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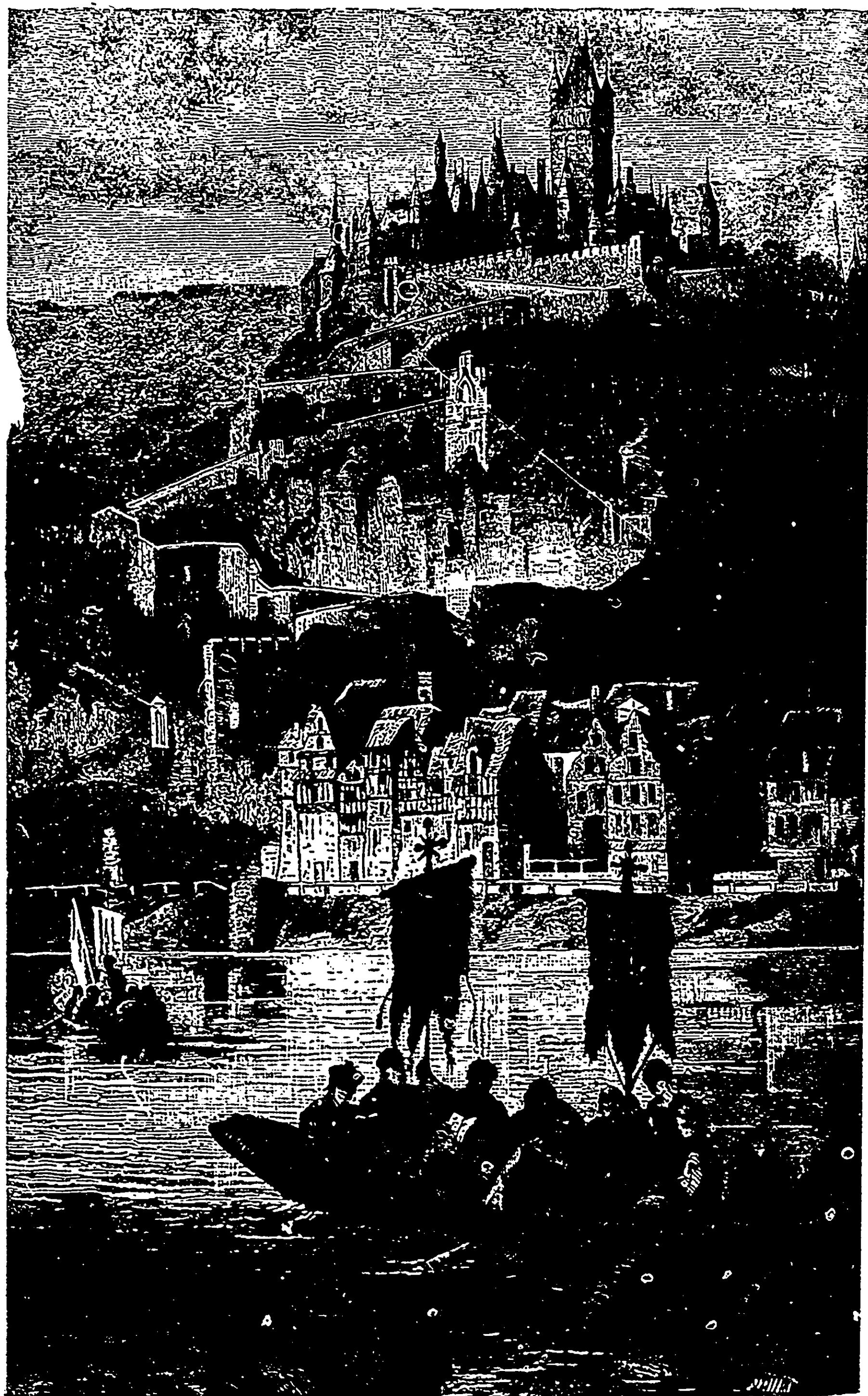


"ON THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE."

THE

Methodist Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1889.

ON THE RHINE.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL GREEN, D.D.

FEUDAL TOWER AT ANDERNACH.

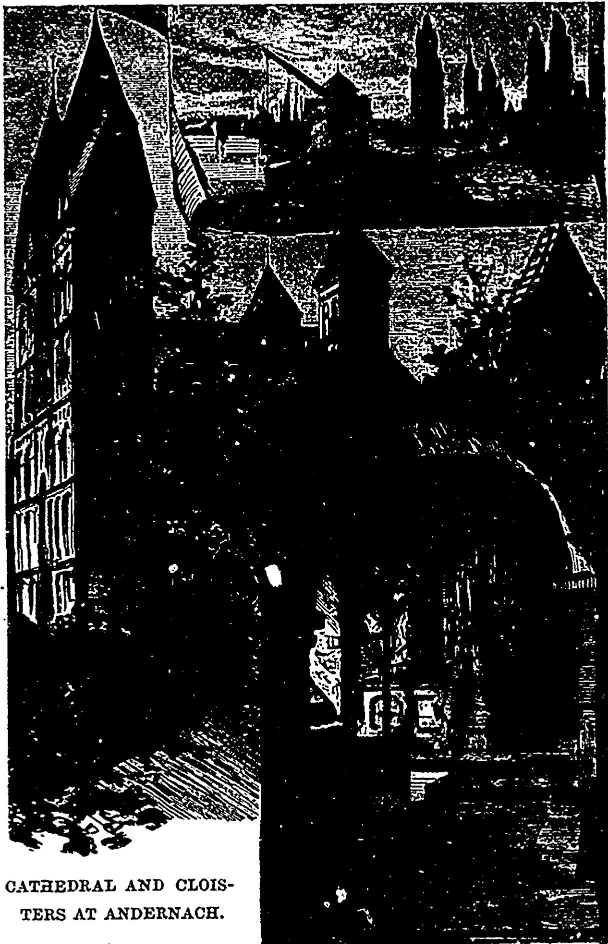
A TOUR in Germany naturally begins with the Rhine. Other rivers of Europe may be more picturesque; one, at least, is considerably longer, but none can compare for varied interests and true importance with the "beautiful Rhine"—the frontier of empire, once a barrier in the way of all-conquering Rome, and in modern times the prize of contending nations.

To understand the scenery of the Rhine it is necessary to linger here and there upon its banks, climbing one and another vine-clad height, scarcely deserving the name of mountain; or, better still, ascending some of those narrow valleys which curve upwards from the margin of its waters to fair nooks among the sheltering hills. Enough, perhaps, has been said of the ruined castles which grimly crown the beetling crags. Are not their names in *Murray*, with the stories, more or less authentic, associated with their robber lords? And has not Byron, in a few imperishable lines, described in a manner which leaves nothing more to be said?—those

> "chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
> From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

*Abridged in part from Dr. Green's volume on the "German Fatherland." Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.—ED.

"And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud:
Banners on high, and battles passed below;



CATHEDRAL AND CLOISTERS AT ANDERNACH.

But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

"Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will."

Two of our cuts illustrate the quaint structures of Andernach, with its ancient walls, gates, towers and bastions, and its strange legend of the carved Christ who came down nightly from the wayside cross to do works of charity through the town.

A short distance above is the old Moravian Settlement of Neuwied, where the Moravian brethren still keep up the Herrnhut traditions which have gained for them the name of the Quakers of Germany. We cannot linger over the romantic part of the Rhine, which has been described so often; still less do we care to tell, or to hear over again, the tales of enchantment, which so sadly lose their flavour when read on the deck of the steamboat, or in the yet more comfortable railway carriage. Had there been a day to spare in our upward route, we should probably have spent it on the Moselle, or, as we must now call it, the Mosel, in a visit to quiet, wonderful Trèves (or Trier), where it dozes among its vineyards, in the complacency of a calm, not unattractive, old age. Few travellers, comparatively, turn aside to see this old Roman city—older, as it claims to be, than Rome herself. Its remains, however, are marvellously interesting, and to the traveller who cannot cross the Alps, give a not inadequate impression of the Italian classic remains.

MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT.

Our frontispiece depicts a scene on the lovely Moselle river, at

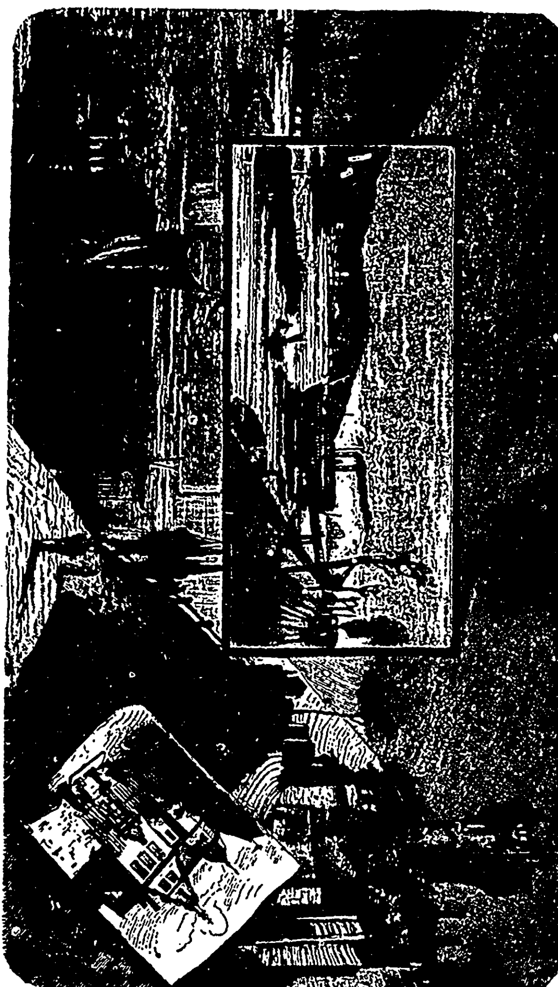
the picturesque old German town of Kochem. The priest and party in the boat in the foreground are evidently engaged in some religious ceremony, probably carrying the sacrament to the sick in the Roman manner in which, in Catholic countries, this service is usually performed. The beauty of the Moselle river and surrounding scenery is widely famed in both story and song.

Above Coblenz the Rhine becomes narrowed within the limits of a magnificent ravine, which extends as far as Bingen. Vineyards cover every slope, castles crown the heights, picturesque villages are dotted here and there upon the banks—familiar names and scenes on which I need not here dwell. Passing Oberwesel, a little way pass the Lurlei rock, on the opposite bank, all beauties seem combined of scenery and quaint architecture. The

VIEW ON THE RHINE AND PFALZ CASTLE.

lofty round tower, called the Ochsenthurm, attracts every eye. Then comes the curious "Pfalz" in the middle of the stream; and, a little farther, Bacharach, perhaps the "Altar of Bacchus"; so called from a rock in the bed of the river seen above water in very dry seasons, when the vineyards promise well. Now follow in quick succession the vine-bearing hills whose names are famous in all the world. It is curious to see how eagerly every rood of ground on these steep slopes is cultivated, the earth being embanked, terrace above terrace; and the vines, we are told, being planted in baskets where the declivity would not retain the soil in any other way. How the irrigation and manuring of the tender plants are carried on amid these difficulties, how every season brings its task of anxious toil; in short, what a laborious, absorbing, and precarious form of industry this is, many have

already told. Even in passing by rapidly, as we must, it is easy to discern traces of the unremitting and arduous toil which makes these hill-sides, perhaps, for good or evil, the most carefully cultivated ground in Europe. But of yet greater interest is it to trace



PICTURESQUE BITS ON THE RHINE—RUDESHEIM AND THE BINGERLOCH.

the course of the river as it here crosses an ancient mountain barrier. Between Bingen and Boppard the Rhine cuts across a chain of mountains running nearly at right angles to the course of its stream.

The storied memories of this lovely river are well characterized in the following fine poem by Herman Merivale:

"By queenly Aix to pretty Bonn—
  And then athwart the river,
In sheer idlesse we wandered on,
  As fain to stray forever.

"In golden shine the royal Rhine
  His dancing wave uplifted;
The rafts by Loreley's mountain shrine
  And song-famed reefs were drifted.

"The glory fell on wood and dell,
  On ruined shrine and fastness,
Where the stream-spirit weaves his spell
  Of legendary vastness.

"For still with murmur and with roar
  Ran on the storied river,
As if each robber-haunted shore
  Should haunted be forever.

"Once more from his despairing height
  Young Roland on his maiden
Gazed through the dim and mocking night
  Bereft and sorrow-laden—

"While o'er the pale and broken nun,
  With love-troth vainly plighted,
The Dragon Rock frowned sadly down
  On heart and passion blighted.

"Once more the wild marauding bands
  Broke law and fear asunder,
And wrought their death-work through the lands,
  For vengeance or for plunder;

"And foreign force and foreign hosts
  Brought sword and fire to pillage
The restful homes, the peaceful coasts,
  The ingle in the village.

"The homes are gone—the hosts have passed
  Into the great uncertain;
The fateful pall is o'er them cast,
  The impenetrable curtain.

"The harsh steam-whistle calls and wakes
  Their echoes shrill and lonely;
The busy traveller, passing takes
  Note of the moment only.

"But, storm or shine, the rushing Rhine
  Flows on—the deathless river,
Whose harmonies, by grace divine,
  Reverberate forever."

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

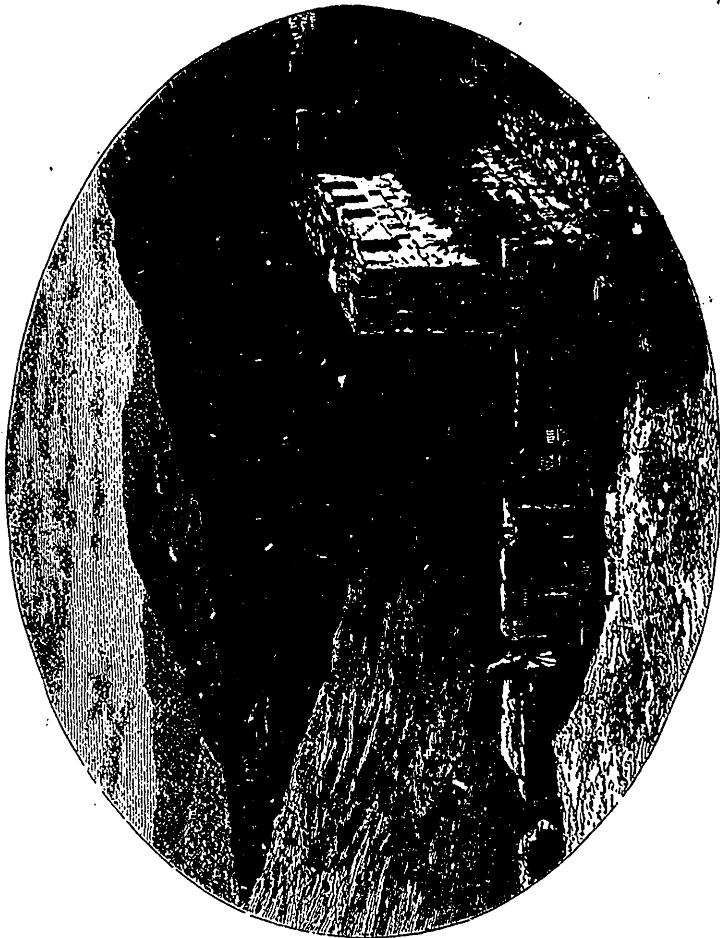
BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

XIII.

A TRIP TO THE JORDAN VALLEY.

ON the morning of the Thursday of our stay in Jerusalem there was a great excitement among the members of our party. We were about to have our first experience of camp-life, and to make our first, some of us our very first, essay at horse-riding. Early in the morning there was a tremendous neighing and snorting outside the window of my bedroom, and I found a whole army of horses—a couple of score or more—tethered in front of the house, and piles of saddles and bridles and other horse-gear littering the hall. The preceding day, our dragoman had asked us whether we could ride, and what sort of horses we wished to have? and my answer had been emphatically given, "I cannot ride at all, and I want a quiet horse that won't throw me off or run away with me;" and the dragoman had smiled, and promised me he would suit me. Accordingly, immediately after our early breakfast, I said to him, "Now Mr. Heilpern, have you got that horse for me; that quiet horse that won't run away?" "Come with me," he said, moving toward the restless line of tethered horses, and then singling out one, "Here's a horse will carry you through splendidly." I looked at the animal. It had a pensive appearance. It had originally had a whole skin, I suppose, but like the knees of a little boy's trousers, it had long been worn through at the shoulders and other salient points, and the patches had not been repaired, either through lack of material or insufficiency of leisure. Its colour was gray, that is where the original colour could be seen. In fact, it looked as if it had seen hard times, and its owner had forgotten to groom it for a month or two. It was a sad-looking beast; and I felt sad, too. I had been looking forward to my horse with exultation, and to my riding him with depression. I had read of Arab steeds and Bedouin coursers, but I had never thought of coming so far to bestraddle so sorry a Rosinante. So I demurred. I said it was a wretched-looking beast, I didn't like it. An acquaintance came up at the moment, and laughed at my prospective mount. This increased my dis-

gust. "You take him, sir, said the dragoman. I know the horse, it has been with me through the land before, and will carry you safely and well, and you'll be laughing at some of the others by-and-by." But I didn't take it. I objected so strongly that I was given another, and better-looking beast, and, at the last



MOUNTAINS ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

moment, my rejected gray was given to a lady whose first mount had proved too skittish for her to manage. The dragoman's praise was not undeserved after all, for the little gray improved in appearance from day to day, was a splendid walker, and willing to canter when required, and carried her mistress safely and comfortably; and many a time afterwards did she and I chat and

laugh together over the ugly duckling, as she called it, which I had judged by its looks.

It took us some time to get ready for the start, but at length we were off, passing on our left the hill of Evil Counsel so-called, and the traditional site of the country-house of Caiaphas, and entered the valley of Rephaim, mentioned in the Book of Joshua as the boundary-line between Judah and Benjamin, and the scene of one of David's victories over the Philistines. In half an hour or a little more we rode close by the Tomb of Rachel, where some Jews were wailing as we passed. A small modern building with a dome now marks the spot, where, in giving birth to Benjamin, the beloved wife of the old patriarch passed away. "And there was but a little way to come to Ephrath, . . . and it came to pass as her soul was in departing, for she died, that she called his name Benoni, but his father called him Benjamin. And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem, and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." Seven years he had toiled for her in his wooing, and they seemed to Jacob but a few days for the love he bore her. Long, long years after her death when, far away in the land of Egypt, he too was dying, the tender memory of his bereavement is still fresh in his mind. "And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way. . . . And I buried her there in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem."

An hour from the tomb, over a rough road, brought us to the Pools of Solomon. There is little doubt that these are the pools mentioned in the Book of Ecclesiastes: "I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." They are three enormous cisterns of marble masonry: the lower, 582 feet long, breadth at the east end 207 feet, at the west 148 feet, depth at the east end 50 feet. Dr. Thompson says: "When full it would float the largest man-of-war that ever ploughed the ocean." The middle pool is 248 feet above the lower one, its length 423 feet, its breadth at east end 250 feet, at west end 160 feet, its depth at east end 39 feet. The upper pool is 160 feet above the middle pool, its length is 380 feet, its breadth at the east end 236 feet, at the west end 229 feet, its depth at the west end, 25 feet. These enormous cisterns are in splendid preservation, and the course of the aqueduct can still be traced by which they supplied water to the temple, a distance of some twelve or fourteen miles. To-day it is conveyed as far as Bethlehem, and

close beside the time-worn aqueduct we now took our way toward that town.

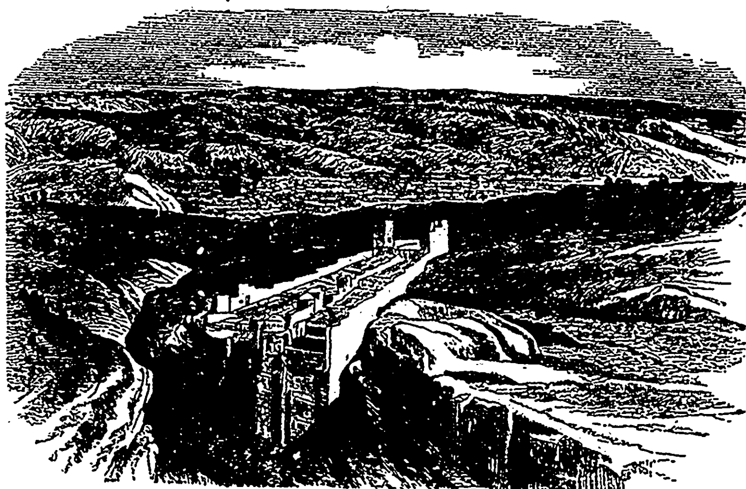
A short distance below the Pools, in a valley richly fertile, lies the village of Urtas, which is supposed to occupy the site of Etham, where, as Josephus says: "Solomon was in the habit of taking a morning drive." If this be so, and it is more than probable, the fertile valley corresponds with the gardens of which he speaks. "I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted in them of all kinds of fruits," and here are laid the scenes of the Song of Songs. An earthly paradise, indeed, must this valley have been,

POOLS OF SOLOMON WITH SARACENIC CASTLE.

under the lavish wealth and taste and wisdom of the royal poet. In less than an hour after leaving the pools, a sharp turn in the mountain-road gave a view of a long line of white buildings crowning a hill across a valley, and we had our first view of Bethlehem. I have already described our visit in my paper in last December number, and some of my readers may remember that I broke off my narrative where, in mid afternoon, we turned the last ridge that commanded a view of the city, and after a farewell look toward it, rode on over the wilderness of Judea, toward the Convent of Mar Saba, and camped in its neighbourhood. Our path lay over a region of utter desolation. Great bare rounded hills, separated by deep gorges, extended for miles and

miles in every direction, and as we crossed the table-land we could see over them to the right the Dead Sea and the hills of Moab, and, at one point, catch a glimpse of the white tower on the summit of the Mount of Olives, far away to the left.

As we left the table-land and began to descend toward the Dead Sea, our path was rough and steep in the extreme. There was one bit which I shall never forget. The path skirted a deep ravine, and was a simple track among loose stones and over uneven rocks, worn in some places perilously smooth and slippery. A single false step, a single slip or stumble, and horse and rider would probably roll together far down the mountain side. It



CONVENT OF MAR SABA.

was a ride to test the nerves of an accomplished horseman, and, be it remembered, it was my first day in the saddle.

As we rode down the last bit of steep hill we caught sight of the Convent of Mar Saba which we were to visit before camping. It is a most extraordinary place, its massive buildings, erected on the edge of one of the wildest and most desolate ravines in the world, far away from any other human habitation, save the black tent of the wandering Bedouin. Mar Saba, or St. Saba, is a saint held in high honour by the Greek Church, who came here in the latter part of the fifth century, and dwelt thus apart from his fellows, until his reputation for sanctity gathered round him a number of followers. From that day to the present, an unbroken succession of monks have made these wilds their home,

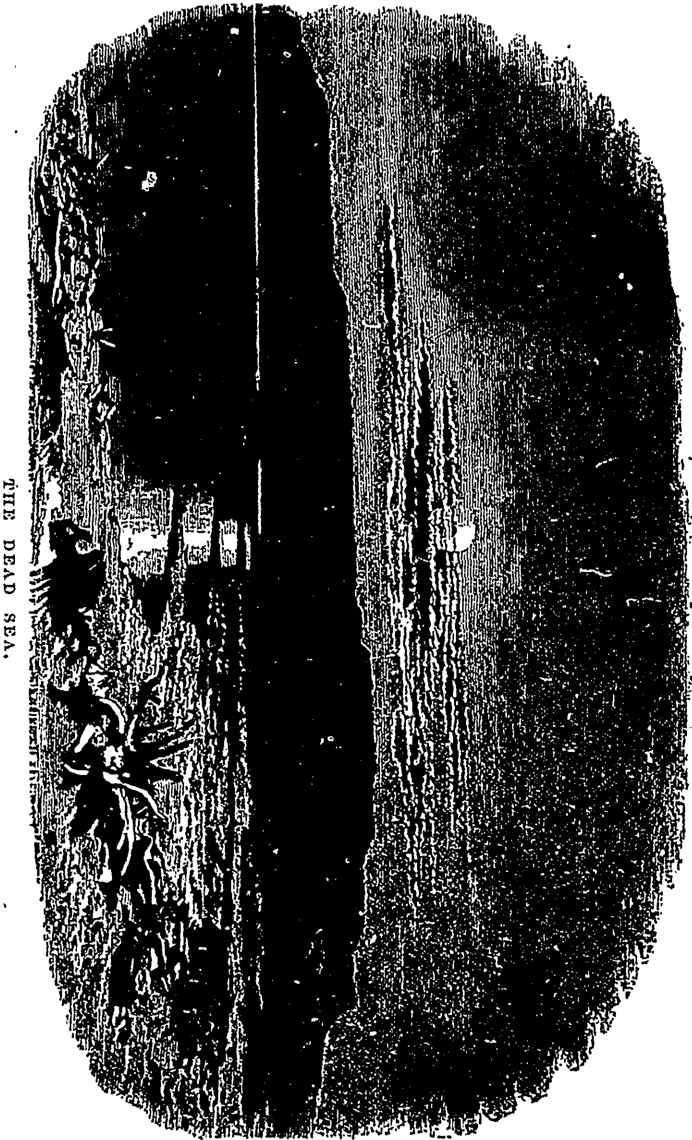
their only companions the wild birds that fly about the ravine. The place must be seen to be realized; no pen can give an impression of its weirdness, of the awful ravine over which it hangs, or of the solitude which surrounds its terraced walls. The evening was rapidly gathering as we wound down from the convent to our camp in the valley of the Kidron, and right glad were we, after the novel experiences of the day, to see the white tents pitched ready for our reception, and to partake of the excellent dinner that our cooks had provided for us.

The following morning we crossed the ravine, wound along the side of the opposite hills till we reached their summit, and soon

THE VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

had one of the finest views in Palestine immediately before us. Away in front, in the distance, stretched the long wall of the mountains of Moab, with Mount Nebo in full view, to the right flashed the waters of the Dead Sea, while far away in the dim distance to the north, a hundred miles or more, gleamed the snowy peak of Hermon, and at our feet lay the Jordan Valley, a bright line of foliage showing the course of the river. An hour or two more brought us to the shores of the Dead Sea, and several of us, myself included, were soon testing for ourselves its far-famed buoyancy, by a plunge in its cool waters. I can bear unqualified testimony as to the extraordinary buoyancy of its waters. It is not easy to swim, it is not easy to sink—indeed I

should say it is hardly possible—but one can lie down and float with perfect ease. It is exceedingly bitter and salt to the taste,



THE DEAD SEA.

but the bathing is very pleasant, though the excessive amount of salt rather irritates the skin afterwards, especially if there be any abrasion of the surface. I confess that I was agreeably disap-

pointed in the appearance of the sea. I had pictured it as a gloomy region, brooded over as by the very shadow of death; I found it that morning glittering in the sunlight, while above it hung a sky of clearest blue. But it is 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and the pouring sun, later on in the season, must, no doubt, render its shore a dry desert of salt-coated sand.

A couple of hours' ride from the Dead Sea, through a sandy, swampy country, brought us to the bank of the Jordan, at the place which, according to Greek tradition, is the scene of our Lord's baptism. It is a lovely spot, surrounded with rich foliage of clustering trees, between which the river sweeps along in a rapid muddy current, so swift that it is dangerous to venture more than a few feet from shore. Here, annually, come thousands of pilgrims to bathe in these waters as a religious duty and privilege.

It was intensely hot when we reached the Jordan, and the sun beat down with dangerous fierceness, but a careful bathe in the cool waters, and luncheon and rest in the shadow of the trees, renewed our energies for the ride to camp. Whatever be the opinion as to the authenticity of the place, as the site of our Lord's baptism—and it is open to grave objection on the score of distance from Nazareth—there can be no doubt that here the Israelites crossed on their way from Egypt; and we now rode along in the route they must have taken across the valley to our tents, pitched on the site of their first encampment at Gilgal. It was fearfully hot and oppressive in the deep valley with its still and burning air; and the sight of our tents on a rising ground at Gilgal was a welcome one indeed.

Gilgal was, as I have said, the first camping ground of the Israelites after crossing Jordan. Here the manna which had fed them in the wilderness ceased to fall, and here they erected the twelve stones which they had brought from the bed of the Jordan when its waters were cleft for their passage. Here the first Passover in the Land of Promise was celebrated, and here Joshua saw the vision of the "man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand, and Joshua went unto him, and said unto him, Art thou for us, or for our adversaries? And he said, Nay; but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." In later times the grand assemblies of Samuel and Saul were convened here; here Saul was anointed king, and here the whole tribe of Judah assembled to welcome David after Absalom's unsuccessful revolt. Here, too, Elisha received Naaman, the Syrian, and made

wholesome the poisoned pot. It is also probably the site of modern Jericho, and the traditional house of Zacchæus is shown to travellers.

FORDS OF THE JORDAN.

Riha, as the Arab village on the site is called, is a wretched place, inhabited by a population notoriously vicious, and untrustworthy. I remember, just after dusk, as we were encamped at

Gilgal, hearing a curious whirring call, presently repeated again and again, and growing louder and nearer. We soon learned it was from a crowd of the neighbouring Arabs who wished to dance for us, and I shall never forget the strange scene that followed. Into the circle formed by our tents there came about a dozen or fifteen Arabs, arranged in a line and keeping time with their feet to a strange, weird sing-song. Before them, skipping, jumping, gesticulating wildly, was a leader brandishing a sword, and evidently giving the time and direction to the strange drama. With sword flourishing, and body twisting in extraordinary gestures, he sang and shouted and his followers kept up their rhythmic tramp, as we gathered in circle around them, holding up candles to see the curious sight. What faces—dark, treacherous, cunning, utterly ruthless and malicious — the flickering lights showed us. What wild eyes gleaming, and white teeth in wolfish jaws, and subtle snake-like lithesomeness in the writhing bodies. A little of it was quite enough; and giving the leader some *backsheesh*, we soon sent them off, to quarrel and fight among themselves through half the night over the division of the spoils.

PLAINS OF JERICHO

The next morning we travelled first to the site of ancient Jericho, the famous city of Palm Trees, whose strong walls fell by the power of Omnipotence, without a single stroke from the host who so strangely encompassed it. It is now a heap utterly desolate, with little to indicate its site but a few traces of ancient

foundations. From the mound on which it stood one looks out over a cheerless, uncultivated waste of what was once, and could be made again, by proper cultivation and irrigation, a scene of marvellous beauty and fertility. Before us, to the west, rise the heights of the Judean wilderness, the highest point of which, Mount Quarantania, is the traditional scene of our Lord's Temptation.

At the foot of the mound on which the ancient city was built springs the fountain of Ain-es-Sultan, as the Arabs call it, the Fountain of Elisha, as travellers call it; which is undoubtedly the spring whose bitter waters were made sweet by the prophet, at the request of the inhabitants of the city.

From Elisha's Fountain, we turned once more our faces toward Jerusalem, and rode up the long steep and sinuous pathway—the road spoken of by our Lord in the Parable of the man who *went down* from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, and the Good Smaritan who relieved him. It was a toilsome climb, and the heat was most oppressive, though every hundred yards of ascent brought us very perceptible relief, as we exchanged the close air of the valley for the brighter, breezier atmosphere of the hills. We had a noon-tide halt by a well-side for lunch, and a halt for half an hour at Bethany, to visit the reported tomb of Lazarus, and the site of the house of Simon the Leper; and then in the bright, sunny afternoon we rode over the summit of Olivet, and stopping awhile to meditate in Gethsemane, and drink from the Pool of Siloam, reached at length our quarters on Mount Zion.

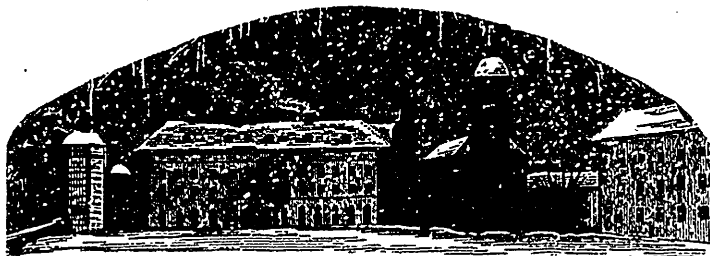
THE SHOEMAKER.

BY MATTHEW RICHY KNIGHT.

As up the village street I passed at night
All lights were out, and in one slumberous sea
Were met and lost both joy and misery.
But stop! not all; I saw one lonely light,
That in the pitchy frame did shine more bright,
And I will tell you what it showed to me,
That you may feel the sob of sympathy
Which stirred me then, and stirs me as I write.
A shoemaker was bending o'er his last;
His eyes were wet, and yet his heart was brave;
Close by, within an open door, slept fast
Two babes—*the mother slept in a new grave;*
And as he yearned for her, her spirit passed
Befor him, but no power to see God gave.

HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE.

II.



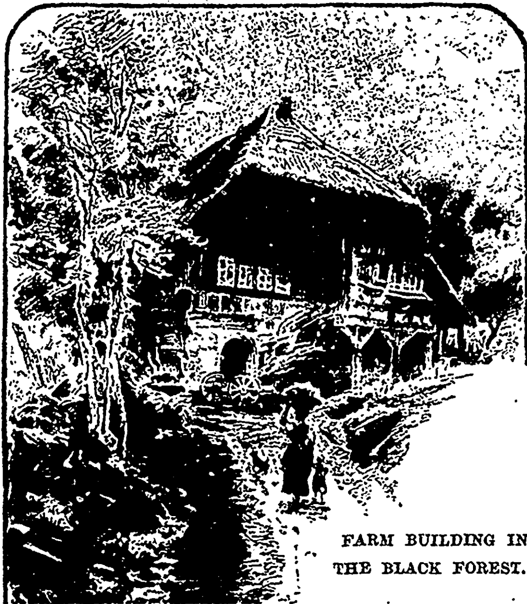
VIEW IN DARMSTADT.

On our way from Northern Germany to the Black Forest we pass through the old Grand Ducal city of Darmstadt, capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse. It is a handsome town of 44,000 of a population, chiefly Protestants, and possesses a library of 450,000 volumes, and a picture gallery of great value. It has to English-speaking people a pathetic interest as the home of the Princess Alice of England, whose tragic death—a sacrifice to her mother-love—so deeply touched the heart of the nation.

The Black Forest—the famous Schwarzwald of German song and story—is one of the most picturesque regions of Central Europe. Its grandest passes are now traversed by the Black *Forest Railway, a singularly bold engineering construction,* climbing 2,000 feet in twenty-three miles, and passing through thirty-eight tunnels, and over one hundred and forty-two bridges. Dr. Green thus describes his visit to this romantic region:

"We adopted the easiest and in some respects the most striking route, taking the main line up the Rhine valley as far as the roadside station of Offenburg, where we changed into the newly opened Black Forest Railway; at first gently ascending past fair meadows and among wooded hills, but soon finding ourselves amid wilder, grander scenes, zigzagging upward past gigantic pine-clad rocks, where the recent railway workings had laid bare the granite heart of the mountain in great scars, which the kindly vegetation had not yet had time to festoon with beauty; then along the edge of a steep slope where the forest climbs above and below, across wild glens of stupendous depth, and through

ceaseless and most tantalizing tunnels. We begin to learn now what the Black Forest really is; although to say the truth, the gloom which suggested the name is unfelt on such a day as that of our excursion. The hill-tops are bathed in sunlight, every clearing between the woods is brightly green; swiftly as we speed along we catch the glint of innumerable flowers among the trees; and the shadows which lie across every deep ravine only bring out more vividly the splendour of the slopes. There are times, no doubt, when among these hills the mists lie low, and hoarse storms mutter among leafless branches, and the sturdy pines bend



FARM BUILDING IN THE BLACK FOREST.

beneath their weight of snow. Then around the stove, wild, weird legends are rehearsed, such as have given the Schwarzwald a foremost place in imaginative literature and art. But it is impossible to believe in spirits, goblins, or witches to-day. Perhaps the railway has scared their very memories away from these recesses; or the sunshine brings out qualities yet more enchanting. The number of people who, in one way or another, make a comfortable living out of these grand woods, from charcoal-burning to the most elaborate and beautiful carving, must be very large. We saw none who seemed wretchedly poor, and I do not remember in all our walks being once asked for alms. Nor, on the

other hand, were there evidences of great wealth. There were no mansions or parks. Here and there stood farmhouses with surrounding buildings, that were plainly the abodes of well-to-do people; but these bore only about the same relation to the rest as the half-dozen larger houses in a children's "German village" do to the quaint and uniform little rows among which they are set up. The reader must pardon the comparison, it was irresistible. Everywhere we saw toy-houses of our childhood, magnified, as it were, to gigantic size; and the churches, too, with their round cupolas and little spires. Nor only so, but the very trees were there

BLACK FOREST WAGGON.

in *facsimile*, standing in avenues, with their oddly-clipped tops tapering conically to a point. Like other artists, the Dutch, or rather *German* ("Deutsche"), toymen had, after all, only *imitated* what they had seen.

The "Dutch" clocks of all kinds, from the simplest and cheapest up to the most elaborately and artistically carved, tempt the purchaser; and almost everything into which wood can be carved or shaped may be found, and the prices, which are astonishingly moderate, are plainly marked.

The quaint old Black Forest towns abound in the most curious architecture. On market-day the little squares are like a page out of the Middle Ages, with their odd peasant costumes. In Schaffhausen, on the Rhine, the architecture partakes of a bolder

INTERIOR OF A TOWN IN SIMONSWALD.

type, as shown in our cut, on page 310; the picturesque oriel window is a very strongly marked feature.

The following graphic sketch of life in Switzerland is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Eby, the accomplished missionary of the Methodist Church in Japan:

"It is night when we enter Zurich. Most travellers who have written about Switzerland have been so enraptured with its gigantic mountains, those natural battlements of freedom, that they have forgotten the people, or seeing them industrous, have

MARKET PLACE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.

set them down as one of the happiest and most enviable people of all Europe. A year's residence, however, in both French and German Switzerland, has given me quite another idea of the state of affairs. A person could live his lifetime there and not see the shady side, but as a missionary among the people themselves, I have had the amplest opportunity of seeing things as they are.

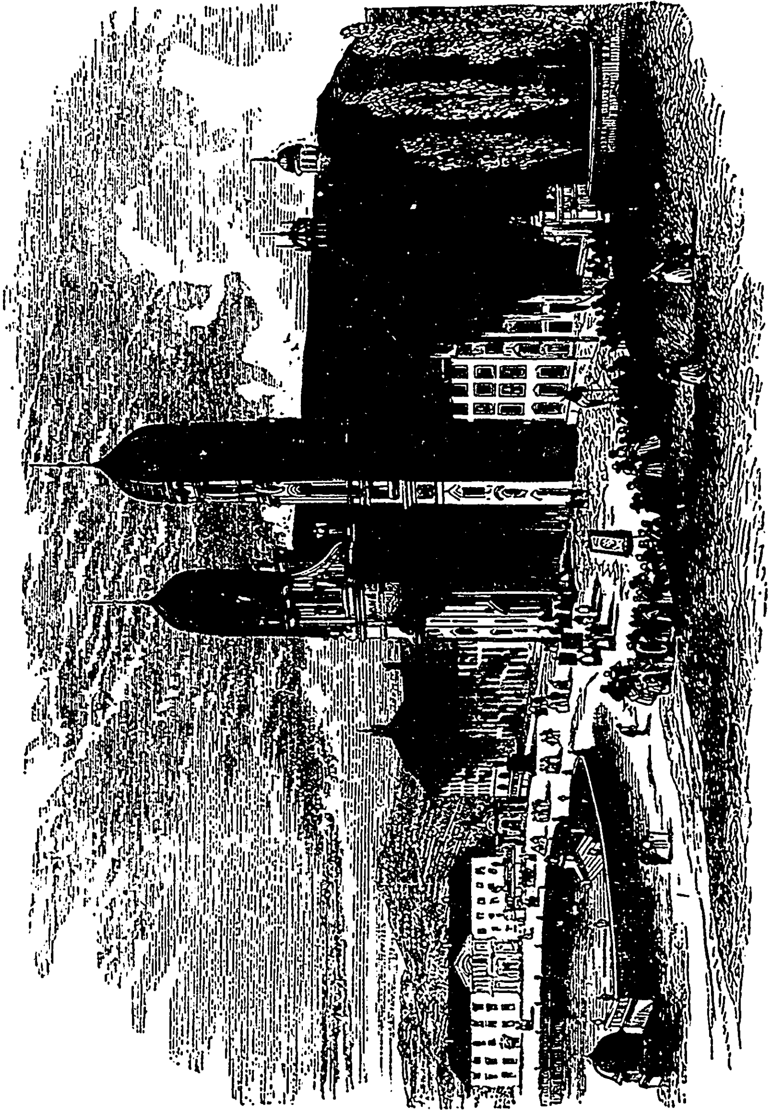
"In the first place, politically, Switzerland is a republic, and has been vaunted to the skies. The name republic generally carries

with it the idea of personal freedom and universal interest in the affairs of the country. But in Switzerland there is more red-tapeism than in Prussia, and less political freedom. I had been over nearly one-half of the countries of Europe, and only in Switzerland was my passport demanded. A servant girl cannot go from one village to another without a pass and a permit; and I saw in no Protestant country, whatever, such a sneaking terror of the law.

CLOISTERS, GROSSMINSTER, ZURICH.

"They are industrious. Yes, they have to work like slaves to eke out an existence. Men have immense silk manufactories, and make millions out of the bones and blood of thousands of young girls of an overstocked population. They work from five in the morning until late at night, and frequently scarcely earn enough to keep soul and body together. A sturdy mason or carpenter, or other mechanic, has to work his fourteen hours a day for from sixty to eighty cents. The men work, the wives have to be slaves, the children work as soon as they are out of the cradle, and the old women work until they fall into the grave, and yet they can hardly get potatoes and coffee enough to live

on. You ask why they don't emigrate? simply because they cannot. It would take long years of tremendous labour for a



CHURCH AND ABBEY OF EINSIEDELN.

young man to lay by a hundred dollars with which to start in the world.

"In a religious point of view, they are partly Protestant and

partly Roman Catholic, and the different cantons are as clearly marked off as to their religion as if the conscience were a thing to be regulated by treaty. Protestantism has dwindled down to a mere form, the women and children go to church, while the men spend their time in wine shops. One minister near me once preached a sermon, somewhat evangelical in its tone, and then said to his audience, 'That's the way the evangelicals preach; you may believe it if you like, for I don't.' Most are rationalists, and very few would impress you with the idea that they were the followers of Calvin and Zwingle. 'Yet feeble as real religion is, the absence of Popery is marked. You step over the bounds of a Protestant canton into a Roman Catholic one, and you can notice the change at once. One of the most palpable differences is in the number of beggars.

"As to their morality, notwithstanding all that has been said about the sobriety of wine-growing countries, drunkenness is a very prevalent vice. You are awakened in towns by the midnight orgies of students, and in villages men squander away their time and money over their bottles, while their wives slave at home to keep their little ones from starvation.

"We embarked on a steamer at Zurich. The water is as clear as crystal; you can count the pebbles at the bottom. But what a motley crowd we have on board! Women, young and old, dressed in the different costumes of half a dozen cantons, and sheepish-looking men following them; monks in plenty, with kirtle and cowl and breviary. What does it mean? Why, they are on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin—to holy Einsiedeln, in the Canton Schwytz. Let us turn pilgrims, too, and visit the same place. We land at Rapperschwyle, and start on a three hours' tramp over the hills. The way is ever-varying, and presents at every turn new pictures of grandeur. We become enraptured at the scene, and at the conversation of a young lady pilgrim, when a little ragged urchin rushes up, gets down on his knees in the dust in a twinkling, and commences to gabble his 'Vaterunser' (Our Father) as fast as a steam-engine. On the way we stop to refresh ourselves at a sacred fountain, called Mainard's Well, after the saint who founded the monastery to which we are going. On a sudden appear two strapping boys, with outstretched hands, begging a few centimes. A short lecture on the evils of laziness sent them skulking away. Near the end of our journey, a well-dressed, able-bodied mechanic stops our company, pulls off his hat, and says, '*armer Reisender*,' that is 'poor traveller,' and he

wants money, too. Instantly my hat was presented, and '*armer Reisender*' repeated. He, nonplussed, grinned a moment, and then passed on.

"We reach Einsiedeln, embosomed in hills, cut off from the

SALT MINE, AUSTRIA.

world certainly, but somehow the world gets in. The monastery is a fine large building, from the beginning of the last century. The village has some 3,000 inhabitants, and it is said that 150,000 pilgrims come annually to worship the image of the Virgin and

Child in the church. The figures are perfectly black, and clothed in the richest array of jewellery and gold. There are great rows of confessional stalls, where the faithful kneel. On the wall near

CHAPEL OF ST. ANTHONY, IN A SALT MINE.

the door, are suspended scores of expressions of thanks for prayers answered and favours received. Such as, 'To God and His mother, the holy Mary, we give thanks for the restoration of a sick cow;' and many others of a similar character. In front of the building is a fountain, with seven spouts, out of one of

which it is said the Saviour drank, but which one it is, no one knows, as each pilgrim drinks from all, to be sure of drinking from the one the Saviour used. The great business of the place consists in the sale of rosaries and other religious paraphernalia."

We conclude this rambling chapter with a brief sketch of the famous Salt Mines of Cracow, of which we give a couple of engravings. The mines are entered by numerous shafts, with galleries at seven different levels, leading to a labyrinth of passages and immense excavations, extending to a total length of five hundred miles. Some of the chambers are as much as one hundred and fifty feet high, but those now excavated are much lower. One of these is fitted up as a chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony, in which the altars, statues, columns, pulpit, etc., are all hewn out of the salt. In another is a lake six hundred and forty feet long and forty feet deep. These mines have been worked from the early part of the eleventh century. The kings of Poland drew from them considerable revenue, and depended upon them for the endowment of their queens.

AT THE GATE.

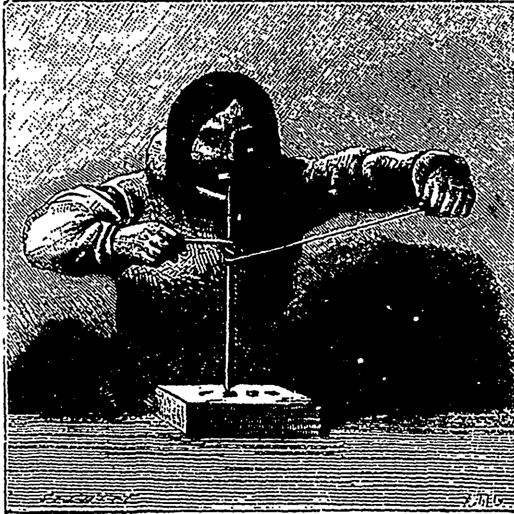
BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Beside a mighty city's gate,
Where passed at morn the proud and great
To seek a sacred shrine that stood
Within the precincts of a wood,
A crippled beggar sat, and loud
Besought the ever-passing crowd.
His need was sore, but they denied;
"We seek to find out God!" they cried,
As by the altar, on the sod,
They knelt—"We seek to find out God!"

The day declined. The great and proud
Who sought that morn the shrine, and bowed
Their heads as though in reverence there,
Forgot the shrine, forgot the prayer.
But, lo! the man whom they denied
A pittance as they passed in pride,
Dead by the gateway, knew what they
So vainly sought, as day by day,
They toward the holy altar trod,
He—he alone—had found out God!

THE CANADIAN CHILDREN OF THE COLD.*

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.



ESKIMO KINDLING FIRE.

After centuries of seclusion and neglect, broken only by the infrequent visits of ambitious seekers for the North Pole, or mercenary hunters for the right whale, and by the semi-religious, semi-commercial ministrations of the Moravian missionaries, the Eskimo of the Labrador and Hudson's Bay region suddenly had the eyes of the world turned inquiringly upon them.

The shocking story was published far and wide that a winter that did not change to spring in the usual way had cut off their supply of food, and that in consequence they were devouring one another with the ghastly relish of a Fiji cannibal. Although this report happily proved untrue, the Eskimo are sufficiently interesting to arrest attention at all times, and are little enough known to furnish an adequate excuse at this time for a brief paper upon them.

To aid me in presenting the earliest glimpses of the Eskimo, I am fortunate in having before me a manuscript prepared by the late Robert Morrow, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, an accomplished student of the literatures of Iceland and Denmark.

That to the Norsemen, and not to the Spaniards, rightfully belongs the credit of first discovering America is now settled, and

*Abridged, with the Author's kind permission, from an admirable article in *The Cosmopolitan* Magazine.

that when the Norsemen first touched American soil they found the Eskimo already in possession is also certain. Yet it was not these bold adventurers who gave this curious people the name by which they are most generally known.

The name "Eskimo" was given to them by the Abenaki, a tribe of Indians in Southern Labrador. It is an abbreviation of "Eskimautsik," which means "eating raw fish," in allusion to their repulsive custom of eating both fish and flesh without taking the trouble to cook it. The Eskimo themselves assert very em-

NIPPED IN THE ICE.

phatically that they are "Innuit;" that is, "the people," just as though they were the only people in the world (and, by the way, it is worth noticing that each particular tribe of these "Huskies" thinks itself the entire population of the globe until undeceived by the advent of visitors).

When Eric the Red sailed across from Iceland to Greenland (somewhere about the year 985), he found many traces of the Eskimo there; and when Thorvald, some twenty years later, ventured as far south as Vinland, identified as the present Martha's Vineyard (with which he was so delighted that he exclaimed: "Here is beautiful land, and here wish I to raise my

dwelling"), the unexpected discovery of three skin boats upon the beach affected him and his followers much as the imprint of a human foot did Robinson Crusoe. They found more than the boats, however; for each boat held three men, all but one of whom were caught and summarily despatched, for reasons that the Saga discreetly forbears to state.

But retribution followed fast. No sooner had the invaders returned to their ships than the natives attacked them in great force, and although the Norsemen came out best in the fighting, their leader, Thorvald, received a mortal wound. He charged his men to bury him upon the cape, "at which he had thought it best to dwell;" for, as he pathetically added, "it may happen it was a true word which fell from my mouth that I should dwell there for a time." His men did as they were bid. They set up two crosses over his grave, whose site is now known as Summit Point. They then hastened homeward.

After the lapse of two years, one Thorfinn Karlsefne, fired by what he heard of the wonderful discoveries made by the hardy sons of Eric the Red, fitted out an imposing expedition, his boats carrying one hundred and sixty men, beside women, cattle, etc., and set sail for Vinland. He reached his destination in safety, and, remaining there for some time, improved upon his predecessor's method of treating the natives. Instead of aimlessly killing them, he cheerfully cheated them, getting huge packs of furs in exchange for bits of red cloth. He has thus described his customers' chief personal characteristics: "These men were black and ill-favoured, and had straight hair on their heads. They had large eyes and broad cheeks." All of which shows that, although the Eskimo have changed their *habitat* since then, they have not altered much in their appearance.

After two years of prosperous trading, the relations between the Norsemen and the natives became strained, and they were vanquished by sheer force of numbers, and deemed it prudent to make off without standing upon the order of their going.

With the departure of the Norsemen, the curtain of obscurity falls upon the Eskimo and is not lifted again until we find them, not luxuriating amid the vine-entangled forests of Vinland, but scattered far and wide over the hideous desolation of the hard north, and engaged in a ceaseless struggle with hunger and cold. Just when they thus moved northward, and why, does not yet appear. If their innate and intense hatred of the Red Indian be of any service as a clue, it is, however, within the bounds of

ABANDONING A SHIP IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

reason to believe that they were driven from their comfortable quarters by their more active and warlike fellow-aborigines, and given no rest until they found it amidst the icebergs and glaciers of Labrador and Hudson's Bay, where they may now be met in bands numbering from a dozen to a hundred or more. Throughout the whole of this Arctic region they fearlessly range in search of food.

The Eskimo are, in fact, the only inhabitants of a vast territory, which includes the shores of Arctic America, the whole of Greenland, and a tract about four hundred miles long on the Asiatic coast beyond Behring's Straits, thus extending over a distance of from five thousand miles east to west, and three thousand two hundred miles from north to south. Notwithstanding this wide distribution, there is a remarkable uniformity, not only in the physical features of the Eskimo, but also in their manners, traditions, and language. Consequently, very much that may be said of the Canadian Children of the Cold (that is the Eskimo of Labrador and Hudson's Bay) would be equally true of the other branches of the race.

For a good deal of interesting information concerning them we are indebted to the writings of such men as Ribbach and Herzeburg, Moravian missionaries, who, with a heroic zeal that only

those familiar with their lot can adequately appreciate, have devoted themselves to "the cure of souls" among the Eskimo. There are six of these Moravian missions scattered along the eastern coast of Labrador. Nain, the chief one, was established as far back as 1771, Okkak in 1776, Hopedale in 1782, and Hebron, Zoar, and Ramah more recently.

The bestowal of so attractive Biblical names helps very little, however, to mitigate the unfavourable impression produced by the forbidding surroundings of these tiny oases almost lost in a seemingly illimitable desert. Sheer from the sea, except where broken by frequent gulf and fiord, the coast-line towers up in tremendous and unpitying sternness, and at its base the breakers thunder with a force and fury that knows little pause throughout the year. From end to end, the shore is jagged like a gigantic saw with innumerable bays and inlets, sprinkled thick with islands, and underlaid with hidden reefs, which make these waters difficult to find and dangerous to navigate.

The interior of the country is equally repellant. Although toward the west it becomes less mountainous and slightly undulating, like the American prairie, it presents nothing but an inhospitable and savage wilderness, covered with immense forests broken by numerous swamps and lakes, and untouched by human foot, save when now and then a band of Red Indians venture thither, lured by the hope of food and fur.

The Eskimo upon the eastern coast of Labrador are, as a rule, small of stature, not much exceeding five feet. Those upon the western shore, however, are taller and more robust; they are quite strongly built, with hair and beard sweeping down over their shoulders and chest. When the good seed sown by the patient missionary finds lodgment in a Husky's heart, he usually signalizes his adoption of Christianity by indulging in a clean shave, or at least by cutting his beard short with a pair of scissors, in deference, perhaps, to the judgment of St. Paul that "if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him."

They all have small, soft hands, broad shoulders, big, flat faces, large, round heads, and short, stubby noses,

"Tip-tilted, like the petals of a flower,"

and very generous mouths, which, being nearly always on the broad grin, make free display of fine rows of sharp, white teeth. In complexion they are tawny and ruddy, and the face is of a much darker shade than the body. At spring-time, when the

sun's burning rays are reflected from glistening banks of snow, they become almost as black in the face as negroes; but new-born babes may be seen as fair as any American infant. Their eyes are small and almost uniformly black, and peep brightly out at

ESKIMO VILLAGE IN WINTER.

you from beneath a perfect forest of brow and lash. Their hair is black, also, and very thick and coarse.

Their ordinary food is the flesh of the seal, with its attendant blubber, and the fish that abounds along the shores. They are not particular whether their dinner is cooked or not. They are

also very partial to tallow, soap, fish oil, and such things, which they look upon as great delicacies—a big tallow candle being rather more of a treat to an Eskimo youngster than a stick of candy to a civilized small boy.

That these peculiar and decidedly repulsive tastes are, after all, based on the laws of nature is clearly shown by the fact that when the natives around a mission station adopt a European diet (and they soon become passionately fond of bread and biscuits), they inevitably grow weak and incapable of withstanding the intense cold.

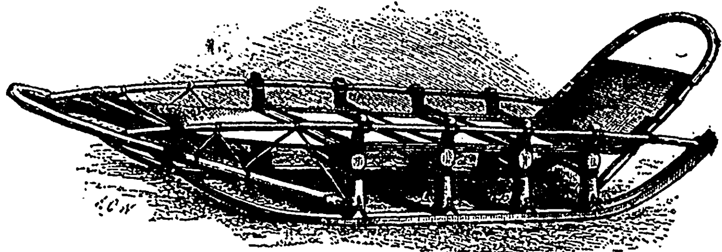
The seal is, in fact, everything to the Eskimo. What the buffalo was to the American Indian, what the reindeer is to the European Laplander, all that, and still more, is the seal to these Children of the Cold. Upon its meat and blubber they feed. With its fur they are clothed. By its oil they are warmed and lighted. Stretched upon appropriate frame-work, its skin makes them seaworthy boats and weather-proof tents; while, unkindest use of all, with its bladder they float the fatal harpoon that wrought its own undoing. To sum it all up in one sentence, take away the seal and the Eskimo could not exist for a month.

There is not much room for fashion's imperious sway in Labrador. Sealskin from scalp to toe is the invariable rule, and there would be no small difficulty in distinguishing between the sexes, if the women did not indulge in a certain amount of ornamentation upon their garments, and further indicate their femininity by appending to their sacques a curious tail reaching almost to the ground, which they renew whenever it becomes so dirty as to shock even their sluggish sensibilities. Still another distinguishing mark, permissible, however, only to those that have attained the dignity of motherhood, is the *amook*, a capacious hood hung between the shoulders, which forms the safest and snuggest of all carrying-places for babies that would otherwise be "in arms."

In addition to the records of the Moravian missionaries, the reports of Arctic explorers and the stories brought back by whalers and sealers concerning the Eskimo, much information has been gained of late through the measures taken by the Canadian Government to determine the practicability of Hudson's Bay as a commercial highway. For three successive years expeditions on an extensive scale have been despatched to that little known region, and observing stations have been maintained throughout the year at different points along the coast of Labrador, and the

shores of that great inland sea, which has not inappropriately been termed the "Mediterranean of Canada." As one result of these expeditions, much attention has been drawn to the natives. Lieutenant Gordon, who has commanded all three, has many kind words for them. He finds them docile, amiable, and willing to work, and apparently much pleased with the prospect of increased intercourse with the white man. Occasionally one is met with that has been sufficiently enterprising to acquire the English language, while many others understand well enough what is said to them in that language, although they cannot be persuaded to speak it.

They are wildly fond of any article of civilized clothing, and the head man at one settlement exhibited no little pride in the possession of a stand-up linen collar, almost worthy to be placed beside one of Mr. Gladstone's.



ESKIMO. SLEDGE.

When stores were being landed at the stations, the Eskimo would gather about and offer their services, which were always accepted, and then all day long they would toil cheerfully side by side with their white brethren, requiring no other remuneration than biscuits. When so much has been written by Arctic explorers about the incorrigible kleptomania of the natives they encountered, it is no less a matter for surprise than for gratification that Lieutenant Gordon can bear this testimony as to the moral status of the Eskimo at Hudson's Bay: "One word may be said in regard to their honesty. Although scraps of iron and wood possess a value to them which we can hardly appreciate, they would take nothing without first asking leave. Not even a chip or broken nail was taken without their first coming for permission to the officer who was on duty."

No doubt the fact that practical liquor prohibition prevails has something to do with this commendable showing. The law,

aided and abetted by the vigilant missionaries, shuts out everything stronger than lime-juice, and the path of the Eskimo is free from the most seductive and destructive of all temptations, except when some unprincipled whaler offers him a pull out of his flask. This, however, is a rare occurrence, and there is no record of any such disturbance ever having been raised as would in more highly civilized communities call for the interference of the police. Although the simplicity of their life and their freedom from many modern vices conduce to longevity, these advantages are more than counterbalanced by the strain put upon their constitutions by the severity of the climate and the incessant struggle for food. Consequently, they soon age, and seldom live beyond sixty years.

The doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness finds few adherents in Eskimo land. The rule seems to be to eschew washing throughout the year, and many a mighty hunter goes through life innocent of a bath, unless, indeed, he should happen to be tumbled out of his *kayak* by some irate walrus with other than sanitary designs in mind.

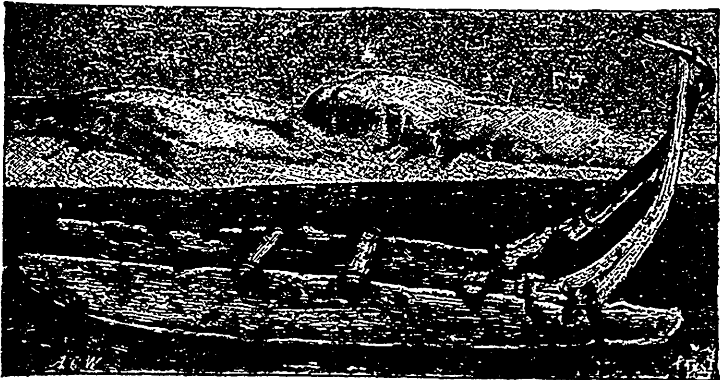
So familiar has the world been made through the medium of Arctic exploration literature with the *igloos* (huts), *kayaks* and *umiaks* (boats), sledges, dogs, harpoons, and other possessions of these people, which are precisely the same wherever they may be found, that reference to them seems unnecessary, especially as the Canadian Eskimo offer nothing peculiar. But, before concluding, a few words must be added as to the moral and intellectual characteristics of this race. Their intelligence is considerable. In some instances they display not only a taste but a talent for music, chart-making, and drawing. One case is mentioned where a mere lad drew an excellent outline of the coast for over a hundred miles, indicating its many irregularities with astonishing accuracy. They are capital mimics, and are apt at learning the songs and dances of their white visitors. But they are poor men of business. They generally leave to the purchaser the fixing of the price of anything they have to sell.

Stealing and lying were unknown among them until these "black arts" were introduced by the whites as products of civilization, and unhappily, the natives are proving apt pupils. They are also somewhat given to gambling. Although by no means without courage, they seldom quarrel and never go to war with one another.

As to religion, the Eskimo, before they accepted Christianity,

had little or none that was worthy of the name. They believe in the immortality of the soul, but liberally extend this doctrine to the lower animals also, which they endow with souls. They hold, also, that human souls can pass into the bodies of these very animals.

With respect to the Higher Powers, their creed is that the world is ruled by supernatural beings, whom they call "owners," and, as almost every object has its owner, this would seem to be a kind of Pantheism. After death human souls go either up or down; but in curious contrast to the belief of all other races, the good, in their opinion, go to the nether world, where they bask in a land, not of milk and honey, but of inexhaustible seal meat and blub-



ESKIMO SLEDGE.

ber. The bad, on the other hand, go to the upper world, where they suffer, not from excess of heat, but from frost and famine.

Like all aborigines, they have their own legend of the Deluge, and to this day they proudly point out a large island lying between Okkak and Hebron, rising to the height of nearly seven thousand feet, which they claim was the only spot left uncovered by the Flood, and upon which a select party of their antediluvian ancestors survived the otherwise all-embracing catastrophe.

The future destiny of this interesting race may be readily forecast. In common with the Red Indian of the plains, the swarthy Eskimo may adopt with reference to the white man those words of fathomless pathos uttered by John the Baptist in reference to the Messiah, "He must increase, but I must decrease." It is merely a question of time. All over the vast region he inhabits are signs showing that his numbers were far greater once than

they are at present. The insatiable greed of his white brothers is rendering his existence increasingly difficult. The seal and the walrus are ever being driven farther north, and that means a sterner and shorter struggle for life. As the Indian will not long survive the buffalo, so the Eskimo will not long survive the seal. There are, perhaps, fifteen thousand of them now scattered far and wide over the tremendous spaces between Labrador and Alaska. Each year their numbers are growing less, and ere long the last remnant of the race will have vanished, and the great lone North will return to the state of appalling solitude and silence that only the Canadian Children of the Cold had the fortitude to alleviate by their presence.

ALONE!

ATHIRST and weary lies the strand,
 Mocked by the sunny, salty sea;
The waves came dancing hand in hand,
 And leap and laugh, in childish glee,
Among the barren dunes of sand.

There, leaning wistful to the land—
 As once in fear it sought to flee,
And, paralyzed by God's command,
 Was chained to duty—stands a tree,
Sore buffeted by blast and brand.

It leans, in longing to the land—
 And laughter seems in all the seas,
And wrinkled laughter in the sand;
 Seems laughter in the breeze to be,
That only fevered when it fanned.

But nightly, nearer, bends the sky,
 And nearer the sympathetic moon;
God's robes of cloud go trailing by
 Inviting touch, assuring boon;
So far the land, but heaven so nigh.

Soul, leaning wilful to the land,
 Whom God hath set by His salt sea—
'Tis hard for thee to understand
 The larger world that stoops to thee,
Above thy barren dunes of sand.—*S. S. Times.*

THE MISERIES OF A PALACE.

BY *MISS MAY TWEEDIE.*

"O READER, we will pity the crowned head as well as the hatted and even hatless one," is the pathetic comment of Carlyle, as he deals with some perplexing phases of royal character.

This spontaneous ebullition of sympathy reveals its highest pathos when applied to a royal life of such intense suffering and difficulty as that of Frederica Sophie Wilhelmine, eldest daughter of Frederick William I. of Prussia, and his wife Sophie Dorothea, daughter of George I. of England. A volume of memoirs from the pen of this distinguished lady which have recently, through the effort of Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, become accessible in an English translation—dedicated to her brother-in-law, the late Emperor of Germany—vividly recall days long since passed into history, and give a picture of life in the court of Berlin at that remote period as interesting as it is appalling.

The brief limits of a magazine article consign to oblivion the many minute, and by no means cheerful, details which invest this volume with almost painful interest as well as touching gloom, affording space for only the most prominent events in the life of this unfortunate Prussian princess. To be thoroughly understood, this sketch must be prefaced by a cursory review of the character of her royal parents. Frederick William I. was the son of Frederick I., a liberal-minded, splendour-loving monarch. But not a semblance of either quality did he transmit to his son, who, on ascending the throne in 1713, emphasized his intolerance of all display by reducing within two months the expenses of his state administration and household to one-fifth what they had previously been, gradually introducing similar reforms into every department.

The object of this strict economy—correctly designated by contemporary sovereigns as "sordid avarice"—was ambition to make Prussia one of the leading military powers of Europe. To attain this end he sacrificed even the comfort of his household. He deprived them of the necessaries of life, and compelled the Queen and her daughters to assist in the domestic work.

Frederick's ungovernable temper inflicted indescribable misery on his family. Yet on the slightest provocation this "explosive bear" wept with childish copiousness, revealing in many instances a kind heart, in others merely the subservience of his *emotional*

nature to selfish interests. Possessing but little ability to discern character, he selected as chief advisers Grumkow and the Prince of Anhalt, unworthy men, capable of ruining any young sovereign. The Royal Consort, Sophie, one of the most beautiful princesses of her day, and "perfect in all the arts of deportment," was withal cruelly obstinate, seldom concurring in the wishes of the King, and caring little for her children, except as they subserved her ambitious designs.

Such was the parentage of the Crown Princess Wilhelmine, born in 1709—the second of fourteen children—and three years the senior of the world-renowned Frederick the Great, the brother to whom she was so ardently attached, and over whom she exerted so great an influence. But four years intervened between the grand ceremonial of christening—witnessed by three kings—and the introduction of the youthful princess to her first governess, Mademoiselle Leti, a clever but violent and revengeful Dutchwoman. This lady immediately added to her functions as teacher that of matchmaker—being employed in this capacity by the Prince of Anhalt, who thus early in his administration conceived the idea of promoting his interests by arranging a marriage between the Princess Wilhelmine and his uncouth, dissolute nephew, the Margrave of Schwedt—a project which Leti was to aid by fostering in her juvenile charge a proper degree of respect and affection for her unwelcome suitor.

But the attempt to carry out this plan requiring for its completion the removal of the King and the Crown Prince, and the elevation of the Margrave to the throne, to which he had a remote claim, involved so many diabolical plots, intrigues and attempts on the life of the King, that His Majesty becoming aware of the commotion, withdrew his consent given in the initial stages of the affair; and having wreaked his rage on the least culpable offenders, decided to prevent further trouble from this source by marrying the Margrave to a Russian princess. He however refused most peremptorily to acquiesce in the wishes of the King, retiring in the meantime, to reappear in a similar connection at a subsequent and much more exciting period in the history of the Princess.

Leti, annoyed that the match was broken off, and that no further prospect remained of receiving presents from Anhalt, vented her wrath on her unfortunate pupil. Abusive epithets, accompanied by blows and ill-treatment, resulted, on more than one occasion, in prolonged illness. The Queen, whose faculty of perception and maternal solicitude were somewhat dormant, except in cases affecting her own interests, permitted this treatment to continue without interruption, till the Princess,

exhausted with suffering and terrified by threats, sank into a state of melancholy.

An interesting event chronologically allied to this portion of our review is a visit to Berlin of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, accompanied by the Empress and a suite of four hundred persons. The stalwart Czar observing the King, who stood ready to greet him as he left the ship, rushed forward and seizing his hand shook it vigorously, remarking with quaint cordiality, "Brother Frederick, I am very pleased to see you," reserving a much more enthusiastic greeting for the Queen, who, unfamiliar with the peculiarities of Russian courtesy, assumed a hauteur quite embarrassing to the friendly Czar. "The Czarina"—to quote the humorous description of the Princess—was "small, broad and brown-looking, without the slightest dignity or appearance. You had only to look at her to detect her low origin. She might have passed for a German actress, she had decked herself out in such a manner. Her dress had been bought second-hand, and was trimmed with dirty-looking silver embroidery. She wore a dozen orders, and around the bottom of her dress hung quantities of relics and pictures of saints which rattled when she walked, and reminded one of a smartly harnessed mule." A slight hesitation on the part of the Empress to comply with a trifling request, gave the Emperor an opportunity to epitomize his system of domestic government in the remark, "You will lose your head if you do not obey me!" This barbarous court departed after a stay of two days, carrying with them many valuable presents.

But to return to events more intimately connected with the Princess. Mdlle. Von Sonnsfield, an excellent and accomplished lady familiar in the Prussian court, succeeded Leti as governess. This happy appointment gave the Princess a life-long and devoted friend. Under her benign tuition music, history, philosophy, English, and Italian lost the mysteries which Leti's long sessions, beginning at eight a.m. and continuing till nine p.m., failed to elucidate, and became not merely intelligible but enjoyable. Reading was a cherished though surreptitious occupation, indulged in only when the meagre library under the bed could be drawn from its hiding-place without attracting the attention of the King, who despised all learning, considering needlework and household duties of paramount importance. But for the more enlightened views of the Queen, the education of the Princess would have been sadly neglected.

We now come to the regions of narrative from the intricate mazes of which must be extricated the "double marriage project," a plan to unite the courts of England and Prussia by

arranging a marriage between the Duke of Gloucester, grandson of George I., and the Princess Wilhelmine, and the Crown Prince and Princess Amelia, sister of the Duke of Gloucester. This matrimonial drama—for such it was destined to become—gives Queen Sophie unenviable prominence as its instigator and relentless supporter—so relentless that though her home was for years darkened by perpetual quarrels, and her children tortured through a vain ambition to elevate her daughter to the English throne, yet with implacable obstinacy she clung to the project, facing the direst opposition with the fearless assertion: "I will overturn the German nation if driven to it in this matter!"

Owing to some skilful manœuvring on the part of the English court to prejudice King George against the double marriage, he was not as "impressively eager" on this point as Queen Sophie. Alarmed lest the alliance of the Duke of Gloucester with a clever young princess might lessen their influence with the King, the leading ladies of the court, the Princess of Wales, and others, despatched several emissaries to Berlin to play a game for them there. The most absurd reports of the Princess suddenly became current in England, none however less flattering than that of one Polnitz, who described her as a "monster of ill-temper, proud, haughty and deformed!" King George, influenced by several considerations—few more potent than a moderate degree of attractiveness in a daughter-in-law—hesitated to sign the marriage treaty.

But wily Queen Sophie determined to outwit her foes. With the co-operation of parsimonious Frederick William, eager for prospective financial advantages to secure the marriage of his daughter, she contrived to lure her "taciturn, splenetic" parent to Berlin, not without many agreeable private speculations as to the result. Great demonstrations greeted the arrival of this august monarch, every one was enthusiastic, except the unfortunate Wilhelmine. She was immediately monopolized by the artistes of the court, and bewildered by lectures on deportment and dress; such elaborate preparations for one solitary interview with "His Britannic Majesty," a stolid, rigid scrutiny by candle light, unbroken by the faintest sign of approval, quite disgusted the Princess with English royalty.

But a great load was rolled from the parental hearts during this visit. Queen Sophie was triumphant. "The negotiation, protracted for years, was brought to a victorious issue—the Double Marriage Treaty was signed." But neither subtle tactics, nor fervent appeals, subsequently induced King George to consent to the celebration of the marriage. This decisive step was

successively evaded by the excuses, "Parliament had not been consulted; the contracting parties were too young."

Irritated at the postponement of the marriage, and indignant at the refusal of King George to continue the contribution of recruits to his army, Frederick William gradually entertained less friendly feelings toward England. The relations between the courts rapidly cooled, preparing the way for the second act in this sad drama.

Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, determined to sever every vestige of connection by treaty between Prussia and England, avert all possibility of a matrimonial union between the countries, and strengthen his own position by gaining the support of his influential neighbour. He accordingly opened negotiations with Grumkow, who, dazzled by brilliant venal inducements, became his willing accomplice. Count Seckendorf, the clever, fascinating envoy of the court of Vienna, opportunely arrived in Berlin, accompanied by a large suite of Hungarian soldiers, the smallest of whom stood six feet high. These he presented to the delighted monarch, together with many flattering messages from the Emperor. Nor did the brilliant fêtes given by Seckendorf fail to make an impression on the King, who was no enemy to good living, provided he did not have to pay for it.

The Princess, meantime powerless to gratify personal preference, or interfere in the most trifling detail affecting her marriage, spent the time most sorrowfully, surrounded by intriguing maids and tormented by the Queen. Jealousy incarnate, Her Majesty doomed to brevity every period of concord between the King and Princess, and embittered the life of the latter by continual fault-finding. Never oblivious to the English project, her manœuvring kept the court in perpetual agitation. George II., now King, met the ceaseless negotiations of his dauntless sister with tantalizing indifference, and repulsed the most touching personal appeals with the excuse Parliament had not been consulted.

An attack of gout at this juncture made the irascible old King of Prussia more irritable than ever. The entire household quailed before his angry violence. The Crown Prince and Princess, never allowed to leave his bedside, compelled to eat what they absolutely loathed, had to endure indescribable misery. Famished with hunger and tormented by alternate scoldings and blows, the Prince talked of flight and the Princess coveted death. Subjected to such treatment, the latter succumbed to an attack of small-pox. Exiled to an icy-cold room, shut out from all the world except her beloved brother Fritz, her situation by contrast was most agreeable. An interval of peace followed the King's recovery and departure to Potsdam.

Grumkow and Seckendorf quickly renewed the family contentions. Indefatigable in surreptitious efforts to prevent the English alliance, they induced the King to accept the distasteful Margrave Schmedt as a suitor for his unfortunate daughter. "If the Queen," said His Majesty, "does not agree to this marriage and the conditions I propose I shall break with her forever, and she retires with her worthless daughter, whom I shall no longer acknowledge, to her dower-house of Oranienburg." "Though the King torture me to death, I will never consent to such marriage," was the defiant reply. As a compromise she proposed the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth—an excellent young prince and prospective sovereign. Frederick William grumbled assent, but as the Princess married in opposition to his wishes he would consent to give no dowry. The Princess refused to leave home penniless and denounced by her father.

At this juncture, the domestic sorrows of Her Majesty began to excite so much sympathy among the Berlin public that the English envoy despatched Dr. Villa, English chaplain of the city, and a teacher of the Princess, to London. His eloquent representation of the troubles of the court of Berlin and glowing description of the Prince and Princess excited universal interest. The entire nation favoured the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Prussian Princess. The Prince, though never having seen his cousin, declared himself hopelessly in love. George II. despatched his envoy to Berlin to make a proposal for the hand of the Princess. The arrival of this functionary was celebrated by a magnificent dinner. The guests became immoderately drunk, Frederick William reaching such a state of exhilaration as to propose the health of Wilhelmine, Princess of Wales, thus disclosing the whole secret of the envoy's mission. Bewildered by congratulations and demonstrations of delight which greeted his toast, the King burst into maudlin tears. The private rooms of the Princess were quickly invaded by the Queen's ladies, with a torrent of domestics in the rear, shouting, "Long live the Princess of Wales!" No one retained a vestige of composure except the Princess, who, on learning the cause of the commotion, quietly resumed her work.

The marriage was now accepted as a certainty. Soon, however, a violent break with England took place, and Frederick William having driven every one nearly mad, arranged to have the Princess become a nun. To add to the prevailing confusion, Fritz at last attempted flight from the court, a step often averted by the tears and entreaties of his favourite sister. He fell into the hands of his father, who seized him, tore his hair out in handfuls and beat him till he bled. Similar scenes of violence often darkened

his life. A subsequent attempt of the King to kill his unfortunate son resulted in the transfer of the latter to the Custrin—a dark, gloomy fortress—there to languish for a year.

These tidings left no leisure for prolonged or overwhelming grief in the court of Berlin. Prompt action only can avert more awful proceedings on the part of His Majesty. Arrest and death must be the fate of many, should the secret correspondence of the Prince with England, the Queen, Princess and others fall into the hands of the King. Hours of inquiry and days of search reveal no vestige of the hidden casket of letters. The Queen and Princess prostrate with terror, haunted by visions of unprecedented cruelty, yield to despair, when Katt, Frederick's reader, *stealthily* forwards the casket to the Queen. After some deliberation it is broken open, disclosing hundreds of old, yellow letters, many written with lemon juice. These burned, the Queen assigns to the Princess the terrible task of writing an equal number of new ones with old dates! No sooner was the task completed and the casket sealed, than the King arrived. A pitiable scene, most graphically described by the Princess, ensued.

"The Queen was alone in His Majesty's apartment waiting for him, as he approached. At the sight of her in the distance, he exclaimed, 'Your son is ended at last!' 'What,' cried the Queen, 'have you had the barbarity to kill him?' 'Yes, I tell you. Where is the casket with his letters?' Wringing her hands and crying incessantly, the Queen got it for him. He immediately broke it open, unsuspiciously tore out the letters, and left the room. Returning shortly, my sisters and I approached him to kiss his hand. He no sooner saw me than he became black with rage, and hit me so violently, that I fell insensible to the ground. The King tried to kick me and repeat his blows, but was prevented by the Queen and my sisters. It is impossible for me to describe our despairing condition! The King was almost choked with rage, and had a wild look in his eyes, while his face was red and swollen and his mouth foaming. The Queen was crying and wringing her hands, all around were pale as death, and I—I was in the very depths of despair, I was shivering from head to foot and a cold perspiration poured off my face. He then said my brother was not dead, but, 'by all the holy angels,' he would kill him. He abused me, saying that I was the cause of all the trouble that had fallen on us, and accusing me of being implicated in my brother's plans to escape, swore I should pay for it with my head. He then ordered me to be confined to my room."

Crowds of people from the street with sobs and groans witnessed this stormy interview, originating no end of sympathetic exaggerations. The report ran through Berlin that the unfortunate Princess had been put to death. Sorrow prevailed everywhere His Majesty, frantic with rage, arrests, punishes, banishes, where there is a trace of co-operation or connection with the desertion of

his son. The Princess—confined in an attic room, guarded by sentries, dieted on bones devoid of meat, cooked in salt and water; terrified by the frequent visits from insolent lackeys of the King, with threats of exile to a convent, for months deprived of the visits of friends; frenzied by the knowledge that her brother, covered with rags and vermin, unshaven and half starved, lies in prison with no hope of release—is on the verge of insanity.

Huge cheeses from the Queen are sometimes smuggled into the room, containing letters enjoining opposition to proposals of marriage made by the King, and fidelity to the English alliance, which she intends yet to achieve! An attempt to bind the Princess by oath to her wishes is dexterously evaded on religious grounds. Mdlle. Von Sonnsfield is at length admitted to this prison. The study of the sciences begins, matters brighten. An occasional note arrives from the Crown Prince. Baskets of provisions, smuggled in by the thoughtful Berlin people, avert starvation. Thus a year rolls monotonously away. At length marriage projects are renewed. After many significant movements on the part of the King, a stately pompous embassy, equipped with formidable documents, invaded the isolated apartment. With great suavity, but greater mendacity, they interviewed the terrified Princess.

"Grumkow, the spokesman, in soft phrase and with strict clearness, makes it apparent to the excited girl that marry she must the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, and that without the consent of her mother, which is unattainable at present, but by the peremptory command of the King, whose will is supreme. 'Submit,' says Grumkow, 'and your brother is to be completely set at liberty. You will be given a larger dowry than any of your sisters and restored to the favour of the King, likewise the Queen will be treated more kindly.' The Princess, sobbing bitterly during this address, composed herself to reply, 'I gladly sacrifice myself for my family, hoping peace will thereby be restored to it.'"

The betrothal, celebrated with great pomp and ceremony in the state-room of the castle, was a sad scene. The King approached the Prince of Baireuth and Princess, causing them to exchange rings. The Queen cast revengeful glances on all around; the guests and ladies, overcome by the sad circumstances attending this event, tearfully kissed the hem of the robe of the Princess, who with heroic calmness pledged herself to a man to whom she had merely been presented. A brief engagement gave the Princess an opportunity to meet the Prince occasionally, and become in a measure attached to him. She respected him for his generosity, temperate habits, abhorrence of profanity and other vices, which had made the Prince of Wales and rival suitors so obnoxious.

The spiteful malignity of the Queen, which knew no cessation,

and many glowing descriptions of the court of Baireuth, said to surpass in magnificence that of Berlin, made the Princess anxious to sever the painful associations of her home. Tedious and deceptive financial arrangements completed, it was with a degree of pleasure she hailed her wedding-day. In the magnificent state-room, robed in a court dress of cloth of silver, with imposing train, beneath a canopy of crimson velvet, surrounded by many guests, the Princess was at last—married! At the wedding party her beloved brother suddenly appeared.

"'I was so overcome with joy,' writes the Princess, 'that had not Grumkow supported me, I should have fallen to the ground. I rushed to him, clasped him in my arms, and was quite beside myself with happiness; I laughed, cried, and talked the most utter nonsense. I threw myself at my father's feet, and in deep, heartfelt gratitude said so many touching, tender words that he began to cry. Upon this the whole company began to weep. There was nothing to be seen but pocket handkerchiefs, and the scene resembled the most affecting situation in a tragedy.'"

Baireuth was a bitter disappointment to the expectant bride. The intriguing old Margrave, father of the Prince, was a worthy successor of the Queen. Spiteful, jealous, pompous and penurious, he embittered every moment of the life of his unfortunate daughter-in-law. His daughters were not more agreeable. The court functionaries, peasants, rather than gentlemen, were incapable of conversing on any other subject than horses and cattle! Daily they drank themselves into a state of boisterous hilarity. Every one surrounding the court seemed coarse, dangerous and tiresome. The apartments of the Princess—a suite of three rooms, hung with antiquated paper, floors carpetless, with broken window-panes and tattered curtains—were as gorgeous as any in the castle! Badly cooked dishes of vinegar and onions were staple articles of diet.

Illness at length added to the despair of the Princess. Neglected by her husband, who occupied his time with trifling amusements; so poverty-stricken that she lacked means to buy even a dress—the "large dowry" being a loan to the Margrave, set down to her account but never paid—she had ample time and cause for bitter reflections. Sought in marriage by four kings, yet settled in this disgusting court, her situation was almost unbearable. The King visited Baireuth, with tears of sympathy, everything but relief for pecuniary embarrassments. He returned to Berlin, summoned the Prince to join his army, and ordered the Princess to Berlin. Afraid of incurring the King's anger, the Hereditary Prince hurried away, leaving the Princess destitute of means to undertake the journey. Sorely against her will, she solicited help from the Margrave. Insolently repulsed, she wrote to her father.

An angry letter from the King wrested a meagre sum from the Margrave. A cold, dreary autumn journey brought the exhausted Princess to Berlin. Fainting with fatigue, she was met by the heartless mother with "What do you want here? Why have you not remained in Baireuth, where you can hide your poverty? You will disgrace us all." Anticipating a kinder welcome from her father, who arrived next day from Potsdam, she was doomed to bitter disappointment. After a chilling greeting, he remarked, "I pity both you and the Prince; you have not even bread. I am a poor man, but will try to give you a few thalers from time to time; and you," he remarked, turning to the Queen, "can occasionally give her a dress!" The sympathy of her husband and brother was the sole consolation of the sorrowful Princess in the many scenes of humiliation which embittered her visit.

Unable to derive support from the Hereditary Prince, to whom the King refused any adequate remuneration for his services in the army, and dependent on her brother for clothing, she meditated flight to Holland, the pawning of her jewels, and life in disguise! Forced to spend some time at Wausterhausen, and where six small dishes served twenty-four persons, cold and hunger resulted in illness. A cool farewell was the last interview with her father. He died shortly after her departure. Deeply attached to him, with commendable magnanimity ascribing his faults to a hasty temper and baneful credulity, rather than a bad heart, she keenly lamented his death. "Remain at Baireuth. What on earth do you want here, where you will be received like a dog? Don't come to a devil's den, where you will hear only groans and cries, and where every one is ill-used," was the reply of her brother to a request to be allowed to visit her dying parent.

Though the death of the Margrave and the succession of the Hereditary Prince to the Margravate secured relief from financial embarrassments, the comforts of an elegant home, and luxuries hitherto unknown, yet the Princess was doomed to suffer from the neglect and coldness of her idolized brother. Elated by succession to the throne, conscious of the brilliant career opening before him, King Frederick scornfully twitted his sensitive sister on her comparative poverty and "little court." Her heart was well-nigh broken. Not knowing the solace of religion, she turned to a cold and sceptical philosophy. Among the first of those questioning minds that strove after intellectual freedom, she and her brother Frederick studied the English philosophers—Newton, Locke, and Shaftesbury—and the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau. After years of struggling and groping through

the labyrinths of science in search of solace for her sorrows, the Margravine pathetically writes to Voltaire, "I could never find in philosophy any cure for the wounds of the heart except that of getting done with our miseries by ceasing to live."

The memoirs of the Margravine end abruptly, without any special record of the last fifteen years of her life. Her touchingly tender letters to her brother and correspondence with Voltaire, continued till her death, throw light on her declining years.

In the light of her memoirs, the Margravine seems to have possessed great strength of character. Her influence on the intellectual development of her country was great. A centre of learning and culture hitherto unknown in Germany was formed by her. Her intellectual force and goodness entitle her to a high place among the remarkable women of the eighteenth century. Her health, shattered by incessant sorrows and anxieties, gave way, causing her death at a comparatively early age, long before her brother had achieved the greatness she ever foretold for him. Her end came on the 15th of October, 1758, in the same night, at the same hour, that her brother was surprised and defeated by the Austrians at Hochkirch.

The news of her death, coming at such a critical moment, fell on Frederick with overwhelming force. The one heart which he had loved, the one friend on whose judgment he had ever relied, the sister he had so adored—was gone!

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A LITTLE pause in life, while daylight lingers
  Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,
When daily labour slips from weary fingers,
  And soft, gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Peace, peace—the Lord of earth and heaven knoweth
  The human soul in all its heat and strife;
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
  But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, aye, life in all its sweetness;
  Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
  Shall taint Thine earth and vex Thine heart no more.

Serve Him in daily work and earnest living,
  And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
  Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTHOR.*

BY THE LATE REV. E. P. ROE.

LIKE so many other people, I came from a very old family, one from which there is good proof of an unbroken line through the Dark Ages, and all ages, to the first man. My forefathers (not "rude," to my knowledge) were among the first settlers on the Atlantic seaboard. My mother died some years before I attained my majority, and I cannot remember when she was not an invalid. Such literary tendencies as I have are derived from her; but I do not possess a tithe of her intellectual power. Her story-books in her youth were the classics; and when she was but twelve years of age she knew "Paradise Lost" by heart. In my recollections of her the Bible, and all works tending to elucidate its prophecies, were her favourite themes of study. The retentiveness of her memory was very remarkable. If any one repeated a verse of the New Testament she could go on and finish the chapter. Indeed, she could quote the greater part of the Bible with the ease and accuracy of one reading from the printed page. The works of Hugh Miller, and the Arctic Explorations of Dr. Kane, afforded her much pleasure. Confined usually to her room, she took unfailing delight in wandering about the world with the great travellers of that day, her strong fancy reproducing the scenes they described. A stirring bit of history moved her deeply. Well do I remember, when a boy, of reading to her a chapter from Motley's "Dutch Republic," and of witnessing in her flushed cheeks and sparkling black eyes proof of an excitement all too great for one in her frail health. She had the unusual gift of relating in an easy, simple way what she read, and many a book, far too abstruse and dull for my boyish taste, became an absorbing story from her lips. One of her chief characterisicts was the love of flowers. I can scarcely recall her when a flower of some kind, usually a rose, was not within her reach; and only periods of great feebleness kept her from their daily care, winter and summer.

My father, on the other hand, was a sturdy man of action. His love for the country was so strong that he retired from business, in New York, as soon as he had won a modest competency. For forty-odd years he never wearied in the cultivation of his little valley farm. During the last summer of his life, when in his

* Abridged from an Autobiography in *Lippincott's Magazine.*

eighty-seventh year, he had the delight of a child in driving over to my house in the early morning, long before I was up, and in leaving a basket of sweet corn or some other vegetable which he knew would prove his garden to be ahead of mine.

My father was very simple and positive in his beliefs, always openly foremost in the reform movements of his day and in his neighbourhood. His house often became a station of the "underground railroad" in slavery times, and on one night, in the depth of winter, he took a hotly-pursued fugitive in his sleigh and drove him five miles on the ice, diagonally across the Hudson, to Fishkill, thence putting the brave aspirant for freedom on the way to other friends. He incurred several risks in this act. It is rarely safe to drive on the river off the beaten track at night, for there are usually air-holes, and the strong tides are continually making changes in the ice. When told that he might be sent to jail for his defiance of the Fugitive Slave Law, he quietly answered, "I can go to jail." The thing he could not do was to deny the man's appeal to him for help.

He often practised close economy, in order to give his sons a good education. The one act of my life which I remember with unalloyed pride and pleasure occurred while at boarding-school in Vermont, preparing for college. I learned through my mother that my father had denied himself his daily newspaper; and I knew how much he would miss it. We burned wood in the large stone seminary building. Every autumn great ranks of hard maple were piled up, and students who wished to earn a little money were paid a dollar a cord for sawing it into three lengths. I applied for nine cords, and went at the unaccustomed task after study-hours. My back aches yet as I recall the experiences of subsequent weeks, for the wood was heavy, thick, and hard as a bone. I eventually had the pleasure of sending to my father the subscription-price of his paper for a year. If a boy reads these lines, let me assure him that he will never know a sweeter moment in his life than when he receives the thanks of his parents for some such effort in their behalf. No investment can ever pay them better.

In one of my books, "Nature's Serial Story," my father and mother appear, slightly idealized.

Toward the close of my first year in College, a misfortune occurred which threatened to be very serious. Studying by defective light injured my eyes. They quickly became so sensitive that I could scarcely endure lamplight, or the heat of a stove, only the cold out-door air relieving the pain. So I spent much time in wandering about in the boisterous weather of early spring in

Williamstown. At last I became so discouraged that I went to President Hopkins, and told him that I feared I must give up the purpose of acquiring an education. Never can I forget how that grand old man met the disheartened boy. Speaking in the wise, friendly way which subdued the heart and strengthened the will, he made the half-hour spent with him the turning-point of my life. In conclusion, he advised me to enter the senior class the following fall, thus taking a partial course of study. How many men are living to-day who owe much of the best in their lives to that divinely-inspired guide and teacher of youth!

I next went to another man, great in his sphere of life—Dr. Agnew, the oculist. He gave my eyes a thorough examination, told me that he could do nothing for them, that rest and the vigour acquired from out-door life would restore them. He was as kind and sympathetic in his way as the college president, and charged but a trifle, to relieve me from the sense of taking charity. By the time I entered Auburn Theological Seminary my eyes were quite restored, and I was able to go through the first year's course of study without difficulty. In the summer of 1862 I could no longer resist the call for men in the army. Learning that the Second New York Cavalry was without a chaplain, I obtained the appointment to that position. In December, 1862, I witnessed the bloody and disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, and can never forget the experience of that useless tragedy.

General Bayard, commanding our brigade, was mortally wounded, and died like a hero. He was carried to a fine mansion near which he had received his injury. Many other desperately-wounded men were brought to the spacious rooms of this abode of Southern luxury, and the surgeons were kept busy all through the day and night. It was here I gained my first experience in hospital work. In February I resigned, with the purpose of completing my studies, and spent the remainder of the term at the Union Theological Seminary of New York. My regiment would not get another chaplain, so I again returned to it. In November I received a month's leave of absence, and was married to Miss Anna P. Sands, of New York City.

In the spring my wife joined me at Washington, and a few days later accompanied me to the scene of my new labours at Hampton Hospital, near Fortress Monroe. There were not many patients at that time in the large barrack wards; but as soon as the Army of the Potomac broke through the Wilderness and approached our vicinity, transports in increasing numbers, laden with desperately-wounded men, came to our wharf. Duty became constant and severe, while the scenes witnessed were often

painful in the last degree. More truly than on the field, the real horrors of war are learned from the long agonies in the hospital. On one day I buried as many as twenty-nine men. Every evening, till the duty became like a nightmare, I followed the dead-cart, filled up with coffins, once, twice, and often thrice, to the cemetery. Eventually an associate chaplain was appointed, who relieved me of this task.

Fortunately my tastes led me to employ an antidote to my daily work as useful to me as to the patients. Surrounding the hospital was much waste land. This, with the aid of the convalescents, I transformed into a garden, and for two successive seasons sent to the general kitchen fresh vegetables by the waggon-load. If reward were needed, the wistful delight with which a patient from the front would regard a raw onion was ample, while for me the care of the homely, growing vegetables and fruits brought a diversion of mind which made life more endurable.

One of the great needs of the patients who had to fight the winning or losing battle of life was good reading; and I speedily sought to obtain a supply. Hearts and purses, at the North, responded promptly and liberally, publishers threw off fifty per cent. from their prices, and I was eventually able to collect, by gift and purchase, about three thousand volumes. In gathering this library, I provided what may be distinctly termed religious reading in abundance, but I also recognized the need of diversion. Long wards were filled with men who had lost a leg or an arm, and who must lie in one position for weeks. To help them to get through the time was to help them to live. I therefore made the library rich in popular fiction and genial books of travel and biography. Full sets of Irving, Cooper, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and other standard works were bought; and many a time I have seen a poor fellow absorbed in their pages while holding his stump lest the jar of a footstep should send a dart of agony to the point of mutilation. My wife gave me much assistance in my hospital duties, often reaching and influencing those beyond me. Some of the hospital attendants, men and women, had good voices, and we organized a choir. Every Sunday afternoon we went from ward to ward singing familiar hymns. It was touching to see rough fellows drawing their blankets over their heads to hide the emotion caused by words and melodies associated, in many instances, with home and mother.

Northern generosity, and, in the main, convalescent labour, enabled me to build a large, commodious chapel, and to make great improvements in the hospital farm. In 1865 the blessed

era of peace began, bringing its many changes. In October the hospital became practically empty, and I resigned.

After a little rest and some candidating for a church, I took a small parish at Highland Falls, about a mile from West Point, New York, entering on my labours in January, 1866. In this village my wife and I spent nine very happy years. They were full of trials and many cares, but free from those events which bring the deep shadows into one's life. We soon became engaged in building a new stone church. The effort to raise funds for this enterprise led me into the lecture-field, and here I found my cavalry raid and army life in general exceedingly useful. I looked around for a patch of garden-ground as instinctively as a duck seeks water. The small plot adjoining the parsonage speedily grew into about three acres, from which eventually came a book entitled "Play and Profit in my Garden."

Up to the year 1871, I had written little for publication beyond occasional contributions to the New York *Evangelist*, nor had I seriously contemplated a literary life. In October, 1871, I was asked to preach for a far up-town congregation in New York, with the possibility of a settlement in view. On the Monday following the services of the Sabbath, the officers of the church were kind enough to ask me to spend a week with them and visit among the people. Meantime, the morning papers laid before us the startling fact that the city of Chicago was burning and that its population was becoming homeless. The tidings impressed me powerfully, waking the deepest sympathy. I said to myself, "Here is a phase of life as remarkable as any witnessed during the war." I obeyed the impulse to be on the scene as soon as possible, stated my purpose to my friends, and was soon among the smoking ruins, finding an abiding-place, with throngs of others, in a partially-finished hotel. For days and nights I wandered where a city had been, and among the extemporized places of refuge harbouring all classes of people. Late one night I sat for a long time on the steps of Robert Collyer's church, and watched the full moon through the roofless walls and shattered steeple. There was not an evidence of life where had been populous streets. It was there and then, as nearly as I can remember, that the vague outlines of my first story, "Barriers Burned Away," began to take form in my mind. I soon returned home, and began to dream and write, giving, during the following year, such hours as could be withdrawn from many other duties to the construction of the story. I wrote when and where I could—on steam-boats, in railway-cars, and at all odd hours of leisure, often with long breaks in the work of composition caused by the pres-

sure of other affairs, again getting up a sort of white-heat from incessantly dwelling upon scenes and incidents that had become real to me. In brief, the story took possession of my mind, and grew as naturally as a plant or weed in my garden.

It will thus be obvious that at nearly middle-age, and in obedience to an impulse, I was launched as an author; that I had very slight literary training, and that my appearance as a novelist was quite as great a surprise to myself as to any of my friends. The writing of sermons certainly does not prepare one for the construction of a novel, and to this day certain critics contemptuously dismiss my books as "preaching." During nearly four years of army life, at a period when most young men are forming style and making the acquaintance of literature, I scarcely had a chance to read at all. The subsequent years of the pastorate were too active, except for an occasional dip into a favourite author.

While writing my first story, I rarely thought of the public, the characters and their experiences absorbing me wholly. When my narrative was actually in print, there was awakened a very deep interest as to its reception. I had none of the confidence resulting from the gradual testing of one's power or from association with literary people, and I also was aware that, when published, a book was far away from the still waters of which one's friends are the protecting headlands. That I knew my work to be exceedingly faulty goes without saying; that it was utterly bad, I was scarcely ready to believe. Dr. Field, noted for his pure English diction and taste, would not publish an irredeemable story, and the constituency of the New York *Evangelist* is well known to be one of the most intelligent in the country. Friendly opinions from serial readers were reassuring, as far as they went, but, of course, the great majority of those who followed the story were silent. A writer cannot, like a speaker, look into the eyes of his audience and observe its mental attitude toward his thought. At first my venture was very generally ignored. Then some unknown friend marked an influential journal, published in the interior of the State, and mailed it so timely that it reached me on Christmas Eve. I doubt if a book ever was more unsparingly condemned than mine in that review, whose final words were, "The story is absolutely nauseating." In this instance, and in my salad days, I took pains to find out who the writer was, for if his view was correct, I certainly should not engage in further efforts to make the public ill. I discovered the reviewer to be a gentleman for whom I have ever had the highest respect as an editor, legislator, and honest thinker. My

story made upon him just the impression he expressed, and it would be very stupid on my part to blink the fact. Meantime the book was rapidly making for itself friends and passing into frequent new editions. Even the editor who condemned the work would not assert that those who bought it were an aggregation of asses. I wished to learn the actual truth more sincerely than any critic to write it, and at last I ventured to take a copy to Dr. George Ripley, of the New York *Tribune*. "Here is a man," I thought, "whose fame and position as a critic are recognized by all. If he deigns to notice the book, he will not only say what he thinks, but I shall have much reason to think as he does." Dr. Ripley met the diffident author kindly, asked a few questions, and took the volume. A few weeks later, to my great surprise, he gave over a column to a review of the story. Although not blind to its many faults, he wrote words far more friendly and inspiring than I ever hoped to see. It would appear that the public had sanctioned his verdict. From that day to this these two instances have been types of my experience with many critics, one condemning, another commending.

Certainly, if I had my choice, I would rather write a book interesting to the young and to the common people, whom Lincoln said, "God must love, since He made so many of them." The former are opened to influence; the latter can be quickened and prepared for something better. It is, perhaps, one of the pleasantest experiences of an author's life to learn from letters and in other ways that he is forming a circle of friends, none the less friendly because personally unknown. The loyalty is both a safeguard and an inspiration. On one hand, the writer shrinks from abusing such regard by careless work; on the other, he is stimulated and encouraged by the feeling that there is a group in waiting who will appreciate his best endeavour. I sometimes venture to think I know a little about human nature. My active life brought me in close contact with all kinds of people; there was no man in my regiment who hesitated to come to my tent or to talk confidentially by the camp-fire, while scores of dying men laid bare to me their hearts. I at least know the nature that exists in the human breast. It may be inartistic, or my use of it all wrong. That is a question which time will decide. My one aim has become to do my work conscientiously, and leave the final verdict to time and the public.

As a rule, I certainly stumble on my stories, as well as stumble through them, perhaps. Some incident or unexpected impulse is the beginning of their existence. One October day I was walking on a country road, and a chestnut burr lay in my path. I said

to myself, "There is a book in that burr, if I could get it out." With little volition on my part, the story, "Opening a Chestnut Burr," took form and was written.

One summer evening, when in the city, I went up to Thomas's Garden, near Central Park, to hear the delicious music he was educating us to appreciate. At a certain point in the programme I noticed that the next piece would be Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and I glanced around with a sort of congratulatory impulse, as much as to say, "Now we shall have a treat." My attention was immediately arrested and fixed by a young girl who, with the gentleman escorting her, was sitting near by. My first impression of her face was one of marvellous beauty, followed by a sense of dissatisfaction. Such was my distance that I could not annoy her by furtive observation, and I soon discovered that she would regard a stare as a tribute. Why was it that her face was so beautiful, yet so displeasing? Each feature analyzed seemed perfection, yet the general effect was a mocking, ill-kept promise. The truth was soon apparent. The expression was not evil, but frivolous, silly, unredeemed by any genuine womanly grace. She giggled and flirted through the sublime symphony, till in exasperation I went out into the promenade under the open sky. In less than an hour I had my story, "A Face Illumined." I never learned who was the actual girl with the features of an angel and the face of a fool.

I find that my love of horticulture and out-door life has grown with the years. I do not pretend to scientific accuracy or knowledge. On the contrary, I have rather regarded plants and birds as neighbours, and have associated with them. When giving up my parish, I bought a place in the near vicinity of the house in which I had spent my childhood. The front windows of our house command a noble view of the Hudson, while on the east and south the Highlands are within rifle-shot. For several years I hesitated to trust solely to literary work for support. As I have said, not a few critics insisted that my books should not be read, and would soon cease to be read; but, whether the prediction should prove true or not, I knew in any case that the critics themselves would eat my strawberries, so I made the culture of small fruits the second string to my bow. This business speedily took the form of growing plants for sale, and was developing rapidly, when financial misfortune led to my failure and the devotion of my entire time to writing. Perhaps it was just as well in the end, for my health was being undermined by too great and conflicting demands on my energy.

My methods of work are briefly these. I go into my study im-

mediately after breakfast, usually about nine o'clock, and write or study until three or four in the afternoon, stopping only for a light lunch. In the early morning and late afternoon I go around my place, giving directions to the men, and observing the condition of vegetables, flowers and trees, and the general aspect of nature at the time. After dinner, the evening is devoted to the family, friends, newspapers and light reading. In former years I wrote at night, but after a severe attack of insomnia this practice was almost wholly abandoned. As a rule, the greater portion of a year is absorbed in the production of a book, and I am often gathering material for several years in advance of writing.

The questions of this eager age are, What has he to say? Does it interest us? As an author, I have felt that my only chance of gaining and keeping the attention of men and women was to know, to understand them, to feel with and for them in what constituted their life. Failing to do this, why should a line of my books be read? The time has passed when either the theologian, the politician, or the critic, can take the American citizen metaphorically by the shoulder and send him along the path in which they think he should go. He has become the most independent being in the world, good-humouredly tolerant of the beliefs and fancies of others, while reserving, as a matter of course, the right to think for himself.

Perhaps one of the most perplexing and often painful experiences of an author comes from the appeals of those who hope through him to obtain immediate recognition as writers. One is asked to read manuscripts and commend them to publishers, or, at least, to give an opinion in regard to them, often to revise or re-write certain portions. I remember that during one month I was asked to do work on the manuscript of strangers that would require about a year of my time. The makers of such requests do not realize that he or she is but one among many, and that the poor author would have to abandon all hopes of supporting his family if he tried to comply. The majority who thus appeal to one know next to nothing of the literary life or the conditions of success. They write to the author in perfect good faith, often relating circumstances which touch his sympathies; yet if you tell them the truth about their manuscript, or say you have not time to read it, adding that you have no influence with editors or publishers beyond securing a careful examination of what is written, you feel that you are often set down as a churl, and your inability to comply with their wishes is regarded as the selfishness and arrogance of success.

In recalling the past, one remembers when he stood in such sore need of friends that he dislikes even the appearance of passing by on the other side. There are no riches in the world like staunch friends who prove themselves to be such in your need, your adversity, or your weakness. I have some treasured letters received *after* it had been telegraphed throughout the land that I was a bankrupt and had found myself many thousands of dollars worse off than nothing. The kindly words and looks, the kindly grasp of the hand, and the temporary loan occasionally, of those who stood by me when scarcely sane from overwork, trouble, and worse than all, from insomnia, can never be forgotten while a trace of memory is left. Soon after my insolvency there came a date when all my interests in my books then published must be sold to the highest bidder. It seemed in a sense like putting my children up at auction; and yet I was powerless, since my interests under contracts were a part of my assets. These rights had been well advertised in New York and county papers, as the statute required, and the popularity of the books was well known. Any one in the land could have purchased these books from me forever. A friend made the highest bid and secured the property. My rights in my first nine books became his, legally and absolutely. There was even no verbal agreement between us—nothing but his kind honest eyes to reassure me. He not only paid the sum he had bidden, but then and there wrote a cheque for a sum which, with my other assets, immediately liquidated my personal debts, principal and interest.

Let me close with yet one more bit of experience. My books from the first have been substantially in the hands of one publishing house. I believe it has been to my advantage; and it would be well, as a rule, for other writers to begin with reputable, honourable publishers, and to remain with them. A publisher can do more and better with a line of books than with isolated volumes. When an author's books are scattered there is not sufficient inducement for any one to push them strongly. Authors often know little about business, and should deal with a publisher who will look after his interests as truly as his own.

THERE'S no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

ZENANA WORK IN INDIA.*

BY THE REV. WM. ARTHUR, M.A.

THE word Zenana has a romantic sound, and probably some imagine that the place itself must be a romantic place. When the fancy has caught the hue of "Lalla Rookh," or similar poetry, it easily transfers the splendour of the Oriental sky to things beneath it. Ideas of gay kiosks, lemon groves, and fountains, of garlands and delicious perfumes, of costly stuffs and ingenious ornaments, clothe the apartments of the women with adorning, which in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand exists only in the land of dreams. The illusion is seconded by portraits, themselves perfectly truthful, of Eastern beauties. As engraved in our best books of illustrations, as drawn by native art on ivory, or on a bright surface of talc, these pictures suggest the idea of ladies who dwell in bowers of gorgeous opulence. What is a plain English gentlewoman beside one of these Rajpoot or Mohammedan lights of the harem? The latter is jewelled on the crown of the head, jewelled on the back of the hair, jewelled on the forehead, jewelled on the lobe of the ear, on the back of the ear, on the top of the ear; jewelled on the side of the nose and on the centre of the nose; jewelled on the neck, on the bosom, and at the zone; jewelled on the arm, on the wrist, and on the fingers; jewelled at the ankles and on the toes! Surely the home out of which beauty emerges in such array must be itself very refined.

The lady workers in Zenana Missions have not found it so. And as to the emerging of the beauty from the home, that also is a Western illusion. It does not emerge. The cheeks are tinted, the eyelashes darkened, the teeth and finger-nails stained, the robes adjusted, and the gems put on, all to shine within the walls of the house, and there only in the women's chambers, not in the room where the male friends of the husband are received.

Not long ago a lady at Bombay, in the course of her visiting among the Zenanas, heard a question asked as to whether she ought not to be taken to see "the Queen." She found that this referred to a Queen from Surwuntwadi. The consent of this princess to receive the visitor was obtained. After driving through a grove, the English lady was received by a crowd. One

* Abridged from Mr. Arthur's admirable book on "Woman's Work in India." Wesleyan Conference Office, London.

woman led her in. She passed through a band of noisy minstrels, up a somewhat dingy stair, and through a bare hall. Then she found herself in an apartment where an elderly lady of graceful form and gentle manners sat upon the floor, on a cloth like a quilt, with a discoloured cushion behind her. In one corner of the room was an old-fashioned writing-desk, heaped up with odds and ends in a manner past description. Near it stood a dilapidated sofa, littered with garments. An old chair was brought for the lady, and a second being found, the Queen rose and seated herself upon it.

This picture better helps us to form an idea of the average comfort of the Zenanas than do the sketches drawn by fancy. As a rule, the rooms are bare, and to our eyes comfortless. Even the wealthy have none of what the European lady regards as the appointments of a pleasant abode.

In the early days of missions in India, the hope of entering within the curtain of the Zenana, there to tell the good tidings, was one of the many hopes that were kept alive simply by faith in Almighty power. When the men should be converted, when the power of caste should be broken, when the unchanging customs of India should be changed, when several other things still afar off should have come to pass—then indeed might the interior of the women's apartments hear the words of Christ, hear the songs of His love for Adam's sons and daughters. As to such an event coming round in the days of living men and women;—well, if the Lord should open windows of heaven, what might stream down, who could tell?

It was about thirty years ago that in Calcutta city a beginning which can be clearly traced—a beginning which steadily led on to the present development—was made by Mrs. Mullens of the London Missionary Society, whose noble English husband and noble Swiss father (M. Lacroix) both did yeoman's service in mission work in India. Work inside the Zenanas, once begun, went constantly, though slowly, forward—slowly to the eye of the worker who counts by moments, but not to the eye of history, which measures by ages.

The question had been, What should we find behind the curtain, if ever it was penetrated? Should we find utter apathy, or contempt of the foreigner and antipathy to every strange idea, or simple abjectness of spirit refusing mental effort, incapable of moral struggle, or only the imbecility and chatter of caged birds? Or instead of all this, should we find some human longing for knowledge of earth and heaven, some wincing under privation, some smouldering sense of wrong? should we find some dim

consciousness that woman was not made merely for the cage, but might claim a natural right to share with man in the garden, the field, the air, the sun? should we find some suspicion that it was scarcely just in men not to allow her any other flowers than plucked flowers? some inward yearning after comforts dimly dreamed of as possibly coming down from God even for women? some inquiry, Are there no gods more merciful to women than those of our men? some sighing, Oh, that they would let us pluck our own flowers? some aspiration to rise and walk?

Knowing, as we did, that human nature is human nature, we might have assumed that all these diversities would be found. And that is what has taken place. Day by day one lady leaves a Zenana pleased with the intelligence of her pupils, and another disheartened with the inanity of hers. One leaves, thinking these women, after all, are more contented with their lot than one could have thought possible; another leaves, inwardly groaning, and saying, Oh, how long will mercy slumber, how long delay to bring redemption from such miseries?

It required a certain amount of intelligence before a Hindu lady could employ the language quoted by Mrs. Murray Mitchell, saying, "The life we lead is like that of a frog in a well—everywhere there is beauty, but we cannot see it; it is hid from us." It also required some intelligence in the one that said, "Your Shastra must have been written by a woman; it speaks so kindly of us." One lady, on asking of a Rani the maladroit question, "Did not her time pass drearily?" received the natural reply, "No; we smoke and eat and sleep, thread beads and plait our hair." Another lady, better framing her question, asked the hidden ladies, "How do you pass your time?" "Oh, Mem Sahib, we sit here till we are tired, then we sit there!" The routine of the Indian lady's life is generally described as consisting in counting her dresses, looking at her jewels, plaiting her hair, putting on all her paints and gems of the toilet, talking gossip, waiting on her husband—if happily she have one—and making garlands for the gods. Even in the highest ranks, cooking the husband's food is often included, and must be a valuable addition to the occupations of life. If the Zenana itself is frequently a sort of outbuilding, there is, for times of sickness, some meaner outbuilding, or some damp chamber on a ground floor, to which any lady seized with illness is relegated.

Yet reading and learning were not utterly unknown to the inmates of the Zenana. One of the great events in the lifetime of the ladies was the hearing, during one of the days of a festival, a native tale read by some scribe. To the outer side of the curtain

came the learned man with his book. To its inner side came the ladies of the favoured house. The scribe unseen by his auditory, sat and read on this side. The ladies unseen by the scribe, sat and heard on that. The words passing through the curtain represented to the hearers some ideal glimpses of a sphere larger than that bounded by the familiar walls, of a life more coloured than that of their daily routine. In the matter would frequently occur portions ill fit for feminine ears. It is said that sometimes a girl would succeed in bribing a brother to teach her to read. If so, her book would consist of palm leaves, with writing effected by indentations in the leaf made by an iron style. The reading of the learned lady would be slow, as that of a patient antiquary deciphering long-lost manuscripts. The printed page and current reading—reading as fluent as talk—would even to this rare and exceptionally favoured woman, be things as yet unimagined.

The ways in which the mysteries of the Zenana are now being penetrated are numerous. In one case, a native gentleman writes to ask for a teacher to instruct his children in "the Bible and Catechism." He had been a pupil of Dr Duff. In another case, Mrs. Peel, of the Baptist Mission, accompanied by Ruth, a native woman, takes her stand under a tree in a village, singing a hymn, while the women of the place gather around them, and to these they talk of the work and word of Christ. Ruth not many years ago was in a Zenana, and there she (with her husband) was converted through the instrumentality of a missionary lady. Gerie is a young wife who caused her relations some anxiety. She was growing so old that in a little time no one could have been got to marry her; she must, I suppose, have been ten, or at least between eight and ten. They had, therefore, to bid a high sum for a husband. At the last moment the youth who had accepted it refused to proceed with the ceremony unless the friends of the bride would amend their bid. They did amend it. The pair were wed, and the husband was quite willing that Gerie should continue her Zenana lessons, which had been already begun.

The numbers of houses to which access is now attainable are limited more by want of agents than by that of openings. Seven, ten, twenty, fifty, even up to and over a hundred in one town or city, have become well-established numbers. In the capital of Travancore, Miss Blandford, of the Church Mission, has one hundred houses visited by herself and her Bible-women. In the palace of the Maharajah, the royal ladies are instructed in the Bible.

A missionary's wife in Bengal, itinerating with her husband, now finds that while he is preaching in any place where a few

men can be collected, she is received into the houses, and can speak to the women. In one case she was invited to visit a young bride of high caste, whom she found attended by several friends. The newly-married girl received her cordially, and stood close to her chair. In a soft, low voice, almost whispering, she said, "God created us." She had been for some time taught in a Christian school. Eagerly taking some little books that were offered to her, she asked, "Are they about Jesus Christ?" "They are, to a certain extent." Then saying that she wanted a book about Jesus Christ, she asked if the lady had a Bengali Bible. She promised to send her a new Testament. "Will it be about Jesus Christ?" asked the Hindu bride. "Yes," replied the Christian lady, "from His birth to His death." This seemed to satisfy her; but she kept saying, "Send me the book."

Almost everywhere in the Zenanas reappears the widow, from the tiny child who never was a wife, to the aged lady who once reigned the supreme power over a household of many sons and many daughters-in-law. Of the former class one has even been found who said that she never remembered being anything but a widow. Her first recollection was that of being treated differently from other children, as if she was in disgrace. She had been widowed at the age of three. This case is more extreme than even the worst I ever personally heard of. But in whatever part of India labouring, or with whatever society connected, the missionary lady has her imagination followed by the pined and spiritless figure of the widow, generally mute in her misery, but sometimes having power to utter a complaint. And the latter case, if the more irritating, is the less depressing, for in all their varieties slavery and sorrow are always saddest when they are dumb.

In the *Indian Evangelist* a lady tells of a clever and refined girl who is secretly writing a book. The dedication of it is a prayer, too long to quote at full:

"O Lord, hear my prayer! No one has turned an eye on the oppression that we poor women suffer, though with weeping, and crying, and desire, we have turned to all sides, hoping that some would save us. No one has lifted up his eyelids to look upon us or inquire into our case. . . . We are like the dry husks of the sugar-cane when the sweet juice has been extracted. All-knowing God, hear our prayer, forgive our sins, and give us power of escape, that we may see something of Thy world. . . . From Thy throne of judgment justice flows, but it does not reach to us. . . . Must punishment of sin fall on those who are too ignorant to know what it is? . . . Criminals confined in the jails are happier than we, for they know something of Thy world. . . . We see only the four walls of the house. Shall we call them the world or India? . . . Dost Thou care only for men? Hast

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Thou no thought for us women? . . . Create in the hearts of men some sympathy, that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing, and that, saved by Thy mercy, we may taste something of the joys of life."

It may possibly be the same lady who is spoken of as sometimes relieving her bursting heart by stealthily writing down her feelings, and putting the papers in her trunk. That trunk—a new mystery amid all the secrets of the Zenana—is quite full. From among its papers an English lady translates one headed, "Hindu Widows: by One of Themselves." This is the fullest and clearest account I have seen of the condition of the Zenana widow; and as to its trustworthiness, the lady who translates it does not intimate a doubt or caution at any point. It is much too long to quote entire, but it is easy to give a complete outline. In this outline every touch follows the original. It must be borne in mind that the particulars would not all apply to other castes than that of the writer, or in other countries of India. The scene is in the north.

The writing lady of the Zenana begins by saying, that in any caste or family of the Hindus the treatment of widows is bad enough, but that her caste, being a good one, and her family being rich and well-to-do, the customs are enforced with great rigour. When the moment that discrowns the Hindu matron arrives, not one relation may approach her. In waiting are kept ready from three to six wives of barbers, who know their office. The moment that the husband has drawn his last breath, these rush on the widow and strip her of her ornaments. Trinkets plaited into her hair are dragged out, ear-rings and nose-rings are wrenched off, so as even to tear the cartilage. Her arm is stretched on the ground, and the gold or silver armlets which surround it are hammered with a stone till the metal, often of considerable solidity, breaks. All this, "even if the widow is but a child of six or seven, who does not know what a husband means."

At the funeral procession the male relations come first following the corpse, after them the female relations, and behind them all comes the widow, led by the barbers' wives. Even the men are on foot. The barbers' wives take care that the widow shall not approach nearer than two hundred feet to any other woman; for woe to the wife on whom should fall the shadow of the ill-omened one! that wife would soon be a widow too! while the main body of the harpy attendants drag the poor creature along, one of their number goes forward in advance and shouts to passers-by to keep out of the way of the accursed thing. The widow's sisters—her mother—

may be bleeding at heart for her, but none of them dare to look on her face. When the procession has reached the bank of the stream or tank on which is prepared the funeral pyre, the widow is pushed into the water. "It matters not what the weather is—a burning sun, or an icy wind blowing from the Himalayas,"—in the water has the widow to lie till the body is consumed, till the funeral party have all bathed, till they have washed and dried their clothes. Then, when at last they are ready to start homeward, she is dragged out of the water as she had been pushed in. She is walked home in her dripping clothes. "Oh," cries the Zenana widow, "I would rather chose the suttee! Many are happy enough to die in consequence of this sorrow."

Turning for a moment from her general description, she mentions one particular case, saying that before she was herself a widow she had once to go to the funeral of a relation, the distance to the place where the body was burned being six miles. It was the hottest month of the year, yet for at least nine hours were the women kept in the blazing sun and hot, blasting wind. For the generality of them there was indeed the relief of a draught of water now and then; but no water for the widow. Had she asked for it her character would have been gone! The harpies might have offered her some if they had pleased, but they never did. At last she fell; they dragged her up. She wept; they told her she wanted a husband. Finally she could no longer even crawl; they pulled her along "like a bundle of clothes." Arrived at the house, she was flung upon the floor. Though she was almost dying, they gave her not a drop of water, and she durst not ask for any. After a while one of the girls of the family, watching her opportunity, brought to her a drink of water, which saved her life.

After this digression the lady returns to her general account of the mode in which a widow is treated. On re-entering the house after the funeral, she is put into a corner, and there has to sit or lie on the ground in silence for many days. No one comes near her, unless it be some of the wives of the barbers; and if she is poor, not even they. But if her lips are closed, those of her friends are open, and they talk at her. Her mother says, "Unhappy creature, I wish she had never been born." Her mother-in-law says, "The viper! she has bitten my son and killed him; now he is dead, and she, useless creature, is left behind." Her sister-in-law says, "I should not like to look at or to speak to such a thing." Then turning to the mother of the deceased to comfort her, they say: "It is your daughter-in-law, vile thing that has destroyed your house. For her sake you will have to mourn the

rest of your life." "Only those," says the wailing lady of the Zenana, who have passed through this know what it is." She interrupts her description to pen the cry, "O God, I pray Thee, let no more women be born in this land!"

For thirteen days after the return from the funeral must the new-made widow sit in her corner on the floor, in the clothes in which her widowhood overtook her, the clothes in which she lay in the water while her husband was being burned. She may not touch bread or water but once in the twenty-four hours. She may not speak; she may not weep. Her grief is not

> "The voiceless thought which would not speak, but weep."

It is the voiceless thought which may not speak or weep.

Surely, when the cover of night is spread over her, she may give nature a little vent, letting loose the streams that will flood away some portion of her burdens. On the eleventh day comes a Brahmin to demand "money, oil, and other things," as death dues. The writer says that the sum exacted even from the poor is thirteen rupees, or twenty-six shillings. Surely, however, she, belonging to a rich family, is misinformed. To really poor people in India, thirteen rupees is a vast sum. However the fact may be, she probably knows her ground when she says that widows have often to labour for months at grinding corn to earn the dues for the priests.

Thirteen days after death the relations assemble. The widow, of course, has inherited nothing from her husband. If she has a father she cannot inherit anything from him. So now each relation brings and lays before her rupees, and adds his reproaches. This money is to be her portion for life. On this sad day must fall the raven glory of her head. Along the roots of the shining locks, once glittering with trinkets, passes the razor, and she is a shaveling. The fatal robes she wore when her doom fell upon her are now taken off, and the unchangeable widow's robe put on. On one subsequent occasion she has to put on again the suit worn for the first thirteen days. This is at the end of six weeks from her husband's death. She ought then to go on a pilgrimage to the Ganges; and if this is possible it is done, and once there, after bathing in the stream, she may throw into it the clothes which ever remind her of her fall down, down into the bottomless slough wherein her existence must henceforth welter.

The lady speaks of the rule of one meal in twenty-four hours as being enforced only during one year. In this she differs from what I used to hear, at least in so far as concerns the widows of Brahmins. The rule for them used to be spoken of as permanent,

or at any rate as lasting till the woman fell into years. To the privation of any second meal is added frequent fasts, during which the poor creature tastes neither bread nor water for forty-eight hours. Our authoress says that if a widow is living with her own parents, she is permitted after the end of the first year to wear ornaments again. This also seems like a statement which does not apply to all castes or places. If, when bereaved of parents, she is still under the roof of relations on her own side, she becomes "servant" to the wives of her brothers or of her own sons. If, on the other hand she lives with relations on her husband's side, her mother-in-law and sister-in-law "hate her, and beat her from place to place." Should she dare to live alone, her character would be lost. If the money given to her after her husband's death was considerable, the relations select a boy to be her heir. He takes her money, allows her food and clothes, and she waits upon his wife. "It is happier for a widow to be poor and earn her living by grinding corn." When she dies she must be burned wrapped in white cloth, for did she not come to her husband in the garb of mourning he would not receive her. The woman who dies a wife has the privilege of being burned in her best clothes and jewels.

The wailing lady of the Zenana says, "I saw a widow die, one of my cousins." At the time her husband was dying she was lying ill of a burning fever. Immediately she was thrown down from the bed on to the floor. Lying there till the moment came for the funeral to start, she was incapable of taking her place. The mother-in-law called a water-carrier, and had four skins of water poured over her as she lay upon the ground. There did she continue to lie for eight hours, at the end of which time death brought to the family the welcome opportunity of praising her, which they did, saying she had died for love of her husband. Ah, in all countries it is so easy to praise the dead!

"The English," says our Zenana wail among its closing sentences, "abolished suttee; but, alas! neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our home. . . . Thousands of us die, but more live. Nearly every man or boy who dies leaves one, often more. If the widow's shadow is to be dreaded, why do they darken the whole land with it? . . . I am told that in England they comfort the widows' hearts; but there is no comfort for us."

What an event must it be, amid the monotony of her existence, when the lady of the Zenana finds her acquaintance sought by a white lady full of the wonder-working knowledge of the West; a lady so learned that she can read, can read out of more books than one, can indeed read faster than a Brahmin; yea, so learned that

she can write, and people do say—but that must be going too far—that she can cast up accounts; so learned that she can sing many songs with strange, foreign tunes, guiding her voice by a book, and can even play on some outlandish instrument at the same time as she sings; so learned that her fingers make the very needle form letters of many colours, form flowers and cunning scrolls, and lions and little birds! And, indeed, beyond all this, lie other branches of knowledge for which it would be unfair to expect the Zenana to find a description or even a name.

One of the first questions put to a lady of position who had gained access to a Zenana was, "Tell us how your husband looks." She told them. "Oh, that we might see him!" The lady met their wishes. A screen was placed across the room, and pierced with eye-holes. A tall gentleman walked in and stood before the screen. Through eye-holes stared the unseen ladies of the Zenana. "We shall never forget it; we shall have something to talk of all our lives," was their grateful tribute to the lady who had procured for them such an exciting event. This is told in one of Mrs. Weitbrecht's excellent little books. If such be the ordinary lady of the Zenana, what a discovery must it be to the inmate—almost invariably found, and by a practised eye soon recognized, from her wan figure and uncoloured garb—when she begins to see that her name of widow is, in the eyes of the learned stranger, no note of scorn, but a title to tender sympathy; when she comes actually to feel that, instead of shunning her, the lady draws to her, and awakens up within her at last the consciousness that human fellowship has not forever fled away from her!

One of the Missionary ladies was well known to the public as A. L. O. E. before she went to India. It was not until she had reached the age of fifty-four that she felt constrained to devote the rest of her days to the women of that country. She went out at her own cost, and lives on her own means, at Batala, in the Punjab, serving as one of the missionary ladies of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. She uses her literary gift in writing books for the people, which are translated into many languages. In one of her visits she speaks of going to the Zenana of the head-master of a large Government school. Crossing a kind of court-yard, she had to make her way through what seemed like two dust-holes, of which one was overlooked by a sort of grating. Through this the inmates of the Zenana could look down. Mounting a stair, nearly pitch dark, she found herself in presence of the lady and her husband. In another case she mounts a shocking bad stair in the open air, with rather unsafe footing. At the top are two unhappy wives and a very sick child. In the

next house a lovely and intelligent, but suffering, lady welcomes the visitor and her message. On one occasion A. L. O. E. remained alone among the natives at Batala for eighteen months, seeing a missionary only on such occasional visits as one in the course of itinerating could pay. "It is better," she wrote, "to have one white face seen among our native flock than none at all, though it be that of a silver-haired old woman." Let the blessing of her sisters in all lands alight upon that silvered head.

Just as it is the wont of one branch of operations to open the way to another, so has the access gained by ladies to "the hidden" of the Zenana led the way to wider access to the unhidden women of inferior degree. Ladies having in the Zenana acquired the habit of speaking to women, find that they can now procure little gatherings of those of the class who walk abroad, but who would not join an assembly of men or stop to listen to a man preaching. Such little meetings are evidently spreading with rapidity; and as far as I can gather, any limit that is put upon them arises, in most part, from the want of ladies sufficiently possessed of the languages to act efficiently. The Bible-women are multiplying fast, are spoken of from all parts of the country, and seem to be now always the right-hand of missionary ladies, often their pioneers.

The extracts from the simple journals of Bible-women, show the growth of a pervasive agency, one which quietly operates behind and within the outworks of caste, by directly acting on the centre of the family. The Bible-women on the one hand, and the school-girl on the other, now frequently come into a circle of cribbed-up creatures, bringing with them the presentiment of something coming, of a day drawing near for women, a day of freer air and of an an unveiled sun. When a native woman like themselves comes and sings sweet songs about the love of God for women as well as for men, about the sinless life of Christ and His redeeming death; when she reads out of wise and holy books, and backs it all up with words of her own—it is not easy for everything within the Zenana to remain as it was before. And when a pet little girl brings inside the curtain songs and books and samplers, is she not a wonder? When she comes back on a high day with prizes, especially if the prize is a doll, still more if it is a dressed doll, most of all if it is a mechanical or musical doll, does not that unknown school-world that can yield such prodigies appear like some universe of marvels? When even in native States such a girl tells how her prizes were put into her hand by an English lady of title, or by some native dignitary of impres-

sive rank, does she not stir, in however small a degree, the elements of a new social life?

Few in number as are, up to the present time, the lady Medical Missionaries, their influence in opening up the Zenanas is already great. The ladies of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, among others, bear testimony to their value. The society just named reports four hundred Zenanas as visited.

Who the Bird of Passage was I know not, who in the *Missionary Intellegencer* tells how the Christmas before last she "folded her wing" at Lodiana; but this I do know, that never in time past did any bird of passage rest her wing by a branch of the Sutledge on such a variety of the Christmas tree, as that from under which this one sounds her note. Miss Greenfield and the ladies of the Mission had devised a Christmas treat for their pupils in the Zenanas. As Mohammedans and Hindus would not mix well, the former were invited for one day, the latter for the next. Of course, some were by their lords refused leave to come, but many obtained it. The Mohammedan ladies arrived in closed-up vehicles. All the men-servants were sent off to the back of the house, and then the ladies glided into the drawing-room. They came in blue satin, in embroidered skirts, in plain dresses, with veils of tinted gauze embroidered in silver and gold. Eyebrows blackened, lips reddened, jewels everywhere, even to the first joint of the fingers; nails and palms of the hand dyed red! The text, "Glory to God in the highest," etc., was worked in gold on the scarlet border of the mantel-piece. The room was gay with flowers. The guests often preferred the floor to sit on rather than the chairs provided for them. One lady having taken a chair, fidgeted about. First she drew up one foot, then another, and at last sat on the chair as if on the floor, in native posture. There was an array of puzzles, pictures, boxes, blocks, toys; all of which engaged attention. Hymns were sung. In a side-room Miss Greenfield had arranged the prizes for the pupils, grown or growing. Her method was that the most diligent pupil should first of all go into this treasure chamber and make her own choice out of the assortment of veils, chintzes, muslins, toys, picture-books, bags, dolls, and so forth. Then followed the next in order of diligence, and so on to the end. The dolls carried the day. The Bird of Passage thinks that if the children in the Sunday-school at home who had sent them could have seen the delight of married women with their dolls, they would have felt well rewarded. Of course, the guests could not eat with Christians, but oranges and flowers were handed round. Some of the ladies were Persians, and they

would not accept red roses, they were unlucky, but white ones they took.

The guests of the second day included babies, girls, mothers and grandmothers. They were more lively than the Mohammedan guests, and their curiosity keener. They must handle everything. "They hopped about like children in delight, and were endless in exclamations." The moving, sounding thing upon the mantel-piece, which the English ladies declared told them the hours, was a weird mystery of metallic life. Then that iron tailor, who under the commands of a lady plied his needle at such an unearthly rate, from what fairy world had he come? And that great plateau, covered with white cloth, with knives, forks, spoons, and other equally unknown accoutrements; it could never be that the ladies dined in that fashion! "We should so like to see you eat." But there was the doll's house borrowed for the occasion from the Christian girls' school, and it was a spectacle of spectacles.

Several of these ladies could join in singing the hymns, and the writer adds, "Some of them are not far from the kingdom of God." As to the prizes, the same order was followed as the day before; and again the honours of the day remained with the dolls; for daughters and mothers alike, nothing equal to a doll. Then when the closed-up vehicles had set down their muffled burdens, and the inside of the Zenanas had once more been gained, how vasty would be the discussions upon the incredible sights they had seen! and how many a time and oft would the mysteries of that exhibition come up again for debate—ever recommencing! Had the direct question been put, was not the dining-table a bore and the sewing-machine, *pishasha*, a demon? very probably the affirmative would have been voted on both points by a two-thirds majority. Nevertheless the Christmas sun had shot some rays of social enjoyment even through the curtains of the Zenana, rays carrying in thither an idea of one form of peace on earth and goodwill among men till that day unknown, which idea will prepare the way for other ideas, till in case after case the curtain shall be lifted up, and the inmate of the Zenana, coming forth, shall first take her place in the circle of the Church of Christ, singing "Glory to God in the highest," and then her place in the family circle of mankind, singing, "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men."

To persevere in one's duty, and be silent, is the best answer to calumny.—*Barron.*

THE ELDER'S SIN.

A GALLOWAY STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

II.

"The ills we see,
The mysteries of sorrow, deep and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,
Have all one key:
This strange, sad world is but our Father's school,
And every change His Love shall overrule."

It was a lovely day toward the end of April, and Carrick went into Port Braddon about the new kirk, which was now rapidly approaching completion. A communion service was to be bought, and there was a proposal on foot to invite the Rev. Cosmo Carrick, of Edinburgh, to conduct the opening services.

If this measure was carried out, Andrew had offered to go to Edinburgh with the invitation, and while there "look out" a suitable silver service. In fact, he had almost promised himself to give the service "from his ain means, if the Lord was sae gracious as thus to honour the name o' Carrick in the vera sight o' them that thought little o' it." He knew that Grahame was using all his influence to thwart the invitation; and he felt that his failure to do so would be the sweetest morsel of revenge that could be vouchsafed to him. He did not call it "revenge;" he did not dare to inquire into his feelings, but he looked forward to the decision of the question with an anxiety that kept his very breathing in a state of tension.

A great triumph awaited him. The invitation to Cosmo Carrick was a unanimous one. As to the communion service, it was left entirely to Andrew's discretion. He said little, and he presented a solemnly impassive countenance, but oh, how lifted up he was! It was then that, riding slowly down the street, he met Grahame. Carrick did not indeed look at his enemy, but the whole expression of the man was exasperating and offensive to Grahame. He was so angry that he could find no words to express his anger; and Carrick, missing his usual jibe, took the circumstance as a further evidence of supernatural favour.

"The Lord has shut the mouth o' my enemy for me. It's a gude thing to be still and wait for Him to do it!" Such thoughts kept him pleasant company, and he was in his most genial mood when he arrived at his home.

Ann had been very anxious for his success, and she read it in every movement he made, although he would not speak of it with undue haste. Indeed, he sauntered about the garden, and walked round to the byre, and gave his pony a feed of oats, ere he named the subject.

"I'm awa' to Edinbro', Monday, Ann. It's on vera important business anent the kirk; sae you'll hae my suit o' braidcloth put up, wi' a' things conformable."

"I'm glad to hear it, fayther, 'deed am I."

"And your cousin will dootless come back wi' me. It's to be a time of great speeritual joy; and you'll see that naething be lacking in the way o' creature comforts and conveniences. The siller required is for your asking. But whar is Jeannie?"

"She went awa' lang ere the noon hour. I hae nae seen her syne. It was to Lucky Boyd's she went for some flax. I hae had an unco anxious feeling anent her the last hour or twa; and I wish she'd come hame."

"Tut, tut! Jeannie kens well enou to tak' care o' herself. Why not?"

He took his pipe and sat down on the hearth. Jeannie's creepie (stool) was in the corner, and he looked at it with a feeling of disappointment. Why wasn't she there? He would have liked to talk over his trip to Edinbro' with her. His smoke did not give him the usual satisfaction. He got restless. The empty creepie, as the twilight deepened, looked almost tragical. He kept saying, "I wonder where she is at a'!" and saying it with a constantly increasing anxiety. When Ann came in from the byre the girl's face frightened him. She set down the milk and burst into tears.

"Fayther, fayther! There is something no right. I canna bear it. I'm awa' to the cottages to spier after her."

"Stop here! I'll go mysel'."

He came back white and stern. Jeannie had told a lie. She had not been near them that day, and inquiry had made him acquainted with the fact that she had often met Walter Grahame at Peter Lochrig's. He had quarrelled with Peter. He was angrier than Ann had ever seen him in all her life. He pushed the creepie out of his sight, and tried to sit still, but could not. The presence of Ann appeared to annoy him; he would not speak to her, and she went into the dairy, and, shivering with cold and sick with anxiety, sat there until he called her.

"It is bedtime. Lock the door. If you can pray, go and pray. God will hae to speak a word to me afore I can speak a word to Him. Ann Carrick, whar is your sister?"

"I wish I kent! I wish I kent!"

"Think. Did she not say one word by ordinar to you?"

"Not ane, fayther! Not ane! I was skimming the milk this morn, and she came to my side and said, 'Nannie, I'm awa' down to the sea-shore.' And I said, 'Not you, you lazy lassie, gae mind your seam.' And she said, 'I canna sew the day; I'm thinking o' the White Cave, and the green waves trem'ling through it, and I'll awa there.' 'Don't gae there, for ony sake,' I said. 'Gae to Lucky Boyd's and get some mair flax, and see you're hame at the noon hour; and she laughed and said, 'Nae; I'll hae a herring and a cup o' tea wi' Lucky, and she'll read me the dream I

had yestreen;' and sae she pinched my arm, and when I turned quick-like, she said, 'Thar's a kiss to pay the pinch wi'.' A minute after I turned me roun', and she stood in the door looking at me. I said, 'Weel, what is it?' and she said, 'Naething, Nannie; naething, Nannie,' and went awa'. Oh, Jeannie, Jeannie!"

As she spoke there was a knock at the door. Who has not heard knocks that seemed "instinct with fate"? This one smote on both hearts. They looked at each other, and Ann sat down trembling and weeping.

Andrew asked, "Wha's there?"

"It's Jock Simpson fra Wigton. I hae a letter for you, maister."

He opened the door and took the letter; but, ere he looked at it said, "Thar's a shilling for you. Gae down to Lucky Boyd's and she'll gie you and your beast a mouthfu' and a night's lodging. There is sorrow here, and nae room for stranger folk."

The man took the money, and without a word went away. Andrew watched him outside the gate, relocked the door, and, sitting down by the table, laid the letter upon it.

He had shown great anxiety and emotion before Jeannie's fate was decided. After reading the letter he arose with apparent calmness and left it on the table. Ann had not dared to move, still less to ask him a question; but he stopped as he passed through the houseplace and said, "You can read that bit o' shamefu' paper; then put it in the fire, and dinna you daur to name the subject o' it to me again—*never!*"

He went into his room and locked the door. Ann lifted Jeannie's letter and read it. It was the letter of a half-educated and over-disciplined child. She said she had married Walter Grahame because she loved him, and that they were going to Australia "sae as not to anger folks;" and would her father and Ann forgive her and try to think a bit kindly of her. Its simplicity touched Ann's heart. She felt that she must see Jock Simpson and hear the last news of her sister.

At the first gray dawn she was running swiftly down to Lucky Boyd's and she found Jock just saddling his pony.

"I was up early," he said, "to try and win a sight o' your mistress. I promised your bonnie sister to gie you this, only the maister wasna to be spoken to yestreen."

He took a bit of paper from his pocket and gave it to her. It contained only a long shining tress of Jeannie's hair, and a little card on which the runaway had written in her large childish handwriting—"*Nannie! Nannie! dinna forget Jeannie!*"

"I'll ne'er do that! I'll ne'er do that, my puir dear Jeannie!" and she went crying up the hill, kissing this last token of her sister's love and wetting it through with her tears.

It is a great blessing in hard sorrows to have compelling duties. The cows were lowing to be milked and the breakfast was to make, and though Ann went about her work with a heavy heart she neglected nothing. All day her father kept his room; he neither ate nor drank, nor answered her timid inquiries regarding

his wishes. She heard him hour after hour, pacing the floor, and either talking to himself or to his Maker. For, like the man of Uz, Andrew Carrick was ever ready to enter into a controversy with Him. It was more in accord with his nature to argue the "wherefore" of an affliction than to submit to it.

"I'm no a bairn to tak' my punishment and ask nae questions," he said to Ann, when his wife was taken from him. "I'm a son that is o' age, and I may ask o' my Fayther, 'Why hast Thou entered into judgment wi' me?'" And in this sorrow the question seemed to him still more necessary.

On the second morning he came to the breakfast-table. He was white and haggard, and had aged ten years in the preceding thirty-six hours. He swallowed a few mouthfuls of porridge, and then rose and went to the open door and stood facing the sea, which was this morning blue and smooth and dimpling with incalculable laughter in the sunshine. The wind blew his long, black hair from his face, and the keen, salt air appeared to revive him, for he turned and said,

"Ann, I'll awa' to Port Braddon. There's naething but darkness and silence in my ain room. Nae answer has come to me there."

He expected to see Grahame, but he did not; and all was very quiet in the little town. He sauntered round with even more than his usual deliberation, and then returned home. He was thankful for the reprieve. Grahame could not now say that he had avoided him; and he might take a few days to gather his strength together. He had intended to go to Edinburgh on the following Monday; he determined to go at once. He would be there in a wilderness, as it were, apart from personalities that wounded and questioned him.

Ann was glad of the decision. She hoped he might open his heart to his cousin. She had not dared to offer him either sympathy or advice. In some way or other she thought that he blamed her, or else his loss had revealed to him what Ann had long known—that Jeannie was the apple of his eye, the dearest thing on earth to his heart.

The visit to Edinburgh was in a sense very satisfactory. Cosmo Carrick received him gladly, and agreed to preach at the opening of Port Braddon Kirk. He also gave Andrew his advice about a communion service, and a very handsome one was bought. For Andrew in this matter had a quick conscience; he gave the thing he had promised mentally, even with an overscrupulous generosity. The Lord, in granting him his desire, had sent sorrow with it, but, for all that, he would pay fully the offering he had promised. If he could have read his own heart, he would have known that, in his gift, he was proudly conscious of a returning good for evil.

He stayed a week in Edinburgh; and, when he returned, Cosmo Carrick came with him. The opening of the kirk was a manifest

success. It was clear of debt; the handsome silver service was upon the table. The sermon stirred every soul to its inmost depth. What a time of joyful triumph it might have been to Andrew but for that dark shadow upon his hearthstone!

He had not seen Grahame since the affair, and no one else had dared to mention the subject to him. But he knew that in his relation to the public, it must evidently be faced; and this was the humiliating side of the affliction. Cosmo Carrick made but one reference to it. When they gathered for worship on the first night of his visit, he said,

"I thought, cousin, you had two daughters."

"I have *ane* daughter, cousin—*only ane*."

And Cosmo saw the heavy tears falling from under Ann's dropped eyes, and divined that even in that simple, pious home sorrow had found herself a dwelling-place. He was, however, too true a gentleman, and too good a minister, to seek after ungiven confidences, for he knew that spiritual consolation must be self-evolved to be of practical strength and comfort. Andrew clasped his hand at parting with a great regard, and then turned with a sigh to his bench and his work.

But he soon began to miss the sound of Jeannie's wheel and the bits of broken chatter that had often enough troubled him when he was following out some involved train of thought. He could not bear the silence and the monotony, and he soon put aside his last and went into the garden. As he stood leaning upon his rake a boy brought him a note. It was from Elder Scott, advising him of a kirk-session extraordinary, to consider the call of a minister for the new kirk, and requesting him to be in his place at two o'clock.

It was rather a stormy session, and Andrew's opinions and wishes obtained very little attention. This was the natural reaction to the decided prominence given him in the previous meeting; but Andrew believed it to be the result of the disgrace which Jeannie had brought upon his name. And as he went down the street his enemy was watching for him. He had been in Glasgow looking after his runaway son, and had failed to obtain any satisfactory information regarding his destination. He was full of anger and bitterness, and the sight of Andrew riding calmly home from a kirk-session was more than he could endure. He advanced to the middle of the street and seized the bridle, asking in a passionate voice, "Do you ken that your daughter is awa' wi' Walter Grahame?"

"I ken that my daughter has married Walter Grahame. I did my best for the lass; but the wicked will go to the wicked."

"Then you will gae to destruction, Andrew Carrick, be sure o' that. And I'm thinking it's little marriage there is in the question. Walter isna sic a fool."

"You'll no daur to say that again, Grahame! I'll lay my whip across your ill face if you do."

"Do sae, and I'll hae you put under lock and key for assault,

Elder Carrick. You! straight frae a kirk-session, in your new-fangled free kirk, and threatening folk wi' your horsewhip! Think shame o' yoursel', *Elder* Carrick!"

"I think shame o' breaking a word wi' you at a'! Let gae my beast."

"I'll haud him as long as I want to."

"Vera weel. I can bide your time. Say the worst word in your sinfu' heart, I'm no heeding it!" And he shut his mouth tight, and gazing over the tossing waves at the harbour bar, seemed in his concentration of soul to have closed his ears also. A crowd gathered around them, a crowd of idle boys, and men and women, whose sympathies were decidedly with the more offensive and belligerent Grahame.

Calm as a man of stone, Andrew sat amid the storm of insult smiting him right and left The mouth, which always betrays a weak man, only indicated on Andrew's face a gathering of will and of purpose. It drew tighter, but it never trembled. At length a man in the crowd said, "Dinna choke yoursel', Grahame; you'll be having a fit. Let the auld Whig gae. His daughter isna worth the words you are spending on her."

"Even sae. And it's weel kent she's only paying her faytber the wage he's earned."

Then, with a parting epithet of inexcusable infamy, and a chorus of foolish contemptible laughter, Andrew was released. For Grahame saw it was becoming every moment more impossible to move him from the position of "a noble not caring," which he had taken; and also that the better class of citizens, gradually gathering, were most decidedly in Andrew's favour

He deigned Grahame neither look nor word. He rode away at his usual slow pace, and spoke to several acquaintances in his ordinary cold, quiet manner. But oh! the volcano of rage and shame and hatred in his soul! That hour he had a revelation as to the possibilities of suffering of which the mind is capable, and which all of us occasionally get a glimpse of in our dreams. Hard riding, or physical exertion in extremity of mental anguish, was no relief to this man. Trouble had to be spiritually fought out, with him, and repose and solitude were necessary to such a conflict.

Still there was a strong though neglected element in Andrew, and in this bitter hour it craved some human sympathy. Ann found him on his own hearth, with his head bowed in his hands, and sobbing with all the abandon of a child. It was a strange and pitiful sight. In a kind of terror she knelt beside him, able only to say, "My faytber! My dear faytber! What grief has come to you?"

Broken-hearted indeed must Andrew Carrick have felt ere he could humble himself to seek consolation of any woman.

"God's strength through my ain strength" had always been enough for him; he could have gone to martyrdom in it. But this sorrow and shame that had come to him was a far different

thing. A fiery trial of his faith would have had the sympathy of men and angels, and the crown of everlasting life. This was to be a long fight with foes so mean and cruel that even victory over them was such a shame and pain as he then experienced.

He felt constrained to tell Ann all about this trial, and she suffered in all he had suffered. She indignantly repudiated Grahame's insinuations. "Jeannie might hae rin awa' to be married, but *she was married*. She was as sure o' that as o' death itsel'." And Andrew grew calmer and stronger under her convictions and her sympathy. But when the Bible was laid upon the table he would not open it.

"My soul is fu' o' hatred and all uncharitableness, Ann. It would be touching the ark wi' unclean hands. I'll hae to stand afar aff the night. There is only ane prayer for me, and I dinna feel as if I can say it yet."

In the morning she found him early saddling his pony.

"I'm going anent Jeannie's marriage. I must find out about it if I hae to go to Australia for the fac's. You'll get a letter in my room concerning siller, and the like o' that, if I dinna come back in twa weeks."

"But hae your porridge, fayther, and say a kind word to me ere you gae—and the morning exercise."

"I canna eat. As for yoursel', Ann, God bless you! You hae been a dear gude bairn a' the days o' your life."

He stroked her head and drew her to his side a moment; then, with a dark sorrowful face, he rode away.

In less than a week he was back again, and Ann perceived that his errand was accomplished. As she met him he said, "You were right, Ann, and Grahame was a liar."

"I ne'er doubted her marriage, fayther, Jeannie isna wicked."

"What is it you say? She is just the wickedest lass that I e'er heard tell o'. Ither lasses hae rin awa doubtless, but nae lass ever had such boundaries to break through, and such ties to break asunder—ties which stretch backward for centuries, and reach upward even to her mither in heaven! Never name her mair in my hearing. Set by that wheel and stool whar I'll never see them mair."

The next day he went into Port Braddon and sent the bellman round the town with the following information:

"This is to give notice. Jeannie Carrick, of Port Braddon parish, and Walter Grahame, of Port Braddon, were married on the 29th of April by the Rev. Dr. Barr, of St. Enoch's Kirk, Glasgow."

Grahame laughed the notice to scorn and denounced it as a lie. He ordered the bellman to desist. Andrew, who was by his side, ordered him to proceed. They were soon followed by a crowd, and the contention grew so fierce that some of the respectable citizens interfered.

"It is all a lie!" shouted Grahame.

"It is the truth!" said Andrew.

"Let him prove it."

"Whar's your proof, Carrick?" said the Earl of Galloway's factor.

"I saw the marriage in the kirk registry, and I spoke wi' the meenister."

"You'll hae a copy, dootless?"

"No." Andrew had only thought of satisfying himself.

The factor hated the Free Kirkers, and he hated Andrew most of all. He shook his head doubtingly.

"That's a great pity, Maister Carrick. There's folk that would believe 'the lines' that winna tak' your word for them."

"I say I spoke wi' the meenister wha married them."

"It's a lie a'thegither!" said Grahame; "and the truth isna in you, and ne'er was in any o' the Carrick line."

Then in a moment Andrew's passion took entire possession of him. It blazed in his face, and seemed to impart an incredible majesty to his person. His strength, really great, was enormously exaggerated by a rage almost supernatural in its intensity. He seized Grahame by the throat, he shook him as he might have shaken a child, and then he flung him to the ground. A movement of his arms scattered the crowd. Some of them assisted Grahame to his home, the rest went up the street discussing the quarrel.

Then Andrew escorted the bellman, not once, but twice through the town, and when this duty was done he rode home. But never had his soul been in such a chaos of suffering. He passed the whole night in an argument with himself. In the morning he was convinced he had done right. "And they'll be queer folk that blame me," he said to Ann. "Few would hae endured such contradiction and ill-will fra sinners as long as I hae."

He was quite mistaken. The popular sympathy was with Grahame. It is a dangerous thing to give gifts. "He has gi'en a siller service to the kirk, and he thinks he can haud himsel' aboon reproof," said the envious who had given nothing. "He's that gude, there's nae gude outside his ainsel'," said those whose lives were shamed by the purity of Andrew's.

When Grahame brought him before the magistrate the whole public feeling was antagonistic to Andrew. Many people had been influenced by Grahame, more by the all-powerful factor, and all the witnesses characterized Grahame's offence as "a wheen angry words." Andrew's assault had been, however, of a most decided kind. He was heavily fined, and had all the expenses of the trial to pay, and it was a very black hour he spent with his bank-book that night.

Even the most generous men have fits of parsimony, and one thing or another had made a great void in the gathered gold of three generations. Andrew was not avaricious, but he felt as poor as any miser after adding to all his other unusual expenses the amount which Grahame had cost him.

The worst part of his punishment, however, came from the ecclesiastical and not the civil court. The kirk-session which

was called anent the matter refused to see any excuse for his conduct. He was subjected to reproofs, and temporarily deposed from his office as ruling elder. In truth, there had been a great scandal. The kirk was yet in its infancy, and those set as fathers over it behoved to be of irreproachable life and conversation. Andrew was shocked to find how few friends he had. He forgot that he had never shown himself friendly, or even social. He had given the world only an example of strict piety and a spotless life, and the world let him understand that such a character with a flaw in it had lost its value.

He withdrew himself from the kirk entirely—the kirk which had been built mainly by his gifts and exertions. The new minister was a young man fresh from his university, and, like most young men, enthusiastic for what he was going to do, and blandly indifferent as to what others had done before him. Andrew did not like him; and he considered Andrew an impracticable, self-righteous Philistine.

With a bitterness of feeling no words can describe, Andrew resigned his office in the kirk, and a son-in-law of Grahame's was elected to fill the vacancy. The choice was doubtless without any ill intention, but it wounded Carrick deeply. And it is easy to imagine how many offences grew out of these changes. One elder told Andrew plainly that he had resigned because "he wasna judged worthy o' being first." The minister preached a pointed sermon upon spiritual pride, and those who had been at all familiar with him thought it their duty to advise or reason with him. Not a few were thoughtless or cruel enough to use his erring child in the question.

Alas! he had no spiritual strength to fight these ever-increasing sorrows. He had said to himself that it was in vain he had washed his hands in innocency, and this attitude once assumed, he argued everything from that basis. Usually he went with the men to sea during the herring season, and his great strength and knowledge of the winds prevailing had always made him a welcome addition to any boat. But this year it was evident none of the men wanted him. "The hand o' God is on me, Ann," he said, mournfully, "and they are a' feared for me."

The truth was that Peter Lochrig had not forgotten the angry words Andrew had spoken to him the night of Jeannie's flight, and Peter had good influences with his mates. He did not scruple to say, that for "a ruling elder to try and make himsel' ameenable to the ceevil coorts, and incur reproof and fine, was a thing o' a vera heinous nature; forbye, adding thereto a rebellion against kirk authority, and a visible neglect o' the ordinances. For his pairt, he was of opinion that to countenance such impiety was to be a pairtner in the sin o' it."

So the fishing season, which had always been such a busy, happy time to Andrew, passed wearily and angrily away. He could watch the boats sailing out to their fishing grounds from his open door; and surely, if evil thoughts could have brought

them harm, they would have never come back again. It was at this time he lost all interest in his trade. For three generations the Carricks had employed their winter days and their spare hours at it; and the men in the neighbourhood thought no shoe but a "Carrick shoe" worth the buying. Andrew had continued the trade, although all necessity for it had long been past; and while Jeannie sat sewing or spinning beside him, he had enjoyed the thoughtful monotony of the labour. But he now took a hatred to everything connected with it. "Hae that wearisome bench put oot o' my sight," Ann, "I'll ne'er sit another minute at it."

Day by day he was creating a sinful atmosphere, which would make greater sin possible to him. Ann watched his moods with growing alarm. He walked the houseplace, or the cliff, hour after hour, muttering to himself. He ate little, and he slept still less. He grew gaunt and savagely gloomy. He had fits of rage, which made her fly from his presence in terror. Half her time was spent in covertly watching him. She crept shivering down to his door at midnight and listened in sick anxiety to his restlessness. One terrible thought haunted her—*if he should take his own life!* Her labour and her constant watch over him began to tell fearfully, even upon her perfect health and calm temperament.

Upon New Year's Day the men from the cottages had always made a point of calling upon Andrew. Then they paid him their rents, talked over the business of the past year, and parted with wishes of reciprocal good health and prosperity. He looked forward to this event. He determined to talk over his own case with each man separately, and appeal to the long affection and alliance which had existed between them. But on New Year's Day no one called but Peter Lochrig. He brought all the rents with him, and when Ann opened the door, left them with a civil message in her charge. Andrew had seen him coming, and when he learned what had transpired he sat down in a kind of despair.

"I hae been wounded in the house o' my friends," he muttered. "Grahame was aye mine enemy; but these men for generations hae eat o' the Carrick bread, and drank oot o' our cup. My forbears and theirs struck hands thegither after the battle o' Drumclog, when Carrick's purse was the only purse amang them. Nae man has been treated sae ill as I hae been!"

And he believed it, with all his soul. Yet the root of his bitterness was not with man, but with God. God might have undertaken for him. God knew his innocency. In his heart he accused God of a species of ingratitude to him. He had given him a shadow of victory, and then turned it into shame. He had suffered his enemies to triumph over him. He had withheld from him the secret consolations of His mercy. In his best moods he likened himself to Job, or to Jonah, and waited for the Lord to explain His ways unto him. If, at any time, he had been told that the devil was deceiving him, he would not have listened, for he was deceiving himself; and the worst of all frauds is to cheat one's own soul.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE Editor of this MAGAZINE having enjoyed an eleven weeks' holiday-trip abroad, his kind readers have a right to expect some account of what he has seen in a journey of ten thousand miles, much of it through the old historic lands of Europe. Of course, only a few brief notes can be here given, which may be expanded into more ample chapters, with appropriate illustration, in future numbers.

The urgent request of a number of friends that he should organize a "personally conducted" excursion, added to the attractions of the World's Sunday-School Convention, in London, and a World's Industrial and Art Exposition, in Paris, proved a potent inducement, and led to the somewhat serious undertaking of conducting a party of over two score persons—in Paris we numbered forty-five—across the sea and to the two leading cities of Europe—London and Paris. A score of these made a still further journey through Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany and Belgium. It is cause for devout thankfulness to God that this numerous party made this long journey without a single accident or illness—save the inevitable temporary sea-sickness—or serious mishap of any sort.

The broad extent of Canada was well illustrated in this numerous excursion-party, embracing as it did representatives from Vancouver Island on the west, from Halifax on the east, and from several intermediate places.

Another illustration of the magnificent distances of Canada is the fact that one sails a thousand miles after going on shipboard at Montreal before losing sight of land. In about five days the green shores of Ireland come in sight, and in less than seven days passengers from Rimouski disembark at Moville. The sail up the Mersey, past seven miles of docks, impresses one with the vastness of the commerce of one of the greatest sea-ports of the world. A special commissioner and three liveried baggage-men, previously arranged for, enable our large party to pass without delay the Customs, and after a night in Liverpool we travel to London, in special saloon carriages, *via* the picturesque Midland route through Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Bedfordshire, with their memories of Peveril of the Peak, of Cromwell and of Bunyan.

Of the many sights seen during ten busy days in London space will not here suffice to speak, but of one mention must be especially made. Our very first drive in the great metropolis—as was befitting a party of loyal Methodists—as for the most part we were—was to the old Mother Church of Methodism in London—City Road Chapel. Never before had a party of forty Canadian tourists visited that historic spot. But the courteous minister in charge and the chapel-keeper were previously apprised of our coming and everything was ready for our reception. We stood by turns in Wesley's pulpit, read with keenest interest the mural tablets to the memory of Fletcher, Clarke, Benson and Coke, and other mighty men, and stood beside the grave of the honoured founder of Methodism, and by the beautiful monument of its real foundress—Susannah Wesley; and then visited the house in which John Wesley lived, the room in which he wrote, and the chamber in which he died, and felt that we were near the springs of a stream of sacred influence which has encircled the whole round world. To residents in a new country like Canada, where we can scarcely see anything much older than ourselves, the impression made by such memorials of the past as the grim old Tower of London, and the venerable Westminster Abbey, are very striking. One of the most interesting features of the abbey is the old Jerusalem Chamber, in which King Henry IV. died and lay in state; in which King

James' Authorized Version of the Scriptures was made in 1611; in which the Westminster Confession was compiled, and in which the Revised Version of the Scriptures received the sanction of the eminent scholars to whom it was committed.

The World's Sunday-School Convention was a very notable gathering, embracing nearly nine hundred delegates from many remote parts of Christendom. Much social attention was given the foreign visitors, including a reception at the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, and a garden party at Dullis Hill, the country house of the Earl of Aberdeen. The Convention cannot fail to stimulate the cause of Sunday-schools throughout Europe, and to further the adoption of the International System of Sunday-School lessons.

On the last Sunday we were in London, the sacred day was desecrated by the noisy procession of the Shah of Persia and *suite* through the densely crowded streets on their way to a dinner-party given at his country-house by the Marquis of Salisbury—not a good example to be set by the Prime Minister of England. A better observance of the sacred day was a procession of enthusiastic Methodists through Oxford Street, singing as they went, to Hyde Park, where Hugh Price Hughes, the leader of the West End London Mission, preached an earnest evangelistic sermon. In the evening two thousand people crowded St. James' Hall, where this successful mission grapples with the fashionable vice of the great Metropolis.

The memory of the first ride in France, through beautiful Normandy, from the quaint old fishing town of Dieppe to still more quaint Rouen, is one that will not soon be forgotten.

Ten days in Paris was not too long a time in which to visit the sights of the gay pleasure-city, and to study the wonderful Exhibition of Art and Industry on the *Champ de Mars*. High over all dominated the lace-like structure of the Eiffel Tower—the most remarkable combination of strength and beauty we ever saw. Around its base surged a concourse of people of many lands and many tongues. In scores of varied structures—graceful or fantastic, bizarre or elegant—were exhibited the master-work of human skill and ingenuity from the very ends of the earth. The art catalogue alone filled a closely-printed octavo volume of 338 pages, and the other exhibits fill eight volumes more. Almost bewildering were the seemingly endless number and infinite variety of the products of the hand and brain of man. A striking feature was the reproduction of the structures of all ages and all lands—from the rude caves of the stone age, down through Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman, Romanesque and Byzantine, to Renaissance and modern architecture; and from the rude huts of Senegal and the Gamboon to the fac-similes of Indian temples and Tonkin villages—all peopled by their appropriate inhabitants. I took my lunch of mediæval bread and cheese, served by serge-clad, leather-buskined Gaulish peasants, in a house of the Gaulo-Roman period, built of fragments of buildings of the classic age; and my wife rode in a Tonkinese jinrikisha through streets of a score of distinct nationalities. One could make a tour of the world in a few hours. One of the most realistic reproductions was the street in Cairo—with its mosquer and minarets, its bazaars and overhanging lattice windows, its Arab donkey boys and haggling hucksters of all sorts of Oriental fabrics.

We happened to be in Paris on the historic 14th of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile, which, indeed, the whole Exhibition was designed to commemorate. The whole city was *en fête*, and decorated and illuminated as never before. The *Champs Elysées* looked like a veritable Elysian field, and the great square of the *Place de la Concorde*, the scene of so much pageantry and tragedy, never witnessed a more brilliant spectacle.

Nevertheless it was a grateful change, to pass from the brilliance of the gay capital, from the pomp and splendour of Versailles to the

mountain solitudes and solemnities of Switzerland—sweeping up, up from the fertile plain, through belts of dusky pines and verdant pasture to regions of eternal snow. Of Geneva, with its memories of Calvin and Farel and Knox, of the glorious ride to the Chamouny, of the still grander ride over the wild Tête Noire Pass, of the wondrous vision of Mont Blanc—a revelation of the might and majesty of God—like the great white throne set in the heavens—such as awes and solemnizes the soul—of the virgin beauty of the Jung Frau, throned in inaccessible loveliness, of the glorious outlook over a horizon of three hundred miles of snow-capped, forest-mantled mountains from the Rigi, of the blended beauty and sublimity of Lake Thun, Lake Brienz, Lake Lucerne—of these we may not now speak.

The grandeur culminates in the ride over the St. Gothard Pass, from Alpine snows to the burning plains of Italy. Up, up the railway winds, now plunging into a mountain's tunnel, now leaping over a yawning ravine, sometimes even boring in a spiral curve in the very heart of the mountain. The Italian lakes Lugano and Como surpass the Swiss lakes in beauty, if they are inferior in sublimity. Nothing more fully met the expectation of the Canadian tourists than the exquisite beauty of Milan Cathedral, its two thousand statued pinnacles glistening in the sun; its interior, a vast and solemn vaulted space, resplendent with rainbow-coloured windows and with the sheen of gold and gems.

Less impressive at first view, but growing upon one with a spell of power, is the glorious Cathedral of St. Mark at Venice. The Palace of the Doges, with its blended memories of power and pomp and splendour, and of oppression and crime; the Bridge of Sighs, the crowded Rialto—the many canals, the gliding gondolas, seem like a dream of romance.

By a route traversed by few Canadian tourists—that over the Brenner Pass through the Austrian Tyrol—we reach the mountain-girdled city of Innsbruck, the quaint capital of the Tyrol. Nowhere have I seen a more striking combination of fantastic mediæval and sumptuous modern architecture, or more magnificent environment. Here, too, is one of the most impressive monuments in existence, that of the Emperor Maximilian I. The effigy of the emperor kneels in prayer upon his tomb, surrounded by bronze figures of twenty-eight of his ancestors and kinsfolk—grave, austere, homely, realistic statues, standing like chief mourners around the emperor's bier. The exquisite marble reliefs illustrate the principal events in his life. The conception and execution of the monument is supremely fine.

A ride in an "observation car" over the Arlberg Railway through magnificent mountain scenery, amid a region seamed and scarred by the stern ploughshare of war, where almost every hill has its frowning fortress or castle; and a sail on lovely Lake Constance, bring us to the city, chiefly memorable for the martyrdom of Huss and Jerome and for the great council by which they were condemned. The hall of their trial, the scene of their imprisonment, the place whence they were burned at the stake are invested with imperishable interest.

Another ride, over the famous Black Forest Railway, one of the finest engineering achievements in Europe, traversing a country of unsurpassed picturesqueness, brings us to Strasburg, whose noble cathedral is one of the grandest relics bequeathed by the Middle Ages to the present time. Yet though strikingly picturesque, these old houses with five stories *in the roof* must be very uncomfortable and unsanitary dwellings. The contrast between the splendour of the Kaiser's new palace and the squalor in which so many of his subjects, crushed by military burdens, eke out an existence, is very painful. I saw in this stately city an old woman pushing a handcart before her and dragging *four* others behind her; they were empty of course, but still it was most unwomanly work, but only an example of much which constantly meet the eye.

The old castle of Heidelberg, commanding a magnificent view of the valley of Neckar, is one of the noblest ruins of Europe—majestic even in decay, fraught with memories of pomp and power and pageantry, of battle, siege and sortie, that still stir the blood. A short ride brought us to the old imperial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, where is still seen the hall in which for well-nigh a thousand years the emperors of Germany were elected, and the square where neither "Jews nor swine" were permitted to enter. Yet the Jews became here one of the dominant forces of Europe, without the aid of whose money-bags no war could be waged.

Most tourists make the descent of the Rhine in a single day. We took it leisurely in two, enjoying to the full the panorama of its vine-clad slopes and many-castled hills, and stopping over-night at quaint Coblentz, where the Emperor Drusus bridged the swift-flowing Moselle, and in whose old church Charlemagne partitioned his empire.

The stately minster of Cologne more completely than any other fulfilled the ideal of Gothic architecture; but while a magnificent national monument, it is degraded by puerile legends of the "Three Wise Men," or Gipsy Kings, of Bible story, and by many apocryphal relics. More absurd still is the story of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgin martyrs whose relics are shown to the devout or curious, the skulls on shelves wearing embroidered caps, the other bones arranged in fantastic devices. As of special sanctity are shown the right hand and left foot of Saint Ursula, a spine of the crown of thorns, an alabaster vessel, one of the water-pots containing the water made wine at Cana in Galilee—though it could never have held two or three firkins as described in the sacred narratives. I "posed" for a moment the garrulous custodian of these relics by asking how he was sure of the identity of the saints which he so confidently asserted to be those of St. Ursula, and the rest. After an impatient shrug of the shoulders he went on as fluently as ever. I wonder how he could keep his gravity while recounting such palpable fables.

The splendid architecture of the new streets of Cologne was the most progressive-looking thing we saw in Germany.

A long ride across the undulating plains of Eastern Belgium, cultivated like a garden, and studded with busy manufacturing towns—Namur, Liege, Louvain, and many another—brings us to the gay capital, Brussels—a lesser Paris, with stately streets and noble architecture. The new Palais de Justice, it is claimed, is the largest building in Europe—a colossal pile, rivalling in massive majesty the structures of Babylon and Nineveh. A visit to the picture gallery of the mad painter, Wiertz, was like a nightmare vision—a most extraordinary blending of the grotesque and horrible. He was an ardent hater of war and war-makers, and two never-to-be-forgotten pictures are his "Last Cannon," in which a mighty angel wrenches in pieces the deadly enginery of war, while attendant angels proclaim over a war-scarred world the mild triumphs of peace, and his "Napoleon in Hell," in which the victims of the arch-despot's cruelty invoke the wrath of heaven upon his head.

A couple of hours' ride brings us to Antwerp, our last city on the Continent. It was the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, and the great cathedral was profusely decorated. A large doll-like figure of great age and sanctity was arrayed in a richly-embroidered mantle bedizened with jewellery and costly gems. Even Rubens' famous pictures and the solemnity of the great cathedral—the only one in the world having a nave and six aisles—seemed vulgarized by the tawdry spectacle. Not so the beauty of the noble spire, whose tracery seemed as delicate as Mechlin lace—fit, said Napoleon, to be put in a glass-case—as seen from the square without, with its

> "Beautiful wild chimes,
> Low at times and loud at times,
> And blending like a poet's rhymes."

A fitting conclusion of the jour-

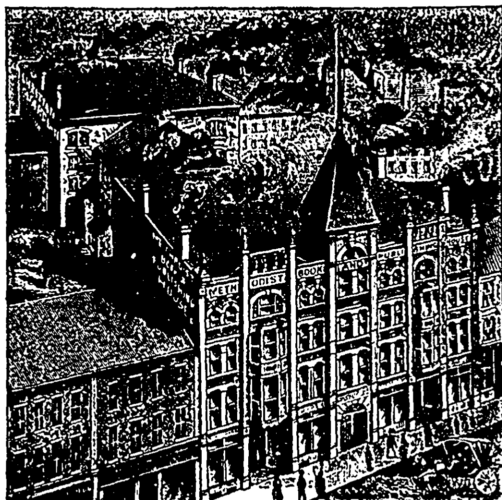
ney was a run through the northern counties of England, stopping to see the ancient cathedral cities of York and Durham; to the stately city of Edinburgh, unsurpassed in Europe for magnificence of situation and for historic and romantic interest. Some of the party visit the Trossachs, Ireland, and Wales, while others proceed directly to Glasgow and Liverpool. In future numbers will be given, with copious illustrations, an account of some of the things best worth seeing in a journey by sea and land over ten thousand miles.

DEATH OF WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

Never within our memory has the death of any one caused such profound and heartfelt sorrow, throughout the community where he lived, as that of the late William Gooderham. It was not idle curiosity that drew thousands from all parts of the city to take a last look at a well-known face, and to pay the last tribute of respect. The moistened eyes of many a stalwart man, to whom the words of counsel or exhortation of the departed servant of God had been a savour of life unto life, the sobs of the orphaned children, whose lives he had brightened and cheered—these were a more touching tribute than even the eloquent words of those who spoke of his many virtues, or than the white flowers which symbolized his blameless life, fragrant with the incense of Christly service for his fellow-men. What was the secret of this life that so won the hearts of men and made his death a personal loss to thousands? It was not that he was a rich man, for many far richer pass away and leave few to mourn. It was not even that he was a benevolent man—though that counts for much. It was because he loved his fellow-men, and strove with an unwearied zeal to bring them to a knowledge of the like precious faith which he himself enjoyed. He did not do this by proxy, but by loving personal effort. To wide and enlightened schemes of beneficence, which he aided with large and liberal donations of money, he added the nobler consecration of his time, his talents, his public addresses, and private appeals to bring men to God. In the wards of the hospital, in the cells of the prison, in the home of the poor, by the bedside of the dying, he had ever the same old, old story to tell of Jesus and his love. How fitting that he should die as he lived, in active service for the Lord he loved—in seeking to reclaim the fallen, to remember the forgotten, to visit the forsaken. It was not death, it was translation. To live in the hearts of those we leave behind is not to die. He still lives in the memory of thousands, as an example of Christ-like zeal in doing good, as a monument of the transforming power of grace, as an inspiration to duty—to be a follower of him as he also was a follower of the Lord Jesus. We hope in an early number of this MAGAZINE to present an ampler memorial of this consecrated life.

Since the above was written, the following princely bequests, by Mr. Gooderham, have been announced: To the Methodist Missionary Society, $30,000; to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, $10,000; to Victoria College Building Fund, $125,000; Endowment Fund for same, $75,000; Home for Incurables, $10,000; Salvation Army, $15,000; Young Men's Christian Association, $10,000; the Bible Society, $10,000; Wycliffe College, $10,000; Boys' Home, $10,000; Girls' Home, $10,000; House of Industry, $10,000; Infants' Home, $2,000; Hospital for Sick Children, $2,000; News Boys' Home, $2,000; the Haven, $2,000; Women's Christian Boarding Home, $2,000; Orphans' Home, $10,000; Fegan Southwark Home, $10,000; Young Women's Christian Association, $10,000; Mission Union, $5,000; Prisoners' Aid Association, $2,000; Industrial Home $2,000; Willard Tract Depository, $5,000, and other noble benefactions. Thus, though dead, he shall yet speak through the institutions and Christian agencies which are so largely benefited by his liberality.

OUR NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE.



WESLEY BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

This month marks a new era in the history of our Publishing House. We have taken possession of the commodious premises afforded by the time-honoured Richmond Street Church, and by the erection of large and important additions thereto. We now possess the most amply-equipped establishment in the Dominion, for high-class book publishing, as well as for the growing circulation of the numerous periodicals of the House. This departure has entailed a large amount of labour upon the indefatigable Book Steward, upon whom has fallen the chief burden of financing for the heavy outlay that has been necessary, and otherwise arranging for the transfer of a great business interest from old to new environment. In this he has been well seconded by efficient committees on building, finance, legislation, sale of old premises, and rental of spare space in the new. The small army of employees have also worked with a will, and the entire establishment, printing, presses, bindery, and machinery have been transferred without the interruption for a day of the manifold processes of printing and publishing half a score of periodicals and other issues from the press.

The facilities furnished for doing a very large business in book-selling and publishing are now of the very first order. An immense stock of books in general literature, and especially in religious, theological, and Sunday-school literature, will meet the utmost needs, not only of the "people called Methodists," but of the general public. In addition to the large stock on hand, any book published in any part of the world can be promptly ordered and furnished at the lowest possible rates.

While the wants of the general public will be sedulously met, the establishment appeals especially to the patronage of the Methodist people of the Dominion. It is their house. Its profits are devoted to an interest of paramount importance—in ministering to the support of aged and worn-out ministers and their widows and orphan children.

The Methodist people, upon whom

it especially depends for its patronage, should, therefore, rally more strongly than ever to its support. It should command, we think, the entire patronage of our hundreds of Sunday-schools—except those which draw their supplies from the Montreal and Halifax Methodist Book-Rooms. By far the largest supply of Sunday-school requisites of every sort, and especially of the newest, best, and most attractive Sunday-school libraries, will be found in stock, and sold at lowest rates. From this new era, under the blessing of God, a period of unparalleled growth and development in all our publishing and bookselling interests may be anticipated. Not less directly than ever, and far more widely, the old Richmond Street premises shall be a centre from which shall issue pure streams of religious *influence*—spreading "Scriptural holiness throughout the land."

Another advantage of our new premises is that it furnishes ample accommodation for all the Connexional offices—the Missionary, Educational, Superannuated Fund departments, as well as a large room for Connexional Committees. Without leaving the building, visiting brethren can attend to all Connexional business—and with great saving of time and trouble.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

As stated in our last issue, the Rev. D. C. Kelly was elected President of the Conference recently held at Sheffield. The same gentleman was elected to the position of Book Steward instead of the Rev. T. Woolmer, who, after ten years' faithful service, retires from the active service. Mr. Kelly has long been a prominent member of Conference, and has occupied several important positions. The Rev. D. J. Waller was re-elected Secretary. Some important appointments were made—Rev. R. Culley was elected Sunday-school Secretary; Rev. D. Walters, Secretary of the London Mission. A University Mission is to be established in London, of which the Rev. John Scott Lidgett is appointed to take charge. Rev. Thomas Champness is now relieved from circuit duties, and devotes himself to the "Joyful News' Mission." He now employs 101 evangelists, sixteen of whom are in foreign lands.

There were several visitors introduced to the Conference. Among others, a son of the late Rev. David McNichol, now President of New Zealand Wesleyan Conference, and our own Dr. Hugh Johnston, President of Toronto Conference. Fraternal delegates were present from the Nonconformist bodies of Sheffield. The open session of Conference was, as usual, one of deep interest. The Secretary of Conference was appointed as fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the Rev. Wallace McMullen, fraternal delegate to the Methodist General Conference which is to meet in Montreal, September 1890.

The Fernley Lecture was delivered by Professor Beet, and was a production of more than ordinary value. The lecture was delivered in the very church where Mr. Beet became a Methodist, and with which he was nine years identified.

Thirty-one ministers died during the year, twelve of whom had been in the ministry more than fifty years, though some of them had been superannuates a few years. Only thirteen young men were ordained to the full

work of the ministry. This is the smallest number for many years; fifty-five candidates for the ministry were accepted, and several who had completed their terms at college could not be employed in circuit work.

The London Mission, known as the "Forward Movement," excites great interest everywhere. Missions have also been established in several provincial towns—as Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, etc.—all of which have been remarkably successful. From the reports presented to the Conference it seems that thousands of persons, some of whom were among the veriest outcasts, have been won to the Saviour. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes stated that he had seen sinners converted every Sabbath during the whole year. In Bolton more than 3,000 conversions had taken place.

The Book Room has had a very prosperous year; and of its profits, $22,500 were donated to benevolent purposes, $17,500 being given to the Superannuation Fund.

It is proposed to celebrate the centenary of John Wesley's death, which occurs early next spring, by starting a large connexional fund for evangelistic work throughout England, thus giving a fresh impetus to the "Forward Movement" in Methodism.

It is also proposed to rear in London a Whitefield memorial, to perpetuate the name and work of the great evangelist, in which the glory of Immanuel shall be widely revealed; also to do honour to the too long neglected name of Augustus Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages," by a building to be called "Toplady Hall," costing $100,000.

The marvellous expansion of Methodism may be seen by the following quotation from a speech of Sir Henry Mitchell: "One hundred and fifty years ago the germ of Methodism was warning into life in Oxford University; one hundred and twenty years ago a few seeds of the new life wafted over the sea, took root in American soil and brought forth abundant fruit; one hundred years ago the Christmas Conference gathered up the sheaves and bound them together in the M. E. Church. There were 83 travelling preachers and 15,000 members in the new Church. The population of the new Republic numbered 3,000,000. Thus began the history of the new experiment, a free Church in a free country. On January 1, 1888, Methodism throughout the world numbered 38,000 preachers and 6,320,000 members, had a population indentified with it of about 30,000,000."

In view of the successes which have been chronicled, who shall say that Methodism has had its day or that it exhibits any sign of decadence? One fact speaks volumes. The numerical increase for the past fifty years has been fifty times greater than that of the fifty years of Wesley's evangelistic toils and triumphs. The Methodist Church is now the largest, and perhaps the most aggressive, evangelical community on the face of the globe. "It is a living testimony to the worth of the work our fathers wrought." May not this movement, like "the stone cut out of the mountain without hands," yet fill the whole earth?

At the late Conference an arrangement was made whereby City Road Chapel, London, will henceforth be in reality a Methodist Cathedral. The resident minister will be the Superintendent, but the pulpit will be supplied on various Sundays throughout the year by some of the ablest ministers in Wesleyan Methodism, specially selected for the purpose.

A Quarterly Magazine is published in Edinburgh, edited by Mr. Joseph Cargill, a nephew of David Cargill, the Fijian missionary, and a descendant of Donald Cargill, the Covenant martyr. The new periodical takes note of the progress of the Wesleyan Church all over Scotland.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

It is estimated that this Church now has 2,154,237 communicants, against 2,093,935 last year, indicating a net gain in 1888 of over 60,000.

The Church reports 25,065 Sunday-schools, with 2,086,848 scholars.

The agents of the Book Concern in New York have sold the property known as 805 Broadway. The price obtained is $50,000 in excess of the valuation fixed upon it by the Book Committee.

In sixteen years the Boston University (Methodist) has graduated 428 doctors of medicine, nearly one-half of them women.

Syracuse Methodist University, now growing into great strength and influence, received benefactions during the year amounting to $365,000.

Bishop Taylor, the self-supporting missionary in Africa, writes: "All my missionaries on the Liberian coast are well, happy and hopeful. We are going to win by the power of God.

Wesley Hospital, Chicago has received a gift of $5,000, which endows the first free bed in that institution.

Drew Methodist College has an excellent library, comprising 25,000 volumes, 8,000 pamphlets, and a large number of rare ancient manuscripts.

A writer in the *Central Methodist* says: "Nothing in Denver shows greater growth and prosperity than Methodism. It is keeping pace with the growth of the city."

Methodism to-day has the largest membership of all Protestant denominations in China.

Primitive Methodism.

Rev. George Warner, the Connexional evangelist, has gone to Australia, and is labouring there in evangelistic work.

A new mission for Central Africa has been organized, a station has also been established on the Zambesi River.

The Primitive Methodists of London are commencing a Forward Movement to employ twelve evangelists, men and women.

The Methodist Church.

The great event in Canadian Methodism since our last issue was the jubilee of Centenary Church, St. John, New Brunswick. Our friends in the east have set an example to the Methodists throughout the Dominion. The jubilee services were varied and extended over several days, but, all were of the most inspiring character. A tablet in honour of former pastors was unveiled. The ministers who took part had all been pastors of Centenary, except Bishop Newman, who preached on the last Sabbath, and delivered his grand lecture the following evening, on "The March of Civilization." Several persons were present at the services who had been connected with the Church most of their lives. One gentleman was there at the ripe age of ninety-four, Mr. Henry Melick. The congregation has always been one of great influence, and has sometimes embraced those who have become persons of distinguished position, as mayor of the city, judges of the Supreme Court, and lieutenant-governors.

A correspondent in the *Wesleyan* has lately been visiting the North-West, and gives an interesting account of some of the Methodist Indian Missions. He was particularly pleased with the Orphans' Home at Morley, and writes in terms of great commendation respecting Mr. and Mrs. Youmans and Miss McKee, who are connected with the institution.

An interesting meeting was held recently in Vancouver, which was a kind of farewell love-feast, as the people were in future to form two congregations. Rev. E. Robson, who has been so long connected with Methodism in British Columbia, presided. The missionary party on their way to Japan were present, and took part in the services, there were also fifteen Chinese Christians there. Some of them spoke and all sang The Chinese mission has beeng reatly owned by God. Vancouver is improving rapidly. Only seven years ago it was a small hamlet surrounded by giant pines. Now there is a city of 12,000 inhabitants. Surely this is marvellous growth.

Miss Elizabeth Hart, daughter of the Rev. T. D. Hart, Methodist minister of Arcadia, N.S., has gone to Tokyo, Japan, where she is to enter upon mission work and teach

in one of the colleges. Miss Hart is a young lady of talent and culture, an accomplished artist and musician, and will thus be a valuable addition to the staff of missionaries now in Japan. The family to which Miss Hart belongs has a noteworthy record in the Church. Two uncles have laboured in the ministry. About two years ago a sister entered on mission work amongst the Indians in the North-West, and a brother has just entered the ministry in the Nova Scotia Conference.

We are gratified to learn that there is an increase of missionary income for the current year amounting to $8,000, but there has been a falling off in the amount of bequests, which reduces somewhat the total receipts. This does not discourage us, we would rather see an increase in subscriptions than in the amount of bequests, it is a more satisfactory source of income.

The Board of the Superannuation Fund has just published an exhibit of its requirements. During the past year 190 worn-out ministers, 148 widows and 106 children received aid from this fund. During the current year, the following additional claimants will need to be provided for—18 ministers, 9 widows, and 12 children, which will necessarily require an increase of income. No fund has stronger claims on the liberality of the Methodist people than the Superannuation Fund.

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. A. C. Chambers, who was a member of the Montreal Conference, has been called to his reward. The event occurred at the house of his brother, the Rev. A. B. Chambers, Napanee, September 16th. Brother Chambers entered the ministry in 1868, so that he had been permitted to blow the Gospel trumpet a little more than twenty years. It was the privilege of the present writer, to follow our departed brother on one circuit, where he was spoken of very kindly by many friends. We occasionally met in subsequent years, and always found him the same kind, tender-hearted brother that he was when we first met. The last time we were privileged to meet him was shortly after the death of his beloved wife, when he was somewhat depressed on account of the bereavement. He intimated that he did not expect to live long. He survived a few years, but his health has always been somewhat delicate which unfitted him for the rugged work which often falls to the lot of the itinerant. Since May he has resided with his brother, where the best medical skill was provided for him, and everything was done for his comfort which affection could suggest, but despite of all he sunk under his affliction, and now he rests from his labours. May his bereaved ones enjoy the consolations of the Gospel which he so faithfully preached, though often in great bodily weakness.

The Rev. Dr. Burnet, a well-known Presbyterian clergyman, who laboured for many years in Hamilton, Ont., died lately at Milton. He was only sick a few days when the Master called him home.

The Rev. John Brewster was for many years a well-known Methodist minister in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. He was a man of great originality of speech, and was exceedingly popular as a preacher. Some years ago he returned to England and became connected with the Parent Body. Mr. Brewster died suddenly at the opening of the British Conference.

Items.

In 1873 the Reformed Episcopalians separated from the Protestant Episcopalians. They have 106 churches, and seven bishops. Its communicants number about 10,000. They have church property worth $2,000,000, and a theological school in Philadelphia. A lady recently gave $10,000 a year for church extension, and a property worth $300,000 to the seminary.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church has established a home for aged ministers. The Board of

Directors has located the Home in Philadelphia. The building will cost $50,000.

Of the 799 men who have been educated at Spurgeon's Pastors' College during the thirty-six years of its history, 600 are native pastors.

During the past fifteen months the American Board at the Japan Mission has registered 2,867 converts.

There has been an increase of nearly one million of native communicants to all the Christian Churches in heathen lands during the past year.

The new hymn-book of Southern Methodism is universally popular, the presses and bindery beng kept in full force to meet the demand.

The two sections of Baptists in England, General and Particular, once wide apart, are beginning to draw near to each other, and a movement has been started to unite them.

Two Bagdad Jews have bought the entire side of ancient Babylon. An editor asks, "Is it not a significant fact that two Israelites should to-day possess the soil and ruins of the immense city where their ancestors were captives and slaves, and of which their prophets had announced the utter destruction?"

The Rev. Dr. Parker preached recently in Sunderland, and said, "Thank God for the great Methodist pulpit. When I am outworn and helpless I take down a volume of the lives of the Early Methodist Preachers, and I am soon inspired and encouraged. When Methodism loses its evangelical unction, it will sink into the decrepitude and heartlessness of a ghastly respectability."

Dr. Norman Kerr, a statistician, declares that the loss of life by the drink plague in England for a year is at least 120,000 lives, being as many every year as were lost altogether through the "great plague" of 1666.

The schools establisoed in Cairo by the late Miss M. L. Whately are to be carried on by her sister, Miss Jane Whately.

Book Notices.

Divine Guidance; or, the Holy Guest: A Discussion of the Believer's Priviledge in Christ Jesus. By the Rev. Nelson Burns, B.A., Gold Medalist, Toronto University. The Book and Bible House, Brantford, Ontario. 16mo., pp. 288. Price $1.00.

The Methodist people of this country ought to be, in the near future, if they are not already, pretty thoroughly instructed as to the nature and extent of the gracious privilege of the believer, which is the subect of this volume. This is the third book on this subject written by ministers of our Church which has issued from the press during the last few months. First of all came the little volume from the facile pen of our friend, Dr. Stafford, entitled, "The Guiding Hand;" this was followed by the book entitled, "The Guiding Eye," by the Rev. Dr. Carman, one of the General Superintendents, noticed in these pages two or three months ago; and now we have the volume the title of which is given above, covering the same ground. The fact of the appearance of three such books within such a brief space of time is of itself significant. It is an indication that the spiritual aspect of the Christian dispensation is forcing itself upon the attention of thoughtful Christian people as it probably never did before, and that its peculiar privileges, are beginning to be better understood than at any former period.

This book has had the singular

fortune of having been the subject of controversy before it was written. Indeed, it is said that books were written for its refutation as it were by anticipation. But our experience has taught us that when Methodists, and especially Methodist preachers, thoroughly understand one another their doctrinal differences generally disappear, we are strongly of opinion that it will be so in this instance. And as we have great confidence in the sound judgment and good sense of the Methodist people among whom this book is likely to circulate, we do not hesitate to commend it to their candid and prayerful perusal.

Books that are born of controversy are not unfrequently marred by overstatement. It is possible that this work may have suffered from this cause. We should say that the author would have done well to have defined his terms more exactly than he has done in the first chapter. Even the "all truth" in which it is the office of the Divine Paraclete to guide His people will, doubtless, appear to many to need exposition; even the prefix of the definite article to the word "truth," in favour of which there appears to be an almost universal consensus of biblical scholarship, would not wholly remove its ambiguity. Still the question, To what truth does the promise refer? would remain unanswered. Was it the personal truth of God that was in the mind of the Redeemer, when He said, "I am the Truth;" or that system of truth by which the believer is perfected in holiness and fitted for the glory of heaven; or was the article prefixed simply to indicate the correlation and essential unity of all truth? But perhaps Mr. Burns did not feel that he was under any obligation to attempt a definition of what the Lord Himself had not defined.

It is, however, evident enough from the general discussion of the subject, that what Mr. Burns means by this phrase, as he uses it, is the truth which is implied in a spotless life, marked by freedom not only from conscious and intentional wrong-doing but from sinful mistakes, and unmarred by the failures which unhappily mark most of our lives, and fill them with unavailing regrets; and this he undertakes to prove from Scripture, and testifies from his own experience to be the blessed privilege of all who receive the Holy Ghost in Pentecostal fulness, and who, according to apostolic teaching, live in the Spirit and walk in the Spirit. Surely this is worthy of being not only carefully examined in the light of Scripture and reason, but subjected to actual experiment. Try it.—W. S. B.

Deaconesses in Europe, and Their Lessons for America. By JANE M. BANCROFT, Ph.D., with an Introduction by BISHOP ANDREWS. 12mo., pp. 264. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

The subject of woman's work for women is more and more attracting the attention of the Christian Church. We were deeply impressed with what we saw and heard of the religious sisterhood employed in connection with the Wesleyan West End Mission in London. The recent legislation of the Methodist Episcopal Church has given a practical interest to the subject. The present admirable book is, therefore, very timely and useful. It gives a historical retrospect of the female diaconate in the Christian Church, describes especially the Kaiserswerth and other similar institutions and meets objections which may be raised to a female diaconate. We heartily commend the book.

Gold from Ophir. A new book of Bible Readings, original and selected. By J. E. WOLFE, with Introduction by DR. JAMES H. BROOKES. Toronto: A. G. Watson. 8vo., pp. 294. Price $1.25.

This is a large, well-printed volume of Bible readings, selected from many sources. Much of it will be read with edification by every Christian. With its teachings on the subject of the pre-millenial advent of our Lord we do not agree, from the tendency of some of its other teachings we are also compelled to dissent.

But these form but a small part of a book of otherwise excellent selections.

LITERARY NOTICE.

The Methodist Review (New York: Hunt & Eaton) presents the following table of contents:—1. Religious Significance of the Reformatory Movements in Hinduism; 2. The Providential Design of German Methodism; 3. The American Republic; a symposium; 4. Jacob Slaper—Founder of the Boston University; 5. John Ruskin; 6. The Chronology of Israel and Assyria in the Reign of Shalmaneser II.; 7. De Pressense before the French Senate; Memorial Literature, with the usual amount of space devoted to short articles, editorial and contributed, and book and literary notices.

The initial article, by Bishop Hurst, is the one which will probably attract most attention, and best repay perusal. The Bishop takes a specially hopeful view of the reformatory movements in Hinduism, as tending to prepare the way for the more rapid diffusion of Christianity. The second in order is from the pen of Reuben Yeakel, D.D., of Cleveland, Ohio. It contains an interesting account of the part which the Germans have played in the planting and progress of Methodism on this continent, and a plea for the union of the two Methodisms—the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Evangelical Association in Europe—as tending to more effectually prepare it for the accomplishment of its providential mission, which he holds to be, "To rescue the German race from unbelief and sin, and to lead them into that salvation to the uttermost which fits them to fulfil their destiny in the Divine plan of saving the human race."

The symposium on the American Republic in which the editor of the *Review*, Dr. Trusdell, of Chicago, and Dr. Martin, of Greencastle, Indiana, respectively take part, contains some interesting matter, especially to such as are not specially well read in Independence-day literature. It would have been read with greater interest in this country probably but for an ungenerous, and we think, unjust, editorial paragraph, which appears in another part the *Review*. The editor appears to labour under the unaccountable hallucination that, in order to duly exalt his own country, it is necessary for him to underrate England. He seems to forget that to the grand old Mother of Nations, the leader in the van of the world's civilization and evangelization, the United States are more indebted than to all the other nations of the earth put together. What is the constitutional basis of the Republic, of which the editor himself writes in this symposium, but a modification and adaptation of the older constitution of the greater nation? And what is the religious factor, which is the special theme discussed by Dr. Trusdell, but the Protestant Christianity of Great Britain? And the mission of the Republic, discussed so ably by Dr. Martin, is identical with that of the parent-country, and can be best fulfilled in alliance, or at least in cordial co-operation, with her. What, it may be asked, we trust without offence, has the United States for which they are not chiefly indebted to England? To her they are indebted for their very best blood and brain. Most of the eminent literary men of whom the Republic is justly proud are essentially Englishmen, though born on this continent. And so long as the language of the United States is the English language, their literature is in the main English literature, their common law is the common law of England, and their government is modelled upon those lines for which Englishmen through ages have fought and bled, this perpetual abuse of England upon the part of intelligent and educated Americans is unaccountable. What if England were in the hopeles state of decadence in which this editor would have us believe she is, would that be a matter in which Americans should rejoice? What if English writers do occasionally criticise the literature of America? Who has a better right to criticise the child than the parent, or the pupil than the teacher?—W. S. B.