Ah, no! for the sunshine—God's life-giving sunshine—fresh courage and zeal ever lent;
And the flowers, as His gifts, were each tokens of some new and wonderful grace;
And the faces that blest me so mutely, methought but the dear Master's face;

But times when I suffered for others, I felt Him the nearest to me—
Around, and about, and above, and within, then, I felt Him to be.
O, I lacked not of God's gracious presence or love, when I learned, "In His name
Whatsoe'er I had done unto others, to Christ I had done the same."

Walmer, Ont.

THANKSGIVING ANN.

In the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise :

“Thanksgivin’ an’—”

“Johnny, don’t play dar in the water, chile !”

“Thanksgivin’ an’—”

“Run away now, Susie, dearie.”

“Thanksgivin’ an’—”

“Take care dat bressed baby ! Here’s some ginger-bread for him.”

“Thanksgivin’ an’ the voice of melody.”

You laugh ? But looking after all these little things was her appointed work, her duty ; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments ?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann ; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be, now, to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment they could scarcely tell ; they only knew that she was invaluable. She had taken a grand-motherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a final batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed unobserved from the kitchen windows ; and Thanksgiving Ann’s “Bible money” was still in her pocket.

“Didn’t ask me, nor give me no chance. Just ’s if, ’cause a pusson’s old an’ coloured, dey didn’t owe de Lord nuffin’, an’ wouldn’t pay it if dey did,” she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and “catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy.” And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearied by his chase.

“Wa-ll, I come up with him—told ye I would—and give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget ; and he said ’twas a gingerous donation—equal to your master’s. Which proves,” said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, “that some folks can do as much good just off-hand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin’ an’ screwin’ beforehand.”

“Think it proves dat folks don’t have no great ’mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin’ ’bout it a little aforehand, as other folks will do dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics ’bout such things. I does ;” and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

“Thanksgivin’ an’ de voice of melody,”

she began in her high, weird voice. But the words died on her lips ; her heart was too burdened to sing.

“Only three dollars out’n all der ’bundance !” she murmured to herself. “Well, mebbly I oughtn’t to judge ; but then I don’t judge, I knows. Course I knows, when I’se here all de time, and sees de good clo’es, an’ der carr’ages, an’ de musics, an’ de fine times—folks an’ hosses an’ tables all provided for, an’ de Lord of glory le’ to take what happens when de times comes, an’ no prep’ration at all ! Sure ’nough, He don’t need der help. All de world is His ; and He can send clo’es to His naked, an’ bread to His hungry, an’ Bibles to His heathen, if dey don’t give a cent ; but den dey’re pincnin’ an’

starvin' der own dear souls Well—'tain't my soul! But I loves 'em—I loves 'em, an' dey're missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so beloved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'."

"The idea of counting up all one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remains one's own, makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax," said Mrs. Allyn, one day; "and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes."

"If ye hain't give so freely an' so gladly for Miss Susie's new necklaces an' yer own new dresses dat ye don't have much when de time comes," interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way," pursued the lady, without seeming to heed the interruption. "Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what one can where there is a call?"

"I wouldn't like to be provided for dat way," declared Thanksgiving. "Was, once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young, no-'count gal, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my ole marse he lef' me to take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a pair of ole shoes, an' sometimes I didn't happen to get nuffin', an' den I went bare-foot; an' dat's jist de way—"

"Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent," exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at her comparison.

"Jist what I thought, didn't treat me with no kind of reverence," answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject, all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best; and another person, another," said the lady, smilingly, as she walked from the room.

"Pears to me it's a matter of which way de Master likes best," observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-

eighth. "'Cause if dem ole Israelites was tol' to give one-tenth, I'd jist like to frow in a little more, for good measure. Talk 'bout it's bein' like a tax to put some away for such things! 'Clare! I get studyin' what each dollar mus' do, till I get 'em so loadened up wid prayin's an' thinkin's dat I mos' b'lieve dey weigh double when dey does go.

"O de Lamb! de lov'r'r Lamb!
De Lamb of Calvar'!"

De Lamb dat was slain, an' lives again,
An' intercedes for me!"

And now another call had come.

"Come, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," Mrs. Allyn said, regretfully. "However, we gave what we could," she added. "I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful, as she moved slowly about her work.

"'Spose I needn't fret 'bout other folks' duty—dat ain't none o' my business; yas 'tis, too, 'cause dey's good to me, an' I loves 'em. 'Taint like 's if dey didn't call darselves His, neither."

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed them on the table by her side.

"Aren't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you think best; but give them to us for dinner."

"Sartin, I'll give you all dar is." she responded, surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose a cry:

"Oh, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?"

"And I?"

"And I, too?"

"Help yourselves, dearies," answered the old woman, composedly, never turning to see how often, or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. She still sat there when, near the dinner hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and, a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly:

"What has happened, Thanksgiv-

ing? Haven't decided upon fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving Ann, coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too, and doubtless she had something all planned, and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board, because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever before been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear?" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"I do not know," she replied, with a questioning glance at Thanksgiving.

"Dat's all de col' meat dar was—sorry I didn't have no more," she said, half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast, this morning," began Mr. Allyn, wondering. "and you have no potatoes, either—nor vegetables of any kind."

"Laws, yes; but den a body has to think 'bout it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' just the same wid 'taters; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, an' I didn't happen to have much of nuffin'. 'Clare! I forgot de bread!" and, trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

"No bread!" murmured Mrs. Allyn.

"No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might have made biscuit or muffins, if I had planned for 'em long enough, but that kind o' makes a body feel 's if dey had to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all out o' my warm feelin's when de time come."

"When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble," remarked Mr. Allyn, impatiently, but still too bewildered at such an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

"Cur-us how things make a body think of Bible verses," said Thanksgiving, musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy,' an' 'what shall I render to de Lord for all His benefits to'ards me?' Dar, I didn't put on dem peaches!"

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?" questioned the gentleman, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is a 'method in her madness,'" replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of its morning's contents, but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit dish.

"Dat's all. De childerns eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I'se sorry dar ain't no more, but I hopes ye'll 'joy what dar is, an' I wishes 'twas five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lip for a moment, and then asked quietly:

"Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Well, dar now! 'spose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone. "B'lieve I will next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I'd heard givin' whatever happened was so much freer an' lovin'er way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear 'sif dey fared slim, an' I 'spects I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see, George?" questioned the wife, when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object lesson with a vengeance!"

"And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem anything like this?" pursued Mrs. Allyn, with troubled face.

"She is right, Fanny; it doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is His direct gift, and all our hopes for the world to come are in Him. We profess to be not our own but His. to be journeying toward His royal city, and that His service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own appareling, entertainment and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of His kingdom or the forwarding of His work, but leave that to any chance

pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It doesn't seem like very faithful or loving service," Mr. Allyn answered, gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally, lately, but have been too indolent, careless or selfish to come to a decision."

There was a long talk over that dinner table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this, they found required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labour in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters."

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded, laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:

"So you see we have adopted the 'systematic' plan, too; and you needn't starve us for supper, Thanksgiving Ann, you dear, faithful old soul!"

Silas heard of the change in that mysterious way in which he contrived to hear of everything that happened anywhere within a circuit of ten miles of him, and coming to the old coloured woman that evening as,

with face of content, she occupied once more her favourite seat in the doorway, he launched forth on the subject at once:

"An' now I 'spose you're satisfied."

"I's 'mazin' glad," said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; "but satisfied—dat's a long, deep word, an' de Bible says it'll be when we 'awake in His likeness.'"

"Wa-ll, now, I don't perless none of these kind of things," said Silas, standing on one foot and swinging the other, "but I don't mind tellin' ye that I think your way's right, an' I don't b'lieve nobody ever lost nothin' by what they give to God; 'cause he's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see."

"Mebby so; but don't ye think, Silas Ridgelow, dat's it's a drefful mean way to offer a little gift to yer best an' dearest Friend—a-calk'latin' dat He'll pay back more?"

"Wa-ll, ye see folks don't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No, dey don't. When eberybody feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de millennium. Does yer know dar's a prophecy 'bout de time when even de bells of de hösSES shall hab 'holiness to de Lord' on 'em? Don't know what dat means, 'less 'tis dat de rich folks' carriages behind de hösSES shall be goin' on His arrands, an' carryin', part of de time, 'de least of dese, His brederin'. Guess de lovin'll have got so strong den dar'll be no thinkin' 'bout prayin'," said the old woman, musingly. "Well, I's glad of de faint streak of dat day dat's come to dis house!" And she went in with her old song upon her lips:

"'Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody.'"

EASTER.

Roll back, ye bars of light;
Wide open, gates of glory;
All heaven, behold the sight,
Attend the wondrous story.
Ye angel host that crowd
Around the Conqueror's car,
Proclaim his praise aloud,
Whose mighty ones ye are.
Rise, saints, your Lord to meet,
To praise and to adore Him;
Come worship at His feet,
And cast your crowns before Him.
Lift up your heads, ye gates,
And let the Victor in;
Eternal triumph waits
The Vanquisher of sin.

At morn the Saviour rose
Like a giant from his slumber;
Fled all His mighty foes—
And who may tell their number?
Death and the gloomy grave
Have yielded up their prey;
Almighty now to save,
On high He takes His way.
Ride on, ride on, O Lord,
The golden gates infold Thee;
In highest heaven adored
Our eyes may not behold Thee.
Yet hear, O hear our praise,
Great Saviour, God, and King,
As thus our hymn we raise,
Our heart's devotion bring.
—Rev. Canon McIlwaine, D.D.

HIS MAJESTY, BABY.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

Until the 'bus stopped and the old gentleman entered, we had been contented and genial company, travelling from a suburb into the city in high good-fellowship, and our absolute monarch was Baby. His mother was evidently the wife of a well-doing artisan, a wise-looking, capable, bonnie young woman; and Baby was not a marvel of attire, nor could he be called beautiful. He was dressed after a careful, tidy, comfortable fashion, and he was a clear-skinned, healthy child; that is all you would have noticed had you met the two on the street.

In a 'bus, where there is nothing to do for forty minutes except stare into one another's faces, a baby has the great chance of his life, and this baby was made to seize it. He was not hungry, and there were no pins about his clothes, and nobody had made him afraid, and he was by nature a human soul. So he took us in hand one by one till he had reduced us all to a state of delighted subjection, to the pretended scandal and secret pride of his mother. His first conquest was easy, and might have been discounted, for against such an onset there was no power of resistance in the elderly woman opposite—one of the lower middles, fearfully stout, and, of course, a grandmother. He simply looked at her—if he smiled that was thrown in—for, without her knowledge, her arms had begun to shape for his reception—so often had children lain on that ample resting-place.

"Bless 'is little 'eart; it do me good to see 'im." No one cared to criticise the words, and we remarked to ourselves how the expression changes the countenance. Not heavy and red, far less dull; the proper adjective for that face is motherly.

The next passenger, just above Grammie, is a lady, young and pretty, and a mother? Of course; did you not see her look Baby over, as an expert at her sharpest, before she grows old and is too easily satisfied? Will she approve, or is there something wrong which male persons and grandmothers cannot see? The mother is conscious of inspection, and adjusts a ribbon his Majesty had tossed aside—one of his few decorations which he wore on parade for the good of the public and his own glory—and then she meekly awaited approval. For a moment

we were anxious, but that was our foolishness, for in half a minute the lady's face relaxed, and she passed Baby. She leant forward and asked questions, and we overheard scraps of technical detail: "My first . . . fourteen months . . . six teeth . . . always well."

Baby was bored, and apologized to the 'bus. "Mothers, you know—this is the way they go on: but what a lot they do for us; so we must be patient." Although rank outsiders—excluded from the rites of the nursery—yet we made no complaint, but were rather pleased at this conference. One was a lady, the other a working-woman; they had not met before; they were not likely to meet again, but they had forgotten strangeness and differences in the common bond of motherhood.

Opposite me a priest was sitting and saying his office, but at this point his eye fell on the mothers, and I thought his lips shaped the words, "Sancta Maria," before he went on with the appointed portion, but that may have been my fancy—the 'bus will soon be dropping into poetry. Let us be serious and stare before us, as becometh well-bred English people.

Baby has wearied of inaction, and has begun another campaign, and my heart sinks, for this time he courts defeat. On the other side of Grammie, and within Baby's sphere of influence, was a man about whose profession there could be little doubt, even if he had not a bag on his knee, and were not reading from a parchment document. After a long and serious consideration of the lawyer's clear-cut, clean-shaven, bloodless face, Baby leant forward and tapped gently on the deed, and then, when the keen face looked up in quick inquiry, Baby replied with a smile of roguish intelligence, as if to say, "Full of big words as long as myself, but quite useless; it could all have been said in a sentence, as you and I know quite well; by the way, that parchment would make an excellent drum; do you mind me? A tune has just come into my head."

The lawyer, of course, drew away the deed and frowned at the insolence of the thing? No, he did not—there is a soul in lawyers, if you know how to find it—he smiled. Well, it was not a first-rate smile, but it was genuine, and the next

time he did it better, and afterwards it spread all over his face and lighted up his eyes. He had never been exposed in such a genial, irresistible way before, and so he held the drum, and Baby played a variation on "Rule, Britannia," with much spirit, while Grannie appealed for applause. "If he don't play as well as the band in 'yde Park of a Sunday."

We had one vacant place, and that was how he intruded on our peace; but let me make every excuse for him. It is aggravating to stand on the edge of the pavement and wave your umbrella ostentatiously to the 'bus, which passes you and draws up fifteen yards ahead, to make your dangerous way along a slippery street with hansoms bent upon your life, to be ordered to "hurry up" by an impatient conductor, and ignominiously hauled on to a moving 'bus. For an elderly gentleman of military appearance and short temper it was not soothing, and he might have been excused a word or two, but he distinctly exceeded.

He insisted in language of great directness and simplicity that the conductor had seen him all the time; that if he didn't he ought to have been looking; that he—the Colonel—was not a fox-terrier to run after a 'bus in the mud; that the conductor was an impertinent scoundrel, and that he would have him dismissed, with other things and words unworthy even of a retired Anglo-Indian. The sympathy of the 'bus did not go out to him, and when he forced himself between the lawyer and Grannie, and leaning forward with his hands on his cane, glared at us impartially, relations were strained. A cut on his left cheek and a bristly white moustache, half-hiding, half-concealing a cruel mouth, did not commend the new passenger to a peaceable company. Baby regarded the old man with sad attention, pained at his unlicensed talk, but full of charity, and at last he indicates that his fancy is to examine the silver head of the Colonel's cane. The Colonel, after two moments' hesitation, removes his hands and gives full liberty. On second thoughts he must have got that cut in some stiff fight; wonder whether he is a V. C. Baby moves the cane back and forward to a march of his own devising—the Colonel actively assisting. Now that I see it in a proper light, his moustache is soft, and

sets off the face excellently. Had it not been the cut puckering the corner of the upper lip, that would have been a very sweet mouth for a man, or even for a woman.

Baby is not lifted above all human weaknesses—preserves from perfect people—and he indicates a desire to taste as well as handle that silver head. The Colonel is quite agreeable—the most good-natured man you could meet in a day's journey—but Baby's guardian objects, and history warns us of the dangers which beset a collision between an absolute monarch and his faithful commons. We were all concerned, but the crisis is safe in the Colonel's hands. He thrusts his hand within the tightly-buttoned frock coat and produces a gold hunting watch—crested, did you notice, and . . . yes, just what every father has done for his baby since watches were invented—before that a fist served the purpose—he blew, the lid flew open. Baby blew, and the lid flew open faster and farther. Grannie would like to know whether any baby could have done the trick better, but there was no use asking us. "Reminds me of my boy at that age . . . killed on frontier last year." Is much ashamed of this confidence, and we all look unconscious. What a fine, simple old fellow he is!

"Saved up, has he," the Colonel is speaking to the mother, "to give baby and you a week at Ramsgate! . . . he's the right sort, your husband . . . it's for Baby, not for you, to get him some fol-de-rol, you know . . . he's done a lot of good to the crusty old chap." . . . The conductor has taken in the scene with huge delight, and closes it at the right point. "Your club, General; just wait till the 'bus stops. . . . Can you get near the kerb, Bill? Now, that's right; take care, sir, plenty of time. . . . Oh, that was nothing; might have seen you sooner . . . thank ye, I do smoke at a time . . . mornin', General; all right, Bill."

The Colonel was standing on the broad top step of the "Veterans" smiling and waving his hand; the 'bus waved back, and the conductor touched his cap. "A gentleman; cads ain't made that wy," and Baby danced for sheer Christian joy, since there is no victory like love.—*British Weekly*.

Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?

—*Browning.*

OUR CANADIAN ADONAI8.*



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

By the death of Mr. Archibald Lampman, at the comparatively early age of thirty-eight, one of our sweetest Canadian singers has passed away. We knew him intimately years ago as a bright-witted boy, full of life's young enthusiasms and aspirations. We have followed his career with great interest and rejoiced in his poetical success. Like many another son of the muses he combined the service of his country with the service of song. None of our Canadian poets had a deeper, keener sympathy with Nature in her varying moods nor greater interpretative skill. In much of his poetry there was a pensive vein, as there often is in Nature's tenderer moods. In some of his poems there is a fine religious tone that speaks of the deeper life of the soul. In December, 1885, he contributed to this magazine a three-page poem, "The Three Pilgrims," of profound religious significance. From this we quote here a few stanzas :

In days, when the fruit of men's labour was sparing,
 And hearts were weary and nigh to break,
 A sweet, grave man, with a beautiful bearing,
 Came to us once in the fields, and spake.
 He told us of Roma, the marvellous city,
 And of One that came from the living God,

The Virgin's Son, who in heavenly pity,
 Bore for His people the rood and rod.

And how at Roma the gods were broken,
 The new was strong, and the old nigh dead,
 And love was more than a bare word spoken,
 For the sick were healed and the poor were fed.

And we sat mute at his feet, and hearkened :
 The grave man came in an hour, and went,
 But a new light shone on a land long dark-ened :
 The toil was weary ; the fruit was spent.

And one, that ran in the midst, came near us—
 " Crown yourselves for the feast," he said,
 But we cried out, that the God might hear us,
 " Where is Jesus, the living bread ?"

The guide led the pilgrims into the garden of Nero, where one of the most dreadful persecutions of the early Christians was in progress.

And the midmost round of the place was reddened
 With pillars of fire in a great high ring—
 One look—and our souls forever were dead-ened,
 Though our feet yet move, and our dreams yet sting.

For we saw that each was a live man flaming,
 Limbs that a human mother bore,
 And a thing of horror was done, past naming,
 And the crowd spun round, and we saw no more.

And we fell down to the earth and sickened,
 Moaning, three of us, head by head,
 " Where is He, whom the good God quick-ened ?
 Where is Jesus, the living bread ?"

We quote the following striking sonnet as an illustration of the terseness and strength of his style and his skilful management of this difficult form of verse :

THE KING'S SABBATH.

Once idly in his hall King Olave sat
 Pondering, and with his dagger whittled chips ;
 And one drew near to him with austere lips,
 Saying, " To-morrow is Monday," and at that
 The King said nothing, but held forth his flat
 Broad palm, and bending on his mighty hips,

* " I weep for Adonais"—Shelley on the death of Keats.

Took up and mutely laid thereon the slips
Of scattered wood, as on a hearth, and gat
From off the embers near a burning brand.

Kindling the pile with this, the dreaming
Dane
Sat silent with his eyes set and his bland,
Firm mouth, tight woven, smiling, drawn
with pain,
Watching the fierce fire flare, and wax
and wane,

Hiss and burn down upon his shrivelled
hand.

Mr. Lampman had just read the proof
of his new volume of poems, bearing the
name *Aleyone*, which will soon appear.
This will be read with pathetic interest,
almost as a voice from the other world.

THE ISLES AND SHRINES OF GREECE.*



MID-AIR MONASTERY.— ISLES AND SHRINES OF GREECE.

“Summer isles of Eden lying
In dark purple spheres of seas.”

We were haunted continually with the music of these lines of Tennyson as we sailed day after day among the Sunny Cyclades. Nothing can describe the intense ultramarine of the waves nor the vivid

* “The Isles and Shrines of Greece.” By Samuel J. Barrows. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.00. The illustrations which accompany this article are examples of a score which embellish the book.

contrast of the snowy lacework where they broke into foam. The purple sea, the azure mountains, the ethereal sky present the loveliest symphony in blues that can be conceived. Day after day we glided among those lovely islands, from which breathed the odour of orange flowers and roses. Far up on the slopes of the hills nestled the villages, snow-white amid the green. Snowy sails gleamed in the sun as the swift feluccas swept across the waves. Above all, the poetic and historic memories of the past bathed them with a lovelier sheen,

"The light that never was on sea or shore,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

More than any others the stirring lines
of Byron sung themselves in our mind :

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung.
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
And all except their sun is set."

Our visit, however, was only that of the rapid tourist. Dr. Barrows' beautiful volume is that of a sympathetic guest. He lingered for long months amid these storied scenes, entered into their very spirit, and interprets the teaching of the past to the thought of the present. His was a unique pilgrimage. The author and his family, seven in all,—“a Greek heptarchy,” he calls them,—had unusual opportunities of studying the New Greece in the light of the old. His book is written with a vivacity and vein of humour that raises it from the grade of a mere book of travel to that of higher literature.

The introduction of the “heptarchy” to Greek life is not encouraging. They had to remain for some time in quarantine at the island of Vido. But they had camped out for many summers by the beautiful lakes of Canada, so they were adepts at tent life. They had no tent-pins, “but the British Government has spent five million dollars in furnishing substitutes.” When it surrendered its protectorate of the Ionian Islands in 1863 the fortifications were blown up, and the fragments of the ruins answered well to guy the tents. They used to beguile the tedium of quarantine by giving afternoon teas to the Greek officers. A barrier of ten feet wide was interposed between them, but they used to pass refreshments on a pole and bandy compliments across the interval.

In Greece one is ever haunted by the heroic memories of the past. The country, says our author, is an illuminated palimpsest. Unstoried America is a blank page. This brings also its odd surprises. The language of Homer and the gods is also that of boot-blacks and hack-drivers, and is displayed on sign-boards and bills of fare. One very small inn bore the lofty name of Parnassus. Our author does not enter into the Homeric controversy. He is willing to admit that the blind bard may have been born in seven different cities or more; yet he is no myth, but the most real thing in Greece.

The service of the Greek Church at

Corfu did not strike our author as very devout. He did not see why a phonograph run by water-power would not be quite as devotional. At the festival of St. Spiridon the benediction was pronounced in a forcible way by a battery of artillery. With his Baedeker, Homer and the New Testament he was well equipped for exploration. The little island of Zante is bound to the outer world by no less than nine electric cables, but an earthquake snapped them all. Within three hours of the earthquake shock H.M.S. *Camperdown*, at Malta, had loaded fifteen hundred tents and many tons of stores for the island. “To what nobler service can a warship be put,” says our author, “than bearing bread for the hungry and shelter for the homeless. The music of her guns was the angels' song of peace on earth, good-will to men. Each vessel bore, besides the flag of its own nation, the invisible banner of the larger kingdom of love and brotherhood.”

Dr. Barrows is not one of those who “do the Parthenon in half an hour.” He lingered lovingly for months in its neighbourhood, studying every mood and aspect of the glorious ruin, and of the shrines of Attica. In one family in Greece he found eight brothers bearing the name, if not the fame, of statesmen and heroes, Alcibiades, Constantine, Miltiades, Themistocles, Leonidas, Emmanuel, Nicolas, Alexander. Such names must, in their way, be something to live up to. The very names of the streets in Athens re-echo the mighty past. It was funny to hear a parrot speaking Greek, but reassuring to hear the dogs bark and cocks crow in good English.

The picture given of the modern Greek Church is one of much attractiveness. Many of the priests are earnest, sweet-spirited men, who tenderly lead their flock. They have no salary, but are dependent upon fees from marriages, baptisms, and the like, often amounting to not more than one or two hundred dollars. Dr. Barrows' Protestant ordination was recognized by his being invited within the chancel screen of the church, a privilege not accorded to a layman, whether peasant or king.

Athens, with a population of only 100,000, has a dozen daily papers, which maintain the ancient reputation of its citizens, “who spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing.” It is natural to expect a little mythology in Greek journals, but they cannot compete with American papers in fabricating it. It is funny in

the advertisements in classic Greek to find such modern words as "umbrella" and "bicycle."

The jokes of Athens two thousand years ago are a good deal like those of to-day :

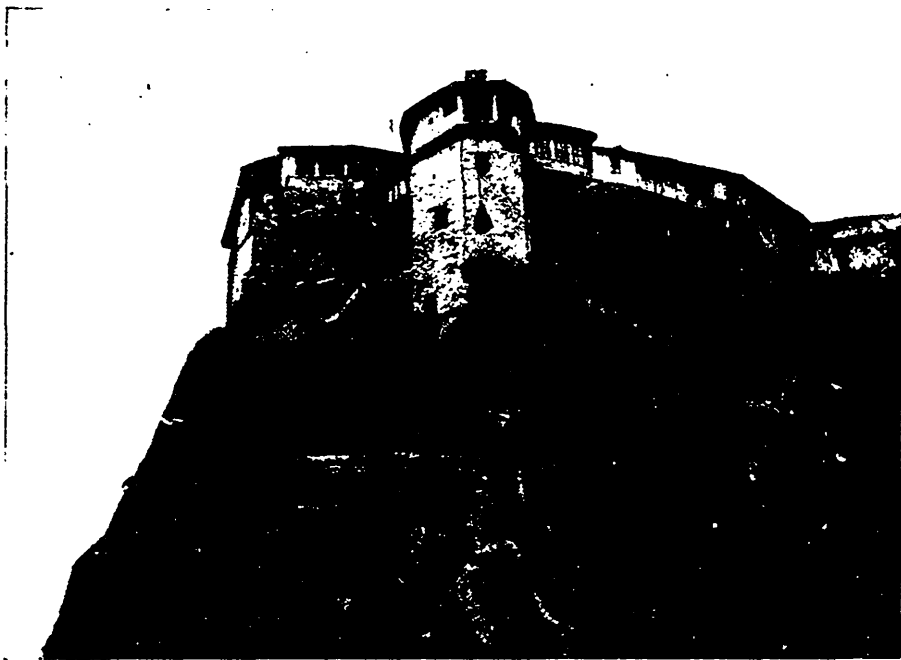
"Little Hermogenes, when he lets anything fall on the ground, has to drag it down to him with a hook at the end of a pole."

"All hail, seven pupils of Aristides the rhetorician, four walls and three benches."

"Antiochus once set eyes on Lysimachus' cushion, and Lysimachus never set eyes on his cushion again."

fancy," took a place in a class of school-girls to listen to their recitations, to become familiar with the modern Greek. There are also night-schools for newsboys and boot-blacks, and a society which retains ten doctors who visit the poor when sick.

The contrast of the present with the past was often very odd, as a peasant woman, who might have stepped out of the *Odyssey*, running a sewing-machine. But the spindle and distaff with which she spun were primitive enough for the days of Homer. In cutting the canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, where the famous Isthmian games were held, it was



MONASTERY OF ST. BARLAAM, ASCENT BY NET AND WINDLASS.

The Greeks have the good sense of the people of Ontario in having only one legislative chamber. There are in Greece three thousand schools and a fine university. The payment of the teacher ranges from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a month. The sign "Idiotikon Scholeion" does not mean a school for idiots, but, following the classic meaning of the word "idiotes," a private school. In Smyrna the present writer noticed on a school the words, "The fear of the Lord," or, as a genial Greek interpreted it, "The horror of God is the beginning of wisdom." Dr. Barrows, "with the modesty of aged in-

found of advantage to make use of the rock cuttings made by Nero eighteen hundred years ago.

An archaeological pilgrimage was made to Olympia to explore the wonderful discoveries of the greatest of all Greek shrines. Speeches were made in German, French, English, Italian, Latin and Greek, and an Alabama negro melody, set to German words, was sung by three college professors. At the shrine of Apollo, at Delphi, two slabs containing an ancient hymn of praise to the god for beating the Gauls were found by some French scholars an extraordinary co-

incidence. This hymn, with its notation, the oldest known piece of music in the world, is given in the book.

One of Dr. Barrows' most interesting excursions was that to the mid-air monasteries of Meteora. There were once twenty-four of these. There are now but seven. The ruins of the others like deserted eyries crown these stern heights. For the monks of those turbulent times they served as a fortification as well as a temple. Convent-life is somewhat primitive. The visitors succeeded in getting water for washing, but when they asked for a towel the attendant smiled at such worldliness and said they did not use them. If the monks live high it is not in their diet, which consists chiefly of brown bread, fried eggs, and thin wine.

The mode of reaching the monasteries is by a rickety ladder, or by a windlass and rope. A heavy net is let down. The monks walk round and round the windlass slowly lifting their catch. When the tourist is in mid-air he resembles nothing so much as a suspended meal-bag, as is shown against the white wall of the convent in the accompanying engraving. The sensation is thus described :

"It was my turn next. I felt something like a condemned criminal as I saw the rope and net descend. But to be bagged in a net, and drawn up on the outside of a cliff by a rope and windlass, rising as slowly and ignominiously as if you were a bale of merchandise, had in it elements of novelty, uncertainty, and unaccustomed danger. A consciousness of your utter helplessness and the ridiculousness of your position alternates with speculations on the strength of the rope and the perfection of the windlass. It was literally a moment of suspense. I found, however, my courage slowly rising with the net."

"Wordsworth not maptly called these monks fishers of men. Insulated in their lofty solitudes, they illustrate a strange conception of religion and life as remote from that of Homeric times, or from the religion which built the Parthenon, as it is from Apostolic Christianity, or the advanced spirit of our own age. . . Think of the sanctity of a monastery which no woman has ever entered! I can imagine what an exorcism, not of evil spirits, but of evil matter--the dirt of centuries--a few women from Broek might effect with their mops and brooms."

A sombre episode took place in Eubœa. A Protestant French baron died. There was no Protestant minister on the island. Dr. Barrows went by request from Athens to conduct the funeral -- a journey of four hundred miles. The service included reading the Scriptures in French and English and New Testament Greek, and an address in modern Greek, while a sweet-faced Greek priest swung his censor over the grave, and the people joined in the benedictions. We felt at that grave that God had indeed made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and that hope and faith, and above all love, are the supreme things in the world."

An interesting visit was paid to the site of Troy. "Circumstances over which I had no control," says our author, "prevented me from being at the first siege of Troy;" but he resolved to take part in the latest one. He did not go in a wooden horse--and it is as yet impossible to go all the way with an iron one. Though the huts of the explorers of Troy have not the grandeur of the palace of Priam, they probably afforded better accommodation. Not by dart, spear, sword or arrow was the modern siege conducted, but by pick and shovel; and the wheeled chariots were not those of Achilles or Diomedes, but hand-cars which were carrying off the debris. Schliemann dug down through nine different strata or horizons of ruins. We have seen in the South Kensington Museum the very gold cups and vessels out of which King Priam drank.

The museum is an archaeological hospital filled with broken legs, arms and hands: "but an enthusiastic archaeologist can go into raptures over a head or a foot as an anatomist can wax eloquent over a single bone."

Our author concludes his fascinating volume with the words: "When the last stone of Troy shall have crumbled into dust the unfading pictures of the immortal epic will remain." With Alpheus of Mytelene we can sing :

"Still sad Andromache's low wail we hear:
Still see all Troy from her foundations fall:
The might of Ajax lifeless Hector bound
And ruthless dragged beneath the city's wall--
This, through the muse of Homer, hard renowned,
Whose fame not one alone, but many shores revere."

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more.

--Young's *Night Thoughts*.

DR. PARKIN'S' LIFE OF EDWARD THRING.*

“Edward Thring was unquestionably the most original and striking figure in the schoolmaster world of his time in England. During the last few years of his life he had come to fill a larger place in the public eye than any other English teacher. Abroad he was the only English schoolmaster of the present generation widely and popularly known by name.”

In such terms does Dr. Parkin preface his most able and interesting life of a great schoolmaster, whom it is not too much to describe as a hero and a martyr. It would be perhaps too much to say that Thring was a discoverer of new methods, a seer in the world of education; and yet this is substantially what his biographer claims for him; and it is not easy to deny the claim. It would be easy to make comparisons or to draw out contrasts between Thring and that other great representative of his profession; but we do not imagine that we should serve any practical purpose by so doing. If Stanley did his work admirably in setting the picture of Arnold before us, Dr. Parkin has given us an equally accurate, full and graphic portraiture of Thring.

The child is father to the man, and Dr. Parkin properly begins with the infancy of his hero, who had a very remarkable parentage. The Thrings of Alford were a family eminent in the midst of many eminent in Church and State. Those who think of Somersetshire merely as a bucolical county must know little of its history in the immediate or more remote past. But Edward Thring had not only on the male side distinguished progenitors; his mother was a very remarkable woman and the sister of one of the most remarkable men of the Oxford of the last generation, Dr. Jenkyns, the famous master of Balliol, who made that college almost, if not quite, the first among the colleges of Oxford. It used, indeed, to be said that to be a commoner of Balliol was as good as being a scholar at most of the other colleges.

Thring's early education was obtained at the Grammar School at Ilminster, under Mr. Allen, an excellent and con-

scientious man, of whom and of his wife Thring said afterwards: “Both she and her husband worked very hard and never spared themselves, and though the school was dreadfully mistaken I believe they meant well.” But the system was hard and dry and grinding, and was far from educating. Long years after he spoke of the feeling of horror and dread with which he used to return to school.

Thring was about eleven years of age when he went to Eton, when the redoubtable Dr. Keate, famous for his exercises with the birch-rod, was headmaster. For a time he had the advantage of being in the house of Mr. Chapman, afterwards Bishop of Colombo, who had a reputation at Eton and in West Somerset, where he had an incumbency after resigning the see of Colombo. By the way, Dr. Parkin tells us of Dr. Keate, that “those who knew him best are united in affirming that he was really of a singularly kind and gentle nature.” If so, then tradition has grievously wronged Dr. Keate. We wonder what Dr. Goldwin Smith would say on the subject; we rather think he was an Eton boy under Keate.

While at Eton Thring seems to have learnt some of the evils existing in our great public schools. He saw the danger of having too many boys in one school “a mob of boys cannot be educated.” He also saw the too mechanical kind of education and training provided, no real discrimination being made between one kind of boy and another. It is worth while here to quote Dr. Parkin's comments on some of Thring's notes on the Eton system. “The contempt here expressed for the ordinary class-work of the school, which was all upon which the collegers had to depend for instruction, seems fully justified, not only for them, but for the mass of Eton pupils. Wretched as were the appliances for giving the collegers a wholesome and comfortable school-life, the provisions for giving instruction throughout the school, if we omit the private work to which reference has been made, were even more inadequate. When Dr. Keate became headmaster he found himself in sole charge of a class of 170 boys, and later the number increased to at least 200. This intolerable state of affairs led to some attempt at reform, but even then the headmaster was left in charge of 100 boys. What teaching could be given in such circumstances?”

*“Edward Thring: Headmaster of Uppingham School, Life, Diary and Letters.” By G. R. Parkin, C.M.G., LL.D., etc. Two volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Price, \$6.80.

We must hasten over Thring's Eton life, giving only a glance at the famous old custom of Eton Montem, a festival at which the captain of the school received contributions from the visitors—often including members of the royal family and of the nobility—to pay his expenses at the University. All the details of this famous custom will be found in the book. Thring got no less than £1,249 12s. from the "bags of the salt-bearers," in cheques, notes, gold and silver; but the expenses of treating amounted to about £800. Thring's Montem was the last but one of the series.

From Eton, as a matter of course, Thring passed to King's College, Cambridge, and from his position at the great school he not only got his scholarship then, but his degree at the University without examination. To him this was no privilege, as he was regarded as being safe for senior classic or for the place next to that. This ancient privilege of King's was shortly afterwards abandoned, and now the members of the college take their degrees as the members of other colleges do.

Passing over the college and curate life, we come to that which is the heart and substance of these volumes, the work done by Thring at Uppingham, to which school he was appointed September 10th, 1853, in his thirty-second year. Of this event he said, "I think I have found my life-work to-day;" and that work he undertook and carried on in the spirit of a hero and too often with the experience of a martyr.

Those who would thoroughly understand Thring's methods must read every page with care, because it is in his actual working of the school and moulding of the boys that we gain a knowledge of his real mind. But Dr. Parkin has given us, in the second volume, before the story of his last years, some account of Thring's "methods and ideals," and from this we will venture to make a few extracts. Dr. Parkin gives a general statement of Thring's method as follows: "The individual study for each lad; the individual cubicle in the dormitory; the house limited to thirty boys, with its separate grounds and domestic arrangements; the chapel and large school-room; a common school life; adequate appliances for manual employment, for amusement or recreation in leisure hours; all these entered into his idea of the 'almighty wall'; his belief that nothing should be left to be done by masters which could be accomplished by the ordinary structure of school buildings and appliances."

This phrase, the "almighty wall," is of such frequent occurrence that we may well give Thring's own account of it. "Never rest," he says, "till you have got the almighty wall on your side, and not against you. Never rest till you have got all the fixed machinery for work, the best possible. The waste in a teacher's workshop is the lives of men."

On the point so dear to him, of dealing with the boys personally, he says: "I believe I am correct in saying that no great school in England has any system or machinery established for dealing with each individual according to his powers excepting that which exists here." "Truth in schools" was a primary principle with him. "Talking of truth and honour and trust," he says, "is one thing, and having the structure true and honourable and trust-deserving another." "Honour the work," he used to say, "and the work will honour you."

There is a fine set of aphorisms setting forth the difference between the Teacher and the Hammerer, which we wish we could quote at length. We select a few of his sayings, and refer the reader to the book for more (Vol. II., p. 124). "The teacher deals with latent powers. The hammerer hammers in a given task. The teacher loves his work and every day finds fresh reasons to love it. The hammerer hammers at his work and finds it more irksome every day. The teacher encourages. The hammerer punishes. The teacher in punishing considers what is best, not what is deserved. The hammerer applies a fixed penalty. The teacher deals in exhortation and hope. The hammerer in truisms and lamentations."

Here are some other admirable sayings:

"Unpunctuality makes authority grating."

"Little changes make authority contemptible."

"Little influences make it hateful."

"Pouring out knowledge is not teaching."

"Hearing lessons is not teaching."

"Hammering a task in is not teaching."

"Lecturing clearly is not teaching."

"No mere 'plying of knowledge is teaching."

"Teaching is getting at the heart and mind, so that the learner begins to value learning, and to believe learning possible in his own case."

These extracts will give some insight into Thring's ideals and methods; but the whole book furnishes illustrations of his work. And now we must go back and say a little of his work at Uppingham

School. We may say at once that he found it small and insignificant, and that he left it as large as he wished it to be, and with a reputation second to no school in England, and that he accomplished this great work with very little help or encouragement from the corporation of the school, but with manifold checks and discouragements.

What Uppingham was on Thring's appointment Dr. Parkin tells us in some graphic sentences. "Take away from Uppingham, as it is to-day, the noble chapel and great school-room; the ivy-covered school-houses which lie along the High Street; the other handsome structures which, embowered in shrubbery and surrounded by gardens, are situated at intervals along the Rockingham and Stockerton roads; the baths, the sunny playing-fields, the gymnasium, the cottage hospital, fronting on Fairfield; the water-works, which speak so eloquently to the initiated of sanitation and well-flushed sewers, of a terrible danger and a great deliverance; and we are able to realize what the little Midland town looked like when Thring first came to it in 1853, to enter almost single-handed upon his educational work." What he found then was an "antiquated master's house" and an Elizabethan school-room, "neither picturesque nor adapted to school needs." This was a part of what he did in this little Midland town of 2,000 inhabitants.

The chapter on the Building of Uppingham tells of a great and heroic work carried on amid the greatest difficulties, and brought to a successful issue. It is impossible to read these lines without catching something of the inspiration that breathes in them. No less interesting are the illustrative extracts from Thring's

own diary, in which he records, from day to day, all his hopes and fears and joys and disappointments, sometimes hoping against hope, yet always holding on his way and doing his work in faith and perseverance.

One of the most terrible moments in the history of the school was the outbreak of fever, followed by a second epidemic which threatened the destruction of the school. Well might the writer of the biography describe this episode as the "valley of the shadow of death." Instead of proving the ruin of the school, it led to the effecting of such sanitary improvements as, humanly speaking, placed the school beyond the reach of a similar scourge. We have seldom read of anything more sickening than the conduct of the Health authorities of the town. It is well that their evil-doing should be handed down to posterity.

The end came suddenly. On Saturday evening, October 15th, 1887. Thring wrote the last lines in his diary: "And now to bed; sermon finished, and a blessed feeling of Sunday coming." That sermon was never preached. He was taken ill in the communion service, and had to leave the chapel. Inflammation had set in, the result of a sudden chill, and on Saturday the 22nd he passed away. "There is no need," says Dr. Parkin, "to question the adequacy or fitness of the reward which fell to Edward Thring's lot. The man for whom his country and its rulers found no public recognition holds a place higher than either could give in the grateful memory of thousands to whom his teaching has been a help and his example an inspiration." And to this man, who may fittingly be called great, his biographer has raised a monument worthy of him. C.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,
And beat your brands to dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
Your hearts a better trust.

O, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning wind,
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
The glittering hosts increase—
They come! they come! How fair their
feet!
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies are ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light
And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with
dew,
But wait a little while,
And with the radiant deathless rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
Shall feed by streams of rest:
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
Nor nursing from the nest.

FRENCH PROTESTANTISM.

BY OTHOU GUERLAC.

The Protestant community of France, numbering at present a little over 600,000 souls, is the nucleus left after the massacres following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, slightly enlarged by foreign immigration, English, German and Swiss. It is strongest in the south of France, and in a few large cities like Nîmes, Montpelier, Marseilles, Bordeaux and Paris.

The majority of these Protestants are Reformed; the Lutheran group is limited to the region of Montbéliard. The only great dogmatic division is between the "Orthodox" and the "Liberals."

The two great Schools of Theology are the Theological Seminary of Montauban, which is Orthodox, and the Paris School, which is Liberal or Rationalist.

Of late years, threatened by the anti-Protestant campaign, both parties have united. At the Congress of Lyons in 1897, Orthodox and Liberals fraternized on common ground; at Nantes the celebration brought together representatives of all shades.

One strong unifying influence has been the work in Madagascar, where the French Churches have undertaken to carry out a task both patriotic and religious. The difficulties are tremendous and men are scarce. More than thirty missionaries or teachers have already gone there and the budget for this mission alone amounts to 300,000 francs.

The Protestants carry on many philanthropical works and are liberal givers. Their gifts to charities amount to 3,700,000 francs. They also carry on extensive works of evangelization, as the McAll Mission, and the Home Mission, which absorbs 1,533,000 francs. They have twenty-six institutions for Reclaiming Children and twenty-six Homes for the Aged, without mentioning numerous orphanages.

They belong mostly to the middle class, and are educated and cultured. Being nearly all republicans it is but natural that they should from the very outset have held an important place in the Republic. The co-workers of Jules Ferry in his work of popular instruction have been Protestants, as M. Buisson and M. Felix Pécaut. The Protestant writers furnish three members of the French Academy: M. D. Freycinet, M. Pierre Loti, and Victor Cherbuliez.

It is still, however, true that the Protestants are justly considered the serious

and moral element of France. It is they who have organized the struggle against pornography, the last thought of the admirable Edmond de Pressensé, and, strange to say, every adherent of this movement is taken at once for a Protestant. They always take the initiative in great movements where civic courage and independence are needed. The Peace Societies have at their head a Protestant, Frédéric Passy. As to the Dreyfus agitation, the rôle which the Protestants have played will redound to their eternal honour, especially when compared with the cowardly silence of the Catholic clergy, who only came forward to insult the champions of justice.

The rôle which the Protestants play in France is truly disproportionate to their number, but since they owe their titles to their merit, since they often obtain first places in competition and only outstrip others because they are more intellectual or better, they have nothing to reproach themselves with, and the hostility of their adversaries is only due to envy.

Their intellectual life is very complete. They have many weekly papers, two great reviews of a general order, and a daily paper.

Protestantism has always had the sympathy of the great liberal writers of France. Jules Favre became a Protestant; Henri Martin and Taine both wished to have Protestant burial. If to-day it no longer has famous orators like Adolphe Monod, Bersier or Edmond de Pressensé, it has eloquent ministers, as, for instance, M. Roger HOLLARD, M. Soulier, M. Babut, M. Th. Monod, M. Roberty; religious writers like M. Auguste Sabatier, whose books have been a revelation, and M. Wagner, whose works are very popular. It also comprises many generous, faithful and zealous laymen.

France, far from looking with distrust on this small minority, which is also an *élite*, realizes that it is for her interest to continue the kind protection she has hitherto given it. The French Protestants bring into the French family their austere qualities and solid virtues, their scrupulous conscience and civic courage, more than ever needed by our country, so often oscillating between the free-thinkers of the eighteenth and the fanatical clericals of the seventeenth century, before she becomes a liberal Democracy.
-- *The Independent*.

Science Notes.

THE NEW ELEMENTS IN THE AIR.

We are not at all surprised nowadays at scientific discoveries, even when they are of prime importance. We are apt to receive news of them as a matter of course. Within a week we have had the synthetic production of albumen demonstrated before a learned body, and within a month "coronium," which has been supposed to exist only in the sun, has been detected in solfatara gases, and the Italian scientists gravely observe that "there are probably other new elements in these gases." In June last, Prof. Ramsay announced the discovery of "krypton," a new gaseous element existing in the air, and close on its heels come two other elements, also obtained from the atmosphere, which have been named "neon" and "metargon." Krypton was named from the Greek word "krypto," meaning "to hide," and it was well named, for it eluded the vigilance of even the great chemists who have for a long time paid strict attention to the study of gases and the atmosphere, so that Professor Ramsay scores one more brilliant victory over the unknown, which again adds to his triumphs of the discovery of "helium," and, jointly with Lord Rayleigh, of "argon." For nearly two years Prof. Ramsay and his assistant Maurice Travers, have been searching for gases allied to them. In a brilliant paper read before the Chemical Section of the British Association, he gave his reasons for believing in the existence of an undiscovered gas. This is only another proof of our wonderful advance in science, when the discovery of an element can be predicted with reasonable certainty.

Finally atmospheric air was examined, with the result that "krypton" was discovered in liquid air, which is now fortunately available for physical and chemical purposes. The density of the new gas is approximately 2.5. It is an element and is monatomic. It is placed in the periodical table by Sir William Crookes between bromine and rubidium, and has an atomic weight of about 80.

The discovery of "neon" and "metargon" is also very interesting. The experiments were also carried on by Prof. Ramsay and Mr. Travers. A quantity of argon was liquefied, forming a colourless liquid, but a considerable quantity of solid substance was observed to separate

and form around the sides of the tube and below the surface of the liquid. A gas also remained, which was at once removed for further examination. The frozen material was also separated for investigation. The gas was found to be the new element "neon" and the frozen substance was the element "metargon," so that in a remarkably short space of time these scientists have succeeded in adding three more to the rapidly lengthening list of elements.

In the fall of last year Prof. Ramsay read a paper at Toronto on "An Undiscovered Gas," in which he said:

"The subject of my remarks to-day is a new gas. I shall describe to you later its curious properties; but it would be unfair not to put you at once in possession of the knowledge of its most remarkable property—it has not yet been discovered. As it is still unborn, it has not yet been named. The naming of a new element is no easy matter. For there are only twenty-six letters in our alphabet, and there are already over seventy elements. To select a name expressible by a symbol which has not already been claimed for one of the known elements is difficult, and the difficulty is enhanced when it is at the same time required to select a name which shall be descriptive of the properties (or want of properties) of the element. It is now my task to bring before you the evidence for the existence of this undiscovered element." After a lapse of several months Prof. Ramsay seems at last to have discovered the missing link and it is highly probable that "neon" will ultimately prove to be the gas which managed to elude them on the first search. It was a delicate attention when the eminent English chemist closed his now historic address at Toronto, when he said: "The history belongs to the Old World. I have endeavoured to share passing events with the New."—*Scientific American*.

LIQUID AIR INTENSELY COLD.

It is thought that the question of future economy in motive power may be intimately associated with the important discovery of liquefied air. There are so many uses to which it can be put, that scientists hardly know where its useful-

ness will end if it can be produced at a low rate of cost in commercial quantities. Among other advantages, it is claimed that it can be used for illuminating purposes by mixing its escaping gases with atmospheric air in certain definite proportions. Its use in physical experiments has been a most important one in developing the action of intense cold. A most curious phenomenon is shown in the condition of meats at the extremely low temperature derived from the evaporation of liquid air. Mutton becomes so exceedingly hard that it rings like a piece of porcelain when struck with an iron rod, and can be crushed into a fine dry powder with a hammer, muscle, fat and bone being all mingled together, and as dry as sand.

If a tube of one and a half inches in diameter, having a couple of pounds of mercury in the bottom is immersed in liquid air, the mercury will be frozen solid in a few seconds, and may be hammered out and manipulated like lead. An alcohol thermometer of large size will be frozen instantly upon being immersed in it, and a tablespoonful poured on about a fluid ounce of whiskey will freeze it at once in flat scales, giving the whole the appearance of cyanide of potassium. It may be emptied out on a table, and will remain frozen in that condition for fully five minutes. A teacupful of liquid air poured on top of a tank of cold water goes into a spheroidal state instantly, in globules of about half the size of ordinary marbles, which fly around on the surface, leaving a trail of white vapour behind them. If any of the liquid be poured on silk, linen or cotton, it will be charred and destroyed just as if it had been put in an oven and browned, though it will make no change in the colour.

Professor Linde, of Munich, has discovered a method of liquefying air, which is considered one of the most ingenious methods recently known, and it is sold by the quart in iron bottles. A quart bottle will do the work of a ten-pound piece of ice. A considerable reduction in cost will be necessary, however, before this commodity will take the place of ice in our refrigerators, and even if it were cheaper, there seems to be no way of moderating the cold.

Instead of chilling the air moderately in an ice-box, it freezes everything solid; but this will doubtless be overcome in time. In handling the bottles, the fingers will be instantly frozen if they are not covered with insulating gloves of rubber. In a few years the methods may be so per-

fectured that liquid air will be used entirely for refrigeration instead of ice.

PERCENTAGE OF HITS IN WAR.

It is admitted that the firing of the gunners on the American war-ships was of extraordinary accuracy, and very speedily reduced the enemy's ships to helpless hulks. Yet the *Scientific American* presents a calculation showing that only about three shots in a hundred struck the mark, while ninety-seven were wasted. If this be so, how bad must the firing of the Spaniards have been!

One office building in New York was entered by 23,000 persons one day recently. Such a building is equal to a large-sized town, or even a city. It is probable that more important business was transacted, financially speaking, in that building on that day than in most of the third-class cities of the United States.

H. N. Topley, of the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, who discovered recently a method of developing negatives without the use of a dark room, has discovered that the printing of photographs is not dependent on nitrate of silver. The process is so simple that, were it brought into general use, the price of photographs would be reduced to a minimum.

The use of mail cars on street railroads is becoming quite common in many of the larger cities. The street railroads extend in every direction, and it is found by experience that by running mail cars over the various routes the collection of the mail is greatly facilitated. The mail is first gathered by foot collectors and put in station boxes, from which it is taken when the cars come along.

The recently reported discovery made by Edison of a process by which cast iron may be given the tensile properties of malleable iron will, if perfected, revolutionize the iron industry. Thousands of articles which are now forged or turned out on lathes or other machines by a slow and expensive process will be cast as readily as common cast-iron articles are now. Further than this, the new alloy will do away with the slow process of making malleable iron, by producing at once from the melting furnace the desired articles, not only quickly and cheaply, but stronger and tougher than if malleableized.

The World's Progress.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

Take up the white man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need ;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the white man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on freedom
To cloke your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the white man's burden !
Have done with childish days—
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise :
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Kipling's noble poem, in McClure's Magazine for February, admirably sets forth the obligation of the Anglo-Saxon race towards the savage or semi-civilized races of the earth. It is easy for the cynic to sneer at the treatment of these races by both the British and the Americans, but not so easy to show how these burdens, imposed by providence, could be avoided. In most cases neither nation expected nor desired the Titan load laid upon it. But of nations as of individuals is it true—

There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.

AGUINALDO'S MISTAKE.

The rash and reckless attack upon his American allies, as he chose to call them, by Aguinaldo seems a demonstration of his unfitness to govern his countrymen. He is not an unselfish, patriotic Washington, but an ambitious and selfish egotist. The attack on Manila was evidently designed to affect the vote of the Senate on the treaty with Spain. Affect it it unquestionably did, but in just the opposite way from what Aguinaldo hoped. We

might have some sympathy with the man had he shown more self-restraint and diplomatic skill, but to egg on his ill-armed forces, including many half-naked bowmen, to their destruction, relegates him to the rank of the innumerable military adventurers in both continents who have sought to wade through slaughter to the bad eminence of a presidency or a throne.

THE TREATY.

But for this false move of Aguinaldo it seems certain that the Senate would have failed to ratify the treaty. While there was much honest objection to expansion and so-called "Imperialism," we cannot help thinking that much of the opposition was factious and partisan—to "put the administration in a hole."

The rejection of the treaty would have been a great entanglement. The nation is as free now to act as its best wisdom may devise. It is no more committed to the final acceptance of the Philippines than it was before. The month's delay in ratifying was doubtless the cause of the unhappy outbreak which will make a peaceful settlement of the Philippine problem more difficult than ever.

It is very painful, however, to every lover of his kind to read of the Filipinos being mowed down by the machine guns like grain, knocked over like rabbits, or drowned in the Pasig like rats. We strongly object to such slaughter being described as "as pretty a spectacle as a veteran could wish to see." It may be a stern necessity to crush revolt and to save Manila from being looted by half-naked savages, but this grim justice should excite no feeling of vindictive revenge.

CUBA.

The pacification of Cuba promises to be secured without further bloodshed. Gomez, after a preposterous demand for \$60,000,000 to pay the insurgents, has accepted \$3,000,000. This will give them about one hundred dollars apiece, enough to tide over their transition to peaceful industries. The great enemies of American occupation will be the yellow fever, typhoid, and the filth diseases of which Havana is the nidus.

AT THE CRISIS.—AN AMERICAN
PROCESSIONAL.

Almighty God, our strength and shield,
We bend the head, we bow the knee,
Before the awful glimpse revealed
Of what our future yet may be.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be Thou our strength, whate'er betide.

Afar, across the tropic sea,
Within our grasp an empire lies;
Though all unshunned by liberty
Its gold-gleams dazzle our startled eyes;
The wish for power, gain, glory—all
New-roused within—our souls appal.

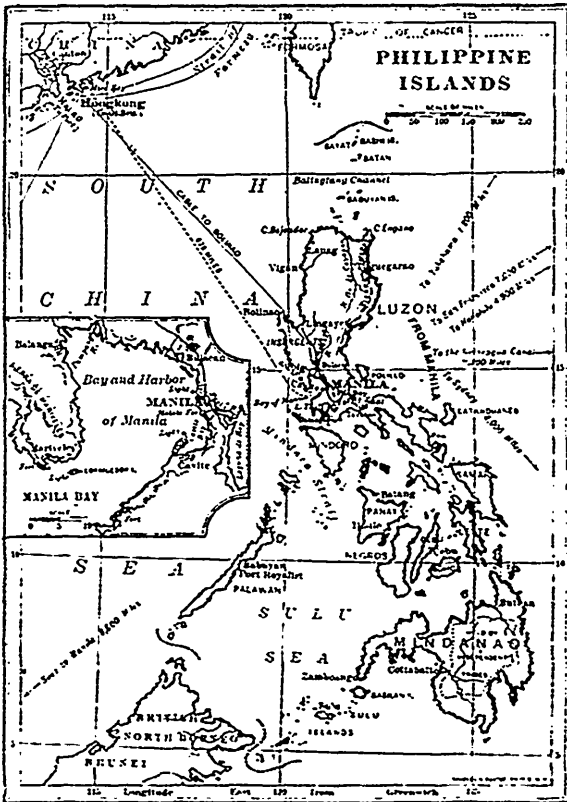
Let vaunt and boast and triumph cease,
The war-won glories fade away;
Now come the harder strifes of peace—
It is the time for men to pray.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be Thou our strength, whate'er betide.
—Frances Whitmarsh.

“THE WAR AGAINST WAR.”

Such is the striking title of the new weekly organ published by Mr. Stead to help his crusade in favour of the Czar's peace programme. Despite the sneers of cynical politicians, which are echoed by a

section of the press, and encouraged by the warm sympathies of many statesmen, clergy and leaders of public opinion, he is holding meetings throughout the kingdom and organizing associations throughout the world. The *Newcastle Chronicle* says: “Such sentimental stuff as Mr. Stead preaches may do very well for Sunday-schools and tabernacles, but the nations and governments of the world have not yet adopted a milk diet, nor do they show any sign of becoming converts to vegetarianism.”

But such cynicism does not discourage Mr. Stead nor those who think with him. Every good cause, every forward movement, has been cast out as evil and spoken against. But the song of the angels, of “Peace on earth, good-will to men,” shall yet silence the loud alarms of war and the thunder of the cannonade. Christ's golden rule shall yet exert its sway over the selfishness of man, the cruelty of greed, and the wickedness of international hate.



Sore tempted, we in travail groan,
The elder nations watch and wait;
Oh! leave us not this hour alone—
This hour that may decide our fate
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be Thou our strength, whate'er betide.

Let thoughts and deeds more solemn grow,
And eyes begin to question eyes;
Teach Thou bewildered minds to know
Wherein the course of wisdom lies.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be Thou our strength, whate'er betide.

RITUALISM RAMFANT.

The Romanizing tendencies of the extreme Ritualistic wing of the Established Church of Great Britain has brought about a serious crisis. It is said that eighteen thousand clergymen are members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament which exists to propagate the Sacrifice of the Mass and the doctrine of Transubstantiation. The bishops seem

unable or unwilling to restrain the anti-Protestant practices of many of these clergy. Hence, Mr. Kensit, with an organized band of athletes, systematically protests in St. Paul's and elsewhere against what he deems these illegal practices. Sir William Harcourt, both in and out of Parliament, leads the anti-Ritualistic agitation. The London *Times* thunders in many columns against the growing innovation. The *New York Christian Advocate* thus summarizes an important movement:

"Eight thousand Protestants met in the Royal Albert Hall, London, January 21. Baron Kinnaird presided, and the proceedings were marked by great enthusiasm. In the assembly were fifty Protestant organizations connected with the Established Church in Scotland, England and Ireland. Resolutions denouncing Romish propensities in the Established Church of England were carried, and a telegram was sent to the Queen, praying her to instruct Lord Salisbury to take steps to introduce legislation against such practices."

The cry of "No Popery" has been raised—a potent spell for mingled evil and good in days of yore. The heart of England is sound, and public opinion seems determined either to end or mend the Establishment. It is intolerable that the Church, which should be a bulwark of Protestantism against the doctrines of Rome, should become traitorous to its high behest. The sturdy Nonconformity of the United Kingdom, with the staunch Protestant section of the Established Church, will doubtless join hands for the preservation of the Protestant liberties purchased by the blood of Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and other martyrs for conscience sake.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

We are glad to see that Major-General O. O. Howard, of the United States army, takes a profound interest in the approaching Peace Conference. We have the pleasure of knowing General Howard and greatly admire his stalwart Christian character. Like most soldiers who know what war is, he is an earnest advocate for peace. He strongly endorses the Czar's overtures. He attributes the initiative to a personal letter from that peace-lover, Queen Victoria, to the Czar of all the Russias. General Howard nominates an American peace deputation of twenty, including such men as William E. Dodge, Charles Dudley Warner, President Angel,

President Jordan, Hon. J. B. Farwell, and others of highest standing in the community, and bespeaks the earnest co-operation of all good men and lovers of peace.

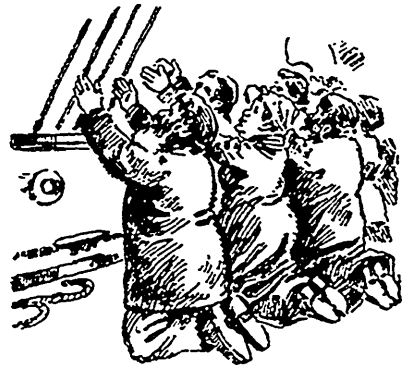
NEW IRISH UNIVERSITIES.

Mr. Balfour's plan of settling the Irish Question, by establishing two universities in Ireland, one in Dublin for the Roman Catholics, and one in Belfast for the Protestants, has come forward at a most unfortunate time. In itself it seems reasonable enough. The State gives no aid to chairs in philosophy, theology, or modern history, but only to that general scholarship which cannot fail to broaden the horizon of both classes of the people. It seems, however, that neither the extreme Protestant party in Ulster, nor the extreme Catholic faction in the South will be satisfied with this offer.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

After long delays the example of Canada in integrating its provinces into a nation has been followed by our kinsfolk at the Antipodes. The capital is to be established in New South Wales. It will be composed of a Senate and House of Representatives, but all differences that may arise between these two Houses are to be settled by the majority of the members of both. The consolidation of the Australian colonies cannot fail to strengthen the bulwarks of empire in the South Pacific.

THE DOUKHOBORS.



IN SIGHT OF LAND.

Few things have so stirred the sympathies of the people of Canada, and indeed of the continent, as the arrival

among us in midwinter of four thousand of these exiles for conscience sake, whose persecutions we record on another page. The thoughtful kindness of the people of Halifax, St. John's, Ottawa, and Winnipeg, and the provision made by the Government for their reception, are a welcome contrast to the wrongs wreaked upon them in their own land. Few things are more touching than the story of their raising their hymn of praise as this land of promise came in view. We have to go back to Plymouth Rock, to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, for its analogue.

† It is a grand compliment to Canada that of all the lands beneath the sun which were eager to offer a domicile they chose this land and the protection of that Red Cross flag which is the symbol of law and order and liberty throughout the world—the flag which extends its protection to the refugees from oppression from every land beneath the sun.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT FAURE.

The sudden death of President Faure throws a new element of uncertainty into the future of the French Republic. It may give a chance to military adventurers to snatch at the Presidency, or to the Royalist Pretenders to attempt to conjure with the name of Napoleon. But the volatile French people are likely to be steadied by the crisis. Not to the boulevardiers of Paris, but to honest bourgeoisie and peasant proprietors of France, is the ultimate appeal.

The military faction is supreme in France. It seems determined that no revision of the condemnation of Dreyfus shall take place. To do this it is willing to discredit the section of the Court of Cassation before which the case was tried, and even to terrorize the entire Court. If the very fountains of justice be assailed the fate of the nation will be seriously imperilled.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

THE RESCUE OF ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

Our Church throughout the Dominion has been stirred as we think it never was before by a great Connexional impulse to save the historic St. James' Church, Montreal. The rousing appeals of the General Superintendent, the hearty co-operation of the several Conferences, the business-like methods of Dr. Williams and the representatives of the church in Montreal have all conduced to this united effort. The adage that God helps those that help themselves is being illustrated. The Montreal friends have done wonders by raising over \$100,000. If the Connexion will only rally to their help the victory shall be achieved, and a victory of stupenduous magnitude it will be.

In a sympathetic article the *Christian Advocate* says that Methodism in the United States has not, perhaps, encountered so tremendous a task as that the St. James' Church, Montreal, now attempts. It refers to the fact that the Metropolitan Church, in Washington, for a long time trembled on the brink of financial destruction, and was saved only by contributions from all parts of the land. Other American papers refer with sympathy to this struggling church. There are many well-to-do Canadian Methodists who have swelled the ranks

and helped to build up the Methodism of the United States. Some of these have already sent contributions, others will, we trust, do so. Mr. Hart A. Masey contributed \$50,000 to the Methodist University at Washington. An international reciprocity of this sort will be very welcome, and will help to bind the sister Churches and kindred countries more closely together than ever.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND.

The Twentieth Century Fund is meeting a most cordial response in Great Britain and the United States. The appeal of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes to "mobilize for victory" is one that rings like a clarion. That of Bishop Fowler to the people to "put their hands between the King's hands," as the old Norman earls did when summoned to war, is also one of unique and stirring eloquence. The substance of this we shall present in an early number. The bishops and leaders of God's consecrated host are joining in this call to arms. The battle-cry for the opening century is a million souls for Christ and twenty million dollars for the advancement of His kingdom. The Southern Methodist Church is also girding itself for con-

secrated giving and working. So are the varied minor Methodist bodies in Great Britain. When the time comes Canadian Methodism will do its part.

The Baptist and Independent Churches of Great Britain, the Presbyterian Churches of the United States, are also organizing a twentieth century fund. Nothing more strikingly marks the great progress of a hundred years. No such movement took place at the close of the last century. Such vast and organized beneficence, such an outpouring of charity were not dreamt of. It is the brightest augury for the twentieth century that through its opening doors the Church of God throughout the world is marching forward with fresh consecration for the conquest of the world. Nothing will more assuredly bring answers of grace and benediction to the Church of the living God.

MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

A very interesting Conference of mission boards was recently held in New York. Twenty-seven societies were represented by seventy-five delegates, our own Dr. Alexander Sutherland being, as he always is on such occasions, a prominent figure. Arrangements were made for the holding of an Ecumenical Conference of missions in 1900. Many important subjects connected with missions were discussed. Concerning one of these we quote the following report of the *Independent*, which, we think, will commend itself to the sober judgment of the friends of missions:

For some time there has been no greater problem connected with the raising of funds for missionary boards than that connected with the desire on the part of many to secure close personal relation with the field by gifts for special objects. Thus it has been claimed that it would be well for each church or group of churches to support a missionary, that there may thus be provided, as it is termed, "the living link." So, also, the plan of supporting schools, individual teachers, helpers of various kinds, etc., has been pressed very earnestly by many.

The leaders of the missionary societies, for the most part, have for a long time felt that this general scheme was unadvisable, owing to the danger of weakening the interest in the general work. In some instances the missionary who was supported has failed in health, or been obliged for one reason or another to return to this country, and this has

dulled somewhat the interest of the contributing church. In the case of individual pupils or helpers, death, or in some instances ill-conduct, has cut the nerve of interest and has resulted in misfortune. In some instances gifts which were designed for specific purposes have been transferred to others when those particular objects were unavailable, and donors have felt that this was a misappropriation of funds. Many of the boards have felt for a long time that if the churches would give to the general funds of the boards and leave the distribution of those funds to the boards and the missionaries on the field it would be the much better way.

The peculiar urgency of specific cases not infrequently would override the better judgment of individuals, and the immediate necessity cloud the judgment as to the more permanent advantage. The general result of the whole discussion was that gifts for these special objects may be encouraged so long as they follow the classes of work approved by the boards and are included in the regular appropriations, and may be apportioned in the following order: The missionaries, evangelistic work, education work, medical work and miscellaneous, including new buildings, etc.

ECUMENICAL CATECHISM.

The growing rapprochement of the Churches of Christendom is illustrated by the New Catechism prepared under the auspices of the National Council of the Free Churches of Great Britain. The Rev. Principal Dykes, Presbyterian, prepared a draft. This was submitted to a committee, representing the Congregational, Baptist, Wesleyan, Primitive, and other Methodist Churches, of which Hugh Price Hughes was chairman. After careful deliberation and partial revision it was adopted without a single dissenting vote. Of course certain disputed questions, as the mode of baptism, are left undetermined, but all things necessary to salvation, the great fundamental truths, common to all the Evangelical Churches, are included.

The Catechism bears a marked resemblance to the recent revision of our own, and both show the influence of the Shorter Catechism of the Presbyterian Church. Not since the formulating of the Nicene Creed, we think, has such a comprehensive document been submitted to the conscience of Christendom.

RECENT DEATHS.

By the death of the Rev. Thomas Williams, at Orillia, on February 1st, a good man and true has passed from labour to reward. He had reached the venerable age of ninety, nearly sixty of which he spent in the Methodist ministry. Much of his life was employed on Indian missions at New Credit, Hiawatha, Cape Croker, Garden River, Beaverton, for the administration of which he possessed special gifts, graces and tact. He had much sympathy with his red brethren and greatly enjoyed his labours among them. He was honoured by his brethren with the chairmanship of the district, and was held in high esteem and love by all who knew him. He was superannuated in 1882, after forty years of effective service. Two of his brothers are also ministers of our Church, and his son is walking in the footsteps of his father in this apostolic succession.

Dr. Charles S. Robertson, of New York, who died on February 1st, was in his seventieth year. A faithful preacher of the New Testament in the Presbyterian Church, he was most widely known by the admirable hymn-books which he had edited—Songs for the Sanctuary, Laudes Domini, and other collections. He was a man of broad, catholic sympathies, with fine poetic taste. These hymn-books sold, it is said, at the rate of eighty thousand copies a year for a time. Their editor generously gave large sums from their profits to relieve the debt of his church. He was for some years pastor of the American chapel in Paris.

One of the most conspicuous figures of venerable saintliness in the old Wesleyan, and more recently in the Bay of Quinte Conference, was the Rev. S. C. Philp. "An old man grey and dove-like," whose sweet benignant countenance was itself a benediction. We knew no man who was more like in person and in character the venerable founder of Methodism. "He was," says Dr. Carroll, "one of the most faithful labourers I ever knew." He is also described as a man of wide reading, deep research, of remarkable acquaintance with the Greek and Hebrew tongues, and an able expositor of the Word of God.

He began his ministry at Cobourg over sixty years ago, and laboured on many of the best circuits in the country, as Chatham, St. Thomas, Brampton, Georgetown, Lindsay and Norwood. Growing

infirmities required his superannuation, and for many years past he lived at Prince Albert, where he passed peacefully away on February 12th, at the venerable age of ninety years. The Philp family have given several faithful ministers to the Connexion, Rev. S. C. Philp, jun., Wm. Philp, a brother, and Dr. John Philp, a nephew of the deceased.

Dr. Charles H. Berry has been for a score of years one of the leading Congregational preachers of Great Britain. He was invited to succeed Henry Ward Beecher at Plymouth Church, but declined. He had been ill for some time, but seemed quite restored to health. He fell dead while conducting the funeral service of a brother minister in a Wesleyan chapel in Staffordshire. He had attained wide name and fame at the comparatively early age at which he was cut off, only forty-six.

The "grip" which has prevailed throughout the country during the winter has greatly increased the mortality, in some places almost doubling it. But it seems to have been less severe than former visitations. The fact that it is very largely due to atmospheric conditions seems to be established, for in a single day half a million people were attacked on its first appearance in London. The greatest precaution should be observed to avoid exposure or undue fatigue, and to take prompt remedial efforts when attacked, and above all to so live that

Whensoever the signal is given us
From earth to call away,
We may ready
Rise and reign in endless day.

ITEMS.

The statement that it was through the counsel of the late Mr. McBurney, of New York, that the Y.M.C.A. was first introduced into Canada, it seems, is an error. It is gratifying to know, as we are informed by Mr. Chapman, of Montreal, that the first Y.M.C.A. on this continent was organized in that city in 1851, nearly half a century ago. "At the same time," adds Mr. Chapman, "it is probable that no one man had a greater influence over the work of the Young Men's Christian Associations of this continent during the last thirty years than Mr. McBurney."

Bishop Hartzell sailed from Liverpool for Africa, January 21st. He had a long interview with Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes promised concessions of lands and buildings and co-operation in their development, especially in establishing industrial missions among the natives. Mr. Rhodes invited Bishop and Mrs. Hartzell to visit him next July at his home near Cape Town. Discussing Anglo-American relations Mr. Rhodes said: "What we want is an intertwining of mutual interests in the interest of humanity upon the part of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world, whereby we can prevent war. We want universal peace."

The nine Methodist churches of Tokyo held a union service recently. The meeting began with a love-feast. Frequently several were on their feet at once. The joy of salvation, desire for purity of heart and hopefulness for the future were the characteristics of the testimonies. When the love-feast closed the spirit of the meeting was at "white heat," a fine preparation for a fine sermon, preached by Rev. Y. Honda on the Lord's supper. The sermon was followed by Communion. —*North-Western Christian Advocate.*

Rev. P. P. Mackay, of Toronto, estimates that South America has a population of over 34,000,000, and of these 30,000,000 have probably never seen a Bible. It illustrates the failure of the Roman Catholic Church where she has undisputed sway. There are now eighteen Protestant missionary societies operating there, about 350 missionaries, male and female, and over 30,000 communicants.

Robert College, Constantinople, is now in its thirty-sixth year, and has a better report to make than ever. It has enrolled 250 students, including 88 Greeks, 87 Armenians, 49 Bulgarians and 10 Turks, besides Americans and English, Jews, Austrians, Syrians and others. A recent visitor says that this American institution has done more than any other effort to prepare the Turkish people for emancipation from Mohammedan tyranny.

India is emphatically the land of villages. In China villages are numerous and important, but China is eminently the land of cities. It has seventeen thousand cities. Five hundred and ninety-nine thousand dollars were given last year by the native Christians in foreign lands for the work of the Lord. This shows a noble sense of giving, when we consider that many of them earn only a few cents a day. There are about a

million church members in the foreign field.

The statistics of the South African Conference show the remarkable progress made by the Methodist Church of South Africa. The English membership is 5,882; on trial, 388; in junior classes, 796; total, 7,066. Native membership, 46,024; on trial, 22,156; in junior classes, 10,948; total, 79,128. The total membership is 86,194, being a net increase on the year of 6,182. Eight years ago the total membership was 43,510; that is, the membership has practically doubled since 1890.

The union of the Wesleyans in Germany with the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was consummated last year under the wise direction of Bishop Goodsell, is proving satisfactory in every respect, and Bishop Walden, who has just returned from Europe, expressed himself as highly pleased with the present situation and the outlook.

At Wesley Chapel, City Road, was held a great valedictory service under the presidency of the venerable Dr. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, for the purpose of bidding Godspeed to some thirty missionaries who were proceeding to foreign fields of service.

The Rev. W. H. G. Temple's church, Plymouth Congregational, Seattle, Wash., has a missionary society which includes every one of the six hundred members of the church.

The Boston Sunday evening concerts, conducted under municipal auspices, have been abandoned. The attendance was not large enough to make them profitable.

According to official figures, Great Britain expends \$90,000,000 a year on the support of the poor, and Germany about \$25,000,000. This does not include private charities.

According to "The Jewish Year Book" there are about eleven million Jews in the world, half of them under Russian jurisdiction.

In about 360 of the 1,000 colleges on this continent there are circles studying and creating interest in foreign missions.

The largest heathen nation in the world (China) is represented at Washington by a Christian.

The British and Foreign Bible Society last year issued four and a half million copies of the Scriptures and portions.

Book Notices.

In the Forbidden Land. An Account of a Journey into Tibet, Capture by the Tibetan Lamas and Soldiers, Imprisonment, Torture and Ultimate Release brought about by Dr. Wilson and the Political Peshkar Karak Sing-Pal. By A. HENRY LANDOR; With the Government Enquiry and Report and Other Official Documents by J. LARKIN, Esq., deputed by the Government of India; with 1 photographure, 8 coloured plates, 50 full-page and about 150 text illustrations, and a map from surveys by the Author. In two volumes, octavo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$9.00.

It is an extraordinary propensity which sends the cultured and scholarly Englishman, the pet of the London drawing-rooms, knocking about in the most out-of-the-way places of the earth. As we read of the hardships, privations and tortures of the hero of this story we think he must often have said with Touchstone, "The more fool I. When I was at home I was in a better place." But these adventurers are the pathfinders of empire. The new Homer of this Iliad of disaster is a descendant of the famous Walter Savage Landor. Not satisfied with previous adventures in Corea and Japan, Mr. Landor determined to explore the most inaccessible and almost the only "forbidden country" in the world—the highlands of Tibet. We need only add to Dr. Griffis' graphic illustrated article in this number a few supplementary notes.

Mr. Landor left England in 1897, and managed for some time to escape detection after crossing the Tibetan frontier. Tibet is, perhaps, the most rugged and inhospitable country in the world. Over snow-fields and glaciers our adventurer, lightly clad, climbed to an altitude of 22,000 feet. He was almost overcome by the cold, the tenuous atmosphere and fatigue. "I summoned up my last atom of vitality to keep my eyes open," he says, "but the wind blew hard and biting, with a hissing sound. How that hiss still sounds in my ear. It seemed like the whisper of death."

Amid storms and blizzards they pushed on over the pass, dogged by Tibetan spies, almost delirious with fatigue and mountain fever. The path—if path it

can be called—was sometimes along the perpendicular face of a cliff where the only means of passing was by foothold hewn for the support of hands or feet. It makes one almost giddy to look at the pictures. Food, too, gave out, and they had to live for a time on nettles. The dauntless man encountered overwhelming odds, and faced them down by his sheer courage. At last he was betrayed by some deserting camp-followers, and was overpowered by four hundred Tibetan soldiers.

"I fought to the bitter end with my fists, feet, head and teeth. My clothes were torn to bits in the fight." Half strangled, he with his faithful servants were dragged along by mounted horsemen with ropes around their necks and bodies, like cattle to the shambles. "When I realized that it took five hundred men (villagers and soldiers) to arrest a starved Englishman and his two half-dying servants, and who even then dared not do it openly, but had to resort to abject treachery . . . I could not restrain a smile of contempt for those into whose hands we had at last fallen. . . . Then they bound my wrists tightly behind my back. They bound my elbows, my chest, my neck, and my ankles. I was a prisoner." His eyes were nearly forced from their sockets by the cords that bound him.

But this was only the beginning of tortures. He was made to ride in a saddle, of which a picture is given, studded with dreadful spikes. He was bound with extended legs to a sharp-edged beam and a red-hot iron was held within an inch or two of his eyes till they were almost seared. A Lama tried to force down his head to smite it off with a huge two-handed sword, but the plucky Englishman writes: "They might kill me, they might hack me to pieces if they chose, but never till I had lost my last atom of strength would those ruffians make me stoop before them." After hours of suffering a numbness crept over him till he had the peculiar sensation of possessing a living head on a dead body. The portraits of the spruce, dapper *dilettante* before he left home, with the aged and haggard face after his torture, bear witness to his tragic sufferings.

Mr. Landor would never have returned from Tibet but for the aid of

Dr. Harkua Wilson, a native Methodist missionary of the North India Conference, by whose efforts he was rescued from these savages and brought back to civilization. At the Methodist Episcopal Hospital Dr. Martha A. Sheldon nursed the tortured man back to health and strength again. The tortures inflicted on a British subject caused the British authorities in India to demand an indemnity and the restoration of the property stolen, and will probably result in breaking down the barriers of the forbidden land. So extraordinary, so almost incredible is this narrative of adventure and torture that Mr. Landor has done well to secure the sworn testimony of the missionaries, and others who aided his rescue and restored him to health, and of the British magistrate deputed by the Government to investigate the matter.

Mr. Landor pays a grateful tribute to the high character of the Methodist missionaries on the borders of Tibet.

"I have in my lifetime met with many missionaries of all creeds in nearly every part of the globe, but never has it been my luck before to meet two such charming, open-minded and really hard-working ladies." He praises also the devoted attachment of his Hindu servants, who proved faithful under the greatest hardships. In their direst extremity they said: "Never mind if we suffer or even die; we will follow you as long as we have strength to move, and we will stand by you no matter what happens."

Mr. Landor is an accomplished artist, and gives graphic pictures as well as vivid descriptions of his adventures, many of them from kodak photos. Eight of these are reproduced in splendid coloured plates, 200 in full-page or smaller half-tones, of which we print several examples. A folding map shows the route of his explorations, the geographical value of which is not the least of their merits.

The extraordinary cliff habitations shown in our frontispiece resemble nothing so much as the cliff dwellings in Arizona, or the cells and cliff galleries of the monks of the Convent of Mar Saba. How they reach them is a marvel.

Extemporaneous Oratory for Professional and Amateur Speakers. By JAMES M. BUCKLEY, LL.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii. 450. Price, \$1.50.

No man living, we think, is better qualified for writing on this subject than

Dr. Buckley. He is one of the ablest extemporaneous speakers of the American pulpit or platform. It is marvellous to note the aptness, the blended wit and wisdom with which he opens the Question Drawer at the Chautauqua Assembly. All manner of queries, some philosophical and some silly, receive appropriate answers from that rare co-ordination of faculties, a full mind and a ready speech.

Dr. Buckley has made this subject one of special study for years. To it wide reading and observation have been directed, and he has often lectured on the subject before theological seminaries and law schools. Extemporaneous oratory does not mean extemporaneous acquisition. There is no such thing as extemporaneous acquisition, said Daniel Webster, quoted by Dr. Buckley. Acquisition is a long result of years. It is only that reading which maketh a full man, combined with that writing which maketh an exact man, to use the words of Bacon, that enables one to exercise the gift of extemporaneous oratory.

Dr. Buckley's book will be of greatest advantage to young ministers and others who wish to cultivate the most effective style of oratory. He treats the subject from every point of view with great vigour and vivacity, with abundant illustration, and often with humorous anecdotes. He sets forth the physical, mental, and moral preparation. He points out the causes of failure, the difficulties of many attempts at extemporaneous speech, and the supreme advantage which it affords when achieved.

Two chapters of much interest describe the oratory of celebrated extemporaneous speakers in the Old World and in the New—among others, Brougham, Cobden, Robertson of Brighton, Gladstone, Webster, Prentiss, Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln, Stephens, Bishop Simpson, Beecher and Wendell Phillips. Adam Clarke, the English commentator, was a wonderful extemporizer. "His perilous method was not to select his text till he entered the pulpit, but such was the fulness of his knowledge and his fluency, natural and acquired, that he was followed from place to place by a person who heard him more than seven hundred times without hearing the same passage twice expounded." No one should imitate this example unless he possesses all the qualifications of the learned commentator. The fervid eloquence of Wendell Phillips is described by a Southern editor as "an infernal machine set to music." We have never seen a manual on speaking

that was of such fascinating interest to the general reader.

The Life of Henry Drummond. By the REV. GEORGE ADAM SMITH, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis, Free Church College, Glasgow. With portrait. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co., William Briggs. Price, \$2.00 net. One vol., 8vo, pp. xlii.-541, with index.

No man, probably, more fully realized the modern conception of the ideal Christian than Professor Henry Drummond. In him were united in an unusual degree the broadest culture, the highest scientific and literary attainments, brilliant social gifts and hearty sympathy with all that touches the life of man, and, above all, earnest Christian devotion, evangelistic earnestness, and missionary zeal. To thousands who cannot follow the arguments of his "Natural Law," or "The Ascent of Man," his tract on "The Greatest Thing in the World" is a cherished treasure.

Such a man is one of God's best gifts to His Church and to the world. His life-story cannot fail to be of intense interest. One of the greatest conflicts of the age is that between "Science and Religion." This has been made more violent, not to say virulent, by the antagonism of materialistic if not atheistic scientists and of unscientific champions of religion. What was needed to bridge the chasm was men like Professor Drummond, and like our own Sir William Dawson, who, while eminent in science, are also pronounced Christians. In this sphere we think Drummond's greatest work lay—not so much in missioning the slums of Glasgow as in his influence upon the young life of British and American universities and theological schools.

It lends additional weight to this influence that this accomplished master in the sciences was also devoted with impassioned zeal to home and foreign mission work. When lecturing all week on science, he was found preaching on Sunday the higher science of the kingdom of God. Professor Drummond was an intimate and warm friend of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and was their guest at Rideau Hall. His correspondence with their Excellencies is of much interest. He declined an invitation to join the staff of Lord Aberdeen when he was appointed Viceroy to Ireland, and declined also the request of Mr. Gladstone, who appealed to him to enter parliamentary life. The intensity of his moral

revulsion from sin, and yet sympathy with the sinner, is thus described:

"The burden of sins which he met sometimes well-nigh crushed him. 'One Sunday evening,' writes a friend with whom he was staying, 'I found him leaning with his head bowed upon the mantelpiece, looking into the fire. He raised a haggard, worn face when I asked him if he were very tired. 'No,' he said, 'not very. But, oh! I am sick with the sins of these men! How can God bear it!'

"To one of his friends he wrote: 'Such tales of woe I've heard in Moody's inquiry-room that I've felt I must go and change my very clothes after the contact.' After his student meetings often one or two hundred would stay 'to talk with him one by one and face to face.'

Professor Smith's "Life" reveals the inner man very largely in his letters. Drummond's work with Moody and Sankey in the great revival of 1873-74, was an heroic episode in a life filled with good works. His sketches of travel from the Rocky Mountains to Central Africa, from Switzerland to Australia, illustrate the variety of incident in his busy career. Like Gordon of Khartoum, he was an enthusiastic worker among the boys, and to him more than to any other the Boys' Brigade owes its inspiration and inception.

His sympathy with missions is intense, and he speaks of having by a single address in Edinburgh "bagged several really first-class men for the mission field."

He was not exempt from adverse criticism, sometimes ungenerous and severe. Nor was he insensitive to such attacks. But it never marred the sweetness of his spirit and the kindness of his heart. The sweetness and patience of his last illness and the triumph of his death become him like a crown. A great light went out when he passed away, but its radiance still gilds the sky.

Theologia Pectoris: Outlines of Religious Faith and Doctrine, founded on Intuition and Experience. By JAMES HODGSON, M.A., D.Sc., D.D. Principal of the Theological Hall of the Congregational Churches of Scotland. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, \$1.25.

Dr. Hodgson uses his sub-title as a translation or expansion of the main one. The author's idea is that the best *apologia* of Christian doctrine is the demonstration

that it is demanded by the principles of mankind. "More and more frankly," he says, "and unreservedly the position is gradually being adopted, that the essential elements of religion and theology claim our acceptance upon their own intrinsic merits, and are to be verified primarily, not by an appeal to authority, but by the satisfaction which they afford to the highest aspirations and the noblest impulses of human nature, and by the personal experience of those who honestly accept them and practically submit their lives to their guidance and control."

This method of inquiry does not imply a divergence from orthodox belief, yet the rejection of objective authority unduly limits the range of theology. The subject is treated in the varied aspects of the Nature of Man, the Psychology of Theism, the Media of Revelation, the Meaning of the Miraculous, the Nature of Inspiration, the Grounds of Certitude, the Nature, Penalty and Healing of Sin, the Forgiveness and the Help of God, the Function of Faith, the Divinity and Mediation of Christ, the Ideal of Personal Character and of Social Life.

Where the Tamarisk Blooms. By the REV. JAMES DUNK. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

There is something about the rugged rocks, the swirling tides, the broad sea views, the grand elemental forces of nature of the ancient Duchy of Cornwall that reacts upon its people. They possess a sturdy strength of body and of mind, a force of will, a fervour of soul that gives something Titanic to their character. Their smugglers and wreckers are the boldest and most reckless; their Methodist saints are the holiest and happiest. These vivid pictures are written by one who knows and loves the country well. He sketches with sympathetic pen the noble virtues and the very human foibles of the Cornish folk. These rural lives, too, have their sins, their sorrows and their tragedies.

The sketches are of strangely blended power and pathos, with a strong dash of humour. A fine poetic vein runs through many of them, falling at times into a noble cadence. The humour crops out in most unexpected forms. Saintry Phyllis Ough had just one "redeeming vice," her righteous wrath at sin. She was magnificently globose in form, "the heaviest as well as the holiest woman in Blistra." When she entered a house it was "orbicularly." Her grandchild was christened the pre-

posterous name, "Chedorlaomer" which led to some remarkable complications. The story of the local preacher, robbed by a Cornish tramp, who took his pilot coat and gave instead a ragged garb, sewn up in which the preacher found a forgotten five-pound note, points the moral that the righteous shall receive in this world a hundredfold. The sketches of village life are as strong and tender and touching as anything of Ian Maclaren's.

The Elements of Astronomy. A Text-Book by CHARLES A. YOUNG, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the College of New Jersey. Revised edition. With synopsis. Boston: Ginn & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x.-506. Price, \$1.60.

Professor Young is well known as one of the most distinguished astronomical observers and one of the most lucid writers on the phenomena of the sky. This volume is somewhat abridged from his larger work and is designed for higher schools and colleges. We recommend it also strongly for private reading. The latest revision of 1897 brings it up to date, giving the results of the most recent astronomical discoveries. It is illustrated by 158 diagrams and engravings, some of them from beautiful star photographs. It has also four star maps by which one may pick out for himself the constellations in the skies. We cannot too strongly commend this practice. It will make the starry heavens a perpetual delight. Instead of being indiscriminately scattered, the constellations deploy into order and present familiar aspects in any part of our hemisphere. The revelation of the spectroscope, the photographic camera, the latest conclusions as to sun-spots, comets, meteors, and celestial cosmogony are given. The author seems to incline more to the older nebular hypothesis of Laplace as to the origin, or rather the evolution, of the universe than to the more recent meteoric hypothesis of Lockyer.

The London Quarterly Review, which has been published for over forty years, enters on a new series as an official periodical of the Wesleyan Conference Office, London. It is reduced in price to ten shillings a year. The *Review*, under the care of the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, maintains the high traditions of the early series. Striking articles are, by the editor, on Methodism and the Age, and by Dr. Little, of Evanston, on The Effect of the Recent War on American character.



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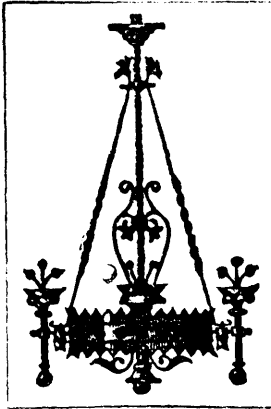
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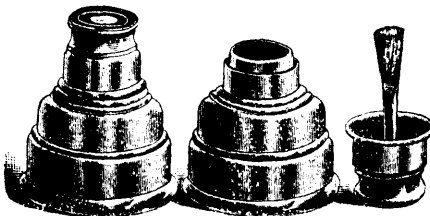
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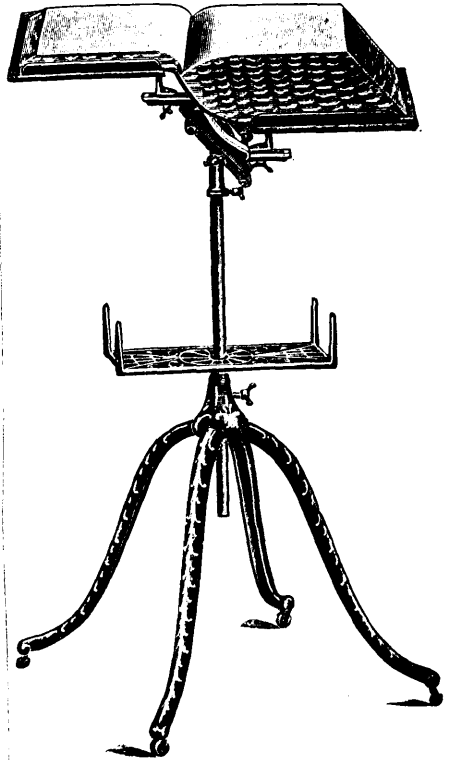
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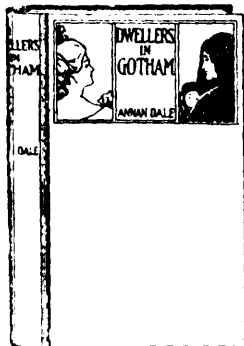
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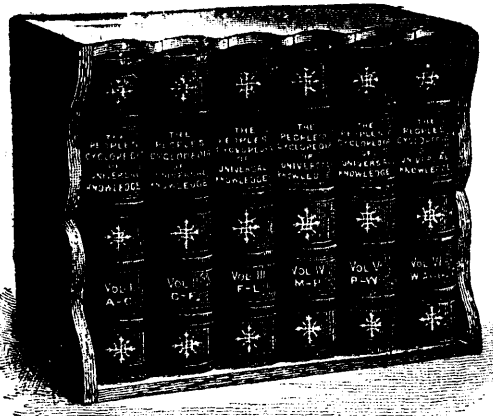
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