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W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,

EDITOR.

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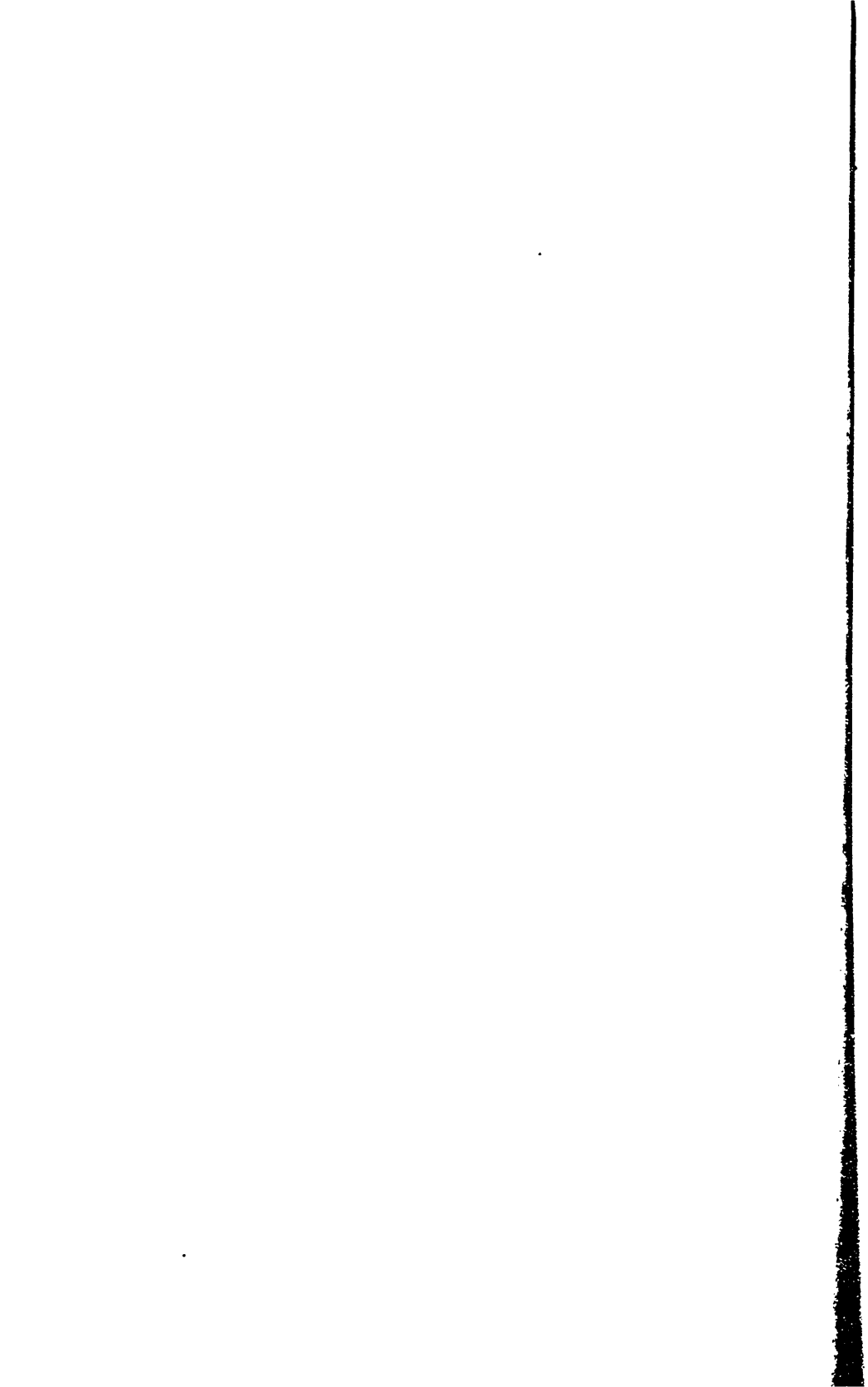
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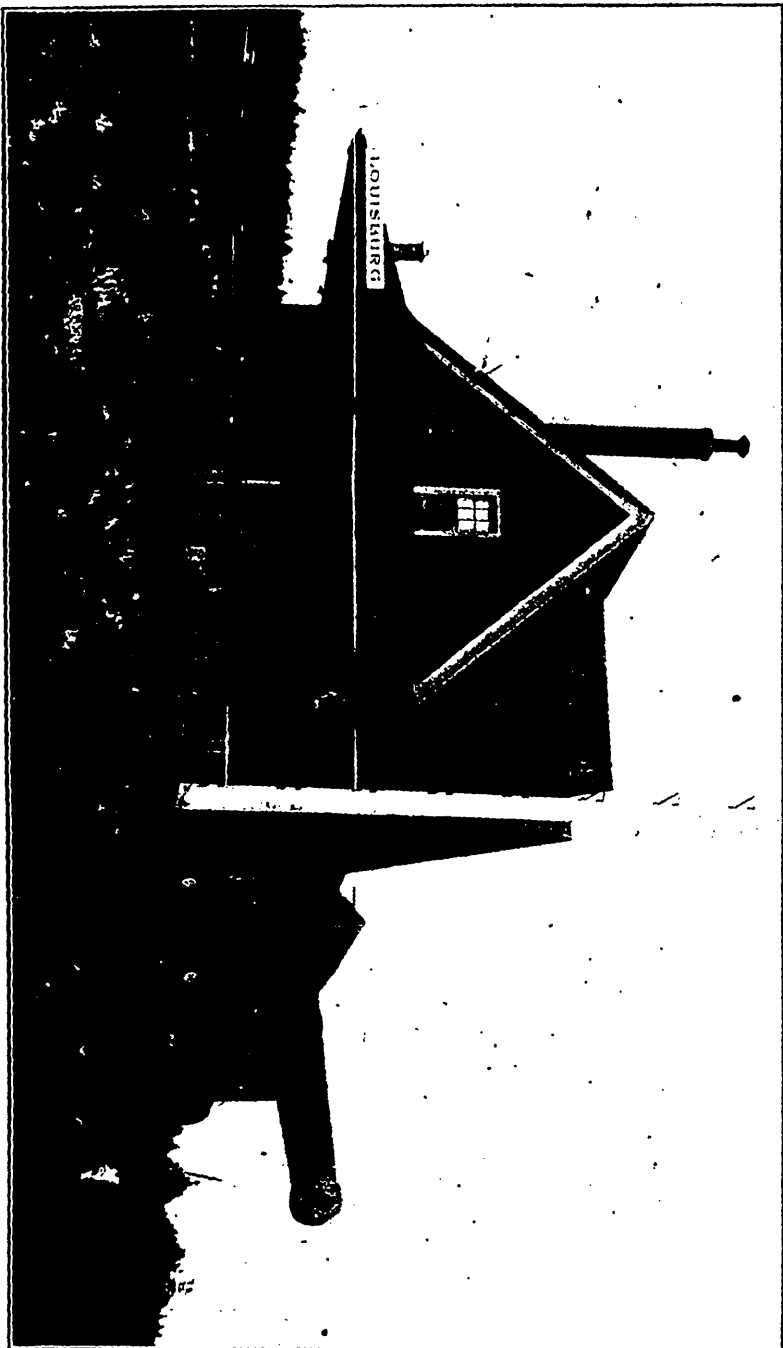
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OLD GUN AT RAILWAY STATION NEAR NEW LOUISBOURG.
Two similar ruins, memorials of the famous siege, are mounted in Queen's Park, Toronto. They were sunk in the harbour for over 150 years.

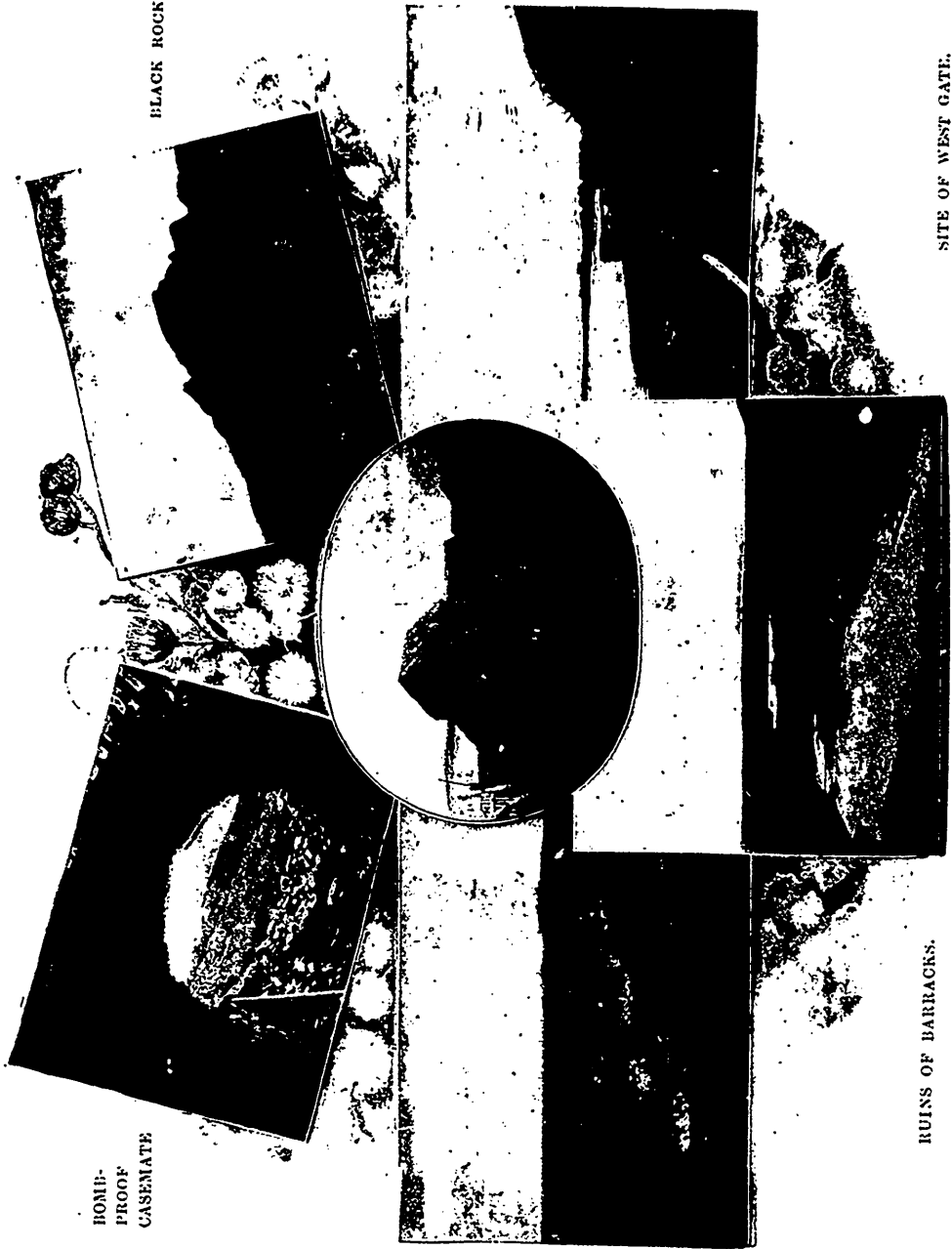
BOMI-
PROOF
CASEMATE

BLACK ROCK.

RUINS OF BARRACKS.

HAYMAKING SCENE. DITCH AND RUINED WALL.

SITE OF WEST GATE.



Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1904.

CAPE BRETON—LOUISBOURG.

BY THE REV. SELBY JEFFERSON.



GR^{EAT} as is the commercial interest which has lately called all Canada's attention to Cape Breton, its anti-quarian interest is greater still. Probably sighted by the Cabots in 1496, its name is our earliest European importation; and recalls the brave Basque fishermen who, four hundred years ago, found their way thus far from home, and gave to the welcome land first seen a well-known name, Cap Breton.

But the fact that the fortunes of the North American continent were fought out here, and that here was settled whether French or English speech and spirit should shape the New World's future, is what, above all else, will ever stir men's minds and draw the feet of pilgrims to these shores.

Leaving the Sydney and Louisbourg train at the eastern end of the line, it is hard to realize that, less than a hundred and fifty years ago, a man-eating Indian's wigwam may have stood where the station stands; and, near that odd-looking spider-leglike pier at which, in the distance, Black Diamond boats are coaling, was the gun-bristling Grand Battery of one of the strongest fortresses in the world—France's pride and hope of empire this side the long-leagued sea.

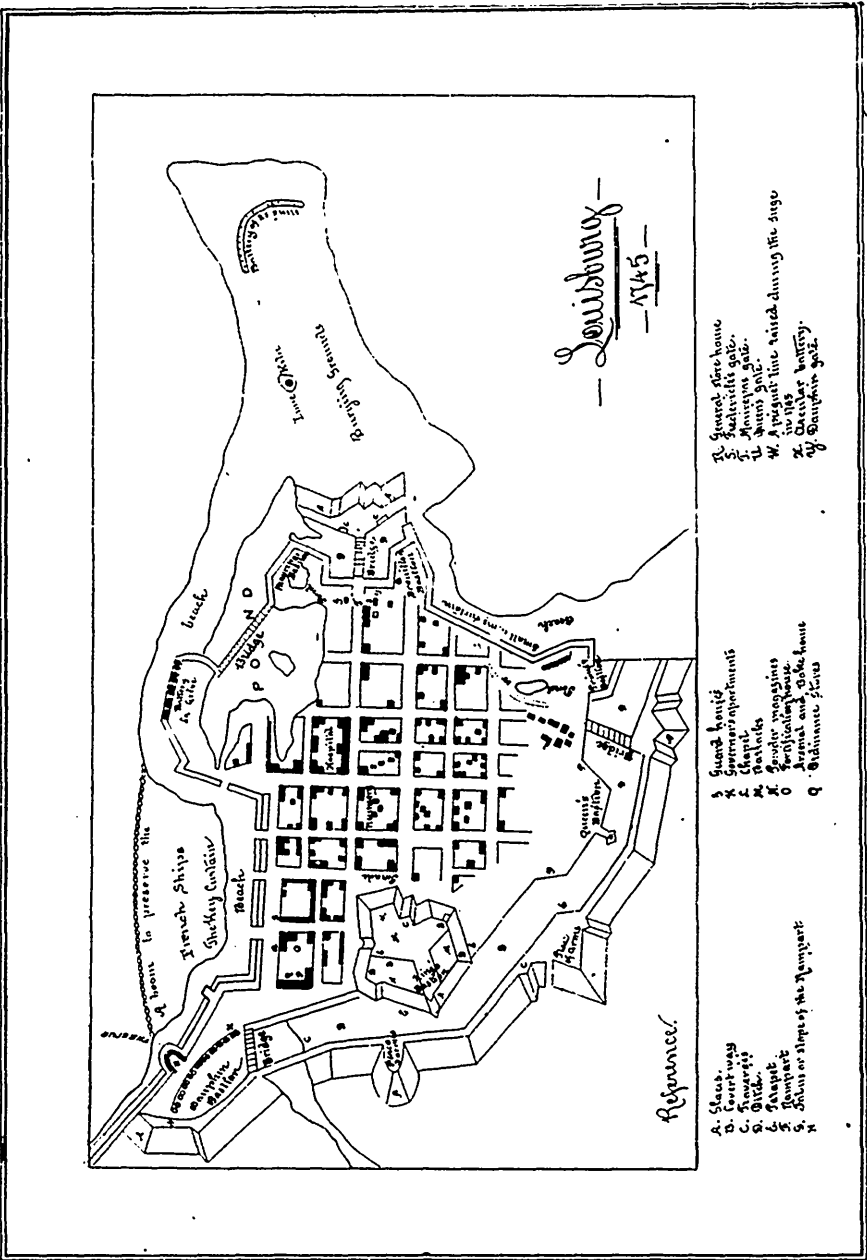
To the right as one leaves the depot, by the flagstaff, two recently

dredged up cannon are mounted, rust-eaten and harmless, yet reminding one still of the stirring times when they spat fire as living things, and were hot with cannonading in fierce attack or brave defence.*

How well these two peoples, the English and the French, came to close in deadly combat here, is a longer story than this magazine allows us to tell. Yet some of the chief actors in the drama may be noted, and, here and there, we may see where the tide of interest sets strongest toward that time when our fathers unfurled the Cross of St. George where the lilled flag of France had flown.

When Spain tapped the mines of Mexico and stirred the jealousy of Europe by their incredible wealth, France sent forth first one and then another explorer to find out what, beside fish, might, north of Spain's possessions, be turned into her treasury. In 1603 two men, Champlain and Pontgravee, prompted chiefly by the vast possibilities of the fur trade, sailed from Honfleur, found fur in abundance, and, what was of infinitely more importance, founded a New France. With Quebec and the interior Champlain's name will ever be associated, but the beginnings of Acadia, and the building there of the first French fort, Port Royal (Annapolis), was

*Two similar cannon are mounted in Queen's Park, Toronto, which had lain fathoms deep for well-nigh a century and a half.



Reference

- A. Gate.
- B. Court way.
- C. Tower.
- D. Mill.
- E. Barrack.
- F. School on slope of the rampart.

- G. Guard house.
- H. Garrison apartments.
- I. Chapel.
- J. Barracks.
- K. People magazines.
- L. Hospital and other house.
- M. Barracks.
- N. Barracks.
- O. Barracks.
- P. Barracks.
- Q. Barracks.
- R. Barracks.
- S. Barracks.
- T. Barracks.
- U. Barracks.
- V. Barracks.
- W. Barracks.
- X. Barracks.
- Y. Barracks.
- Z. Barracks.

- A. General store house.
- B. Barracks gate.
- C. Barracks gate.
- D. Barracks gate.
- E. Barracks gate.
- F. Barracks gate.
- G. Barracks gate.
- H. Barracks gate.
- I. Barracks gate.
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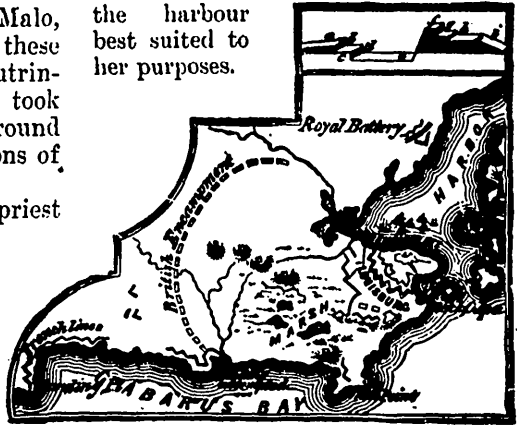
due to the merchant from St. Malo, Captain Pontgravee. With these two came also Baron de Poutrincourt, who, more than either, took to the land, and found grow around Port Royal the sweet associations of a home.

In 1604 the shadow of the priest appeared, and in the early years of the seventeenth century, a certain English Captain Argall seized a Frenchman who had dared set foot ashore at Gaspe to claim the mainland, and, burning Port Royal, began that stern conflict which, only after a hundred and fifty years of stintless waste in men and money, decided what should be the character of this continent.

Eighteen years after Argall's exploit, Canada and Acadia were ceded to France by the treaty of St. Germain. But by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Acadia was restored to England. Quickly the war clouds gathered, for just what Acadia meant had never been officially announced. Certainly no one had dreamt before of excluding Cape Breton from the term. Yet into the treaty these words were gotten: "The island of Cape Breton . . . shall hereafter belong of right to the King of France, who shall have liberty to fortify any place or places therein." It had suddenly dawned on the court at Versailles that the place was, strategically, of prime importance.

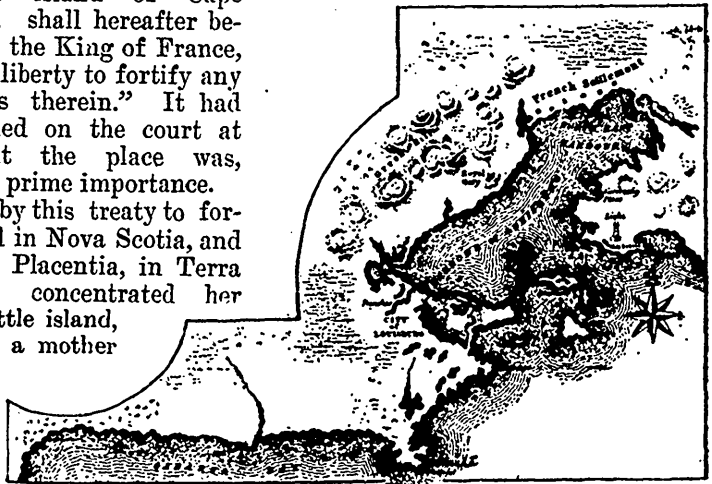
Forced, then, by this treaty to forsake Port Royal in Nova Scotia, and Plaisance, now Placentia, in Terra Nova, France concentrated her forces in this little island, and held it as a mother holds the one child left of a large family. She fixed on Louisbourg as

the harbour best suited to her purposes.

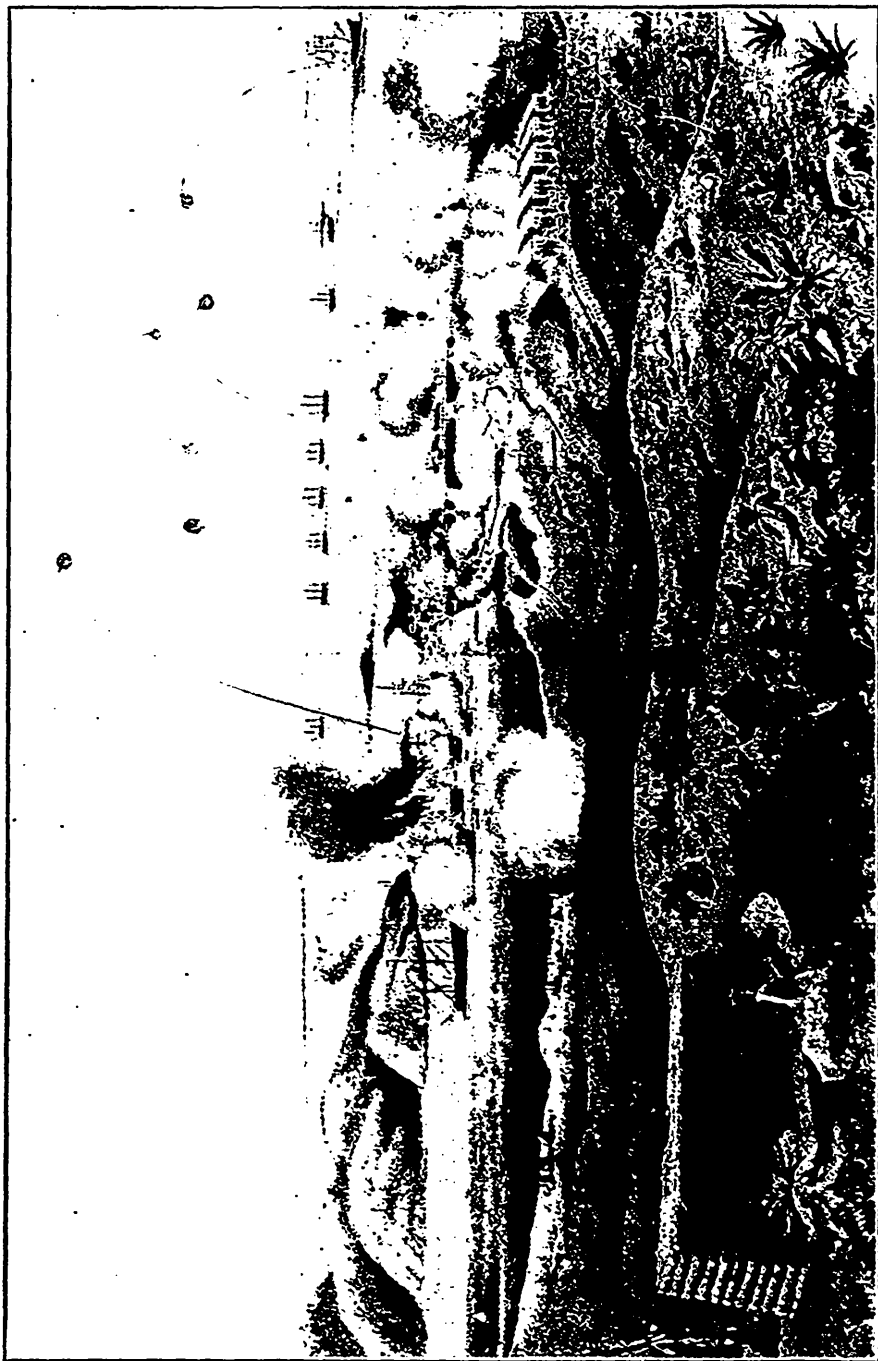


CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG, 1745.

What these were was soon to be seen. Scarcely had she settled at Louisbourg when men were moving to and fro, trying to stir the Acadians to revolt in hope of winning back what had been bartered away. Failing any immediate result it was hoped that the seed thus sown would yield a happy harvest by and by. In view of this, and to prepare for it, fortifications were begun in 1720. "Henceforth for more than twenty-five years the French Government devoted all



MAP OF LOUISBOURG, 1758.



THE SIEGE OF LOUISBOURG, 1758.
Sketch by Lieutenant Thomas Davies, A.R., made during the siege.

its energy and resources to one object—their completion.”

How well the place lent itself to such a purpose may be seen from the diagram on page 5: Breaking east, and west of the narrow entrance are the billows of the broad Atlantic. The ship channel is about six hundred yards wide. On an island to the left was built a strong battery. Right ahead of vessels entering, and up to within some seven hundred yards of which ships-of-the-line must sail, was the Royal Battery, mounting twenty-eight forty-two pounder, and two eighteen-pounder guns, manned by two hundred men. (See map.) Out on the low lying land the city was built, the walls extending some twelve hundred yards or more.

Now there was room enough for these French folk to have dwelt at peace with their New England neighbours. Possibly, too, they would have so dwelt, but for the priest. Behind the governor, Duquesnel, was the influence of the Church, when, in 1744, he sent a party to seize Canseau, the nearest Acadian fishing and military station. A missionary priest himself was at hand to help with his three hundred Indian braves. Had these aggressors fared as well at Annapolis as they did at Canseau, it might have gone ill with New England. But their full force never met before the walls of that town. The different companies failed somehow to rendezvous.

It turned out, too, that their success at Canseau was more to their undoing than their failure at Port Royal. For, whilst the whole affair had shown the colonist what a menace to their fisheries, and, indeed, to Acadia itself, Cape Breton was in the hands of the French, certain prisoners, taken from Canseau to Louisbourg, and sent thence to Boston, had given

such account of the state of the fortress and the mutinous spirit of its garrison, that a few Massachusetts men had the audacity to imagine the place might be taken. Among these was Governor Shirley, and a merchant by the name of William Vaughan. The Assembly itself, on the 26th of January, 1745, decided, by one vote, that the thing could and should be done.

Without a day's delay preparations were pushed forward. Contributions in vessels, guns, and men came in from all sides, but on Massachusetts the heaviest burden fell. She raised and officered over three thousand fighters. Over this raw material was set, as commander-in-chief, a certain William Pepperell, a merchant and militia colonel of Maine, and a man of religious disposition. Such was the army that sailed on the 24th of March, in 1745, to take from the veterans of France the strongest fortress in America.

But, after all, inspire such men with a patriotic impulse, men used in field and wood to live near nature's heart; above all, get them to think they are doing God's service, and you have the stuff of which stern Ironsides are made, men who at Louisbourg, on Marston Moor, or South African veldt, always give a good account of themselves. So "Nil desperandum Christo duce" came to be the watchword, given by George Whitefield, of the whole campaign, and the spirit of the Crusaders was abroad.

Then there followed what these men believed were answers to their prayers. To us supremely practical and materialistic folk of to-day, it may seem to have been but a happy combination of circumstances. But did it matter that the civilization of these lands to-day be that of the Anglo-Saxon? Had Heaven any purpose better furthered possibly

by the one than by the other people? Then, why should not prayer, prayer born of the Great Awakening in the colonies and at home, prayer in spite of the faults and pharisaical spirit of many of the pleaders, aid this enterprise a hundred and fifty years ago as it had done Israel's of old?

Commodore Warren, of the West Indian squadron, after refusing to countenance the undertaking, came up with the colonists at Canseau,

well that the toughest of their work was ahead. Could even the enemy's outworks be taken? There were a hundred guns on the walls to silence. And, for this, they had brought from Boston about thirty small cannon and mortars. But then they had brought larger ammunition to use in the enemy's guns when they got them. Faith was it? or mad fanaticism? Anyhow the glamour and grandeur of the whole affair fevered their blood.



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR OF LOUISBOURG.

nor did he leave them till the end. On the 29th of April they left the nearest Nova Scotian port, having long lain there waiting the clearing of the ice, and before night cast anchor in Garbarus Bay. The next day they went ashore about five miles west of Louisbourg, after beating back the Frenchmen who held the beach at one of the few landing places. This was the 1st of May.

Yet, safely ashore, they knew

Vaughan himself was the incarnation of the army's confidence and daring. The day after landing, he took four hundred men within hailing distance of the town, and, greeting its defenders with a cheer, filed through the woods, away behind the Grand Battery, up the North East Arm of the harbour near to where the Methodist parsonage now stands. Here, by the beach, he found some naval stores and warehouses; these he fired,

watching the curling smoke as it drifted cityward, and hid the Royal Battery from view. Little dreamt he that those clouds were to terrify the gunners there till, barely taking time to spike their guns, they fled.

In the morning, making his way back to the main body, he found, to his amazement, the pride of France forsaken. Less by powder than by prayer this key to the whole situation came into the hands of the colonials, and with it guns for the largest ammunition they had brought!

Equally fortunate were they a fortnight later when the "Vigilant," a French line-of-battle ship, bringing the town's spring supplies, was seized.

Still there stood untouched the Island Battery, the key to the harbour. If only another battery could be planted on the high land by the lighthouse (see map), perhaps even it might be answered, and the harbour entrance opened. But it was next to impossible to get guns up there. Again the unexpected happened. Not far from where they wished them placed the besiegers found some thirty cannon sunk for reserve by the French in shallow water some ten years before. These they got into position, and with them, helped out by a few from the fleet, they silenced the island guns and played havoc with the French shipping in the harbour.

To crown all, British reinforcements came at the opportune moment, and covering the troops as these worked on the land, enabled them to push their batteries close up to the walls of the town.

Day after day the siege dragged on, the exultant courage of those without answered by defiance from within. Scarcely a building stood untouched. Only in the bomb-proofs was there safety from the

flying missiles. And, in these crowded underground chambers, the stoutest-hearted quailed at sight of torn and wounded men more than skilled hands could tend. Busy as any were the buriers of the dead. Still the place held out. Duchambon, with that stubbornness characteristic of certain forms of inefficiency, could no more note the time for honourable capitulation than he had been able earlier to prepare for a successful defence.

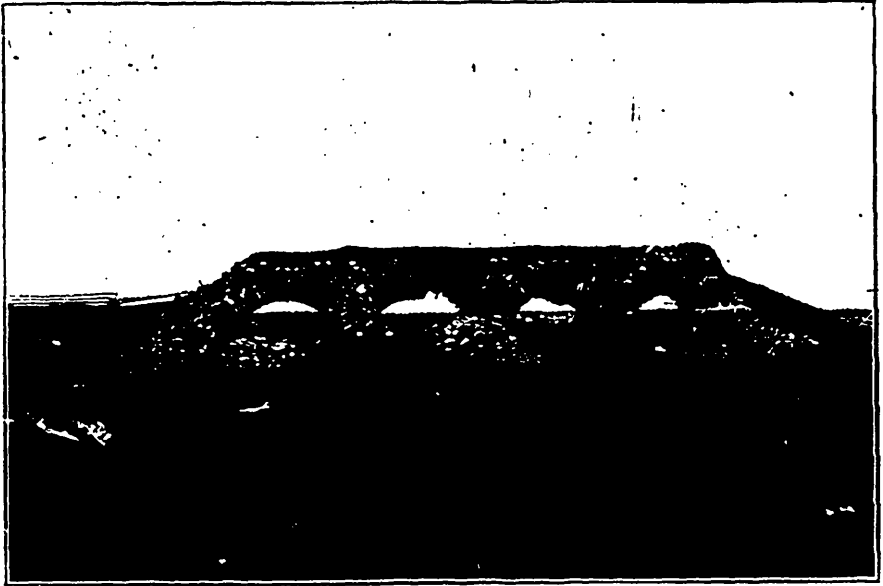
Warren himself was getting uneasy, fearing the arrival of a fleet from France. But the New Englanders knew no fear. This very buoyancy, together with the irregularity of their ways of warfare, fretting as it sometimes did the punctilious English commodore, put to confusion all the calculations of the enemy.

Only one unfortunate accident damped their ardour. Four hundred of them attempted the taking of the Island Battery by night. Sixty of these were shot as they scrambled up the rocky shores of the place. A hundred and sixteen more were made prisoners. Even from this defeat they rallied quickly, and it served only to settle them to more serious work and brace them to the building of the Lighthouse Battery.

By the 5th of June a breach was made in the walls, and it was decided to end the siege by a general onset. Warren went ashore on the 10th to make final arrangements with the commander-in-chief. But, before the two men had parted to carry out their plans, a flag of truce came from Duchambon. A little dilly-dallying, then all was over. On the 17th the New England men were marched in at the West Gate. The impossible had been accomplished and the Dunkirk of America was in British hands. As they beheld the extent of the



VIEW TAKEN IN THE VICINITY OF LOUISBOURG.



CASEMATES, LOUISBOURG, 1902.

fortifications they exclaimed, "God alone hath delivered this stronghold into our hands."*

By the 3rd of July Boston was wild with joy. On the 20th tidings reached France and caused the deepest dejection at Versailles. Soon after the siege seven hundred of the New Englanders left for home. The rest remained over winter. And a sorry winter it was.

* The New Englanders regarded this, as the Old Englanders regarded the destruction of the Spanish Armada, as the special intervention of Providence. In Boston town the pastor of Old South Church prayed for the deliverance of his country and the confounding of its enemies. Longfellow thus describes the sequel :

For this was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came ;
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lighting suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried : "Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord !"

Of the 2,740 men there in September, only about a thousand were fit for duty in January. So foul was the town after the siege that "men died like rotten sheep."

In the following spring the coming of the British regulars relieved the Colonials. But with their coming came also rumours of revenge by France. She was to retake Louisbourg, of course, and she was

The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tent of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas ;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line ;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord ! before Thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When Thou didst walk in wrath
With Thine horses through the sea !

going to follow this up by the utter devastation of the English colonies. Even Boston itself should be laid waste.

Never had news before sent such anxious thrill along the Atlantic seaboard as did this. Nor strangely so. France, all the winter through, had been equipping an expedition such as none had ever seen in American waters. This expedition succeeded in getting unobserved away from Brest. The Viceroy of Canada, too, had gathered a thousand men or more to act in conjunction with its arrival. But again accident or other intervention decided the issue. Such passage as was met with, the oldest sea-dog aboard had never known. For days the fleet would lie becalmed, then, suddenly, storms arose that threatened every ship's undoing. Not till September did they draw near to Nova Scotia. By that time, fever within and storm without had left them with twelve hundred men less than when they sailed.

But by far the wildest gale of all was awaiting them within sight of the land they sought. On the second of the month it met them off Cape Sable, and, driving some of them back to France, sent others under, and tossed the noblest of their navy till they tumbled helplessly in the sea.

When the admiral, Duc d'Anville, arrived in Halifax, he found that M. de Conflans, commander of the West India fleet, tired of waiting, had sailed for home a few days before with four large ships-of-war. Then, seeing that only two of his own immense fleet was harboured with him, and knowing that half the men aboard of these were starved and fever-stricken, it was too much for him, and poison or apoplexy ended his anxiety.

That same day, D'Estourville, vice-admiral, reached the rendezvous, heard what had happened,

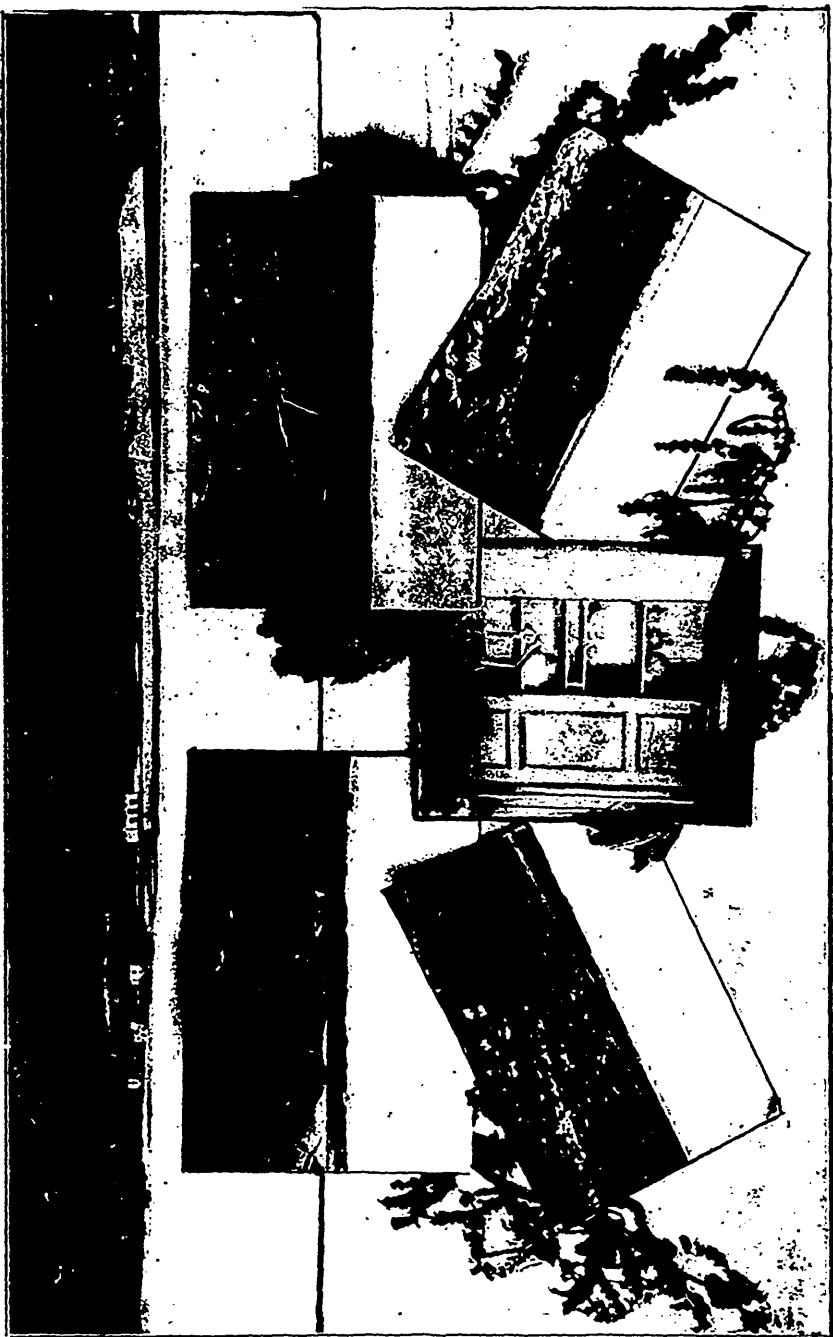
took over the command, and soon after committed suicide in a delirium of fever.

Nor was he alone in his fever. Hundreds of miserable men were perishing in hastily thrown-up sheds ashore. Those who survived owed their lives to Britain's Acadian subjects whose lands the stricken ones had come to conquer. When, at last, all that were left of these set sail for France, another hurricane caught them in November, and only the sorriest remnant ultimately anchored in French harbours.

But by the spring that followed another large armament was ready for America. This one, however, Warren and Anson met off Finisterre and early ended its career.

Then, such sometimes is the irony of fate, what France had so utterly failed to win by force, was handed over by her enemy through the pessimistic outlook of a consumptive, discontented commodore named Knowles. This man had been called from the sunny south to the governorship of Louisbourg. Distressed by its fogs and frosts, he sent such description of Cape Breton to England, that wise officialdom came to regard the place as only fit for fishing or for Frenchmen.

So all New England's efforts went for naught, and, at Aix-la-Chapelle, Cape Breton was given back to France. Four years after the siege in which so much brave New England blood was shed, a French governor sat again in the citadel, and set about the old game of intermeddling with the Acadians. Two years later, Count de Raymond, a tool prepared to priest La Loutre's liking, diligently tried to stir up strife. Then France seized the isthmus between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Not, however, till four years after that was war declared. But nothing



HARBOUR OF LOUISBOURG FROM THE CITADEL.
Interior, Grand Battery. Old French Cupboard.
Looking toward Green hills from Citadel.
Ruins, Convent and Hospital.
Inland Wall and Ditch from Citadel.

more was done till the spring that followed. Then vigorous measures were taken. A total force of 12,000 British gathered in Halifax harbour in 1757. They were on the point of sailing for Cape Breton when, hearing how strong the Frenchmen were, through inefficiency or cowardice, they slunk off over the sea.

Those were dark days for England, darker, indeed, than any she had known. But it proved the darkness that precedes the dawn. The Island Queen roused herself as from a sleep. From princeliest palace and peasant hut answer came to the great Pitt's call, and, gilded inefficiency set aside, soon every sea was whitened with English sail, triumph wrung from defeat, and the fountains of an ever since expanding empire laid.

But France had been elated by a brilliant series of successes and was prepared to dispute her enemy's advance at every turn. To both peoples it was plain that Louisbourg was the pivot-point on which all turned—not alone in the New but the Old World also.

On the 10th of February, then, 1758, an English fleet, under Admiral Boscawen, sailed for America; another under Osborne, kept Lé Clure a prisoner in the Mediterranean; whilst a third, under Hawke, succeeded in intercepting a French squadron bound with transports for Cape Breton. Boscawen was joined at Halifax by a few provincial troops. The ships-of-war on the station, too, came in. On the 28th of May all sailed for the formidable little city by the sea.

Vast sums of money had been spent in repairs since France came to her own again. Almost a mile's length of fortifications stretched in arc-like form across the low lying land that ends in Rochforte Point.

These were defended by three thousand regulars, beside Indians and militia. Within the walls were gathered also the neighbouring habitants.

Meeting the fleet at the mouth of Halifax harbour, General Amherst, who had sped post-haste from Germany, boarded the flagship, and planning his attack as they sailed, selected his men. Notable among these was one of three brigadiers, a lanky, sea-sick youth, James Wolfe by name.

On the 2nd of June the foremost of the fleet caught sight of Louisbourg, and anchored where the New England men had done thirteen years before. Next day the hindmost hove in sight. But for several days thereafter, a south-east gale from three thousand miles of open ocean made landing anywhere impossible. Only here and there, indeed, as we have seen, could landing be at any time effected.

At each landing place was set such guard and guns as, on that rocky coast, might bid defiance to the world. Despite England's vigilance, France had managed to get reinforcements into the town. When the English admiral cast anchor in the bay, France had in the harbour five ships-of-the-line, and seven frigates, mounting, together, more than five hundred guns, and manned by some three thousand men.

Yet, on the morning of the 8th of June, by one of those mistakes of the French on which great days so often turn, Wolfe managed, with his company and their shattered flag-staff, to get footing ashore under a horribly close range fire from a thousand cannon and musket mouths. This was at Freshwater Cove*—the very place where Vaughan landed. This time, too,

* Now Kennington Cove.



COAL WHARVES, SYDNEY, C.B.

entrenched as the Frenchmen were, there happened the self-same thing as happened then. From every out-work west of the town they fled, glad to get whole-skinned away.

By the 20th, the heaviest of the munitions of war were ashore, and the army waited orders to advance. But Amherst was other than Pepperell, and trained in all the arts and tactics of war. Beside, less reckless daring, and more masterful movement of the chess playing kind was needed now. And this was Amherst's forte. Where a hazardous onset had to be risked, or a touch-and-go stroke would tell, there the young brigadier Wolfe would be.

To the surprised delight of the General word quickly came that the Royal Battery had been again abandoned. This time, though, not having even smoke to fly from, the gunners had left more leisurely and done some dismantling.

Wolfe, with two hundred men,

was sent in the track of Vaughan around the North East Arm of the harbour to assault the battery at the lighthouse, which the men of '45 had taught the Frenchmen how to use. To Wolfe's amazement, this, too, had been abandoned. Securing them by sea and land communications with the main body, he opened fire on the Island Battery. By the 25th every gun therein was silenced, and there was nothing to prevent the British Admiral getting at the French. But in the darkness, the governor, having eye to every advantage, sunk six ships in the harbour mouth and managed thus a little longer to hold the British at bay.

Surely, though, with scientific precision and almost incredible labour, the besiegers on the landward side crept closer and closer.

Within the walls the gallant governor, Drucourt, bravely fought against his fate. And, among all who held up his hands, not one was

worthier the success that never came than his wife. Thrice every day she stood by the gunners on the *terre pleine*, and sent the contents of a cannon to the enemy. Never woman kept a cooler head, a truer and more tender heart than she amid sufferings indescribable.

On the night of the 21st a bomb burnt the magazine of the "Célèbre," and, blowing up, she fired two of her sister ships.

The next night the citadel went up in smoke, and, the night after, the barracks. All that would burn within the walls was catching fire. Even there, at the mouth of the casemates or bomb-proof underground cellar-like places, crowded with women, children, and wounded men, the wood piles, hastily thrown together to prevent the enemy's shot finding easy entrance, caught fire, and threatened with suffocation all within. Shelter now there was none from the storm of shot and shell that, guided by the light of the burning buildings, poured in from every British battery.

Yet, even then, Drucourt rallied his men, and the day dawned on a still untaken town. But the end

none doubted. On the night of the 25th six hundred sailors rowed silently into the harbour and seized the two remaining battleships.

Next day the Admiral went ashore to arrange with Amherst a joint attack. And, again, as in '45, before he left to carry out the programme, a white flag from the west gate brought offers of surrender.

Once more, then, and finally, the terror of these northern seas fell into English hands and the Red Cross flew where men had gazed with pride on the fleur-de-lis.

On the 18th of August the news reached England, and, two years later, lest France should ever again get footing here, sappers and miners were sent to raze to the ground the blood-soaked walls.

Now, a hundred and fifty years later, Louisbourg, lost for long to any but a few fishermen and an odd enthusiast, has arisen, two miles north-east of the old town's site, to share, as the shipping port of the Dominion Coal Company, the general prosperity in peaceful industry of this now again well-known and wealthy little island of Cape Breton.

CANADA.

Canada! Maple-land! Land of great mountains!
 Lake-land and river-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
 Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
 Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility,—
 Fear that is rev'rent—not fear that is base;—
 Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
 Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country;
 Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
 Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
 Shield us, O Father, from shame!

Last born of nations! The offspring of freedom!
 Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
 God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
 Courage to guard what we hold!

—A. C.

THE LUMBERMAN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Wildly round our woodland quarters,
Sad-voiced Autumn grieves ;
Thickly down these swelling waters
Float his fallen leaves.
Through the tall and naked timber,
Column-like and old,
Gleam the sunsets of November,
From their skies of gold.

When with sounds of smothered thunder,
On some night of rain,
Lake and river break asunder
Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear them
To the sawmill's wheel,
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them
With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,
In these vales below,
When the earliest beams of sunlight
Streak the mountain's snow,
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,
To our hurrying feet,
And the forest echoes clearly
All our blows repeat.

Where are mossy carpets better
Than the Persian weaves,
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
Seem the fading leaves ;
And a music wild and solemn,
From the pine-tree's height,
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the wind of night ;

Make we here our camp of winter ;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
We shall lack alone
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty
Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning
For our toil to-day ;
And the welcome of returning
Shall our loss repay,
When, like seamen from the waters,
From the woods we come,
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters
Angels of our home.

Not for us the measured ringing
From the village spire,
Not for us the Sabbath singing
Of the sweet-voiced choir ;
Ours the old, majestic temple,
Where God's brightness shines
Down the dome so grand and ample,
Propped by lofty pines !

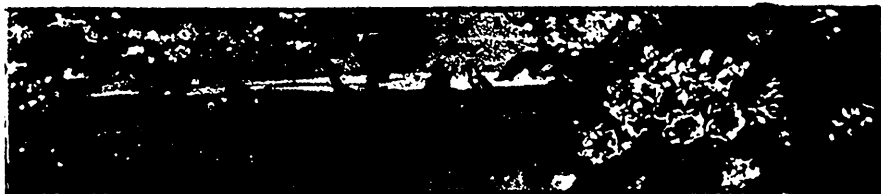
Through each branch-enwoven skylight,
Speaks He in the breeze,
As of old beneath the twilight
Of lost Eden's trees !
Strike, then, comrades !—Trade is waiting
On our rugged toil ;
Far ships waiting for the freighting
Of our woodland spoil !

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands,
Bleak and cold, of ours,
With the citron-planted islands
Of a clime of flowers ;
To our frosts the tribute bringing
Of eternal heats ;
In our lap of winter flinging
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labour,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre
Or the gleam of lance !
Strike !—With every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks, with wondering eye !

Loud behind us grow the murmurs
Of the age to come ;
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,
Bearing harvest home !
Here her virgin lap with treasures
Shall the green earth fill ;
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears
Crown each beechen hill.

In our North-land, wild and woody,
Let us still have part ;
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
Hold us to thy heart !
Freedom, hand in hand with labour,
Walketh strong and brave ;
On the forehead of his neighbour
No man writeth Slave !





THE LUMBER JACK.*



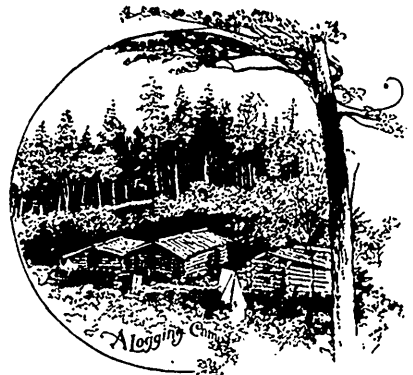
THE LAST SETTLEMENT ON THE WAY TO THE LOGGING CAMP.



IN no country is the timber trade carried on under more picturesque conditions than in Canada. From the time the tree is felled until the log finds its way on shipboard, or to the teeth of the saw-mill, the surroundings are as romantic and exciting as we need wish. Life among the loggers, from a distance at any rate, seems the very ideal of healthy independence. Drivers, fellers, and explorers all have their definite work, and stand out in bold personality from their background of river and snow.

The war on the woods begins in the good old fashion with a reconnaissance. In the late autumn or early spring, when the leaves are thin on the trees, the explorers set out. A small party they are, five or six in number, fully equipped for a long ramble in the unknown

forest. Food, blankets, cookery pots, all have to be taken with them, to be shared amongst their bundles which, secured by the leather strap or "tump" line, are slung across the chest or forehead. Armed with the hunting-knife and trusty rifle, as their food purveyors, they go forth into the woods as did the trappers of old, but in search of vegetable prey. For weeks they will keep on the move from fresh patch to fresh patch, until some likely spot is reached. Then, climbing a tall pine on the hilltop, the leader will carefully survey the district.



* For two of the large engravings which accompany this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Joseph Phillips, Esq., Publisher of The National Monthly.—ED.

If the leafage is not light enough it is no easy thing to tell the value of the timber he can see; but if the branches are fairly bare, it is astonishing how close he will be in his

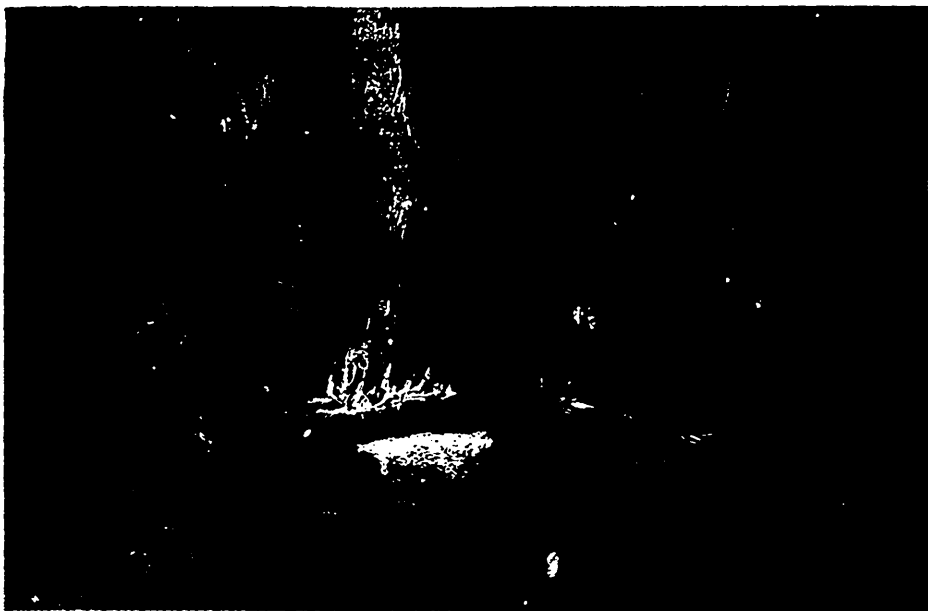
his camps and landings. In short he has to glance over the district with the eye of a general and acquaint himself with all its strategic points. Should the survey prove



INTERIOR OF A LUMBER CAMP.

estimate. He has to note the most likely clumps, and consider them with regard to the means of transit. He has to look at the lay of the lakes and rivers, and mark out in his mind the most suitable spots for

satisfactory, the explorers move to the chosen ground and proceed to mark it as their claim. The roads to it are "blazed," that is to say, a notch is chopped in the side of the trees that border the path



THE GREAT HEARTH IN A LOGGING CAMP.

through the woods, and the destined headquarters are decided upon.

The site having been chosen, the explorers return to civilization. The attack is soon organized, and the "lumbering" proper begins. Horses, sleighs, and boats are got together. The horses would be idle in the winter were it not for the "lumbering," and so to a great extent would the men who start in all gaiety for the woods, though for months they will not see the face of wife or child.

From a paper in *The Outlook*, by W. D. Hulbert, we quote freely, in the following pages:

Winding away through the woods to the nearest railway station or other point in touch with the outside world, the tote road is apt to be very rough and narrow, barely passable for a team and a waggon, but it serves its purpose, and over it come more men and horses, lumber for the floors and roofs of the shanties and for the rude pieces of furniture that will be needed, tarred

paper to make the roofs tight, a few glazed window-sashes, a huge range and a number of box stoves, dishes, and kitchen utensils, a little stock of goods for the van, blankets by the dozen and score, and countless boxes and barrels and bags of provisions.

Log-huts are much the same all over the world—logs laid one on the top of the other, with their ends cut half through to fit in with the side logs joining them at right angles—and all over the world their sight is welcome in a solitude. On a cold winter's evening in the woods there is nothing more cheering to the traveller than to come upon one of these huts of the "loggers," with its light gleaming out over the snow across the river or the lake; for the hut is almost always by the waterside.

A moderately extensive operation requires at least five log shanties--the men's camp, the cook camp, the office, the barn, and the blacksmith shop. In the men's camp, which is all in one large



A SAWYER.

room, the bunks are ranged along the walls, often two or three tiers high, and are filled with balsam boughs or with hay or straw, and provided with coarse blankets. In the middle is a big box stove—or perhaps two, if the camp is a large one, or perhaps a great open fire on an earthen platform, like an ancient altar—and in one corner there is often a rough wooden sink, set out with tin basins and flanked by roller towels and a barrel of water, whereat the lumber-jack makes his toilet.

The cook camp is furnished with the range and with long tables set with a great array of tin dishes, while in one end the cook and the cookee have their bunks, and in the other a storeroom for provisions is sometimes walled off. The push and the clerk, and sometimes the scaler, bunk in the office. Here the books and accounts are kept, and here, too, is the van, stocked with such goods and merchandise as will sup-

ply the lumber-jack's most immediate needs—warm jackets, trousers, heavy underwear, socks, hurons, shoe-packs, caps, and mittens, tobacco, pipes, and a little stationery.

The blacksmith shop is simply a blacksmith shop, small and none too completely equipped, and the barn, is much like other log barns—low-roofed, that the animal heat of the horses may go as far as possible toward keeping it warm."

As soon as the camp is ready, the "rollway" is built, extending from the waterside up into the forest. This is the main road, the trunk road in all senses, of the lumbering station; down it the logs are to find their way to the stream. Sometimes it has to be a "gallery road," that is to say, a road of which portions have to be embanked or piled so as to give an unbroken gradient.

To drive this road and repair it is the duty of the "head swamper."



A LOGGER.



AMID THE SNOW.

The foreman's duty is to take the general management of the station and keep the labour accounts. He is supervised when the transactions are on a large scale by the "bush superintendent," who drives about from station to station to report as to the general progress of the work. Besides the swamper there are the carpenters to do the general repairs, the sled tender to load the sleighs, the choppers to fell the trees, the sawyers to cut them into logs, the hewers to square the logs, and last, but by no means least, the cook, in general charge of the catering.

The catering is not on a very elaborate scale; the drink is almost exclusively strong tea, milkless and sugarless; and the meat is pork and the spoils of the rifle. The only thing on which the cook can show his skill is the bread, which is produced in gigantic loaves, bigger than were ever carried in a free trade procession. In case of accident, the cook may act as surgeon,

and his remedies will probably be of the woods woody; his poultices will be the bark of the moose wood boiled till it is soft, and his plasters will be the tender branches of the ground hemlock, boiled till they are in a state of gum.

The head man selects the tree and decides the way it shall be "felled," the direction depending on the shape of the branches, the lay of the land, and the set of the wind. It does not take long to bring down a pine that may have taken two centuries to grow. With a man on each side plying the long-handled axes, the chips fly out at a speed that would satisfy even Mr. Gladstone.

"Timber!!!" comes the warning cry, and any one within reach of the falling giant jumps for dear life. The branches moan as they sweep through the air, and the moan grows to a whistle and a shriek as the big green head gathers speed and falls faster and faster till it strikes the ground with a tre-



THE LUMBER CAMP.

mendous crash and a great litter of broken limbs and twigs. It has taken scores, perhaps hundreds, of years to lift the pine-tree into the air, but a few minutes' work of an axe and a saw is enough to bring it down.

Then comes the question, How far can it be "run up" into the branches? A cut is made in it, and if the wood is not sound a lower cut is made, and so on until the limit is reached.

Then if the trunk is to be squared it is "lined." The string is fastened at one end, and, mounting the tree, the foreman moves the line about until he finds what branches should be cut away to trim the trunk to the best advantage. The heavy axes then come into play, the branches are whipped off and notches ten or twelve feet apart are cut, and the wood is split off to within half an inch of the line. The hewer then arrives with his

broad segmental axe and gives the finishing touch.

Should the trunk be left unsquared it is merely cut into convenient lengths, and these are worked on to the rollway and slid down on to the ice or into the water. As with one tree so with the others: and log after log is sent down until the bottom of the rollway is one mass of timber. As the trees are cleared away the road is run up amongst them and the logs are crowded up along the slope. From dawn to dark the work of picturesque destruction goes on; and when night has closed in the men meet round the fire, and the fiddle is brought out, and the evening is spent in musical jollity.

On the Ottawa many of the lumbermen are Highlanders, in the older provinces they are often half-breeds or French Canadians; and the traveller in the woods may often hear from the log-hut the wild



A BIG LOAD.

melody of some old Scottish song, or perhaps some sacred hymn; for your Canadian, outwardly at all events, never forgets his Church. It is even recorded that the priests make their way from shanty to shanty to conduct religious services in the woods, and that many of these lumbermen, some of them the roughest of the rough, begin and end the day with a form of prayer rattled through with a celerity that would have wearied even Henry Beauclerk.

When the snow grows so deep that it is difficult for men and horses to leave the beaten roads, then skidding and swamping and felling all come to an end, and another stage of the operation begins—the sleigh haul. The log road is broken, the snow-plough is run over it, if necessary, and the sprinkler is set to work—a big wooden water-tank mounted on runners, with two small holes in the rear from which

the water falls into the ruts, leaving long ribbons of ice for the log-sleighs to run upon. The profits on the rest of the winter's work must depend on the size of the loads that can be drawn, for the horses cannot be hurried—the work is too heavy. They can make only so many round trips a day between the skidways and the banking-ground, and if the job is to be hastened it must be done by making the sleighs run more easily and then increasing the loads. So every effort is put forth to get this ice railway in the best possible condition, and the “road-monkeys,” or “road-hogs,” as they are variously called in lumber-camp slang, are constantly at work keeping it in repair.

A tremendously strong and heavy sleigh pulls up in front of a skidway and the logs are rolled upon the great cross-beams—“bunks,” the driver calls them—



AT SET OF SUN.

which are to support the load. As the pile grows the horses are made to assist in building it up, just as they did in "decking up" the skidway, while a cant-hook man, the "top-loader," stands ready to receive each log and guide it to its place. It is dangerous work—top-loading. In fact, the lumber-jack is always in more or less danger, no matter what part of the job he is engaged upon. A tree may fall in an unexpected direction and crush him before he can escape, or the butt may leap sidewise as it leaves the stump. An axe may glance and open an artery, from which he may bleed to death. A chain may break and let a log roll back upon him; and in former years it was not unknown for a man working alone to be set upon by wild beasts, though this is a thing that seldom happens nowadays. The danger from falling branches is always present when one

is under the trees, for dead limbs are liable to drop at any moment, without warning, and sometimes without any apparent reason.

But the top-loader is the man who runs the greatest risks, for he has little room in which to work and he is liable at any time to be caught and crushed between the logs, or to lose his footing, or to be knocked off the load and thrown to the ground, perhaps with a log on top of him. Many a man has lost his life while putting the "peaker" on the load. And another dangerous task is that of the men who "break down" the front of the skidway and "send up" to the top-loader; for now and then the logs become cemented together with ice and snow, and in loosening them the cant-hook men are liable to start an avalanche of timber which may crush them before they can get out of the way.

Complete at last, with the peaker on and the whole mass securely bound together with chains, the small mountain of logs glides deliberately away down the log road, and after a journey of anywhere from one to a dozen miles it reaches the banking-ground, where the logs are piled up to wait for spring. During the weeks and months that follow they are joined

most of the streams that empty into the Great Lakes it is a much simpler and easier matter than on streams like the Ottawa and Penobscot, mainly because the rivers of the lake basin are all much shorter than some of those farther east, and also because many of them are not navigable for steamers. In the Lake region the drive is often over in a few weeks, and sometimes even in



DRAWING LOGS ON THE ICE.

by hundreds of other such small mountains, till finally, perhaps not until the thaws have set in and the road is growing soft and slushy, the last log arrives and the sleigh-haul is ended.

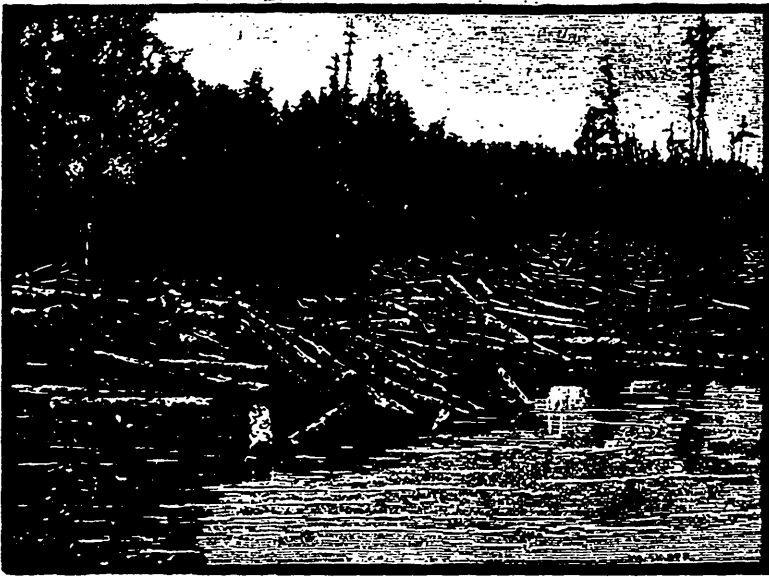
There remains only the drive. The logs have all to be piloted down the streams. The drive and its methods vary a good deal in different sections of the country. On

a few days, while on the streams of Canada and New England it frequently takes two years for the logs to work down from the woods to the boom and the sorting-jack.

On the longer drives, and especially where it is necessary to keep out of the way of steamers, the logs are often made up into "cribs," on which the crews pitch their tents and live for month after month as

they glide slowly down with the current. Rafts just like them may be seen on the Danube and other European rivers, handled with huge oars and steered with a long sweep. On the short streams, particularly those that are not navigated by other craft, there is nothing to do but roll the logs off the banking-ground into the river and let them float down as fast as they will, a crew of men following close behind with peaveys and pike-poles to

mind getting his feet wet, river-driving is not necessarily a very hard or disagreeable occupation so long as the weather is not very boisterous nor the stream very tumultuous; but on cold, stormy days, such as often come in early spring, his lot is not an enviable one. As to the dangers attendant on the calling, they depend almost entirely on the behaviour of the river. While the current is slow and tranquil the work is not very



CANADA'S TIMBER CROP.

keep them moving and release those that get "hung up" on the banks. A few large logs are fastened together to form a small raft on which tents are pitched, and sometimes there is a rough scow carrying a little cabin which serves as a kitchen. Here the men eat and sleep, and the "wannigan," as it is called, floats down stream just behind the logs and is always close to the scene of action.

To a strong, healthy man who is inured to exposure and does not

perilous, though it is often tedious and there is always a chance that in running across the floating logs he may tumble in and perhaps be caught under the timber and drowned like a rat in a trap. Strange to say, there are many river-drivers who cannot swim.

But the risks multiply rapidly when the drive enters a rapid or nears a fall, and when the now racing logs begin to pile up on the rocks like tangled heaps of jackstraws. Often the driver has to

wade out into the rushing stream, where the current threatens to sweep him away, and where a flying log may dash against him at any moment and knock him off his feet. Often he must clamber over the jam and pick and pry at the woven sticks with his peavey, or his pike-pole, and take the chances that the pile may suddenly melt away under his feet and let him drop into the icy river, perhaps to be crushed to death between the grinding timbers. And sometimes he has to get down

up of the pick of the camps, the best, strongest, and hardiest men in the woods.

When the snow has gone another gang starts to get the logs afloat. This is the most exciting and dangerous part of the whole trade. The logs are on the rollway in a confused mass, one or two of them jammed and keeping back all the rest on the slope. The obstruction has to be cleared; and then with a roar a detachment of the logs will roll helter-skelter into the stream.



A LOG JAM.

under the front of the jam and loosen the one log which, braced against a rock, is holding back all the rest, with the possibility that the entire mass may take a sudden start and be upon him before he can escape. At the best, the frequent wettings and the constant exposure to the weather must tell on a man sooner or later. There are no old men on the drive, and few middle-aged ones. The driver gets good wages, but he earns his money, and the driving crews are generally made

So swift and sudden is this rush that instances have occurred of men having to spring for their lives into the river, dive deep to the bottom, and swim under the water to get clear of the avalanche that thundered behind and above them.

Perhaps the queerest product of the drive is the "alligator," a small and very heavily built vessel used in handling logs on some of the Canadian lakes and rivers—a sort of a cross between a boat and a grasshopper. It beats the record of

even President Lincoln's famous gunboats, which could go "wherever the ground was a little damp," for in case of necessity it can navigate a dry and dusty road or make its way through a swamp or over a windfall. On its forward deck it carries a powerful steam capstan or windlass, and when it wants to take a land voyage a wire cable is taken ashore and made fast to some secure and solid anchorage, the capstan is set at work, and the "alligator" hauls itself out of the water and wanders about, slowly but surely, at its own sweet will. When its operations in one lake are finished, it simply hitches itself across lots to another and begins there.

The lumber-jack is not always at work. When the sleigh-haul is finished or when the drive is done, and now and then between times, he stops and plays for a longer or shorter time, according to the sum of money that he has earned since his last spree.

Drinking, other vice, and sometimes fighting and murder, have been features of his spring diversions since lumbering began. It must be admitted, however, that times are changing a little in the lumber woods as well as everywhere else, and that the shanty-boy, like his cousin the cowboy, is not quite so picturesque a figure as he once was, and does not blow in his "stake" quite so violently. There are even some of his tribe who do not blow it in at all, but keep it for wiser uses. And in many other ways he has altered, in some respects for the better and in some for the worse. He is not only a little more law-abiding, but also, it is to be feared, a little less interesting and attractive. He may be less ready with a knife or a revolver, but he is also less ready with a song or a story.

Nevertheless, the lumber-jack

still has a great deal of individuality. He lives and works out-of-doors, among the trees, in the wind, under the sky; and he is simple and natural, generous, fearless, manly, and independent. There are no labour unions in the lumber camps, and while this is partly due to the fact that the lumber-jack is a good deal of a rover and will seldom stay in one place long enough to be organized, yet I believe it is also, in part, because of his love of managing his own affairs in his own way. He has his vices and his weaknesses, and they are bad ones, but seldom is he mean or petty or small, and to a considerable extent his failings are due to the conditions under which his life is spent. His evenings are occupied in lounging about the stove in a hot, close, foul atmosphere, smoking, swapping stories with his mates, playing cards, or idly listening to the music of the camp fiddler.

In many of the lumber camps of Canada, thanks to the energy of the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, reading camps have been established, with a supply of books and papers, and in some cases, teachers to instruct the men in the elements of education.

After a day in the open air, followed by a very hearty supper, he is apt to feel dull and stupid, and before long he turns in between his blankets and sleeps till the chore-boy comes in to start the fire, and the cook's tin-horn warns him that it is time to get up and begin another day. Sundays are much the same, except that they are longer and more tedious. But few lumber-jacks own a gun or a rod, and what is the use of walking when there is nowhere to go?

As the weeks wear on the monotony grows almost unendurable, and when at last the job is done and he starts for town with his time-check in his pocket, he is as happy and excited as a boy just out of

school. Is it any wonder that he feels the need of a frolic, and that, knowing no other way of letting off steam, he turns to drink and vice, and sticks to them until his money is gone? There are no malevolent intentions in his misbehaviour; he is merely trying to have a good time in the only way that seems open to him.

How many men there are in the camps who, under an apparently careless and happy-go-lucky demeanour, are really broken-hearted over the failure and purposelessness

There are many who know that they are missing much. With some it is merely a vague feeling that there are those who are better off than they, like that of a lumberjack I used to know, who once remarked to his mate, as they stood near the railway watching an express train go by. "Say, Jim, there's people in them cars that's way up in sassiety." But to others there often comes the keenest shame and sorrow and remorse as they realize more and more, with each passing year and each succeeding spree, that



DOWN AT THE BOOM.

of their lives, no one knows, or ever will know; but there are not a few who realize perfectly that the years are slipping away from them, and are bringing nothing but months of labour followed by a few days of debauchery. There are some, indeed, who have families to whom they take or send their earnings, but there are others, who have families to whom they send nothing, and to whom they are ashamed to go home; while the majority of them have no one to think of but themselves.

their own weakness is putting them beyond all hope of ever enjoying the best that life can give.

And once in a while one finds a man in camp who not only knows what human life—his own life—ought to be and is not, but who has some touch of appreciation of the beauties of nature, and looks up with reverence to One who is above both nature and humanity.

The "drivers" are the men of whose exploits the annals are full. Armed with their spiked shoes and "driving-pike," a long heavy boat-

hook, they follow the logs, now running on the bank, now springing out into mid-stream, jumping from log to log, easing a rush here, clearing a jam there, righting a heap aground on a shoal, and checking the tendency to swing crossways, as the timber regiment marches past the head of some incoming current. In places where the force of the current is insufficient to move the mass, dams are run across the stream and the water ponded back until, when the timber approaches, the sluice is withdrawn, and the logs rush through on the flood. When the timber is squared and likely to be injured by being hurled over the waterfalls, wooden slides are built, as on the Upper Ottawa, down which it finds its way.

One of the minor excitements of this world is "shooting" a timber slide. The "cribs" come floating quietly along the upper river and are steered, or rather poled, into a backwater. All the sign there is of the neighbouring cataract is the roar of the falling water. Slowly the crib enters the gates of the slide, wavers for an instant, bows gracefully towards the slope, slips on to it, wakes to life with a thrill in every fibre, and glides down the glassy, slippery banks like a swallow on the swoop. In an instant the crib is afloat again, and on the lower river with the waterfall in full view.

It is at these slides that the Government duty is collected. As a rule the cribs are twenty-four feet wide and carry the house of the man and his family, in whose charge they are navigated; it is not only the current that brings them to market, for, like a barge, they are furnished with sail and sweeps. At first the cribs work independently, but when they reach the "banking ground" they form the units of larger rafts, bound together with wythes or twisted saplings and lashed with chains so as to have full vertical play. In this form they are taken

in tow by a steam tug or fiddle-boat, the fiddle-boat being two boats, or rather two sections of a boat, rigged catamaran fashion and having the wheel in the middle. Slowly the floating village, over the rapids and other dangers, makes its way to Quebec, there to be broken up and shipped to its doom. There is a certain interest in watching the balks as they vanish into the vessel's hold. They are not taken as they come, but are chosen over a wide range. And the selected victim is caught out like a fish, played with for a minute or two till it gets into a convenient position for the iron landing-net, and then slipping along rollers, finds its way into the creel.

When the timber does not "go foreign" it finds its way to the saw-mills where saws in "gangs," that is, side by side on the same spindle, soon make short work of cutting it up; the "buzz," or circular, saws are from forty to seventy inches in diameter and are run up to eight hundred revolutions per minute. Sometimes they are set a little behind each other, attacking *en echelon* in a "congregation." In every mill there are other saws doing other duty, such as "slashing" saws for cutting slabs, "edging" saws, "lathing" saws, etc. A matter-of-fact place is a sawmill, perhaps the most unpoetical thing on earth. In its destruction seems to run riot. Its great problem is how to minimise the "kerf," the kerf being the track of the saw. There is no difficulty about the sawdust. If the mill is driven by steam the sawdust goes to feed the furnace; if the mill is driven by water the sawdust goes to poison the fish!

Some of the largest mills in the world are those at Ottawa. It is a picturesque sight to see them at night, the electric light flashing back from the wet sides of the logs as they are dragged to their bed of Procrustes.

The amount of work that a saw-

mill can get through in a year is enormous, and the total output of the North American sawmills is almost incredible. Some years ago it was calculated that Chicago used a thousand million feet of lumber, six hundred million shingles, and one hundred and twenty-one million laths, or altogether sufficient timber to make a "pig-tight" fence enclosing an area double that of our globe! In the three great timber states—Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin—there was a production of ten thousand million feet, enough to load a railway train eight thousand four hundred miles long, or to form the full cargo of fifty thousand of the vessels on the lakes. On the Canadian side the rate of consumption will soon be as great.

The growth of a trade is generally a subject for congratulation; it may be doubted, however, if the growth of the timber trade is not a subject for alarm. It takes one hundred and fifty years to grow a pine-tree; it averages as many minutes to fell it, float it, and saw into lengths. "Easy come, easy go," is the motto of the timberman; and not only of the timberman, but of most of his relations. To clear a potato-patch, a settler will fire a tree, and the fire will be allowed to rage unchecked for miles and miles. On the Pacific slope hundreds of square miles have thus wastefully been denuded of their wood. In Canada, picnic parties have lighted a fire to boil the kettle, left it alight when done with, and it has raged over thousands of acres.

That trees affect the climate and thereby the production of the land is an accepted fact. The denudation of the Indian and Chinese hill slopes is the chief cause of the famines in the plains. The destruction of the forests round the gathering grounds of the Volga has reduced the volume of that river, and lowered the level of the Caspian Sea. The world is

waking up to what it will have lost when the forests are gone, and everywhere a cry is rising for legislation to encourage planting, discourage waste, and keep the crop within the increase. Let us then see what has been done, and in our survey note the principal trees that need protection.

In Canada a start has been made. In Quebec no pine can now be cut less than a foot in diameter. In the North-West Territories and Manitoba, the Dominion Government has taken over the forests, but in the other provinces they are the property of the local governments who own and dispose of the uncleared tracts. To fell timber a license is granted, and a fixed duty is payable on all logs cut.

The United States have not got much further than the encouragement of planting, but the subject is fairly under way. The waste in their huge territory has been greater than elsewhere, though the wealth still left is enormous.

France was one of the first countries to encourage forest protection, and the wise enactments of Sully bore good fruit down to the days of the Revolution. In 1860 legislation was resumed, and the result we see in the Nancy School of Forestry, which is one of the best in Europe. In Switzerland the management of the forests rests with the several cantons, and very stringent rules are in force. As long ago as the fifteenth century the Venetian and Genoese Republics had their forest laws, which were suffered to become obsolete, with the usual results. One of the curiosities of Italian tree culture has been the introduction of the Australian eucalyptus to the Roman marshes, whose climate it has greatly improved. Germany is the land of forests and of forest schools. In the estate maps every tree is recorded and felled in rotation.

MISSIONS TO LUMBERMEN.

BY SARAH ROWELL WRIGHT.

Vice-President Dominion W. C. T. U.

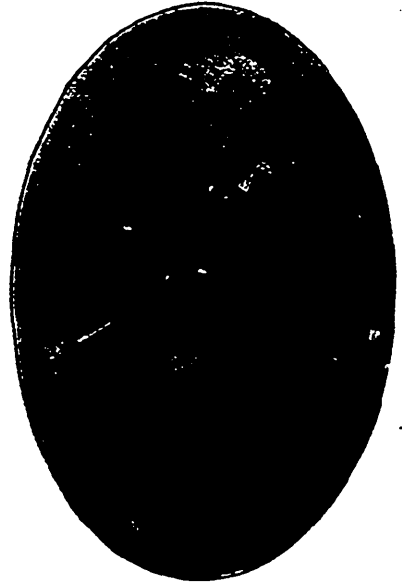
“ Oh, friends! how high a privilege is given
 God's servants here,
 To carry to the weary ones of earth
 The message dear.
 Shall we withhold it and sit idly down
 Like creatures dumb,
 And mock God with a careless prayer,—
 ‘ Thy kingdom come? ’
 Oh, let us consecrate to God in faith
 Our lives' whole sum,
 And show by deeds we mean the sacred words,
 ‘ Thy kingdom come. ’ ”



Do you wonder how many readers of this Magazine are aware of the fact that right here in our own province a wonderful effort along missionary lines is being conducted among the lumbermen and lonely settlers in the frontier districts, by the Ontario Women's

Christian Temperance Union? The saddest part of the story is the appalling need that exists for just such effort, and the need will remain until further reinforcements in the shape of missionaries and means to equip and send them forth are forthcoming. We would that some who read this article will be impressed with the fact that God is calling them to help in this great work of building up ramparts of Christian defence around the lumbermen who are hewing our forests and the miners who are winning from the bowels of the earth the treasures hidden therein, but for whose spiritual and moral betterment little or no effort has been put forth until within recent years.

Its Inception.—Nearly fourteen years ago the White Ribboners of Ontario became interested in the



MISS AGNES SPROULE,
 W. C. T. U. Missionary to the Lumber Camps.

men who each winter filled the lumber camps of the province. The need seemed appalling; hundreds of men congregating together, cut off from church privileges or spiritual instruction of any kind. This whitening harvest, with not even a single reaper in all its broad expanse, was brought to the attention of the Ontario Provincial W. C. T. U. by Mrs. Agnes Hunter, of

Pembroke, whose interest had been aroused in the godless conditions surrounding the men who went to the lumber camps on the Ottawa River. Mrs. Hunter's husband had large interests in lumber concerns, and through his office she was able to send to the camps good literature and comfort-bags. She found these so heartily appreciated that she came to the Provincial Convention to implore its membership to adopt the work as a department and help her in supplying these isolated and tempted men with good reading matter, and, where possible, with bandages, court-plaster, salve, etc.

The work thus started in such simple fashion has broadened and deepened, and now for seven years a missionary has been visiting all the year round amongst the six hundred lumbermen's camps in the Muskoka and Nipissing Districts—Mr. Leckie, of Huntsville—and for about five years Miss Agnes Sproule, of Fort William, has been going up and down through the tiny settlements scattered throughout Algoma, preaching the Gospel, delivering temperance addresses, forming temperance organizations, and taking many hundreds upon hundreds of pledges. Miss Sproule has entered scores of places only to find that hers was the first voice ever raised in public prayer in that place since her first visit. When she began work, there were three unions in Algoma; through her instrumentality there are now fifteen, and the work these societies have done in creating temperance sentiment and in enforcing temperance laws can never be estimated.

Though the efforts of these two missionaries have been singularly crowned with the blessing of the Most High, the work is fettered and cramped for the lack of more missionaries. Need we wonder that such is the case when we learn that

their joint parish covers an area of 70,000 square miles, and in it is included nearly 100,000 souls. But "what are these among so many," and from our own countrymen comes with ever-increasing earnestness the Macedonian call for help.

Miss Sproule and Her Work.—For the first four years that Miss Sproule was engaged in this work her efforts were confined to the settlers' cabins and to little meetings whenever and wherever they could be held. But a year ago she felt the call from the camps so imperative that she must needs obey, and so on February 2nd, 1903, she began to visit the different camps in her district, sowing the good seed of God's Word in uncultivated soil, for in none of the camps visited by Miss Sproule during her first winter among them (with the exception of a Quaker missionary from the States, who visited Camp 2, of the Pigeon River Lumber Co.) had any other Protestant service been held. Wherever she has gone Miss Sproule tells of the cordial welcome extended to her, and the utmost respect tendered her by the men. Perhaps they read in the strong, kindly face the story of one who walks and talks with God. Herein lies the secret of this brave woman's courage and devotion to the work. The report received last year from this dauntless missionary reads as follows:

"I have spent 158 days in travelling, visited 70 places, held 80 public meetings, have spoken in public schools, Sunday-schools, at church services, social gatherings, young people's meetings, and wherever there was an opportunity to do the work of a missionary. Visited, in the lonely scattered settlements, 450 homes. All this necessitated 2,200 miles of travel by rail; 605 by boat, canoe, etc., rode 220 miles, and walked 250 miles. Taking into account the trip in Lower Ontario in the interests of the work, the total number of miles travelled would be 5,000. Besides this were sent out 774 parcels and boxes, containing besides

clothing for destitute settlers, 108 comfort-bags, 470 magazines, 96 books, 6,426 papers, and 2,250 tracts."

Present Day Difficulties.—This year has been surrounded with difficulties of a peculiarly trying nature. This long winter has meant much to the dwellers in the dreary north-land of our province, and it is here our missionaries, Miss Sproule and Mr. Leckie, have been waging their brave fight in the face of many difficulties and obstacles in the interests of God and home and native land.

We have many times wondered at the cheery optimism which pervades the letters of our two missionaries, and we have sometimes thought that it would only be woman-like if Miss Sproule indulged in a woman's privilege, just to grumble a little bit at the hardships and difficulties that she has to encounter. But never once can we recall a time when this brave intrepid exponent of the Christian faith and the tenets of the W. C. T. U. did other than show to us only the cheery, bright side of the picture. We, however, call to mind a letter, bearing date March 26th, of this present year, when, reading "between the lines," we noted the craving for a word of sympathy and cheer, yet the letter ended with half an apology for so doing. She had just received a letter from a chairman of a board of license commissioners in her district to whom she had written, at the suggestion of the license inspector, and from information received from him. She told the story of the conditions of affairs at Chelmsford (a little village a few miles west of Sudbury). Chelmsford is a small half country, half lumbering village—mostly French—yet it has three hotels, a liquor store, and a strong petition for the fourth hotel. At Larchwood, a few miles from Chelmsford, where there were only

a few scattered houses in the neighbourhood, and a lumber camp adjacent during the winter months, there was also an application for a license for another liquor house. At Azilda, a few miles nearer Sudbury, is an hotel, but very few homes, while two miles from there they are applying for a license for a log-house.

It was of these and similar abuses of the License Act that Miss Sproule wrote, and the reply received hurt her sensitive nature most keenly, the writer saying that he "thought the people in the District of Algoma were quite intelligent enough to know their needs and wants, without the advice of any walking delegate that might spring up from time to time and create an agitation and discontent." His closing sentence was as follows: "I think some of those delegates would do a great deal of good if they would show the same zeal in helping the ladies of the land in becoming better cooks. They would be performing a long-felt want, and no doubt it would bring more happiness and less craving for alcohol?" What Miss Sproule feels in regard to this affair she bravely keeps to herself, but with a quaintness characteristic of her, adds: "I suppose we will never hear the end of the sayings of the wise men at Ottawa in regard to the need of our teaching other women to cook."

Evidently the seed sown in the legislative halls of our Dominion is bearing fruit by the wayside. Would that it had been of a different kind, and would that the jibe thrown out by these men, high in authority, against the women who fearlessly and faithfully try to rid our land of the cigarette curse had never been uttered, for there will be those ever ready to make use of it as a cloak for their own evil-doing or want of doing.

Extracts from Miss Sproule's

Journal.—Miss Sproule faithfully sends reports each fortnight. Her letters are so full of interest that we feel we must let the readers of this periodical hear direct from herself:

“Schreiber, Jan. 14th, 1904.—I left home Saturday morning for Wolf River to visit the settlement about eight miles from there. There are ten families in the neighbourhood. I found the women very anxious to start some kind of a temperance society that would reach the young men as well as the women. I proposed organizing a Youmans Band. Saturday, after riding forty and fifty miles, I had to walk twelve to the settlement. Instead of holding the usual Sunday-school service we had a public service, at which twenty-six persons were in attendance. The next afternoon we had a meeting to organize, and fifteen came—men, women and children—nine of the grown people joined, and there are others who were not able to be present who will join later. They hope by organizing early to keep out drink from the settlement. The next morning I walked eight miles to Wolf Station, and left on the 8 a.m. train for Rossport, where I visited twenty families and had a service that evening, at which about sixty people were present—quite a large number of them signed the pledge.

“Port Caldwell, Jan. 18th, 1904.—On account of the storm the friends at Jack Fish did not think I would come. But I visited the school and the few homes and we had service in the evening. I was told they only had about two services in the past two years.

“Heron Bay, Jan. 19th.—Yesterday at Port Caldwell we held our meeting in the evening in the dining-room of the station. There were five men and four women besides myself present—all in the village, except a few Italians on the section and a sick man and his wife who could not come. There are no children in this place.

“‘The Soo,’ Feb. 10th, 1904.—Today begins the sixth week of this tour. In the five weeks I have travelled altogether about 800 miles, 735 by railway, forty I walked, twenty-five by dog or horse-sleigh. I have visited fifteen different places and three camps; have held eighteen public meetings, visited about 180 homes; and wrote in the interest of the work seventy-seven letters and six cards.

“Hayden, Algoma Central Railway, March 2nd, 1904.—Came here on Thursday morning, did a little visiting in the neighbourhood and went out to the camp where all but two attended the service, that is, forty-six attended. As usual they treated me with every possible kindness. I also called at the homes, visited the sick, etc. After tea held a service in the boarding-house.

“Superior Mine, March 12th, 1904.—Left the Soo last Saturday for Searchmont. Then went on to the camp. The clerk went with me with a horse and a home-made sleigh which was very much harder to ride upon than on a bob-sleigh. I got thrown out on the way. I was received kindly at the camp, and on Sunday afternoon we had our meeting at which, only twenty men attended, for I think that was all in the camp who understood English. After the meeting the clerk took me to the other camp four miles farther on. There again I was treated with every kindness. The service was attended by forty-one men. Next afternoon I visited the ten families in Searchmont and had our little service at night in the store.

“I visited the camps of the Algoma Commercial Company this winter and was most kindly received in them all. Nearly every man in the camps, except a few Finlanders in two of them, attended the services. In the Front Lake Camp I spent two days; spoke in both the dining and sleeping camps.”

Summary of Winter's Work.—Interesting as is the story of this brave woman's work in the lone north-land of our province, space forbids our considering it further. Yet we would like to close this account of her work by her own summary of this winter's trip. With perhaps no thought of it ever coming to the gaze of the public eye, Miss Sproule writes, with characteristic modesty:

“My work in the woods has been such a joyous privilege! How I wish I had been able to do more! Only one, or possibly two, of the thirteen lumber camps I visited this winter had been visited by a Protestant missionary. Everywhere I have been received with the greatest kindness. My theme in the woods has largely been the Gospel that the Apostle Paul said he everywhere proclaimed:

'that Christ died for our sins according to the Scripture,' and with that there has gone another story. Everywhere I have gone I have proclaimed to these young men (our brothers) that the Christian women of our province are interested in them, and I believe both messages have touched their hearts. I have heard nothing in the camps but words of appreciation for my work.

"At the mines, too, I have been received with every kindness, and though I had to stay at one longer than I expected on account of the snow, I did not feel that they were tired of me. Then I have been in other places where they very seldom hear the Gospel, or where for months at a time they never have this privilege and there again the work has been a joy. 'The regions beyond' are the places I love most to visit. And I know God has blessed the work and that He will bless it, though the reaping time will largely come on the other side."

In the Lumber Camps with Mr. Leckie.—Mr. Leckie's district covers Muskoka, Parry Sound, Haliburton, and Nipissing. There are about six hundred camps in this section, and each year only about one-half of these can be visited. But the seed sown by Mr. Leckie is bearing fruit; lives are being reclaimed, and men heretofore who cared for nothing good are inquiring, like the Philippian jailer, the way of salvation.

At a camp visited by Mr. Leckie, as he was about to leave, he found two men holding an inquiry meeting in a stable. One found the Christ he was seeking that same night.

Some idea of Mr. Leckie's efforts may be gleaned from the fact that during the past year he reached twenty thousand men, visited one hundred camps, conducted two hundred meetings, distributed eight hundred comfort-bags, four thousand song sheets, and thirty thousand tracts, besides a quantity of other literature.

Journal Letters.—From Mr. Leckie's journal letters, we cull the

following account of his work this year:

"On the morning of the 12th of November I left my home in Huntsville for the woods on a cadge-team with three drunken men. We reached the camp on the evening of the 12th, and I held my first meeting of this season's work. I spent most of the day at that camp, walked about six miles to another and there held another service. Distributed supplies in both. On the 14th started on back trip and reached camp No. 3 where I had the best time of all.

"On the 17th, I was in the woods again to camp No. 10, and on my way to No. 5 I fell in with an old friend who asked me why I was walking and most generously added, 'Well, Mr. Leckie, you need never walk while I have a horse.' So he gave me a beautiful team of black horses to drive during the winter. I can carry more supplies, stay out longer, and cover more territory. The kind friend who gave me the use of his horses is a Mr. Hill, son of the first Methodist minister that ever preached in this section. Thus, from 'generation to generation' the good work is carried on."

In a letter Mr. Leckie says: "As I go from camp to camp and note the marked improvement I cannot but feel that our system of education and the wholesome influences of our comfort-bags and literature distribution has done much to bring those improved conditions about."

"Huntsville, March 22nd, 1904.—From an educational standpoint there never was a work so blessed as ours. There is now a complete change of environment; camps are larger; sanitary regulations better; the entire business is so much more wholesome that I can scarcely give you any idea of the change. But as yet Miss Sproule and I are the only missionaries of the Cross on this large field. Mr. Fitzpatrick is doing much with his reading-camp movement, but his work is purely educational, so with the exception of an educational visit to the camps near the fields of our young men sent up here by the denominations, our men are practically without a service at all. I cannot visit over a sixth part of my field in one year, so you see much help is needed. In the vicinity of Huntsville alone there are some seven thousand men in the lumber woods. I feel sure that this year I have in my parish nearly

fifty thousand men, and Miss Sproule has just as many, so you see how needful the work is.

"I am sometimes oppressed with a great sadness when I think of this multitude of our own people, neglected and perishing for the lack of the 'Bread of Life.' On two occasions, not long ago, I had men come up and tell me of their conversion from reading the Bibles I had left in the camp.

"But with all our encouragements, even yet many of the men spend all their money at the bar. One of our boys came down to the train the other night quite intoxicated and went at once to the hotel, waving as he went his winter's earnings, probably two hundred dollars, and in the morning he had to borrow enough to get his breakfast. I tried to show him his folly, and it was not a very hard task to get him to say he would never be caught doing so again, but many of them do this thing every time they come to town. The only security and safety for all such tempted ones is in being anchored to the eternal Rock of Ages.

"On December 6th," says Mr. Leckie, "I had one of the hardest, but one of the best days of the year. I visited four camps, held four meetings and travelled about forty miles. At my second meeting, a man of some forty years was converted, and so filled with joy that he spoke right out in the meeting.

"January 7th, I reached Rathbun's Camp in Dorset region, which is one of the largest camps, having 125 men. I left twelve comfort-bags and 240 pounds of literature. I had to give the boys two meetings—one in each of the sleeping camps—and I am sure it would please you to see the attention they gave me, though mostly all were Catholics. They have here a large reading-room and an instructor.

"The last camp I was at seven young men signed the pledge for the first time in their lives, and at another camp the blacksmith came to me in the morning and asked if he could do any repairs for me. He said he could well afford to do so, as it was through me he quit the drink over three years before.

Mr. Leckie thus sums up his work: "In every camp I visit now, one can find evidence of the good work we have done, and hear words of praise for the Woman's

Christian Temperance Union. I wish all our ladies could visit the camps just for once, so they would be made to feel that their work was the best—the best done and most needed of any society on earth. I know we feel this in a measure, but it is most gratifying to know that not only to me, but to every one, the men speak of the great work done through the comfort-bags and literature.

"But the most encouraging testimony is, that in every camp I visited this year, with the exception of some ten camps, I found Bibles. Even these may have had them, but they were not visible, but in all the others they could be seen by anyone entering. When I tell you that in the first year of my work I only saw two Bibles beside my own (and those I had donated) I know you will be pleased, and I thank God that our efforts have helped to make the Bible a common book in the camps."

Space forbids any further enlargement upon the work and worth of these two home missionaries. We would like to linger over some phases merely touched upon, yet we trust sufficient has been said to arouse an interest in this undertaking on the part of those who, through lack of knowledge, have hitherto been indifferent. The claims of these men upon us are strong and sacred. Alike, we dwell under the same provincial roof-tree; our interests and aims, from at least a provincial or national standpoint, are largely identical, and for the sake of the up-building and development of our young nation, we cannot afford to disregard them. But we know a stronger reason than this will impel us to be shareholders in a work whose ultimate aim is the regeneration of our fellow men, and the extension of Christ's kingdom in our midst—even the "constraining love of Christ." "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again."

Get leave to work
In this world,—'tis the best you get at all.

—E. B. Browning.

SIGNS OF OUR TIME.*

BY THE LATE REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D.



I AM taking my holidays this summer in the North-West, and, to put it mildly, one might go elsewhere and fare worse. Lifting my eyes from the paper on which this article is being written, and looking out from the window, I see stretching away to an horizon

eight or ten miles distant, the level prairie, beautiful as a floral garden, and full of richest promise to the farmer. The sky looks ampler and nearer than in the Eastern Provinces, and as it is seldom without patches of cloud, and the clouds have a delicacy of outline and variety of form and of colouring to be seen nowhere else, the picture overhead presents new beauties every day. And there is certainly no monotony under foot.

Seen from a railway train, the prairie may appear only one vast unbroken field of green grass. But



THE LATE REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT.

it is very different to the traveller who crosses it on foot or mounted on one of the sure-footed ponies of the half-breeds. It does not require a skilled botanist to collect a hundred varieties of flowers in an hour. Yesterday I was at a Sunday-school

And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust;
Always he who most forgiveth in his
brother is most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding
All our sun and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the spaces,
falling on the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes?
Shall we grieve the holy angels? Shall
we cloud their b'essed skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
Which have fallen in our way;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and
with us it is not day!

* We have a melancholy pleasure in re-printing an article on Church Union, written twenty-one years ago, at our request, by the late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston. That far-sighted ecclesiastical statesman knew well how to discern the signs of the times. How it would have gladdened his heart had he lived to see the fulfilment of his prophecies concerning the material development of our great North-West. Especially how he would have rejoiced at the growing *rapprochement* of the Christian Churches in the great work to which they are called in laying broad and deep the foundations of a Christian civilization in that great land. Like a voice from the other world come to us these words of exhortation. The time for polemics has gone, the time for irenics has come. The words of the poet Whittier seem especially appropriate to the present crisis.

Let us then, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,

picnic, and in the first five minutes almost every one of more than a hundred girls had a beautiful bouquet. In these bright July and August days you tread at every step on white and red prairie roses, tender bluebells, richly-coloured marigolds, lilies, vetches, and ornamental grasses and flowering shrubs. A combined aroma of crushed strawberries and roses fills the air as you walk across the country, and the abundant electricity in the atmosphere purifies and stirs the blood with a stimulus that has in it no threat of after lassitude or depression.

Here and there, granite boulders are imbedded in the dark, loamy soil, stray foreigners from far distant regions, testifying to very different forces from those to which we owe the regular stratified rocks of limestone that underlie the whole of this Red River valley. Not far from us is a quarry where stones are being quarried, and the fossil shells and curiously inwrought chain coral tell, as clearly as the printed page, of the time when all this now resplendent sea of green and gold was the bottom of a vast lake whose ancient bounds are indicated by clearly defined distant escarpments, and whose present comparatively modest dimensions are indicated by the shores of Lake Winnipeg, and of its adjoining little sisters, Manitoba and Winnipegosis. The deeply-scored striæ on the limestone still point out the course that the icebergs took during the glacial epoch, and no better testimony to their grinding pressure can be desired than such lines or the polished surface of the hard rock everywhere else.

And now, after the long reign of the waters, and the upheavals and subsidences of geologic ages, and the slow formation of the rich surface loam by the death of countless generations of all kinds of vegetable life, we have come to the time of man's

appearance on the scene, with the demand that this portion of earth shall no longer be only pasture for buffaloes and a hunting-ground for a few Indians, but that it shall yield tribute and tilth to him to whom dominion over all the earth has been given.

It is a pleasant sight to see this great expanse of prairie undergoing the preliminary processes of breaking, and to reflect that it will from this time forward yield food for the hungry. Here it has been lying unoccupied for ages; bearing its crops of grass, flowers, and shrubs, under the influence of soft rains and summer skies, but with no one save the Eternal to rejoice in its beauty. And now myriads are coming from older lands to plough and sow and reap the fertile wilderness. Fifty thousand entered in 1882, and more than thirty thousand in the first half of this year. They are flowing in quietly as a river. They appear for a moment at the railway stations, and then they vanish, leaving as little trace as yesterday's thunder-shower which this morning's sun and breeze licked up in two or three hours. Go where you will, the land is waiting for inhabitants.

It is Sunday morning, and though tired with the work of the week and—even on Sunday morning—with the work of house, stable, and dairy, the horses are hitched to the big waggon and the family drives to the kirk in the nearest village. Of course, it is not called a village. There are no villages in the North-West. It is called a city, or has at least "ville" tacked to its tail. The population of the city and of the country for three or four miles round is somewhere about five or six hundred souls. Is there not something delightful in the thought that these toilers, from various provinces and lands beyond the sea can meet together at least once a week, and through the indwelling of one Spirit

be drawn in sacred nearness to one another and to the common Father and Saviour? But, alas, they do not meet together. This village, like every other village and railway station in the country, is expected to become an important centre, and it was a race with the Churches which should occupy it first.

"We must go there without delay, or the Methodists will."

"The Presbyterians have a man there, and so should we."

And the various Mission Boards listened and acted promptly. This village in particular has already four resident clergymen, a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, and an Episcopal. In one of the little churches the congregation numbers one hundred, more or less; in another fifty, generally less; in the third and fourth, deponent ventures not to say how many. There is the utmost good-feeling between all classes of the people and between the ministers themselves.

"No matter what Church a man belongs to, we don't make any difference," philosophically remarked the village Nestor on this point. If any one gets a reputation for "bigotry," he may as well leave the place. We shall hear in all probability pretty much the same doctrine, no matter into which of the little churches we enter. And yet, with all this basis of true unity, the people are divided by impalpable but none the less impassable barriers. They act together in municipal, political, social, and educational affairs; but in religion, which should be the bond of cohesion between man and man, as well as between man and God; in religion, which, if it be a living force at all, determines as well as sanctifies the whole life; in that religion where more than in any other subtle influences stream out by which they may help all other men and receive help from all others, they are separatists and sectarian in

spite of themselves. They stand aloof from those who are of the same household of faith, cultivating a one-sided development and presenting a weak and sickly spiritual life to the world. And every other department of life suffers accordingly.

This is the state of matters all over the country, though it is felt most severely in the North-West. This is the state of matters in our time. Are we discerning the signs of the times, and are we willing to make the sacrifices that they call for, or is the Lord Jesus turning away from us, also, saying, "Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time?"

God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Man, too, is the same. The God-man is the same. And therefore all the ages are alike. But it is none the less true that every age has its own atmosphere of thought and its own need. There is, therefore, a work to be done that can be done only in it, and unto that rather than to the early and popular work of building the tombs of the prophets and garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous are the men of the age called.

John Calvin did a great work in the sixteenth century. He more than any other single man saved the principles of the Reformation; and men who have entered into his labours should know more about him than that he sanctioned the putting to death of Servetus. The Puritan divines did a great work in the seventeenth century. Men of God, they were also men of their own time. Their doctrines reflected the spiritual experience of the age; and intolerant themselves, they gained the battle of freedom by identifying the good cause with religion. The Westminster Standards indicate the victories that religious thought and life then attained; and every sec-

tion has on it the marks of battle. When we disparage these, let us also look with contempt on the flags that tell of the triumphs won by our ancestors on those foughten fields where our name and fame and liberties were won. But surely I may accept what William of Orange did for the British Islands without becoming an Orangeman. Is not peace rather than war the true note of life? Is not the kingdom of Jesus Christ peace? John Wesley did a great work in the eighteenth century. He more than any other man saved England from lapsing into paganism. But of him I need not speak in a Methodist Magazine.

And, what is the great lesson to be learned from all these facts? Simply this: That if any one of these men were living now, he would do a different work from that which he did in day and generation. He would do the work that is needed in the present century.

We are living under a condition of things totally different from anything that has been on earth before. "The thoughts of men have widened with the process of the suns." The Reformers, in declaring that the Holy Ghost speaking in the Scriptures was the only infallible Interpreter and Judge of the meaning of Scripture, believed that the Holy Ghost would act as a judge does in other cases, and therefore inferred that intellectual agreement on all points ought to be and could be arrived at by Christians. History shows that they were mistaken. No such agreement has been attained. It would seem that the Holy Ghost says one thing to one man or Church, another to a second, and something different to a third. Churches, each holding a different interpretation of parts of Scripture have multiplied and prospered. Each is as firm in its views as at the beginning. Each can boast of scholars and saints.

Each has persecuted, as far as it has had power and opportunity, at one time with the sword of the State, at another time with the more cruel swords of pen and tongue; and it did so with the conviction that it was doing God service, for was it not fighting for "the truth"?

At length, however, all the Churches are coming to think and to confess, albeit in a confused and half-hearted way, that the realms in which alone agreement is to be looked for are those of saving truth and holy living. The brief Apostles' Creed sums up the supernatural facts of Christianity. Still more briefly does St. Paul sum up saving truth as "repentance toward God and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ." And holy living is light that can be seen of all men. Christians are now beginning to feel that we dishonour the Holy Spirit when we cover with His name our speculations, theologizings, sermonizings, deductions, one-sidedness, and human limitations generally; and that we muffle the truth when we ignore or obscure the relative importance of truths. Consequently, the various Churches now acknowledge each other, though still in a hesitating and inconsistent way. Each professes to be only a branch of the Church, a regiment of one army. And yet we have never accommodated ourselves to these new and true conceptions. Each Church still acts as if it were the only true Church, and deals with all others, not on the principle of frank and cordial co-operation, but at best on the principle of competition. Has not the time for formulating and acting upon that unity which Christians everywhere feel?

↑ the village to which I have referred, the four ministers—all of them good men—are all supported, in part, by their respective Boards. The waste of men and money, in view of the admitted fact that the

field is the world, is a scandal and a sin. But the waste of labour and of money is the least evil. Of course, we concede the right of ten, or five, or three men, or women, to call a minister of their choice, and to worship God according to the forms to which they have been accustomed. We concede the right of any one man or woman to engage a private chaplain. But other people should not be expected to pay part of the chaplain's salary, on the plea that the Church should support missions. Wealthy people will have luxuries. But the Church should not provide luxuries for the few, while the many are starving for lack of bread. Doubtless the present state of things, which I have not hesitated to call a scandal and a sin, is the result of historical facts and growths, and no one Church is to blame. Neither can one Church effect a reform. But any two Churches can effect much.

And let us lift up our hearts. For, in the first place, we are moving. Twenty years ago, there would probably have been in the village two or three bits of kirks instead of one, and two or three Methodist meeting-houses instead of one; and there never lived more conscientious men than those who introduced those divisions into Canada, and who would have taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods rather than have withheld their testifying. In the sec-

ond place, it is impossible to believe that the present state of things is according to the will of God. It cannot therefore be permanent. He will overturn, overturn, overturn. He will shake all the creeds and organizations that the things which are true in all may stand out and remain. Through what intervening stages the Church must pass we know not. What steps should be taken first to bring about a greater measure of unity it is not for me to say. Tentative efforts must be tried.

We may be assured of this, that unity is not to be brought about by argument, and that the first thing needed is that the Churches should see clearly and appreciate the evils of the present state of things. Then, the remedy is not far off; for there is a marvellous power in Christianity to triumph over the diseases that have been fatal to all other religions, and to rise out of the present decay and death into a renewed youth. Christianity is a life and therefore it grows; a divine life and therefore it is perennial. It assimilates to itself the ideas of every age, and clothes itself in new forms of beauty and power to win new generations of men and bring them to the obedience of Christ.

The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set.

Whilo, blazoned as on heaven's eternal noon,
The cross leads generations on.

CANADA.

BY J. GRACE WALES.

Fair as when I last beheld it
Still your face my fancy fills,
Then the golden harvest freighted
All your garners and your mills,
And the thousand lights of autumn
Died upon your thousand hills.

White the fields and black the pinewood,
Vast the solitude they hold,
Who hath understood the treasure
Of the silence and the cold?
Who hath known the secret places
Of your wind-swept forests old?
Cambridge, Mass.

Voice of birds and noise of waters,
Fragrant soil and budding tree,
Songs of labour in your valleys,
Promise all the life to be—
East and West green waves of summer,
Sweeping inland from the sea.

All the tumult of your spring-time,
In your wandering heart is rife;
Give me toil among your toilers,
Humble share amid your strife,
While you seek the bounteous future,
And the fulness of your life.

“WHY PRAY?”*

BY THE REV. FRANK BALLARD, M.A., B.Sc., B.D.,

Author of “The Miracles of Unbelief,” etc.

I.



WHATEVER else the Bible may be, or may not be, it is the Book of Prayer. The Bible and prayer stand or fall together. If the Bible be trustworthy, then all questions concerning prayer are at an end. If prayer could be shown to be a delusion, then the Bible would be discredited for evermore. Indeed, we might answer our question—“Why pray?”—at once, and easily, if the Bible be conceded to be what it claims to be. If I am asked why I pray, give me to assume the truth of the Bible, and I reply in a moment, because, according to the revelation of the mind of God therein enshrined, I find that prayer becomes the most natural, the most rational, the most worthy, the most helpful exercise of all the noblest faculties I possess. And that would be in itself, for every thoughtful man, a sufficient answer.

But in such case our question would be turned round, and the appropriate question would be, with all possible plainness of speech, “Why not pray?” For it is to be feared that in regard to very many of our land, and especially perhaps young people, neither the reading of the Bible thoughtfully nor praying earnestly, is the habit.

*The Rev. Frank Ballard is himself an eminent authority on science, and is therefore well qualified to discuss the scientific objections, or rather the unscientific objections, which have been alleged against the cardinal duty of prayer. This lecture was one of a series on the great theme, “Is Christianity True,” delivered in the Central Hall, Manchester.—Ed.

There are, I fear, many who during the whole of last week never spent five minutes in real prayer. And if I venture to ask you, “Why not?” the only response, as a rule, to that question is a dim and nebulous kind of feeling or assertion that you do not know that it is worth while. But you have had a spokesman of late who has set forth very succinctly the reasons why he thinks you and I should not pray; and as these are put so carefully and with such plausibility, I shall perhaps be using this occasion to best advantage if I take them now in hand. According to the book, entitled “God and My Neighbour,” there are four great objections to the reality and usefulness of prayer. We are told that prayer is unnatural or unnecessary, that it is unscientific, that it is unworthy, that it is unavailing. I am here to challenge every one of these, and to endeavour to show, on the contrary, that the reason why we should pray, is because prayer is, of all the things that we can do with the noblest powers entrusted to us, the most natural and therefore the most necessary, the most rational—that is, the most scientific, the most worthy of us in ourselves and in the world.

But first of all, it is very necessary that we should be clear as to what we mean by prayer, for our friend who thus speaks for the prayerless, evidently does not understand at all. For mark what is here said—“If God is just, will He not do justice without being entreated of men? If God is all-wise and knows all that happens, will He not know what is for man’s good better than man can tell Him?—To pray to God is to insult Him. What

would a man think if his children knelt and begged for his love, or for their daily bread? He would think his children showed a very low conception of their father's sense of duty and affection." Those are the words in which the sceptical objections to prayer are stated. I reply at once, and plainly, that here this is a double fallacy. For this statement is both a misrepresentation of prayer and a misrepresentation of God. The misrepresentation of prayer is in putting the seventh part for the whole; the misrepresentation of God is in suggesting that His Fatherhood is no more than stoical isolation.

The Nature of Prayer.

What is prayer? I ask. Is it what this writer says, "kneeling and begging"? It is no more merely begging than one colour of the spectrum is the whole of light. For every Christian as well as every non-Christian should always remember that there are seven distinct elements in real prayer, even as there are in this light. In what we call "white" light, there are seven prismatic colours always blended. They are the red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. You cannot get rid of them; they are always there, and in that order. Even so true prayer includes these seven elements, and always in their true order.

First, adoration. For no man can truly pray, unless in some degree he realizes that he is praying to God, and God who is God must needs be adored. After adoration there comes, or should come, thanksgiving. For the apprehension of the greatness of God must be immediately followed in thought by the recognition of His goodness. Then comes, alas! our only too clear recollection that as mortal men we have but ill requited that goodness, or,

to put it one word, the conviction of sin. Thus the need for penitence follows upon the recognition of the goodness of God. But after penitence, necessarily and always, resolution; for penitence without resolution is vain and false.* That which real repentance dreads most of all is the repetition of the sin.

Then, and only then, is the time or place in true prayer for what our friend calls begging—though we may prefer to call it petition or request. It is only after adoration- and thanksgiving, confession, and self-consecration, that there is any place for petition in prayer. There is no more misleading conception of prayer than that which one too often meets with—as though it simply meant that God was flooding this world of ours with indiscriminate blank cheques for every one to fill in according to their fancy. That may be a pious imagination, but it is not Christ's doctrine of prayer, nor is it even the truth as to that element of "petition" concerning which the apostle says that "if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us." The will of God herein is made plain as the light of day. If, in reality, we would approach Him, it must be in His own appointed way. And the final authority as to that way is neither theological invention nor religious custom, but the clear teaching of the Bible itself.

Even after petition there are two other parts in prayer. For intercession, wherein we plead for others, is as valid and as necessary in all true prayer as any sincerity or earnestness on our own behalf. And yet there is another element, and that is submission. For this means the final recognition that after all our entreaty, and assuming all possible sincerity, seeing that we plead

* "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."—Ps. lxvi. 18.

with God, we acknowledge that His wisdom and love and decision must ever be better than anything we can ask, either for others or ourselves.

Let us repeat these seven elements, so that they may ever be remembered—adoration, thanksgiving, penitence, resolution, petition, intercession, submission. If we would speak of prayer truthfully, we must mean all these. They can, indeed, be all put into one term. We may speak of them altogether as "communion with God," and prayer, to be prayer, is never less than that. This, then, is the first misconception here; viz., the representation of a part as the whole—and that part, you will observe, isolated from the whole. But is there any man who will wish to shake hands with a hand that is severed from the body? I trow not. No more have we anything to do in our Christian thought and life with "begging," as the writer quoted puts it, isolated from all the other living members that go to make up the reality of prayer.

Again, concerning the Fatherhood. What is it that is represented here—"To pray to God is to insult Him"? What! to commune with a father to insult him! Is that how our children insult us? Is there any fatherhood worth naming, is there any sonship that can ever deserve to be called such, which does not necessarily involve communion between the father and the child? Does any father wish his son never to commune with him, never to ask him for anything, never prefer any request, never show any loving gratitude, never to come to him in trouble or in difficulty? Surely not. Yet if ever in any unhappy home such an attitude is found, there is only one word by which it can be expressed. And that is to say that it is in the highest sense utterly unnatural. Everywhere and always the only natural relation between real father-

hood and real sonship is communion. Therefore the rightfulness and the naturalness of prayer can only be demonstrated by demonstrating first, either the non-existence or the non-fatherhood of God. These two subjects we do not now discuss. I am warranted now in taking them for granted, and so long as it is true that God is, and is our Father, so long is it the most natural, and the only natural, thing that we can do, to enter into communion with Him.

Now, in the same way that misrepresentation lies at the base of that first difficulty, so is it at the root of all the others. To say that prayer is unscientific is to misrepresent both science and prayer. To assert that prayer and praise are unworthy is to misrepresent their true significance no less than our human nature; to suggest that it is unavailing is to misrepresent hosts of real, palpable, practical facts. Now, to do justice to all these points to-day, would take more time than we have at our disposal. We must confine ourselves, therefore, to those difficulties or objections which appear to deserve most consideration.

Is Prayer Unscientific.

It is said that petition is a definite part of prayer, and in so far as prayer is petition, so far is it unscientific. But why? Here we must be very careful. What is really meant when it is said that prayer is "unscientific"? The general answer is, that a direct answer to prayer would involve an "interference" with those laws of nature by which our whole being is surrounded and penetrated; that these make any such answer impossible. Is it so? Is it really true that the uniformity of nature, the invariability, the inviolability of law, are so established beyond question, in modern science, as to

render any answer to prayer impossible? I answer they are not. For at their best and utmost, these terms are but the expression of human hypotheses, true so far as we know, and so far as they go, but certainly not going far enough to make answers to prayer impossible or unscientific.

However, it may be better perhaps—seeing that not a few people are sometimes suspicious about what they call “pulpit science”—that I should give them the words of some other authorities. I will, therefore, quote some words recently published—and so open to everybody to read—from one of our ablest and most esteemed professors of physics, a man than whom there is perhaps scarcely a greater physical expert living. What does Professor Sir Oliver Lodge say concerning these things? The question asked is, “Does not science make answers to prayer impossible?” Here is what Sir Oliver Lodge says: “As to what is scientifically impossible or possible, anything not self-contradictory or inconsistent with other truth is possible. Speaking from our present scientific ignorance, and in spite of anything said by Professor Tyndal!, this statement must be accepted as literally true for all we know to the contrary.”

Science, we see, has thus nothing to do with the impossible, except the impossible be also self-contradictory. But there is certainly nothing self-contradictory involved in the actuality of answers to petition in prayer. Let us, however, continue the same able exponent's opinion. Listen to this: “Religious people seem to be losing some of their faith in prayer; they think it scientific not to pray in the sense of simple petition. They may be right; it may be the highest attitude never to ask for

anything specific, only for acquiescence. If saints feel it so, they are doubtless right; but so far as ordinary science has anything to say to the contrary, a more childlike attitude might turn out truer, more in accordance with the total scheme.”—“If we have an instinct for worship, for prayer, for communion with saints or with Deity, let us trust that instinct—but let us not assume that our present conscious intelligence is already so well informed that its knowledge exhausts, or determines, or bounds, the region of the true and the possible.”

That may suffice now, in regard to what is possible. But, again, some one may say that, after all, does not an answer to petition involve a breach of natural law, are we not asking God to contradict Himself by violating His own law? No, we are not. In no Christian petition whatever do we ask for that which necessarily contradicts any law of nature, known to us or unknown. In Professor Lodge's words, “Prayer for a fancied good that might really be an injury, would be foolish; prayer for breach of law would be not foolish only but profane; but who are we to dogmatize too positively concerning law?” Prayer, we have been told, is a mighty engine of achievement, but we have ceased to believe it. Why should we be so incredulous? Even in medicine, for instance, it is not really absurd to suggest that drugs and no prayer may be almost as foolish as prayer and no drugs.” Now, this is not a “pulpit” statement, observe, but that of a learned professor of science.

Again, here is another essay written not from the pulpit standpoint at all, but from that of a scientific essay. What did Professor Romanes say in his early days, before he took in hand to write his

"Candid Examination of Theism"—"There are several methods by which it is amply apparent, even to our limited faculties, that the Almighty may answer prayer, without in any way violating the course of natural law?" Again, "The question at issue is not this, Can the existence and the action of a special providence be experimentally proved? But, supposing the existence of such Providence, can its action be rationally supposed capable of eluding the scrutiny of science?"—"One quotation, however, should be laid to heart as proceeding from the father of these methods, to which science owes all her victories in the past and all her hopes for the future—'I believe that God doth (as Bacon says in his "Confession of Faith") accomplish and fulfil His divine will in all things, great and small; singular and general, as fully and exactly by Providence as He could by miracle.'" To which we may well add Professor Lodge's remark that "sobriety and sanity consist in recognizing all the operative causes, spiritual, mental, and material."

There is room, however, for another suggestion. Those who pray may well turn the tables on objectors, in affirming that if what is wanted is a really irrational and unscientific conception in this whole matter, we have it to hand when we are asked to assume or to concede that God, who is God, in His dealing with men should necessarily be limited to our conceptions, either of His nature, or of what we are pleased to call "natural law." For at the utmost—and I speak as a lover of science all my life—at the utmost, what is our knowledge of science, and of natural law, but the poor blind groping of tiny earthworms in contact for a very little time with

a mere fragment of a boundless universe? Who are we to say that this and the other is impossible to the will of the Infinite and Eternal Father? I submit, therefore, and must here leave this portion of my subject, that the balance of science, as well as the best of human nature, is on the side of those who pray.

Is Prayer Unworthy of Us?

But, further, it is suggested that, after all, prayer is not worthy of us. I must turn for this to the summary with which we are here dealing, as having been so carefully printed and so widely flung abroad throughout the kingdom. The writer previously quoted goes on to say, "And as to praise, I cannot imagine the Creator of the Universe wanting men's praise? Does the wise man prize the praise of fools? Does the strong man prize the praise of the weak? Does any man of wisdom and power care for the praise of his inferiors? We make God into a puny man, a man full of vanity and love of approbation, when we confer upon Him the impertinence of our prayers and our adoration and our praise."

Is that so? I am sorry to say, not unkindly, but plainly, that the real "impertinence" here is in the misrepresentation of the terms "praise and prayer." These two words are turned into one as though they meant mere "applause." Thus we are given to understand that to "praise" God is to applaud God. Is that so? Every sincere man should know, as any Sunday scholar does know, whether this is true. For what does the Bible always mean by "prayer and praise"? Adoration and thanksgiving. That is, never anything else than reverent love and gratitude. Where is the un-

worthiness, then, of these conceptions, or of such an attitude?

If God be God—and this writer gives us to understand that if he did believe in God at all, He must be very, very, very great, with which we entirely agree—if C. be so great, what is the only rational attitude towards Him? Surely it is that of lowly adoration. That it is also the only scientific conclusion to which a thoughtful mind can come, is well illustrated in the closing sentence

of the most recent Romanes Lecture (1903) at Oxford, upon the "Ultimate Nature of Matter"—"Even the material universe, when we know it, will be such as to elicit feelings of reverent awe and adoration." That is the only worthy attitude of a moral being. For the man who does not humble himself in the presence of the infinite God, granted that he believes in Him, as revealed by modern science, must be simply an indescribable pigmy of self-conceit and impudence.



LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

BY J. L. HOE.

Heaven veiled in gray, no blue between,
No gleam of gold in all the sky;
Morn wears to noon, the baffling screen
Still mocks the wistful eye.

The same dull round from day to day,
Or broken but by stormy thrill,
The blast dies down—but skies of gray
Hang darkly, lowering still.

Yet, heart of mine, in upper air
Clear shines the sun these mists above;
Writ large across the cloud-built stair,
God's name is—Light, and Love.

Though morn or noon small comfort brings,
Though heart and hands grow tired and
numb,

The soul that to its purpose clings
To light and joy shall come.

O'er far-off hills, as day declines,
The sunlit clouds their folds uplift;
Like sorrows which God's mercy lines
With some most precious gift.

The clouds melt into azure space,
Or fire the West with burnished rays;
God's afterglow of mellowing grace
To crown the toil-worn days.

For weary hearts, a thankful psalm;
For veiled skies a sapphire dome;
For stormy noon, an hour of calm;
When Faith foretastes her home.

Claiming our place as heirs of light,
Through gates of sunset gold we
pass

To morning skies, reflected bright
In Heaven's pure Sea of Glass.

NEW ONTARIO: ITS PROBLEMS AND HOW TO SOLVE THEM.

BY THE REV. JAMES ALLEN, M.A.,
Superintendent of Missions in New Ontario.



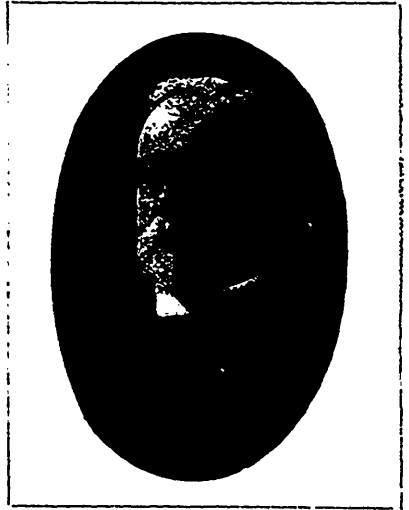
TAMAGANI FALLS.



HERE are striking points of similarity between our missionary operators in the Algoma, Sudbury, and Nipissing Districts and the condition of the Methodist Church in the whole of the Province in the early part of the last century. In develop-

ment of country, Northern Ontario is now where Southern Ontario was three-quarters of a century ago.

The capital of the Dominion was then a little village called Bytown—the centre of lumber industries. Toronto was known as “Muddy Little York.” Hamilton was described by a Church of England missionary as “A rising village near Ancaster;” and he spoke of the Arctic severity of its winters in terms which might serve Nansen to describe the frost of Farthest North. In the environs of London, settlers



THE REV. JAMES ALLEN, M.A.

were attacked by wolves in daylight. Mr. Carling, father of Sir John Carling, gave me a graphic description of an encounter which he had with one of these bloodthirsty animals, in which he defended himself

with a stout stick, and the wolf left the battle minus an eye.

Kingston, Belleville, Picton, Cobourg, Port Hope were scarcely equal in progress or in promise to the rising villages and towns now found on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the shores of the northern lakes. There are men living who saw Southern Ontario as we see Northern Ontario to-day.

Other points of resemblance are found in the number and the youth of the pioneer ministers. Of the thirty-six ministers who formed the Wesleyan Conference of 1824, twenty-six had spent less than six years in the ministry. The average age in the ministry, of thirty-five of the thirty-eight Methodist ministers who, during 1902-3, were stationed on the northern fields, was less than six years, and eighteen of them were not ordained.

These young men who are standing on the threshold of the twentieth century have the same essential difficulties to meet that confronted the young men who, in the early part of the nineteenth century, did pioneer work on the north shore of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and must overcome them in the same spirit and by similar methods.

The proportion of professing Christians to the entire community is much smaller in Northern than in Southern Ontario. I preached one Sunday evening to a congregation of sixty or seventy people. The majority were young—the rest were on the sunny side of middle life. Their deportment became the day and the sanctuary. They listened as for their lives to the Gospel message. In the concentration of their attention scarcely an eyelid seemed to quiver. Every member of the Methodist Church in the neighbourhood was present, and remained after the congregation was dismissed, in obedience to our Saviour's command given

at the Last Supper—"This do in remembrance of me." There were just three persons. I was told that there were three members of the Presbyterian Church in the settlement, and that these six people were the only professing Christians in a large and comparatively well settled tract. This is an extreme case, and it would not be fair to judge of the whole north by this community. Still, the fact remains that, compared with Southern Ontario, the proportion of professing Christians to the entire population is small.

The main reason for this condition is the lack of men called of God to preach. When we know that the only religious service given to this neighbourhood during a whole year by a Methodist minister, or probationer, was the solitary Sunday evening service given by me, the wonder is not that we have only three members, but that we have any. These people were neglected, because we had no man to send among them. During the past year six additional men were required to do the work effectively on the Algoma, Sudbury, and Nipissing Districts. I speak now, not of new fields, but of work that is already organized. Fifteen men, in addition to those now in sight, are needed for next year.

"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

Another reason for this condition is the great intervals of time between the religious services.

In the North, as in the pioneer days of Southern Ontario, there are many little congregations that have service but once in two weeks, often but once a month.

The best people need line upon line, precept upon precept, and when such intervals of time elapse between services, it is very difficult to make an impression, and almost impossible to follow up an impression when



GREAT TROUT FALLS, NEMAYBINAGASBISHING RIVER.

made, until emotion translates itself into character, and is woven into life.

Our fathers met and overcame the same conditions by holding what were aptly called "protracted meetings." We must do the same. We must concentrate attention upon a neighbourhood in evangelistic services. We must say with the people—follow them day after day, week after week, for several weeks if need be—until they are brought to a decision.

Is this the best method? may be asked. A feast and a famine. Three services a day for three weeks and then only one service in two weeks. No, I do not think this the best method. Grave dangers arise from it. The ideal method is found where a minister can devote his whole time to one congregation; where the parents know their duty and perform it; where the home, the

class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, the Epworth League, the Sunday-school, the Bible-class, and the preaching of God's Word are all working and always working together. But this is a meeting protracted throughout the whole year. This means, instead of one service in two weeks, from ten to twenty services every week. In the sparsely settled parts of the country these cannot be had, therefore we must concentrate occasionally upon such neighbourhoods in evangelistic work.

It is important to remember that this special work cannot be done by the men on the ground without aid. I know young men, who, to do their work effectively, must drive from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles every week. There are others who have to walk from twenty to fifty miles a week. These are extreme cases, but as a rule the ordinary work of the mission de-

mands the entire energy, time and strength of the missionary.

Also many of the men on the mission fields are not ordained, some are not yet probationers. They know Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, and can introduce others to Him; but on account of their youth they are limited in experience and attainments, and should not be expected to preach to the same congregation day after day for several weeks in succession.

To meet this pressing need the Conference students should be employed as evangelists during the vacation. They may be inexperienced and less effective than men who devote themselves wholly to evangelistic work, yet considering remote as well as immediate results, great benefits would spring from their employment. They are our own men—trained in our own institutions—therefore we may presume that they will not preach erroneous doctrine. They will submit to direction, and are more likely to work harmoniously with the superintendent of the mission—for the stationed minister must be supreme in his field—than evangelists, who are not under our immediate control. Evangelistic power, which is on the wane amongst us, will be revived by this practical training of our probationers, and the Church will derive benefit during the whole of their subsequent ministry. Also the spiritual life of the college should be greatly quickened by the return of these young men to their classes, after spending the vacation in the earnest and practical prosecution of their life-work.

The employment of probationers in this work has been tried, and is no longer in the experimental stage. Last summer I secured the services of the Moorehouse brothers—two probationers of the London Conference, and employed them on the Algoma and Sudbury Districts. These young men were devoted to

their calling, and worked with consecrated and tireless energy, visiting and pleading with every one in the neighbourhood of their meetings. By God's blessing upon their work the class-meeting was re-established, family-altars that had been broken down were restored, and many sinners were brought to Christ.

There is in Northern Ontario a large class, numbering, I am told, about fifty thousand, that our Church has made no organized effort to reach. I mean the men on the frontier—miners, who are out of the range of our regular missions—the men on railway and other construction work, and the men in the logging camps. There are points of resemblance common to all these men, but the most picturesque figure among them, perhaps the most picturesque figure in Canadian society to-day, is the lumber-jack.

We owe much to these men. One-third of the revenue of the province comes from the woods and forests, and yet as a Church we have made no organized effort to give religious services to the men whose toil creates every third dollar which belongs to Ontario.

Apart from immediate revenue their work means a great deal in the progress of the country. They are extending the frontier and subduing the wilderness. After them comes the squatter who will pull out the stumps and clear the land, and after him will come the scientific farmer, who will be followed by towns and cities. These men make such a prosperous future possible. And we are doing nothing for these pioneers, who, through hardship, loneliness, and a life as strenuous as that of the soldier in time of war, are clearing the way for that higher civilization which will leave the land "smooth in field, fair in garden, full in orchard, trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead."

Their work requires great skill

and is full of personal danger. A man must be able to ride any kind of a log in water, to propel it by jumping upon it, and by rolling it with his feet—to pry and pole and drive other logs while he maintains

log when it begins to fall falls instantly through anything in its way, he must be ready with animal swiftness to jump, or dive even, out of danger at the last second. Cool, judgment,



HIGH FALL, NEMAYBINAGASBISHING RIVER.

his footing upon his unsteady craft—to ride a log in rapids where the loss of balance means not only a ducking in ice-water, but a blow from some following battering-ram that weighs a ton—to pry at the key-log of a jam, and, since a

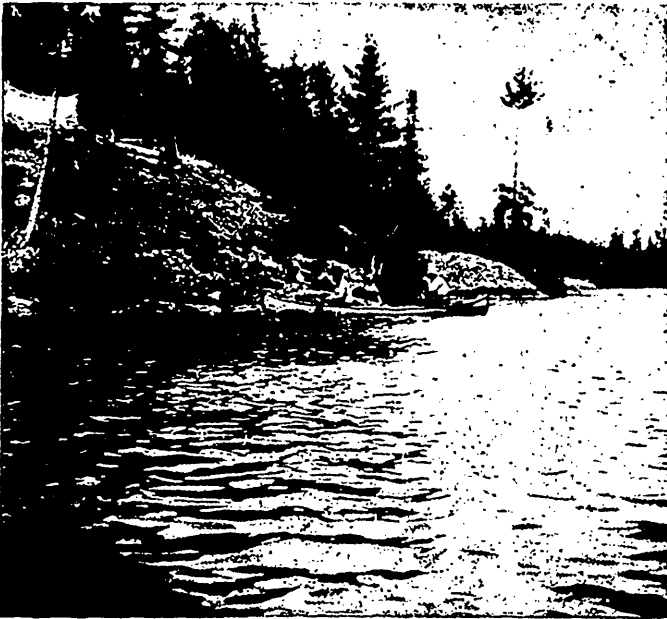
keen sight, steadiness of nerve, strength, and swift accuracy of movement, are needed by these men more than by the soldier on the battle-field. An instant's hesitation or failure of nerve often means accident or death. They match

themselves against the forces of nature, and in the gasping tug and heave for supremacy between the man and the wilderness, they face death a dozen times a day. The death and accident rate is as high among these men as it is in the British army, including times of war.

And yet we are doing nothing for them. When some of our mis-

in Ontario who have never seen the face of a Protestant religious teacher in their camps.

Can we wonder that in the loneliness, the monotony, the absence of the refining influences of home and the restraining influences of religion, these men should sometimes break away and conduct themselves like the crew of a man-of-war when it is paid off after a long voyage.



THE CAMP.

sionaries are able to snatch a little time from the regular work of their missions, occasional services are sometimes given to some of the camps in their vicinity. During the last two years a missionary who has been supported by the liberality of a friend of mine has devoted part of his time to this work. But as a Church we have made no organized effort to supply their pressing need. There are thousands of men

The earnings of a whole winter's hard work often go in two or three weeks' wild riot—in liquor and lust.

“ We drank and danced the livelong night,
With fights between the dancing.”

These lines from one of their popular songs indicate the nature of their relaxation, and you will observe that fighting is an essential part of it.

In their work, or their pleasure,

personal danger is never lacking. They settle their difficulties with nature's weapons, without calling in the police. If the difficulty is with a rival camp, they "clean it out," or as sometimes happens, are cleaned out—if with their own company, they take the buildings apart and throw the headmen in the river. When the Lake Superior Power Company suspended payment hundreds of men were in Sault-Ste.-Marie without their wages. There were loud grumbling and deep dissatisfaction, but nothing more until the woodsmen

exaggerated: "His muscles are hardened, his eye is steady, and sure—his courage is undaunted, his movements are as quick and accurate as a panther's, and when these men fight, they fight with the lightning tirelessness of wildcats."

The pleasures of many of these men are debasing, most debasing; but while the riot is excessive in degree, it is only occasional in recurrence, and does not strain the character beyond the point of recovery. And the work is not degrading—it is corrective. It tends



A PLACID BAY.

came. Then there was prompt action. It was the woodsmen who mobbed the officers, and wrecked the offices, and caused the Riot Act to be read, and the soldiers to be sent in hot haste from Toronto. And while I yield to no man in admiration for the valour of our soldiers, yet they had nothing to do with establishing peace. It was the satisfying assurance that they would receive their pay—not the presence of armed men—that quelled the riot, for your typical shantyman is afraid of nothing human. To quote a description which is not

to the development of moral strength and muscular well-being. The woodsman could never be a model for the artist who painted "the man with the hoe." The constant element of personal danger in his life of alternate work and riot tends to develop battle courage, an adventurous spirit—indomitable steadfastness. These qualities form the basis of his character; without such qualities he could not do the work or live the life.

These are the men for whom we are doing nothing. We send missionaries to the Indians of the

Pacific coast, whose duty it is to follow the bands when they leave their villages to work in the canneries. This should be done, but while it is our duty to do this, is it right to neglect the fifty thousand men in our own province, whose work lies outside the permanent settlements?

We talk about the neglected heathen and represent their condition by a section of the map that is painted in deepest black. We have neglected heathen amongst us—a black, black blot should be painted on the map of Ontario showing within its boundaries fifty thousand men.

We sympathize with the tramps who, while these men are in the northern woods, crowd into the cities and will not work, and we devise measures for their relief. We endow houses of industry; we provide lodgings that are clean, airy, wholesome, and cheap, and kind people give to the daily applicants hundreds of tickets during the season. We collect half-worn clothing from charitably-disposed persons, and give it for little or nothing. Good literature and reading-rooms—bright, pleasant, warm, and attractive, are provided. The best people of our churches give earnest thought and careful preparation to religious services that combine all attractive, inspiring, and helpful elements.

All this should be done. But, if it is right to lavish money and personal service in order to redeem a nomadic banditti of idleness, that has sworn allegiance to whiskey and to sloth, is it to our credit to neglect men whose toil creates one-third of the revenue of Ontario, and is making possible the higher civilization that belongs to garden ground and crowded city, and whose risk of life and limb equals the peril of British soldiers in time of war?

O for men called of God to preach—strong, well-qualified, thor-

oughly competent men of Christ-like character. This is our chief need. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

The New Ontario, says Mr. A. Blue, Census Commissioner, in one of his admirable reports, is a title which in the common use describes all that part of the Province lying beyond the Mattawan and French rivers, and the Nipissing, Huron and Superior lakes, to the north and west boundaries. These boundaries, now clearly defined and established by an Imperial Statute, were for nearly twenty years a subject of keenly-waged dispute between the Governments of Ontario and the Dominion; and at one time, after Manitoba had been projected into the quarrel, feeling ran so high that recourse to arms was imminent. The extent of country involved in this dispute, while very much larger, is perhaps not less valuable in its resources of timber and minerals than the region in dispute between Guiana and Venezuela, over which the two great Anglo-Saxon nations were a few years ago talking of war.

The area of the New Ontario has been variously estimated; it is not less than 150,000 square miles, and it may be 175,000 square miles. Even at the lower of these estimates it is larger than Minnesota and Wisconsin by 16,000 square miles, larger than Wisconsin and Michigan by 44,000 square miles, larger by 7,000 square miles than three States the size of New York, and larger than our part of Ontario south of the French and Mattawan rivers by 100,000 square miles.

In New Ontario the fur traders, both the French and English, began active business more than two centuries ago, and many forts and posts were established throughout the region. The Hudson's Bay Company obtained its charter from Charles II. in 1670, and throughout the territory known as Rupert's Land it was active and dominant for a period of two hundred years, or until the surrender of the territory to the Crown in 1869, at which time it occupied about twenty-five forts and trading posts within Ontario limits.

Neither Toronto nor Niagara nor Kingston could approach the commercial greatness of Fort William ninety years ago; and in no part of the interior of the lower peninsula were such scenes of activity to be witnessed as along the highways of trade in the interior of the

northern country, from the Ottawa river to the Lake of the Woods.

The best hopes for the New Ontario are no doubt built upon its mineral wealth, the extent and value of which we are only beginning to realize. The rocks of the Huronian and Cambrian systems are found to be mineral-bearing over a wide extent; and from the number of discoveries made every year in new and unexpected localities, we have an assurance that as yet only a little of this hidden treasure has come to be known. Silver Island alone yielded upwards of \$3,000,000.

It is, however, in the Huronian system of rocks that the greatest variety of minerals is to be found. Ores of copper, nickel, iron, gold and other metals have been discovered, and operations are carried on which promise to establish a large industry. At Bruce and Wellington mines, north of Lake Huron, copper mining was carried on for about twenty-seven years, ending with 1875, and the value of the output in that time is reported to have been as much as \$7,000,000. It is estimated that in the Sudbury District there are no less than 650,000,000 tons of nickel "in sight."

The two things most needed to open up the New Ontario are population and capital. These the new railway and colonization roads and free grant lands will rapidly attract.

Rat Portage, at the outlet of the Lake of the Woods, has grown to be a busy lumbering town. The water power here is capable of running enormous flour and saw mills, and arrangements are being made for transmitting this almost exhaustless power to Winnipeg, a distance of 125 miles, for furnishing electric light and power.

New Ontario, says Mr. A. E. de St. Almas, is three times larger than Old Ontario, and is not the bleak and barren country that it has been considered. There was recently held a convention of Ontario land surveyors, at which papers were read which should dispel the erroneous ideas about the northern portion of this fair Province. Mr. Kirkpatrick gave a glowing description of this great clay belt, comprising 16,000,000 acres, which is nearly all suitable for agriculture, and capable of producing 200,000,000 bushels



A "BIT" ON THE ABITTABI.

of wheat annually, and stated that there was room for 1,000,000 people to settle there and develop the country. In Nipissing the pulp-wood was estimated at 288,000,000 cords, and there are 3,000,000,000 feet of pine. The estimated revenue to be derived from this wood will yield the Province the handsome sum of \$115,000,000, and \$18,000,000 respectively. In Northern Ontario over 16,000,000 acres have been explored. During the last ten years the population of this portion of the Province has increased from 15,728 to 145,577. In 1901 upwards of 10,000 new settlers entered to make homes there.

One of the most splendid resources of New Ontario is its magnificent and inexhaustible water power. This, in connection with the vast supply of spruce timber suitable for pulp-wood, secures the manufacture on the spot of that essential to modern civilization. Not only may the logs be manufactured into pulp, but the pulp may be made into paper, for which a large supply of pure clear water is necessary. The worst feature of these northern rivers is their unpronounceable names, some of which figure in our cuts. But there are also long and placid reaches where not merely the light canoe which can be carried over portages may go, but where the steamboat and the barge may convey the wealth of empire.

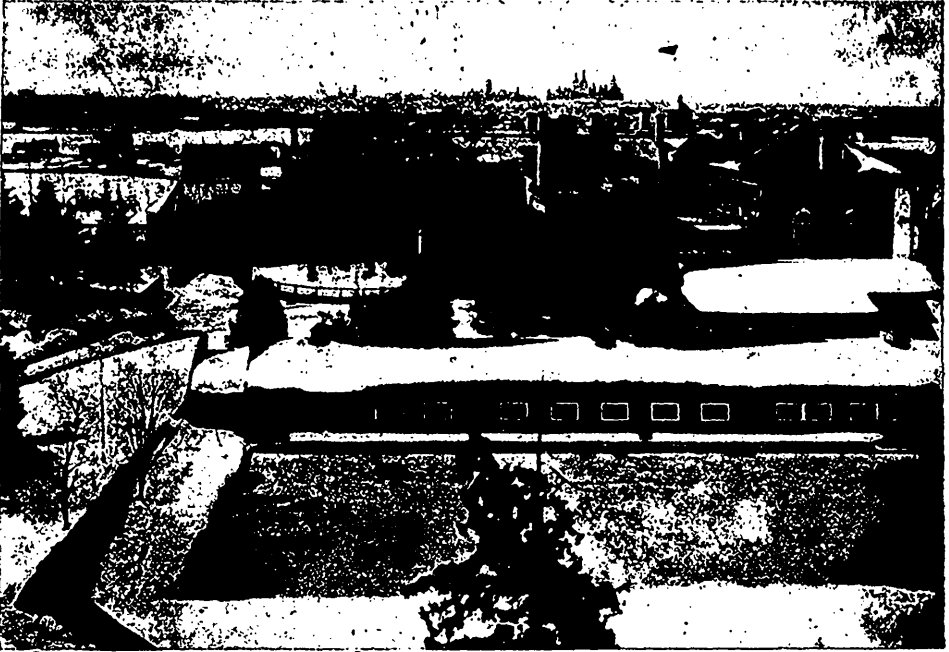
That day is best wherein we give

A thought to others' sorrows;
Forgetting self, we learn to live,
And blessings born of kindly deeds

Make golden our to-morrows.—Rose H. Thorpe.

RIDEAU HALL—PAST AND PRESENT.*

BY FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL.



RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA, IN WINTER.



THE Earl of Minto is the eighth Governor-General to rule in what has been disrespectfully but truthfully called "a shapeless jumble of buildings." Ottawa people do not enjoy showing strangers the peculiar beauties of their Government House; but nevertheless few would wish to have a fire sweep away all traces of former occupancy, and all memories of its illustrious inhabitants. It was first of all the house of a man who, by his industry and mother-wit, made a name for himself as a wealthy contractor and member of Parliament.

In 1838, when Bytown is referred to as "half a wood," Thomas MacKay, a canny Scot, bought one thousand acres of good land, and built thereon a mansion—for such it was in those days—of grey stone. This was the nucleus of Rideau Hall, the Viceregal residence of Canada. A round tower and two wings formed the house. Inside it was furnished with all the luxury of that day, which would to us seem cold, stiff, and formal. The only article that is still in use is a chandelier in one of the rooms.

Inside and out, the grey old edifice with its Elizabethan arch and spreading wings, has certainly had much good "siller" lavished upon it since its leasing by the Government, on the 2nd of August, 1865.

* Adapted from The Canadian Magazine.

It was then leased for a term of twelve years at an annual rental of \$4,000, with the right of purchase any time within three years; \$82,000 was the price eventually paid.

The first Governor, Viscount Monck, did not come to a very luxurious establishment; nor did he disburse much of his own wealth, for the very good reason that he had little of this world's gear. Very little entertaining was done by him.

Sir James Young, Lord Lisgar, was, if truth be told, slightly penurious. It is said that on a day when guests were invited till the hour of

The additions to Rideau Hall since 1867 may cost, together with the house itself, \$300,000. There were added a conservatory, vinery, cottage residence, stabling, coach house, guard-house, lodge, iron gates, and stone pillars, Rideau Cottage, gardener's cottage, and laundry.

The finest cricket ground in Canada is the field in front of Rideau Hall, but it is sacred to the use of the Ottawa Cricket Club for ever; and men in flannels disport themselves on the crease in the hottest days in summer.

The Rideau Hall of the present is



RIDEAU HALL—THE GATE.

8 p.m., the gas went out at the fateful stroke, and the forlorn guests, huddled in the dark on the steps, waited impatiently for their carriage to "block the way."

The Earl of Dufferin was the first to raise Rideau Hall to its proper dignity. He added the ball-room, in which the theatricals, for which his regime was famed, were given. The Earl of Dufferin's study was full of sketches and portraits, many of them of his wife.

The toboggan slide near the "Hut" is always well patronized at skating parties.

a long rambling structure which all too plainly shows it is patchwork. As will have been seen from the foregoing, it is of no particular period of architecture nor uniformity of design; it is an embodied mistake which all the addition in the world can never rectify, but nevertheless it is worthy of regard. It has the majesty of any house wherein the angels of birth and death have entered; and, in addition, a dignity all its own. It has grown with Ottawa and is part of it. Almost every Governor has left something by which it is the richer; and when

the time comes, if it ever does, for old and new to crumble in a common ruin, there will be doubtless some regret.

On entering the avenue leading to Rideau Hall, the lodge must be passed; an odd-looking octagonal structure of yellow brick. Rideau Cottage, the residence of the Governor-General's Private Secretary, is not visible, only its roof peeping through the trees behind the Hall.

The building is very plainly finished throughout. With the excep-

tion to be one of the traps laid for the unwary to come with a sharp turn upon the apparition. It was one used by the Governor to help him in his art studies, and was afterwards given to Sir James Grant, whose children dubbed it "Count Fosko."

From a skeleton to a ghost is not a very far cry, and there is just a faint suspicion of his ghost-ship about the place, an elusive legend that will not be hunted down, and in fact a hint of such a thing is all that is needed to put the old "cas-



RIDEAU HALL—THE MORNING ROOM.

tion of papering and painting, the rooms and the furniture they contain remain unchanged from one generation of governors to another. The corridors are the most striking feature. The lobby narrows into one long aisle connecting the old part with the new; turning to the left by the conservatory, it ends in the chapel. The deep red carpet, with its suggestion of warmth and luxury gives a very pleasing effect. In Lord Dufferin's time there was a skeleton, not indeed in his cupboard, but in the corner spoken of, and it used

to be one of the traps laid for the unwary to come with a sharp turn upon the apparition. It was one used by the Governor to help him in his art studies, and was afterwards given to Sir James Grant, whose children dubbed it "Count Fosko." From a skeleton to a ghost is not a very far cry, and there is just a faint suspicion of his ghost-ship about the place, an elusive legend that will not be hunted down, and in fact a hint of such a thing is all that is needed to put the old "cas-

tle" on a proper and respectable footing, for all ancient and honourable houses should by rights have a "haunt." Eerie stories were told the time of its dismantling and altering by the Government, and the whisper that the place was haunted doubtless sent many a servant maid shivering to bed, but the only unrestful spirits ever evoked were the dusky bats which issued in great numbers from their hiding-places as, disturbed, they flew distractedly about the tenantless and echoing rooms. For it is useless to

try to invest Rideau Hall with romance and mystery; it is not old enough for legends to have become respected and safe from the hand of the antiquarian iconoclast. It is not a ruin, picturesque and beautiful in decay; rather it is prosaic and humdrum to the last degree.

The drawing-room is the largest room in the house, except the ball-room, and it overlooks the lawn. An object always of much interest is the door painted by H.R.H. Princess Louise; the small panels are gilded, and the whole door covered with boughs of crab-apples, the effect being extremely pretty. Otherwise this reception-room is not remarkable in any way for its beauty.

In Lady Aberdeen's study are several good pictures; there is, too, an illustration of the Irish village at the World's Fair. A grandfather's

clock is in the room, and Gladstone's face looks down benignly from the wall. Those who are invited to dinner at Government House dine in a room that can seat thirty. The ceiling and walls are tinted in terracotta, the mouldings being of black and gold. A stuff bear stands in one corner, a memento of the Quebec carnival.

With the chapel—the gift of Lord Aberdeen to Canada—this description of Rideau Hall must close. It is of oak, and can seat about one hundred. The building is lighted by electricity, and the diamond-paned windows are faintly coloured in pink and green. "Fortuna sequatur" is the motto of the donor. We will hope that fortune may not only follow him to his new home, but that her fickle regard may linger over Rideau Hall.

FROM "THE SONG OF THE SAWMILL."

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.

Piston and lever and rod, with the steam-wreaths round them melting,
Duly their task fulfil;

Quick in the round of obedience, pulley and shaft and belting
Leap to the law of the mill.

I am the Word and the Law, unpitying, final, terrific,
Cleaving them through and through;

I am the Word and the Law, joyful, supreme, vivific,
Heralding birth anew.

Memory am I to them as I spin through the heart of their being,
Memory and Prophecy,

Singing aloud in their ear the song of the years that are fleeing,
Shouting the years to be.

Measures unknown I am mixing for them, the tumult of people,
Sway of the sea-going deck,

Swirl of light women whirling to music, chime of the steeple,
Wail of the blackened wreck;

Shuffle of gamesters, scuffle of shoppers, chatter and clatter,
Walking of them that grieve,

Swinging of bridges and singing of railways, feet of children a-patter—
These, prophetic, I weave.

*Fast and investing my shriek,
Insistent, sibilant, grim.*

*While the endless pulleys creak
I whirl to a swift'ness dim,*

*Blurred to a motionless speed,
Centre and jagged rim,*

*Stirred to a splendid greed,
Singing my terrible rede
I whirl to a swift'ness dim.*

I am the Word and the Law, unpitying, final, terrific,
Cleaving them through and through;

I am the Word and the Law, joyful, supreme, vivific,
Heralding birth anew.

—McClure's Magazine.

GLIMPSSES OF NEW CANADA.



THE REMAINS OF OLD FORT EDMONTON.



IN this Dominion number of The Methodist Magazine we endeavour to present varied aspects of our great country. It is a far cry from Louisbourg to Dawson City, and would require a big book to describe the vast territory that intervenes. We can give only glimpses here and there of the magnificent inheritance which is ours. Mr. Allen's admirable article on New Ontario, like those of Dr. White and Mr. Darwin previously published, indicates how tremendously the religious problem of the future bulks upon the minds of those who have given it the most earnest study. This far transcends in interest any material concerns of this great land, important as these are. The latter arrest the attention of all men, the former are apt to be overlooked. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, but it is the only kingdom that is abiding and eternal. The accompanying cuts illustrate some widely scattered points of interests in this great country.

A few years ago Edmonton was a

frontier fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, now it is an enterprising gate city of the new North-West. We received a copy of its enterprising daily paper with magazine supplement. It gives the news of the Russian and Japanese war for that day and the day before, announces the latest tailor-made Paris fashions, sale of pianos and church organs, and a dramatic entertainment by a local organization of sixty-five performers. There is nothing slow about Edmonton. Our Methodist college has been started under splendid auspices. Principal Riddell and efficient staff have splendid prospects of success in laying the foundation of a university for the vast and fertile area of which Edmonton is the centre and which is fast filling up with enterprising settlers. It is perhaps the only college that has a chair in the Icelandic. We are not sure that even Winnipeg has one.

Few cities are more beautiful for situation than that which perpetuates the name of the grand old commodore who explored the northern Pacific, and few cities have made more rapid progress. It is destined to become one of the great entrepôts of trade between the Far East and the Far West, one of the gateways of commerce, one of the links of British Empire. It is also a



VANCOUVER.

city of pleasant homes, of high-class Christian civilization. Victoria we have spoken of and illustrated in a previous number.

It is extraordinary the way in which an almost unknown region within the Arctic Circle became in a few weeks famed throughout the civilized world. The dramatic events which accompanied the discovery of gold in California and Australia were repeated in the Yukon territory. Mr. Palmer gives a very graphic account of his winter journey in 1898 over the Chilkoot Pass, and his adventures in the northern Eldorado.

He started with a few companions and a number of dogs, and carried four hundred pounds of food and bedding, and seven hundred pounds of food for the dogs—for the dogs must be fed whether the men were or not. The difficulties of the pass can scarcely be exaggerated. Steps were cut in the snow, making it a case of walking upstairs rather than climbing. Fifty pounds was the usual weight of a pack. One Indian carried a barrel weighing three hundred and fifty pounds. A Swede crawled up on his knees, with three six-by-four timbers strapped on his back. On the summit hundreds of

pilgrims' outfits were buried beneath seventy feet of snow. The writer of this narrative caught a severe cold, and his legs "ached like two great teeth."

Of over eighty thousand pilgrims, over half turned back overcome by the difficulties of travel. In some cases their minds were affected by their hardships and disasters. Some died from fatigue and cold. One boy of seventeen had to lose his frozen feet to save his life. Yet the attraction of the yellow dust made men forget their hardships.

Although some thousands left Dawson on the eve of the winter, yet flour rose to \$2 a pound, and a meal of bacon, beans, and coffee cost \$2.50. Lumber was \$250 a thousand. A bed in a bunk house cost \$2.50 a night, or a room with a cloth partition, \$10. Champagne was \$30 a bottle.

A Seattle settler imported two hundred dozen nominally fresh eggs, for which he received \$3,600 in less than an hour after he landed—\$18 a dozen. In a few days they fell to \$4 a dozen.

The author pays a high tribute to the maintenance of law and order by the Mounted Police, none of whom, however, had mounts. Most



MOUNTED POLICE.

of the claim owners thought nothing of sending several thousand dollars in gold by their employees, unaccompanied, to be deposited in one

of the Commercial Company's stores.

It is strange to read that in this Arctic region the summer heat rose



CROSSING THE WHITE PASS IN THE YUKON IN WINTER.

to one hundred and ten degrees. Very wisely, the Canadian Government provided that every pilgrim entering the territory must have eleven hundred pounds, or a year's supply, of food. In 1898, he adds, the pilgrims must have spent from thirty million to forty million dollars on outfits and transportation. The output of gold during the year was eleven million dollars. Captain Constantine, of the police force,

says Mr. Palmer, even the lawless ones admitted, was honest and incorruptible. "Too much cannot be said," he adds, "in praise of the personnel of the Mounted Police," and he contrasts the order and promptness of British justice at Dawson with the lawlessness of Skagway. He gives a vivid picture of pioneer life in the Canadian Arctic, which Canadian Methodism and the other Churches



LORD MINTO'S VISIT TO THE YUKON, IN THE POLICE BARRACKS.

are endeavouring to pre-empt for the Kingdom of God. It was a tremendous fight with the saloons, dance halls, and gambling dens, where swarmed the social parasites that infest such an elementary community.

Of the development of the Yukon Mr. H. J. Woodside writes thus in a recent number of *The Canadian Magazine* :

On the Government reserve, Dawson City, is located the N. W. M. P. barracks, prison, police warehouses and drill square, and officers' and men's quarters. Around or near these are clustered the old courthouse, the foundations for the new one, the residence of Government telegraph staff and architect, the Gold Commissioner's offices, and police hospital.

On the northern edge of the Government reserve is located the Good Samaritan Hospital, founded by Dr. Grant; the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist churches, and Salvation Army barracks, also two of the schools, and the kindergarten school.

The new post-office cost the very reasonable sum, in this country, of \$43,000, and is furnished in an up-to-date style. In it are housed the customs officials, with an attached examining warehouse, crown timber and lands offices, registrar's offices, and Government telegraph offices. It is furnished with brick vaults, and is heated with the latest hot-air appliances.

The churches, although small, have been conducted by pastors of acknowledged ability, who are striving to keep pace with the growth of the country and to improve the moral tone of the community.

The administration of justice in Dawson is the admiration of foreigners. Canadians are naturally proud of it, but take it as a matter of course.

There is a body of about two hundred and seventy-five "Mounted Police" in Yukon, of which one hundred and twenty-five are in the upper, or White Horse division, and one hundred and fifty in the middle Yukon or Dawson division. A large

portion of the force is scattered along the Yukon River in detachments, and along the gold creeks. The admirable system and conduct of this force is a matter of the greatest pride to Canadians, and it is due to them that the law is so rigorously enforced against crime, so that life and property are as safe in this city as in any other in Canada. It is a wonderful contrast to the condition of mining towns in the United States.

The Territory of Yukon is governed by a body called the Yukon Council, with limited right to legislate. The streets are well drained and are furnished with electric lights. The city is provided with an excellent fire brigade of paid members, three large steam fire engines, hook-and-ladder apparatus, double chemical, etc. During the winter time two of the fire engines are kept housed on the river ice with steam up all the time, ready to pump as soon as the hose is laid.

The Dawson Electric Light and Power Co. is growing to be a large concern under good management. The company is providing electric power for machinery in the city, and on the creeks. The telephone company is another well-managed concern, having about two hundred telephones in operation. The city is supplied with the purest cold water, pumped from a well near the confluence of the two rivers.

The banking interests are in the hands of two strong Canadian concerns, branches of the Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Bank of British North America. These banks have sometimes as much as a couple of million dollars' worth of gold dust each lying in their vaults. They are guarded at night by detachments of N. W. M. P. inside the building. In a country where such an enormous amount of machinery is used, valued at between two and three million dollars, machine shops

will naturally flourish, and there are four of them equipped with large modern machinery, and a foundry. A dozen steamers lie up at Dawson, and furnish much repairing. The innumerable steam-thawing plants on the creeks furnish more.

The aggregate amount of goods landed at the extensive system of well-built wharves fronting the city, or from scows at the bar, runs up close to ten million dollars (\$10,000,000) per year, of which half comes from Canadian cities, the remainder from across the line. Some twelve thousand tons come by way of Behring Sea and up the Yukon. The same quantity comes over the Pass and down the river by steamer. Scows bring about five thousand tons more.

The travel for various reasons is large during the summer; the first and last boats are always crowded. On the Lower Yukon twenty steamers of the largest class, some of them rivalling the big Mississippi ones, ply between St. Michael, at the mouth of the river, and Dawson. They have to bring their load over twelve hundred miles against a stiff current, in a shallow and shifting channel or channels.

The number and extent of the warehouses in Dawson is a marvel to a newcomer. They store about fifty thousand tons of goods, or say the freight of five thousand ordinary freight cars.

The placer gold-fields within an area of fifty miles south-east of the city produced on an average twenty million dollars' worth of gold per year for several years past, and the output is likely to be increased. There appears to be enough alluvial earth in sight to last for ten years yet, and the field is broadening. We appear also to be on the eve of great quartz development.

A very fair system of roads up the different gold-bearing creeks has already been constructed, and the pro-



DAWSON CITY.

gramme for this year is more extensive than ever, involving the expenditure of about two hundred thousand dollars in much-needed highways to open up the remoter creeks. Horses are the principal draft animals, but dogs are much used on the narrow trails. Stages run from Dawson to points along all the creeks, and the automobile has made its appearance in competition for the passenger traffic. Well-equipped automobiles, carrying half a dozen passengers each, are in commission on the creek roads. Bicycles are used very extensively in and around Dawson, especially in winter time, when the creek roads and trails are smooth and hard, and good time can be made over them. Regular horse stages run between Dawson and White Horse.

Dawson is gradually turning from an aggregation of log-cabins and tents, a flaring canvas-sign mining

camp, to a city of wide streets, pleasing blocks, and up-to-date conveniences of every kind. With the advent of warm, properly heated buildings, much of the terrors of the climate will disappear. As it is now, more than half the people here are living in stores and dwellings not fit to be inhabited, so far as comfort is concerned, even in the southern part of Ontario. Fortunately it is a city of almost perpetual calm, and of little rain.

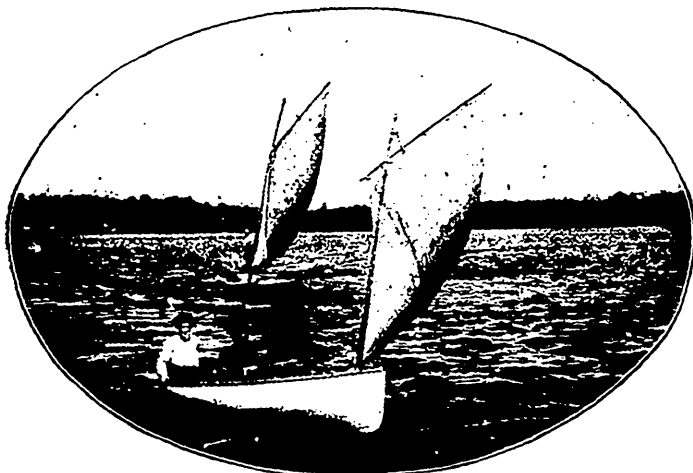
Its permanency does not seem to be doubted by those shrewd financial men who so freely invest their money in various kinds of permanent enterprises on the strength of an assured future. Prices have come down in nearly all lines of clothing and furnishings, as well as in some lines of catables, but there is still room for a big decline in that respect.

There are two things which sur-

prise visitors in summer. One is the perpetual daylight for a couple of months, when travel and work go on steadily the twenty-four hours. The midnight sun is not visible at any time from the highest mountains near Dawson. The other is the number of dogs around the city. These spend a great deal of their time in adjusting differences that have laid over from the busy winter time.

British subjects who are to re-

main permanently in Canada are better qualified to say who are the best people to govern the city. The Americans can push a city best, but Canadians can govern it better than they, and we do not want any wide-open places here like those in Alaska, or even such a place as Seattle, where many of our miners are robbed of their gold dust in a manner that would not be tolerated in Dawson.



OUR COUNTRY'S FUTURE.

BY LIZZIE T. GREEN.

From the graves of buried ages spirits of dead years arise;
And they point their fingers westward and toward us turn their eyes;
For they see the child of freedom as it on our bosom lies.

As the dreamer pushing westward o'er the stormy, unknown sea,
Felt no heart-throb of the nation yet unborn, but yet to be;
Not one glimpse adown the ages, not one breath of fame felt he,—

So this land with all the grandeur of its mighty rocks and hills,
And the voices of the rivers, joining with the babbling rills,
Cannot see one step before it; of its future feels no thrills.

We should read the fate of nations in the future, by the past.
God is jealous; and He thunders, "Nothing born of sin shall last."
It has sounded down the ages, in the words of fire is cast.

When this nation for its fevers and its plague-spots finds a cure;
When with King of kings Almighty it has signed a treaty pure,
Then, in spite of every evil, will its future be secure.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou me."
—Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.



RUMOUR was running in Windover that Job was drunk again. Neither the child nor the wife could say if truth were in it, for neither had seen the man since yesterday. But Mari had despatched the boy to the minister with the miserable news. With a smothered exclamation which Joey found it impossible to translate, Bayard snatched the child's hand, and set forth. His face wore a terrible look. He reached the wharves in time to come directly upon Job, the centre of a ring of jeering roughs. Muddy, wet, torn, splashed with slime from the docks, hatless and raving, Job was doing his maudlin best to fight Ben Trawl, who stood at a safe distance, smiling with the cynicism of a rum-seller who never drinks. Job—poor Job, the "reformed man"; Job, who had fought harder for his manhood than most sober men ever fight for anything from the baby's crib to the broadcloth casket; Job, the "pillar" of Christlove mission, the pride and pet of the struggling people; Job, the one sure comfort of his pastor's most discouraged hour,—Job stood there, abased and hideous.

He had lived one splendid year; he had done one glorious thing; he had achieved that for which better men than he should take off their hats to him. And there—Bayard looked at him once, and covered his face.

Job recognized him, and, frenzied as he was, sunk upon his knees in the mud, and crawled towards the minister, piteously holding up his hands. One must have been in Job's place, or in Bayard's, to understand what that moment was to these two men.

With the eyes of a condemning angel, Bayard strode into the group, and took Job home.

"It's clear D. T.," said Captain Hap between his teeth.

Bayard sent for a doctor, who pre-

scribed chloral, and said the case was serious. Mari put on a clean apron, and dusted up the rooms, and reinforced the minister, who proceeded to nurse Job for thirty-six hours. Captain Hap went home. He said he'd rather tie a slipknot round the fellow's neck, and draw it taut.

But when Job came to himself, poor fellow, the truth came with him. Job had been the blameless victim of one of those incredible but authenticated plots which lend blackness to the dark complexion of the liquor trade.

Job was working ashore, it seemed, for a week, being out of a chance to ship; and he had been upon the wharves, salting down fish, and came out at his nooning, with the rest, for his lunch. There was a well in the yard, by the fish-flakes, and a dipper, chained, hung from the pump.

It came Job's turn to drink from the dipper. And when he had drunk, the devil entered into him. For the rim of the dipper had been maliciously smeared with rum. Into the parched body of the "reformed man" the fire of that flavour ran as flame runs through stubble in a drought.

The half-cured drunkard remembered putting down his head, and starting for the nearest grog-shop on a run, with a yell. From that moment till Bayard found him, Job remembered nothing more. Such episodes of the nether world are not rare enough to be doubted, and this one is no fiction.

"I'm in for it now," groaned Job, "Might as well go to h—— and done with it."

Then Bayard, haggard from watching, turned and looked on Job. Job put his hands before his face.

"Oh, sir!" he cried. "But you see, there ain't a wharf-rat left in Windover as 'u'd trust me now!"

"Take my hand, Job," said the minister slowly.

Job took it, sobbing like a baby.

"Now climb up again, Job!" said Bayard in a strong voice. "I'm with you!"

Thus went the words of the shortest sermon of the minister's life. To the

end of his days, Job Slip will think it was the greatest and the best.

Captain Hap, penitent, but with no idea of saying so, came up the tenement stairs. Mari and Joey sat beside the fire. Mari was frying chunks of haddock for supper. Joey was singing in a contented little voice something that he had caught in the mission :

“ Veresawidenessin Godsmere—*cy*
Likevewidenessof vesca, . . .
ForveloveofGod is bward—*er* .
Vanvemeazzerof mansmine
Anve heartof veE—ter—nal
Ismoswonderfully kine.”

“Hear the boy!” cried Mari, laughing for the first time for many black days.

“What in the world is he singin’?” asked Joey’s father.

“Why, I’m sure it’s as plain as can be,” said Joey’s mother,—

“‘There’s a wideness in God’s mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea.’”

Then he says :

‘For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man’s mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.’

Oh, ain’t he the clever boy?”

“We’ll see,” said Job unexpectedly, putting his feet to the floor. “I ain’t a-goin’ to have the little fellar ashamed of his father, see if I be!”

“All the same,” observed Captain Hap dryly, “I wouldn’t go on the street to-night, if I was you. I’ll stay along of you a spell. The minister’s beat out. There’s enough goin’ on yet to capsize a soberer man than you be, Job. The fellar that did this here ain’t a-goin’ to stop at rims of dippers. No, sir! . . . Job Slip! Don’t you tech nothin’; not nothin’ outside of your own house, this six month to come! Not a soda, Job! Not a tumbler o’ milk! Not a cup o’ coffee! Not a swaller o’ water! No, nor a bite of victuals. You’ll be hunted down like a rat. There’s bread buttered with phosphorus layin’ round loose for ye most anywheres. Everybody knows who done this. ‘Tain’t no use to spile good English callin’ bad names. He won’t stop at nothin’ partikkellar to draw you under.”

“But why?” asked Bayard. “Why should he hound down poor Job so?”

“To spite you, sir,” replied the captain without hesitation. “Folks

say that they’ve got it into their heads their license is in genooin danger. Confine yourself to prayin’ an’ singin’, an’ they don’t deny that’s what you’re hired for. Folks say if you meddle with city politics, there ain’t an insurance company in New England ‘ud take a policy on your life, sir. You might as well hear what’s goin’ on, Mr. Bayard. I don’t suspicion it’ll make no odds to you. I told ‘em you wouldn’t tech the politics of this here town with a forty-fathom grapplin’-iron,—no, nor with a harbour-dredger!”

“You’re right there, Captain,” returned Bayard, smiling.

“Then ‘tain’t true about the license?” asked the captain anxiously.

“I have nothing to conceal in the matter, Captain,” answered Bayard after a moment’s silence. “There are legalized crimes in Angel Alley which I shall fight till I die. But it will be slow work. I don’t do it by lobbying. I have my own methods, and you must grant me my own counsel.”

“The dawn that rises on the Trawls without their license,” slowly said the captain, “that day, sir, you may as well call on the city marshal for a body-guard. You’ll need it!”

“Oh, you and Job will answer, I fancy,” replied Bayard, laughing.

He went straight home and to bed, where he slept fitfully till nearly noon of the next day. He was so exhausted with watching and excitement that there is a sense of relief in thinking that the man was granted this one night’s rest before that which was to be befell him.

For, at midnight of the succeeding night he was awakened by the clang of the city bells. It was a still night, there was little wind, and the tide was calm at the ebb. The alarm was quite distinct and easily counted. One? two? three? Six? One—two—three. Six. Thirty-six. Thirty-six was the call from the business section of the town. This alarm rang in for the Board of Trade, Angel Alley, the wharves, and certain banks and important shops.

“A fire on the wharves, probably,” thought Bayard; he turned on his pillow; “the fire-boat will reach it in three minutes. It is likely to be some slight affair.”

One—two—three. Six. One—two—three. Six. One—two. One—two. The sounding of the general alarm aroused him thoroughly. He got to the window and flung open the blinds. In

the heart of the city, two miles away, a pillar of flame shot straight towards the sky, which hung above it as red as the dashed blood of a mighty slaughter.

At this moment a man came running, and leaned on Mrs. Granite's fence, looking up through the dark.

"Mr. Bayard! Mr. Bayard!" he called loudly.

"Bob! Is that you? What is it? Where is it?"

"It's in Angel Alley, sir."

"Be there in a minute, Bob."

"But, Mr. Bayard, sir—there's them as think you're safer where you be. Job Slip says you stay to home if you love us, Mr. Bayard!"

"Wait for me, Bob," commanded Bayard. "I'm half dressed now."

"But, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Bayard—you ain't got it through your head—I said I wouldn't be the man to tell you, and I wish I'd stuck to it."

"Bob! It isn't the Mission?"

"Oh, sir—yes! They've set us afire!"

"Now, Bob," said the minister, suddenly shooting up in the dark at Bob's side, with coat and vest over his arm, "run for it! Run!"

The building was doomed from the first. The department saw that, at a glance, and concentrated its skill upon the effort to save the block.

The deed had been dexterously done. The fire sprang from half a dozen places, and had been burning inwardly, it was thought, for an hour before it was discovered. The people had been too poor to hire a night-watchman.

"We trusted Providence," muttered Captain Hap. "And this is what we get for it!"

The crowd parted before the minister when he came panting up, with Bob a rod behind. Bayard had got into his coat on the way, but he had not waited for his hat. In the glare, with his bared head and gray-white face, he gathered an unearthly radiance.

He made out to get under the ropes, and sprang up the steps of the burning building.

"No, sir!" said the chief respectfully; "you can't get in, now. We've saved all we could."

"There are some things I must have. I can get at them. I've done this before. Let me in!" commanded the minister.

All the coherent thought he had at that moment was that he must save some of the pictures—Helen's pictures

that she had given to the people. In that shock of trouble they took on a delirious preciousness to him.

"Let me into my own chapel!" he thundered.

But the chief put his hand upon the preacher's breast, and held it there.

"Not another step, Mr. Bayard. The roof will fall in five minutes. Get back, sir!"

He heard his people calling him; strong hands took hold of him; pitying faces looked at him.

"Come, Mr. Bayard," some one said gently. "Turn away with us. Don't see it go."

He protested no more, but obeyed quietly. For the first time since they had known him, he faltered, and broke before his people. They led him away, like a wounded man. He covered his face when the crash came. The sparks flew far and hot over the wharves, and embers followed. The water hissed as it received them.

At the first gray of dawn, the minister was on the ground again. Evidently he had not slept. There was a storm in the sky, and slow, large flakes of snow were falling. The crowd had gone, and the Alley was deserted. Only a solitary guardian of the ruins remained. Bayard stood before them, and looked up. Now, a singular thing had happened. The electric wire which fed the illuminated sign in front of the mission had not been disconnected by the fire; it had so marvelously and beautifully happened; only a few of the little coloured glass globes had been broken, and four white and scarlet words, paling before the coming day, and blurring in the snow, but burning steadily, answered the smothered tongues of fire and lips of smoke which muttered from the ruins.

As day opened, the people began to collect upon the spot. Expressions of awe or of superstition were heard, as they looked up and read, serene and undisturbed against the background of the rising storm,—

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

CHAPTER XX.

Immediately upon the destruction of the chapel, two things happened. The first was a visit from Mr. Hermon Worcester. Nothing could have been more unexpected; and when Bayard, coming into his lodgings one dreary afternoon, found his uncle in the bony rocking-chair, the young man was much moved.

Mr. Worcester, not untouched by the sight of his nephew's emotion, held out an embarrassed hand. Bayard took it warmly. He had learned the lesson of loneliness so thoroughly that he was ill prepared for the agitation of this little, common, human incident.

"You are ill, Manuel!" cried the elder man. "Good heavens, how you have changed! I had no idea—you should have told me!" he added, with the old autocratic accent. "I ought to have been informed. . . . And this is how you live!"

Hermon Worcester looked slowly about him. His eye fell on the paper screen, the mosquito-net portiere, the iron angel on the stove, the hard lounge, the old carpet, the stained wall-paper; he scrutinized the book-case, he glanced at the St. Michael. When he saw the great Christ, he coughed, and turned his face away; got up uneasily, and went into the bedroom, where he fell to examining the cotton comforters.

"At least," he said, sharply, "you could have sent for your own hair mattress! Nobody has slept on it, since—"

He broke off, and returned to the skeleton rocking-chair, with an expression of discomfiture so serious that Bayard pitied him. He hastened to say:

"Oh, I have done very well, very well, indeed, uncle. A man expects to rough it, if he chooses to be a home missionary. Give yourself no concern—now."

If there were an almost uncontrollable accent on the last word, Mr. Hermon Worcester failed to notice it. Something in that other phrase had arrested his attention. A home missionary? A home missionary. Was it possible to regard his boy in that irreproachable light?

To the home missions of his denomination Mr. Worcester was a large and important contributor. Now and then an ecclesiastical Dives is to be found who gives a certain preference to the heathen of his own land before those of India, Africa, and Japan; Mr. Worcester had always been one of these men.

To this hour it had not occurred to Mr. Worcester that the heathen of Windover could be properly rated as in the home missionary field. Even the starving pastors in the northern counties of Vermont might have gratefully called for yearly barrels of his old clothes; but Windover? Why, that was within two hours of Boston!

But that phrase had lodged in some

nick of Mr. Worcester's mind; and he could no more brush it off than one can brush away a seed out of reach in the crevice of a rock. He regarded his nephew with a certain tolerance, warmly tinged with compassion.

"The boy is a wreck," he said to himself. "Manuel will die if this goes on. He might have expected it, and so might I."

The old man's face worked. He spoke, crossly enough. Bayard remembered that he always used to be cross when he was touched.

"What's to happen now? Ready to give it up, Manuel?"

"I am ready to begin all over again," replied Manuel, smiling.

His voice had the ring that his uncle knew too well; when he was a little fellow, and bound to do a thing whether or no, he spoke in that tone, and always with that engaging smile.

"Who pays for this phoenix?" asked the man of business, brusquely. "I passed by your place. It is a fine heap of ashes. A curious sight I saw there, too. That sign you hung out—those four words."

Bayard nodded.

"It is a pleasant accident. The department says it is almost unprecedented. Oh, we shall crawl up somehow, uncle! I don't feel very anxious. The town hall is already hired for temporary use. There is great excitement in the city over the whole affair. You see, it has reached the proportions, now, of a deadlock between the rum interest and the decent citizens. Our treasurer is circulating some sort of a paper. I think he hopes to collect a few hundreds—enough to tide us over till we can float off. I don't know just how it is all coming out. Of course we can't expect the help that an ordinary church would get in a similar trouble."

"I'm glad if you recognize that fact, Manuel," replied Mr. Worcester, uncomfortably. In his heart he was saying, "The boy has his mother's splendid Worcester pride. He'll perish here, like a starving eagle on a deserted crag, but he won't ask me!"

"You need a new building," observed Mr. Worcester, with that quiet way of putting a starting thing which was another Worcester quality. "You seem to have made—from your own point of view, of course—what any man of affairs would call a success here. Of course, you understand, Manuel, that I cannot approve of your course. It has been the greatest grief of my life."

Bayard hastened to observe that his comprehension of this point was not limited.

"From your point of view, not mine, Manuel, I should, as a man of business, suggest that a new building—your own property—something to impress business men, you know; something to give material form to that—undoubtedly sincere and—however mistaken—unselfish religious effort that you have wasted in this freezing hole. . . . I wonder, Manuel, if you could put the draughts on that box-burner with the angel atop? I don't know when I've been so chilly!"

Bayard hastened to obey this request, without intimating that the draughts were closed to save the coal. This species of political economy was quite outside of his uncle's experience, and yet, perhaps, the man of business had more imagination than his nephew gave him credit for; he said abruptly:

"Look here, Manuel, I've got to get the seven o'clock train home, you know, and I'd best do the errand I came on, at once. You know those old Virginia mines of your mother's? There was a little stock there, you remember? It went below zero. Hasn't been heard of for twenty years. But it remained on the inventory of the estate, you know. Well, it's come up. There's a new plant gone in—Northern enterprise, you know—and the stock is on the market again. There is only a trifle, a paltry two thousand, if well handled. It's yours, you see, whatever there is of it. I came down to ask if you would like to have me force a sale for you."

"Two thousand dollars!" cried Bayard, turning pale. "Why, it would almost build me—at least, it would furnish a new chapel. We had about so much of inside property—library, pianos, pictures, settees, hymn-books, and all that—it is all a dead loss. Unfortunately, Mr. Bond had never insured it—we were so poor; every dollar tells!"

"Then he was a very bad man of business for a church—for a—missionary officer!" cried Mr. Worcester, irritably; "and I hope you'll do nothing of the kind. You could spend that amount on your personal necessities inside of six months, and then not know it, sir! You are—I hope, Manuel," sternly, "that you will regard my wish, for once, in one respect, before I die. Don't fling your mother's money into the bottomless pit of this unendowed, burnt-out, un-

popular enterprise! Wait awhile, Manuel. Wait a little and think it over. I don't think, under the circumstances," added Mr. Worcester, with some genuine dignity, "that it is very much to ask."

"Perhaps it is not," replied Bayard, thoughtfully. "At least, I will consider it, as you say."

Four days after, an envelope from Boston was put into Bayard's hand. It contained a type-written letter setting forth the fact that the writer desired to contribute to the erection of the new chapel in Windover known by the name of Christ-love, and representing a certain phase of home missionary effort—the inclosed sum. It was a bank draft for twenty-five hundred dollars. The writer withheld his name, and requested that no effort be made to identify him. He also desired that his contribution be used, if possible, in a conditional character, to stimulate the growth of a collection sufficient to put the building, and the mission behind it, upon a suitable basis.

The following day Mr. Worcester sent to Bayard by personal cheque the remnant of his mother's property. This little sum seemed as large, now, to the Beacon Street boy, as if he had been reared in one of the Vermont parsonages to which his uncle sent old overcoats; or, one might say, as if he had never left the shelter of that cottage under the pine grove in Bethlehem, where his eyes first opened upon the snow-girt hills. Self-denial speaks louder in the blood than indulgence, after all; and who knew how much of Bayard's simple manliness in the endurance of privation he owed to the pluck of the city girl who left the world for love of one poor man, and to become the mother of another?

Bayard had scarcely adjusted his mind to these events when he received from Helen Carruth this letter:

"My dear Mr. Bayard,—My little note of sympathy with your great trouble did not deserve so prompt an answer. I thank you for it. I could not quite make up my mind to tell you, in the midst of so much care and anxiety, what I can delay no longer in saying—"

Bayard laid down the letter. The room grew black before his starting eyes.

"There is another man," he thought. "She is engaged. She cannot bear to tell me."

Sparks of fire leaped before his eyeballs. Black swung into purple—into grey—light returned; and he read on:

"If I flatter myself in supposing that you might mind it a little, why, the mistake hurts nobody, neither you nor me; but the fact is we are not coming to Windover this summer. We sail for Europe next week.

"Father has decided quite suddenly, and there is nothing to be done but to go. It is something to do with Exegesis, if you please! He won't leave mother behind, for he is one of the men who believe in living with their wives; he's just as dependent upon his womenkind when he's engaged in a theological row, as a boy who's got hurt at football; and I've got to go to take care of the two of them. He has subtlet the 'Flying Jib' to the Prudential Committee of the A.B.C.F. M.—I mean to one of it, with six grandchildren. Think how they'll punch their fists through our lace curtains! I wish you'd go down and tell Mr. Salt they shan't have my dory. Couldn't you manage to use it yourself?"

"Truly, dear friend, I meant to help this summer. And I am disappointed, if you care to know it. Yours faithfully,
Helen Carruth.

"I forgot to say that father has doubled up his lectures, and the Trustees have given him the whole summer term. We sail in the 'Scythia' a week from Saturday."

It was early afternoon of the next day, when Helen, standing in her window to draw the shades, glanced over automatically at the third-story north-west corner front of Galilee Hall. It was still many hours to sunset, and the early April afternoon fell gustily and grey upon the snows of Cesarea. It was not a sunny day, and Cesarea was at her worst. Helen idly watched a figure splashing through two feet of slush "across lots" over the Seminary grounds from the Trustees' Hotel.

"A post-graduate," she thought, "back on a visit. Or, more likely, a minister without a pulpit, coming to Cesarea after a parish, or places to supply. Probably he has seven children and a mother-in-law to support. No—yes. Why, yes!"

She drew suddenly back from the window. It was Emmanuel Bayard.

He waded through the slush as quickly as so tired a man could. He had walked from the station, saving

his coach fare, and had made but feint of being a guest at the hotel, where he had not dined. He was not quite prepared to let Helen know that he had lunched on cold johnny-cake and dried beef, put up by Mrs. Granite in a red cotton doily, and tenderly pinned over by Jane with a safety-pin.

He lifted his eyes to the gloomy landscape for illumination, which it denied him. He knew no more than the snow professor what he should do, what he should say, no, nor why he had lapsed into this great weakness, and come to Cesarea at all. He felt as if he might make, indeed, a mortal mistake, one way or the other. He pleaded to himself that he must see her face once more, or perish. Nature was mightier than he, and drove him on, as it drives the strongest of us in those reactions from our strenuous vow and sternest purpose, for which we have lacked the simple foresight to provide in our plan of life.

Helen herself answered his ring. Both of them found this so natural that neither commented upon this little act of friendliness.

The Professor was at his lecture; and Mrs. Carruth was making her final appearance at certain local Cesarea charities. Helen ushered her visitor into the parlour.

"If I had a fortune," she observed, "I would found a society in Cesarea for making it a Penal Offence for a Married Man to Study for the Ministry without a Visible Income. Mr. Bayard?—why, Mr. Bayard!"

When she saw the expression of his face, her own changed with remorseful swiftness.

"You are perfectly right," he said, with a sudden, smiting incisiveness. "You are more than right. It is the greatest act of folly of my life that I am here."

He stood still, and looked at her. The despair she saw in his eyes seemed to her a measureless, bottomless thing.

"I had to come," he said. "How could I let you go, without—you must see that I had to look upon your face once more. Forgive me—dear!"

Her chin trembled, at the lingering of that last, unlooked-for word.

"I have tried," said Bayard, slowly. "You won't misunderstand me if I say I have tried to do the best I can, at Windover; and I have failed in it," he added, bitterly, "from every point of view, and in every way!"

"As much as that," said Helen, "happened to the Founder of the Christian religion. You are presumpt-

tuous if you expect anything different."

"You are right," answered Bayard, with that instinctive humility which was at once the strongest and the sweetest thing about him. "I accept your rebuke."

"Oh," cried Helen, holding out her hands, "I couldn't rebuke you! I—" she faltered.

"You see," said Bayard, slowly, "that's just the difference, the awful, infinite difference. All His difficulties were from the outside."

"How do you know that?"

"I don't," replied Bayard, thoughtfully. "I don't know. But I have been accustomed to think so. Perhaps I am under the traditions yet; perhaps I am no nearer right than the other Christians I have separated myself from. But mine, you see—my obstacles, the things that make it so hard—the only thing that makes it seem impossible for me to go on—is within myself. You don't suppose He ever loved a woman—as I love you? It's impossible!" cried the young man. Her face drooped, but did not fall. He could see her fingers tremble. "It was something," he went on, dully, "to see you; to know that I—why, all winter I have lived on it, on the knowledge that summer was coming—that you— Oh, you can't know! You can't understand! I could bear all the rest!" he cried. "This—this—"

His sentence broke, and was never completed; for Helen looked up into his face. It was ashen, and all its muscles were set like stiffening clay. She lifted her eyes and gave them to him.

"I do understand. . . . I do," she breathed. "Would it make you any happier if you knew—if I should tell you—of course, I know what you said; that we can't . . . but would it be any easier if I should tell you that I have loved you all the time?"

CHAPTER XXI.

To the end of her life Helen will see the look on Emanuel Bayard's face when she had spoken these words.

With more of terror than delight, the woman's nature sprang, for that instant, back upon itself. Would she have recalled what she had said? It is possible; for now she understood how he loved her, and perceived that she had never understood what a man's love is.

Yet, when he spoke, it was with

that absence of drama, with that repression amounting almost to commonplace, which characterize the intensest crises of experience.

"Do you?" he said. "Have you?"

And at first that was all. But his voice shook, and his hand; and his face went so white that he seemed like a man smitten rather by death than by love.

Helen, in a pang of maiden fright, had moved away from him, and retreated to the sofa; he sank beside her silently. Leaning forward a little, he covered his eyes with one hand, the other rested on the cushion within an inch of her purple dress; he did not touch her; he did not touch it. Helen felt sorry, seeing him so troubled and wrung; her heart went out in a throb of that maternal compassion which is never absent from the love of any woman for any man.

"Oh," she sighed, "I meant to make you happy, to give you comfort! And now I have made you unhappy!"

"You have made me the happiest of all miserable men!"

He raised his head, and looked at her till hers was the face to fall.

"Oh, don't!" she pined. "Not like that!"

But he paid no heed to this entreaty. The soul of the saint and the heart of the man made duel together; and the man won, and exulted in it, and wondered how he dared; but his gaze devoured her wifully. The first embrace of the eyes—more delicate, more deferent, and at once less guarded than the meeting of hands or clasp of arms—he gave her, and did not restrain it. Before it, Helen felt more helpless than if he had touched her. She seemed to herself to be annihilated in his love.

"Happy?" he said, exultingly, "you deify me! You have made a god of me!"

"No," she shook her head with a little teasing smile, "I have made a man of you."

"Then they are one thing and the same!" cried the lover. "Let me hear you say it. Tell it to me again!"

She was silent, and she crimsoned to the brows.

"You are not sure!" he accused her. "You want to take it back. It was a madness, an impulse. You don't mean it. You do not, you have not loved me. . . . How could you?" he added, humbly. "You know I never counted on it, never expected, did not trust myself to think of it—all this while."

She lifted her head proudly.

"I have nothing to take back. It was not an impulse. I am not that kind of woman. I have been meaning to tell you—when you gave me the chance. I love you. I have loved you ever since—"

She stopped.

"Since when? How long have you loved me? Come! Speak! I will know!" commanded Bayard, deliriously.

"Oh, what is going to be gained if I tell you?"

Helen gave him a prisoner's look. She turned her head from side to side rebelliously, as if she had flown into a cage whose door was now unexpectedly shut.

"I meant to make you happy. All I say seems to make everything worse. I shall tell you nothing more."

"You will tell me," he said in a tone of calm authority, "all I ask. It is my affair whether I am happy or wretched. Yours is to obey my wish: because you love me, Helen."

His imperious voice fell to a depth of tenderness in which her soul and body seemed to sink and drown.

"I have loved you," she whispered, "ever since that night—the first time I saw you here, in my father's house."

"Now, sir!" she added, with her sudden, pretty wilfulness, "make the most of it. I'm not ashamed of it, either. But I shall be ashamed of you if—this—if after I've said it all, it doesn't make you happy. . . . That's all I care for," she said, quietly.

"It is all I care for in this world."

"Oh, what shall we do?" pleaded Bayard.

"You have your work," said Helen, dreamily, "and I your love."

Her voice sank to a whisper.

"Is that enough for you?" demanded the man. "I shall perish of it, I shall perish!"

Something in his tone and expression caused Helen to regard him keenly. He looked so wasted, so haggard, that her heart stood still, and said to her, "This is truer than he knows."

"No," she answered, with a sweet, womanly composure, "it is not enough for me."

"And yet," he said, with the brutality of the tormented, "I cannot, I must not, ask you to be my—"

"Dear," said Helen, "I shouldn't mind it . . . to be poor. I want you to understand—to know how it is. I have never felt . . . any other way. It shall be just as you say," she added, with a gentleness which gave a beautiful dignity to her

words. "We need not . . . do it, because I say this. But I wanted you to know—that I was not afraid of a hard life with you."

"Oh, you cannot understand," he groaned. "It is no picturesque poverty you would have to meet. It would mean cold, hunger, misery you've never thought of, cruel suffering—for you. It would mean all that a man has no right to ask a woman to endure for him, because he loves her . . . as I love you."

"I could starve," said Helen.

"God help us!" cried the man. Nothing else came to his dry lips.

Then Helen answered him in these strong and quiet words: "I told you I would trust you, and I shall do it to the end. When you are ready for me, I shall come. I am not afraid—of anything, except that you should suffer and that I could not comfort you. If you never see the way to think it right . . . I can wait. I love you; and I am yours to take or leave."

"This," whispered Bayard, reverently, for he could have knelt before her, "is a woman's love! I am unworthy of it—and of you."

"Oh, there is the other kind of woman," said Helen, trying rather unsuccessfully to smile. "This is only my way of loving. I am not ashamed of it."

"Ashamed of it? It honours you! It glorifies you!"

He held out his arms; but she did not swerve towards them; they dropped. She seemed to him encompassed in a shining cloud, in which her own celestial tenderness and candour had wrapped and protected her.

"Love me!" he pleaded. "Love me, trust me, till we can think. I must do right by you, whatever it means to me."

"We love each other," repeated Helen, holding out her hands. "and I trust you. Let us live on that for a little while, till we—till you—"

But she faltered, and her courage forsook her when she looked up into his face. All the anguish of the man that the woman cannot share, and may not understand, started out in visible lines and signs upon his features; all the solemn responsibility for her, for himself, and for the unknown consequences of their sacred passion; the solitary burden, which it is his to wear in the name of love, and which presses hardest upon him whose spirit is higher and stronger than mere human joy.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLE.*

BY MISS C. CAMERON.

Slowly the splendour of daylight is dawning,
 Brilliant with sunrise the blue heavens smile,
 And, like a spectre, the radiance of morning
 Glimmers upon the last sleep of Argyle.
 Narrow and dark are the walls that enfold him,
 Damp are the flag-stones that pillow his head,
 Still 'neath the shadow of death they behold him
 Smiling in sleep on his hard prison bed.

Calm on eternity's threshold he slumbered,
 By earthly trouble and grief unoppressed,
 By the harsh iron of his fetters encumbered,
 And with the Bible fast locked to his breast.
 Strong in the comfort by heaven imparted,
 Ready to sleep in the mouldering sod,
 Ready to die as become the true-hearted,
 Soothed by a conscience at peace with his God.

As the pale, glorious sunbeams were shedding
 Roseate light on the bare prison floor,
 Through the dark passage a footstep was treading,
 Bolts were drawn back from the heavy-barred door,
 Over the threshold a black shadow glided,
 And like a spirit or servitor vile,
 Noiselessly slunk toward that still figure, guided
 By the low breath of the slumbering Argyle.

But on that countenance silently gazing,
 Wrapped in its guileless and innocent sleep,
 Terror, astonishment, wonder amazing
 Rose like the storm-clouds that shadow the deep
 On the dark forehead, now guiltily flushing
 With a remorse-stricken consciousness, while
 Trembling he turned, from that low chamber rushing—
 No longer to look on the sleep of Argyle!

Trembling he flung himself, violently weeping
 Bitter, reproachful, passionate tears,
 Far from the couch of that calm pris'ner sleeping,
 His conscience disturbed not by troubles or fears,
 When a short hour would part him for ever
 From the loved land of the mountain and isle,
 When the brave hearts of the Campbell would never
 Thrill any more at the voice of Argyle.

But vain are the efforts to bring consolation
 To that dark soul, torn with passion and grief,
 Or soothe the keen sting of his heart's condemnation
 Whose suffering conscience rejected relief.
 Eagerly, vainly with words they endeavour
 One blessed sunbeam of comfort to smile
 Into the guilt-stricken spirit, that never
 Would sleep any more like the sleep of Argyle.

Chelsea, London, England.

* Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyle, and one of the ancestors of our late Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, was the most powerful of Scottish chiefs during the reign of James the Second. His father had been a leader of the cottish Covenanters. It was he who placed the crown on the head of Charles II. Afterward Charles basely accused him of having submitted to Cromwell (to whom he had refused allegiance). He was tried and executed, meeting his death like a hero. His son, the subject of our present poem, met an equally sad but heroic end. It was at the time of Monmouth's rebellion that he headed a rising in Scotland against Prebsey and a Romanizing king. He would probably have led his followers to victory had they given him full control. But because of divided counsels his force was scattered and

he himself taken prisoner. He believed his cause the cause of God, and the night before his execution lay down and slept the sleep of innocence. One of the Lords of the Council, who, though bred a Presbyterian, had been seduced by gain into persecuting the Church of his fathers, had some matter to discuss with Argyle. He was told the Earl was asleep, but would not believe it at first. He stole in and looked at the slumberer, then fled distressed and conscience-stricken. The cell where the noble prisoner passed his last night so tranquilly is still shown in Edinburgh Castle. The last sleep of Argyle has furnished Art with the subject of one of her most famous pictures on the walls of the British House of Lords. The present Duke of Argyle is said to be more proud of his martyred ancestor than of any other of the knightly line.

HERBERT SPENCER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

BY REV. W. HARRISON.



HIS life-story of one of the most original minds the world has ever produced, is the most important and interesting book of the season. For twenty years the distinguished philosopher and author was more or less engaged in recording what he regarded as "a natural history of himself." If it were nothing more it would not lack interest, but, as the Lon-

don Times points out, it is also "full of sidelights on the intellectual life of the Victorian era." Mr. Spencer confines the first part of his autobiography to his ancestry, boyhood, and his early life as an engineer. The second he devotes entirely to his literary life and labours; the whole presenting a record of one of the most influential thinkers of this or any other age.

Speaking of his ancestors, who for three generations were chiefly Wesleyan Methodists, Spencer claims to have inherited some of their traits; "that the spirit of Nonconformity is shown by me in various directions no one will deny; the disregard of authority, political, religious, or social, is very conspicuous."

In another place he writes: "If any ingrained nonconformity of nature is to be hence inferred, it may have gone some way to account for that nonconformity which, however derived, was displayed by the children of my great-grandfather, Brettell. For, apart from his probable genealogy, there stands the significant fact that out of a family of seven, five were among the earliest Wesleyans (of whom my maternal grandmother was one), and two of these were among the earliest Wesleyan preachers—John Brettell and Jeremiah Brettell, born respectively in 1742 and 1753. Of these the youngest, Jeremiah, seems to have been somewhat intimately asso-

* "An Autobiography by Herbert Spencer." With illustrations, many of them from the author's own drawings. Two volumes, 8vo, gilt top, in a box. Price, \$5.50 net; postage, 40 cents additional. D. Appleton & Company, publishers, New York.



Herbert Spencer

ciated with John Wesley, who spoke approvingly of his work; and at one time he was appointed to the Epworth Circuit; Epworth being Wesley's native place."

"As in those days when Wesley and his followers were bitterly persecuted, it required both pronounced convictions and considerable courage to dissent from the established creed and disregard the authority upholding it, there must have been in these two men more than usual individuality of character."

In very many places in the first volume, Herbert Spencer speaks of the Methodist relationships of the different members of the Spencer family, including his father and mother, and he does this with evident sympathy and unvarying respect, though it appears that his father, through some differences with the resident ministers as to certain books he proposed for the Methodist library, severed his attachment, and in some way became connected with the Quakers or Friends.

Speaking of his father, William George Spencer, after enumerating his many qualities and achievements, he concludes by saying: "There remains only to name the one great drawback—he was not kind to my mother. Exacting and inconsiderate, he did not habitually display that sympathy which should characterize the marital relation. It was not that sympathy was absent, but it was habitually repressed in pursuance of fixed determinations: for when my mother was ill there was due manifestation of tenderness. Indeed, during the closing years of her life his solicitude about her was great; and I believe that the depression caused by his anxiety, joined, perhaps, with an awakening to the fact that he had not been so careful of her as he ought to have been, had much to do with his death, rendering him less capable of resisting the illness which carried him off in 1866."

Mr. Spencer assigns two or three causes which co-operated in producing this conduct so much at variance with his father's usual character. His father had a great deal of that "passion for reforming the world" ascribed to Shelley, and was ever thinking either of self-improvement or the improvement of others. "I doubt not," says Mr. Spencer, "that during their engagement my mother displayed interest in his aims—a factitious interest, prompted by the relation then existing between them. After marriage she gave little or no sign of such interest, and my father was doubtless much disappointed.

"The remaining cause was that chronic irritability consequent on his nervous disorder, which set in some two or three years after marriage, and continued during the rest of his life. Letters show that he was conscious of this abnormal lack of control over temper; but, as unhappily as I can testify from personal experience, consciousness of such lack does not exclude the evil or much mitigate it."

In concluding this phase of his father's character, the son says, "While not ignoring this serious defect (which in the absence of these causes would probably never have been manifested), I contemplate my father's nature with much admiration. On looking around among those I have known, I cannot find any one of higher type."

Of his mother he says: "Brought up as a Wesleyan, and adhering to Wesleyanism throughout life, she might, according to one understand-

ing of the word, be classed as a Non-conformist. But she simply accepted and retained the beliefs given to her in early days. . . . I never heard her pass any criticism on a pulpit utterance, or express any independent judgments on religious, ethical, or political questions. Constitutionally, she was averse to change. . . . Generally patient, it was rarely that she manifested irritation, and then in a very moderate manner—too moderate, indeed, for her submissiveness invited aggression.

"Along with this and other commendable traits went much attention to religious observances. Obviously, in her case, acts of worship and the anticipations of a happier future accompanying them, formed a great consolation under the trials of a life which in itself was not enviable. She well illustrated the truth, ever to be remembered, that during a state of the world in which many evils have to be suffered, the belief in compensations to be hereafter received, serves to reconcile men to that which they otherwise would not bear.

"There is ground for believing that she had a sound judgment in respect to ordinary affairs—sounder than my father's. My own proceedings and plans she always criticised discouragingly, and urged the adoption of some commonplace career. In nearly all cases her advice would have been wise; and it may be that her natural or acquired way of looking at the affairs of life was really a manifestation of good judgment.

"Throughout the earlier part of her life she never read novels, being prevented by her ascetic creed, which practically interdicted pleasurable occupations at large. That she knew some of my essays I gather indirectly, though I have no recollection that she ever spoke about them; but my larger works were not, I believe, attempted, or if attempted were promptly given up as incomprehensible. Probably besides the difficulties they presented, the consciousness of their divergence from the beaten track repelled her; for, as already implied, she was essentially conservative."

Summing up his reminiscences of his mother, he concludes in the following pathetic words:

"She never was sufficiently prized. The familiar truth that we fail properly to value the good things we have, and duly appreciate them only when they are gone, is here well illustrated. Among those aspects of life which in

old age incline the thoughts towards pessimism, a conspicuous one is the disproportioning of rewards to merits. Speaking broadly, the world may be divided into those who deserve little and get much, and those who deserve much and get little. My mother belonged to the latter class, and it is a source of unceasing regret with me that I did not do more to prevent her inclusion in this class."

This is the most touching passage in the whole autobiography, and it is the only one which seems to bring us near to Herbert Spencer's heart. As one has said, there was in Spencer a strange lack of affection. It does not seem as if at any time in his life his whole heart was engaged. He had friends, and some of them he kept. The chief woman friend of his early years was George Eliot, whose mental faculties he warmly admired. He records with some self-satisfaction that there was a talk of their being married. Spencer was too much of a gentleman to say that he could not marry George Eliot because of her unattractive appearance. The impression left is that he never found a woman intellectually worthy to be his mate except George Eliot, and that he could marry no woman who did not possess wit and beauty.

In the reading of this autobiography we are impressed with the enormous vanity, or something near akin to vanity, especially during his boyish days. Whatever we may be pleased to call it, he himself preferred to describe it as disregard of authority, as chronic disobedience, and as a habit of destructive criticism. Let the name be what it will, the thing was always there. When his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, was teaching him natural philosophy, Spencer, then a boy of thirteen, dissented from the text-book and from his instructor as to what was signified by inertia. This was a source of pride to him in later years. Into nearly every department of knowledge he carried this temper of dissent, and very rarely expresses any regrets as to the consequences that dissent involved.

Of his early training he writes: "I never passed an examination, nor could I have passed any such examinations as are commonly prescribed. In Euclid, algebra, trigonometry, and mechanics, I might have done fairly well, but in nothing else. How far did this lack of academic training affect the ultimate result? The very conception of training as carried on

in the past and is still carried on, implies a forcing of the mind into shapes it would not otherwise have taken—implies a bending of the shoots out of their lines of spontaneous growth into conformity with a pattern. Evidently, then, a mind trained in the ordinary sense of the word loses some of its innate potentialities."

We discover in this autobiography that Spencer was not a great reader, not even of books which treated on the special lines of study and research in which he was engaged. The popularity of any book was nothing to him. As soon as he found an author, no matter how distinguished the writer may have been, that differed from his own views, Spencer simply closed the book and refused to read further. In this spirit many famous books were dismissed without any word of apology or regret. It is said by a well informed authority that Spencer read much less during his whole life than the average brain-worker has gone through by the time he is thirty.

Through the greater part of his life Spencer suffered from ill-health. For years he was only able to write some three hours a day, but with invincible determination he planned in advance his great system, and for nearly forty years persisted in his self-imposed task, until his vast undertaking was accomplished. The difficulties he encountered and finally overcame were enormous. With that system the present review has nothing to do. Even devoted disciples of Spencer's philosophy do not hesitate already to affirm that some aspects of it are already out of date. The whole fabric will be weighed and tested without hesitation and without fear by competent critics, and whatever of error, whether in premise or conclusion, will simply be dismissed and pass away.

Of Huxley's humour an example is given, though the witticism was at Spencer's expense. "He was one of a circle in which tragedy was the topic, when my name came up in connection with some opinion or other; whereupon Huxley remarked, 'Oh, you know Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact.'"

Carlyle's right to be classed as a philosopher is denied by Spencer with considerable vehemence. "Instead of thinking calmly, as a philosopher above all others does, he thought in a passion."

The last words in this fascinating autobiography are as follows: "The

religious creeds, which in one way or another occupy the sphere which rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails, and fails the more the more it seeks. I have come to regard with

a sympathy based on community of need, feeling that dissent from them results from inability to accept the solutions offered, joined with the wish that solutions could be found."

SONG OF CANADIAN PIONEERS.

BY LURGAN FOYLE.

We have felt the fire of a wild desire,
We have followed our whim to roam;
We broke from the yoke of our plodding folk,
And severed the ties of home.
As our fathers before, in days of yore,
Came wand'ring over the main,
To conquer the soil with their blood and toil,
And people a wide domain.

We have pushed our way where the beavers
play,
In the hush of the virgin wood;
We have lifted the sod where man ne'er trod
Since the Lord pronounced it good.
And our path has led where the buffalo fed
On the prairies vast and wide,
Where the glitt'ring grain now brightens
the plain,
And the farmstead close beside.

We have wrung the gold from its icy fold
On the verge of the Arctic line;
And the mountains yield to the tools we wield
The glist'ning wealth of the mine.

We have cast our nets where the Fraser frets
Against the rush of the tide—
For our lives are free as the boundless sea
And wide as our land is wide.

We have garnered a store on every shore;
We have tasted the first-fruits sweet;
But thro' danger's breath, in the face of
death,
The price we have paid was meet.
How many have died by the wild trail-side—
How many a comrade's laid
In his lonely grave where the pine-trees wave
Or plains in horizon fade.

We have opened a way for you who stay
In the pitiless cities' strife,
To the free, clear air, where there's land to
spare
And a man can live his life.
Tho' hard be the toil till we win the soil,
The harvest is rich indeed,
For ye build a home that is all your own,
And ye fill an Empire's need.

—*The Lumber Jack and his Job.*

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboines!

Drearly blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

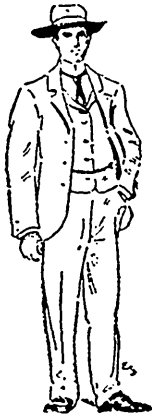
And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace.

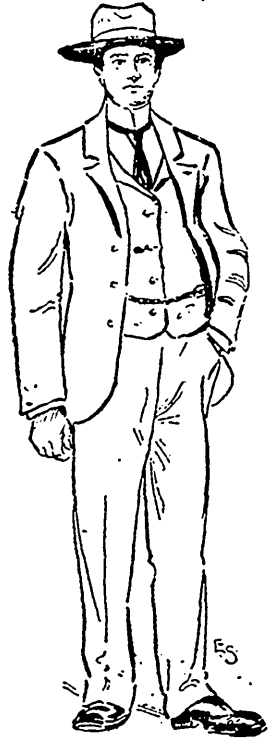
Current Topics and Events.



Population in 1881,
118,706.



Population in 1891,
251,473.



Population in 1901,
466,860.

GROWTH OF THE NORTH-WEST IN POPULATION.

The increase of the population of Manitoba and the three territories of Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, during the last twenty years is graphically shown by the three figures above. The increased size of the second figure over the first, and of the third over the second, represents the increase in the population at each census since 1881. In 1881 the population of Manitoba and the Territories was 118,706, in 1891 it was 251,473, and at the last census, taken in 1901, it had increased to 466,860. Of course the census returns of two years ago fall considerably below the actual present population, for since 1901 immigrants have been pouring into the Canadian West and to-day there are certainly

more than half a million of people there, building up the country and making homes for themselves.

ST. GEORGE OF ENGLAND.

St. George, the patron saint of England, was born, it is supposed, at Lydda, in Palestine, in the latter part of the third century. The warrior saint was a man, says Eusebius, of no mean origin. He is said to have died in Nicomedia, April 23rd, 303. When Diocletian's edict against the Christians was posted up, he tore it in pieces. The emperor then being present in the city, visited on the offender the most cruel martyrdom. He was buried near Lydda. Constan-



HAULING NO. 1 HARD WHEAT TO MARKET.

tine the Great built a church over his tomb, which is still a place of pilgrimage. He was the patron saint of England, Aragon, Portugal, Genoa and Russia. He is generally represented as slaying a dragon sent by a magician to devour the Princess Alexandria. Many scores, perhaps hundreds, of churches are dedicated to St. George throughout Christendom. He is the type of Christian valour resisting pagan persecution, is the ideal knight who rode abroad redressing human wrong. The symbolical picture on our cover, therefore, is not merely the conquering soldier, but the militant martyr and saint.

The particular veneration paid to St. George in England dates from the time of Richard I., who in the wars of Palestine placed himself and his army under the special protection of St. George; and the institution of the Order of the Garter, in 1330, seems to have completed his inauguration as England's patron.

*It comes from the misty ages,
The banner of England's might,*

The blood-red cross of the brave St. George
That burns on a field of white!

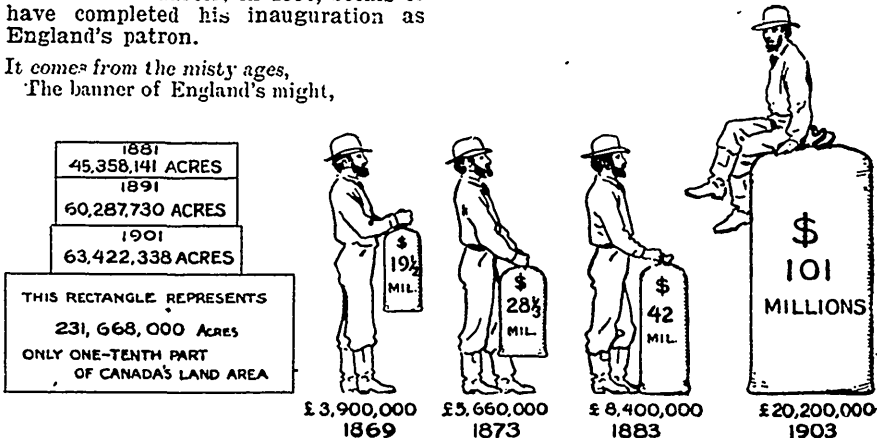
O ne'er may the flag beloved
Unfurl in a strife unblest,
But ever give strength to the righteous arm
And hope to the hearts oppressed!
It says to the passing ages,
"Be brave if your cause be right!
Like the soldier-saint whose cross of red
Still burns on your banner white!"

Great race, whose empire of splendour
Has dazzled a wondrous world!
May the flag that floats o'er thy wide
domains

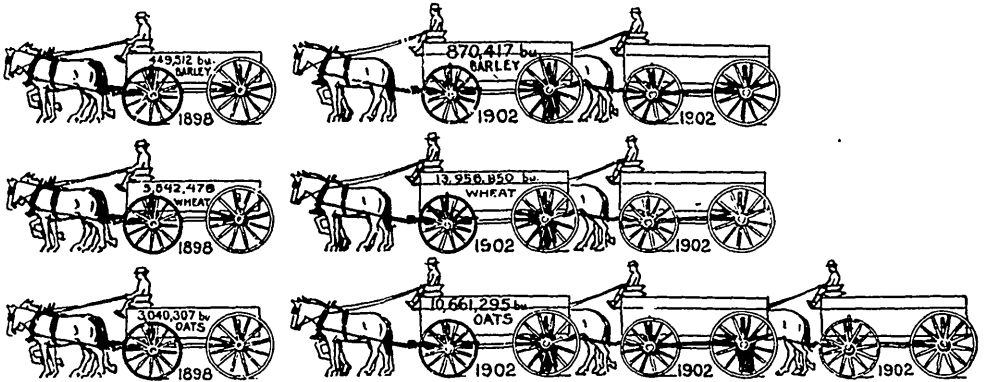
Be long to all winds unfurled!
Three crosses in concord blended,
The banner of Britain's might!
But the central gem of the ensign fair
Is the cross of the dauntless night!

THE GRANARY OF THE EMPIRE.

The comparative diagrams showing



THE GROWTH OF TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.



THE GROWTH OF FOUR YEARS.

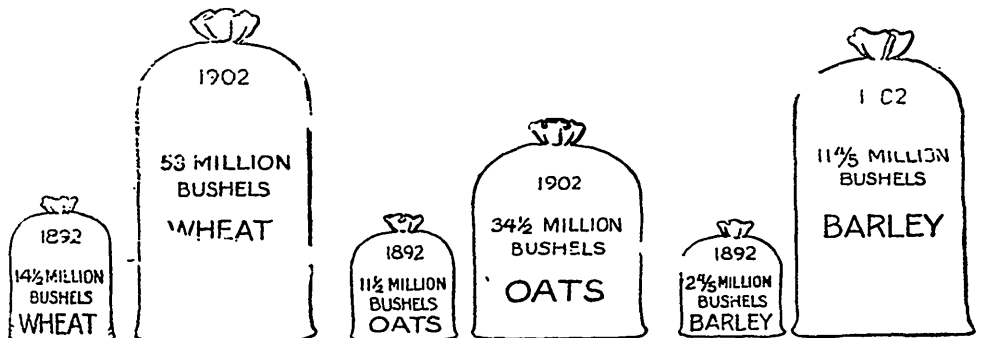
the growth in population and resources of our great North-West appeal through the eye to the mind more forcibly than stacks of statistics. These diagrams, through the courtesy of the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, are taken from the new Dominion Geography, prepared for circulation in both Great Britain and Canada. In our Dominion Day number of Onward, of date June 25th, a large number of pictures and diagrams from this book are presented.

Few things are more remarkable than the rapid development of the butter and cheese industry of Canada. Canada's strongest rival in this respect is the little kingdom of Denmark, whose dairy products have won their way into all the markets of the world. The Ontario Minister of Agriculture, with Professor Day, of the Ontario College, are proceeding to Denmark to study the conditions which make the Danes such successful competitors in supplying the British market. It is remarkable that Canada should have so far outrun her great southern neighbour in this in-

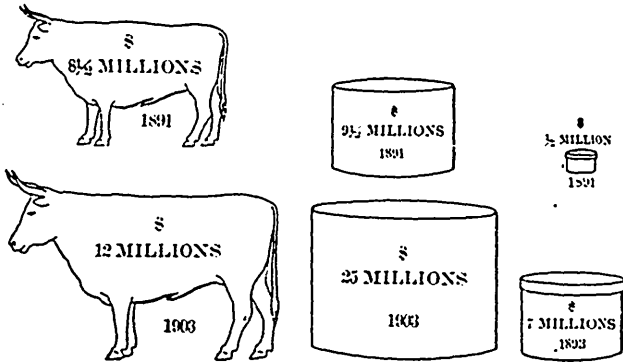
dustry. The green pastures and cool waters of our Dominion are the ideal home for the cattle upon a thousand hills which flourish in this favoured land.

The successive increases of income of Canada year after year are a significant evidence of the Divine blessing. God pours out his wealth unstintedly—the sunshine and the shower, the fertilizing influences of nature—so that our barns burst out with plenty. Canada is becoming in a very remarkable degree the granary of the Empire. The growth of only a quarter of a century is strikingly shown in the annexed diagram. The increase of cattle throughout the Dominion and in Manitoba presents very remarkable results. On account of the very easy conditions under which grain is raised and harvested in the North-West, the margin of profit is very much greater than in any other lands. This is shown in the triangular diagram on page 89.

Forests.—The British Columbia forest belt extends 770 miles northward, and is from 200 to 300 miles



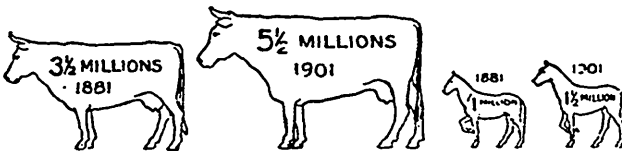
INCREASE IN PRINCIPAL CEREALS.



INCREASE IN CATTLE, CHEESE AND BUTTER.

wide. It is the most valuable timber belt on the North American continent. The Northern belt covers practically the whole of the Laurentian Highland, that is, from Labrador to the Mackenzie River, a distance of some 3,000 miles,

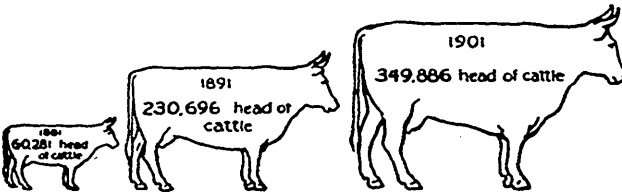
Atlantic and Pacific coasts are extensive fisheries, while countless lakes, with their tributary streams, teem with fish of the greatest value as food. The vast salmon industries on the Pacific coast are in some respects the



INCREASE IN LIVE STOCK.

with an average width of over two hundred miles. This is the greatest spruce forest in the world. Canadian Fisheries.—Once, great quantities of fish were caught in most waters of North America, but over-

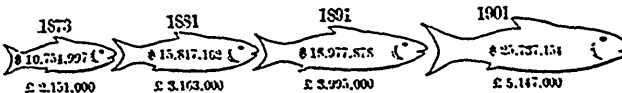
most remarkable in the world. In the season when fish are running upstream, the flow of the water is actually impeded, in the shallow places, by their numbers. Standing on the bank, one sees the whole river red with the



CATTLE IN MANITOBA.

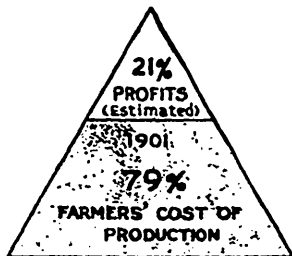
fishing and the harmful drainage into the rivers of the factories and towns on their banks have destroyed the fish in many rivers in the United States. Thus Canada has become the fishing ground of North America. On the

gleam of their sides, from which the scales have been rubbed in beating against the rocks and one another. Canning factories are built on these streams, and each year 9,000,000 to 10,000,000 fish are canned.



GROWTH IN THE VALUE OF CANADA'S FISHERIES.

Hudson's Bay and the coast waters from Ungava to Mackenzie River are the richest whaling grounds in the world, and the last home of the right whale (producing whalebone), which has, within the memory of living man, been driven from around Newfoundland.



Mining in Canada.—In 1901 Canada's mineral production was valued at \$66,712,708, and her mineral exports at \$42,310,800, over nine-tenths of which was exported to the United States.

A SONG OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Oh, would ye hear, and would ye hear,
 Of the windy, wide North-West
 Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
 That rolls as far and rolls as free,
 With drifts of flowers, so many there be,
 Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh, could ye see, and could ye see,
 The great gold skies so clear,
 The rivers that race through the pine shade
 dark,
 The mountainous snows that take no mark.
 Sunlit and high on the Rockies stark,
 So far they seem so near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel,
 How fresh is a western night!
 When the long land-breezes rise and pass
 And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
 When the dark blue skies are clear as glass.
 And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know, and for ever know,
 The word of the young North-West!
 A word she breathes to the true and bold,
 A word misknown to the false and cold,
 A word that never was spoken or sold,
 But the one that knows is blest."

IN THE FAR EAST.

The war in the East has made a long and strong advance by the invasion in force of the Liau Tung peninsula. If there were any doubt as to the strategic skill, audacious courage and staying power of the Japanese after their successes on the

Yalu, their heroic fight at Kin-chou and the heights of Nanshan Hill has dissipated them for ever. It is harrowing to read of the reckless daring which made their serried ranks press on to certain death though melting before the fire of emplaced batteries "like solder before a blow-pipe," until "battallions ceased to exist except as a trail of mutilated bodies." These victories are dearly bought. They are bought at the cost of untold physical anguish, of blighted homes and weeping wives and orphaned babes. The glamour and glitter, the pomp and circumstance of even successful war must not close our eyes to its essential barbarism and brutality.

Upon the colossal empire of Russia, which, with cynical contempt for the public opinion of the civilized world, refused to keep its oft-repeated pledges to evacuate Manchuria, must rest in large degree the guilt of this inhuman war. All that Japan asks is that the greatest military power in the world in the numbers of its warriors and extent of territory, shall maintain its oft-repeated pledges. It is now likely to be compelled to do, after a humiliating defeat, what it should and could have done with honour and with increased prestige and distinction.

The occupation of Dalny, with its piers and ports and docks and warehouses, the city built at such great cost by Russia, will give an immense



CHANGES IN THE MAP.

—Harper's Weekly.



DRAGGING GUNS THROUGH SIBERIAN SNOW-DRIFTS.

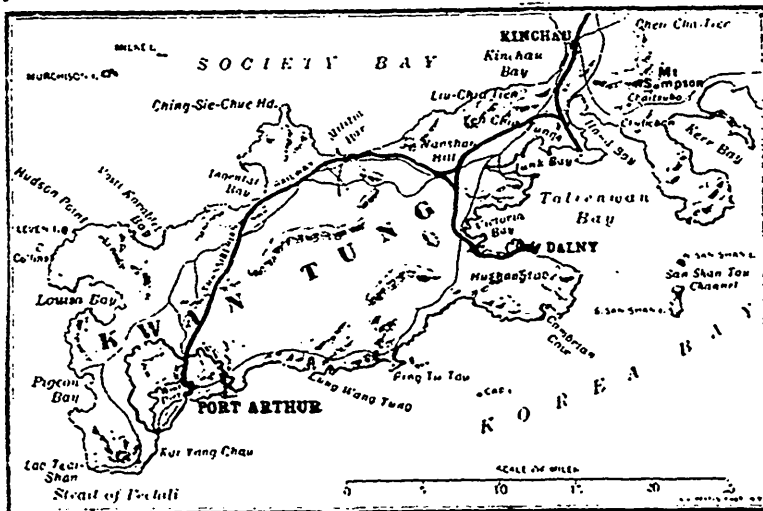
advantage to Japan in pressing the siege of the doomed fortress, Port Arthur.

Modern war is as much a matter of money as of men. It would seem as if the immense territorial and financial strength of Russia must in the end prevail over her diminutive enemy, but the great distance from her base of supplies, the immense cost of transport and maintenance, compared with

that of Japan, goes far to countervail this difference.

The Japanese commissariat is of the simplest. With a little rice and dried fish, with a little tea, or even cold water, he can maintain his fighting strength and vigour far better than the big and burly Muscovites.

Russian cartoons early in the war depicted the Muscovite armies as a colossal moujik tramping the Japan-



MAP OF THE KWAN TUNG PENINSULA.

ese forces beneath his seven-leagued boots as he strode through Korea to Japan, where he declared that the war would be ended by the capture of Tokio. It is a curious irony of fate that we now read of Russia in feverish haste fortifying St. Petersburg and Kronstadt, as if in fear of an attack upon these Western windows looking into European waters. We may be sure that the Japs have no such preposterous purpose. Their strength is to sit still, to occupy maritime Manchuria, within a few hours' sail from their ports and shores, and let their foes attempt the difficult task of ousting them therefrom.

The story of the death of Admiral Makaroff on April 13, with the loss of his flagship, the "Petropavlovsk," and some six hundred of his men, is known to our readers. Vice-Admiral Stepan Osipovich Makaroff, commander-in-chief of the Russian naval forces in the Far East, was a man of a bold and vigorous personality, and after his arrival at Port Arthur the Russian vessels repeatedly acted on the



ADMIRAL MAKAROFF,
Who, previous to the destruction of his flag-ship, the "Petropavlovsk," was in charge of the Russian fleet off Port Arthur.



"WE ARE CONCENTRATING."—EUROPATKIN
TO CZAR.
—Washburn, in the Philadelphia Evening Post.

aggressive. Admiral Makaroff had been in active service for forty years or more, and his many promotions were usually the reward of achievements of distinction. In the Russo-Turkish War he was in command of a cruiser, and with it carried out some remarkable and audacious attacks on

Turkish ports. In reward he was not only promoted, but was personally honoured by the Czar, and received from him the Order of St. Vladimir. Before his promotion to supreme naval command in the East, Admiral Makaroff was military governor of Kronstadt.



MODERN WAR—Harper's Weekly.

Religious Intelligence.

CANADIAN ASSEMBLIES.

The leafy month of June is the favourite time for the ecclesiastical assemblies of Canada, and a very favourable time it is. The country wears its loveliest array. The fragrance of the lilac and apple blooms fills the air, and their beauty greets the eye, and the song of birds is heard on every side. The summer heat has not come, and the genial breath of spring invigorates the frame. These influences doubtless do much to promote the spirit of Christian optimism that characterizes these assemblies.

There has been marked religious progress in all the Churches. In our own Church, notwithstanding the severity of the winter, which prevented special efforts in many ways, there will be reported considerable increase of numbers, and of our connexional funds, especially of the Missionary Fund, which is the barometer of the spiritual life of the Church, marked increase.

Our colleges and universities have had a year of great prosperity, our oldest institution, Victoria, closing the year with a small surplus, having added to its plant, through the generosity of the Massey family, what is probably one of the finest woman's residences on this continent.

The publishing interests of our Church also report continued prosperity. The Guardian has an increased circulation of nearly four thousand, and the Sunday-school publications about seven thousand.

Our Conferences have taken strong ground on the temperance question. They protest against partnership of the State in the liquor traffic, and demand with increasing earnestness the banishment of the bar.

It was a genuine surprise to many, though not to all, to note with what spontaneous and almost universal favour the great question of denominational union was received in all the Conferences. As the largest of the negotiating bodies, the Methodist Church can well afford, without any loss of dignity or propriety, to be the very foremost in this negotiation. There is no need of her hanging back in order for more ardent wooing from the other Churches. Of this union we may say in the words of the great dramatist, "If it were well it

were done, it were well it were done quickly."

Amid the general complaint of the lack of recruits for the ministry, our own Church has little ground for complaint. It is not so much the men for the home and foreign work who are needed as the means to send those who offer. Scores of volunteers are waiting marching orders to advance to the firing-line on the high places of the field.

In one important respect the proposed union will promote much needed economy. Though our denominational work and membership are not greatly in advance of those of our Presbyterian friends, yet the number of our ministers is nearly twice as many. They are doing their work in this regard with a far greater economy of men and means. The divisions and subdivisions of our circuits have made it more difficult to give an income adequate to the increased cost of living to those who carry on the work. Our Presbyterian friends in the country places will go further to attend church than the Methodists; consequently they have often larger churches and more adequate compensation for their ministers. By consolidation of resources, we may expect a large number of able men to be set free to heed the imperious call from the great North-West to thrust in the sickle and reap, for the harvest-time is fully come.

In the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at St. John, the same more than friendly attitude to union was exhibited, and a desire for an even wider union was strongly expressed. A large and influential committee was appointed to confer at an early date with committees of other Churches.

In the Congregational Union, and even in the Anglican Synods, the same ardent desire for Christian union and co-operation was manifested. It is felt that, too long, brethren who are one in aim and purpose have been estranged in sympathy and effort, that the time for union of forces against a common foe is now. The feeling of the ministers and leading laymen throughout the country, as reflected in the press, is almost entirely strongly in favour of an early union. Of all the periodicals in the country, the only two exceptions to this chorus of

approval are, by a singular coincidence, the society paper known as Saturday Night and The Canadian Baptist. But we hope that eventually our Baptist friends will feel the need of uniting their energies in a corporate manner with the Christian forces of this land. All these Churches are natural allies in the great work of evangelizing the world.

A GREAT RELIGIOUS PARLIAMENT.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was one of the most august religious parliaments ever held. It represented a membership that had grown in four years from 2,893,893 to 3,033,918. Its 752 delegates came from every continent of the world and from many islands of the sea. A feature of special interest was the request of Bishop Merrill, in the seventy-ninth year of his life and fifty-ninth of his ministry, to be superannuated. This prepared the way for the retiring of five other venerable bishops who had served faithfully their generation—the great educational leader, Dr. Vincent; the stalwart Waldron, “in whom the fire of the old circuit rider has never expired or languished”; the saintly Foss; the scholarly Mallalieu; the courtly Andrews.

In view of the incessant travel and travail and great responsibilities of the leaders of Methodism, it was felt that it was neither just to the Church nor to those venerable men to require them to bear for another quadrennium the burden of work which comes to the chief shepherds of so vast a Church. It was a very impressive hour when these men were laid aside from the active duties which they have so faithfully rendered to the Church of God. It vindicated, moreover, the true democracy of Methodism. It affirmed the fact that the Episcopacy was not a prelatial order, but an office; that the power which made the bishops could, with all love and reverence, unmake or retire them.

It is a painful hour when any man, whether the humblest circuit rider or the chief official of a great Church learns that his day of active work is done; but this great Church makes no distinction between the lowliest and the loftiest—a true Christian democracy.

The new bishops are men in the prime and vigour of life, and in all probability will render long years of service to the cause of God. Dr.

Joseph Berry was elected on the first ballot. Like Bishop Warne he is a Canadian and proud of it. He has achieved remarkable success as a leader of the Epworth League. He has stepped down from the tallest pulpit in Methodism to accept the office of bishop. Under his editorship The Herald reached the great circulation of 130,000 copies, and is a great power for good in the land.

William Burt was born in Padstow, Cornwall. After several years' service in the United States he was for twenty years the successful administrator of Methodist missions in Italy. Henry Spellmeyer was born in New York, though, we judge by his name, of German origin. His life has been spent in the pastorate. W. F. McDowell has been for nine years Chancellor of the University of Denver—an accomplished scholar and man of marked rhetorical ability. James W. Bashford has been President of Ohio Wesleyan University since 1889—a man of brilliant scholarship, well known in Canada. Luther B. Wilson, like Dr. Bashford, has been a delegate to our General Conference—a man of marked ability. Thomas B. Neeley, the brilliant editor of the Sunday-school periodicals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is distinguished as a parliamentarian and debater, rivalling in this respect Dr. J. M. Buckley. Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, a man of massive proportions, both physical and intellectual, was also elected to the bench of bishops, but declined the honour, feeling that his work was in the sphere in which he has won such success.

For the first time, we believe, a coloured bishop has been elected by the Methodist Episcopal Church—Dr. I. B. Scott, for eight years editor of The Southwestern Christian Advocate, who was elected Bishop of Africa with co-ordinate authority with Bishop Hartzell. Dr. J. E. Robinson and W. F. Oldham were elected bishops of Southern Asia, and Dr. M. C. Harris, Bishop of Japan and Korea. Dr. Herben, of the New York Christian Advocate, was elected editor of The Epworth Herald, to succeed Dr. Berry, and President E. M. Randall, of Puget Sound University, was elected General Secretary of the Epworth League. Both these offices have been filled by Dr. Berry.

The visit of the fraternal delegates from the other Methodist Churches furnished a living link attesting the truth of Wesley's words, “The Meth-

odists are one throughout the world." Our own William Dobson made a unique impression. He is a man of highest standing in the Conference—six foot three or four—a man in every way to be looked up to. His quaint humour, his shrewd wisdom, his sanctified common-sense quite captured the Conference. Dr. Kilgo, the repre-

sentative of Southern Methodism, by his words of wisdom and emotional fervour, did much to knit more closely together these long estranged Churches. The English and Irish Methodists brought warm greetings from the Church beyond the sea, which is "the mother of us all."

Book Notices.

"The Life of Frederic William Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., etc., sometime Dean of Canterbury." By his son, Reginald Farrar. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxii-361. Price, \$2.00 net.

This is a great life of a great and good man. Dean Farrar came of good preaching stock. His father was a missionary in India, and one of his forefathers, Bishop Farrar, of St. David's, was burned alive during the persecutions of the Protestants under Mary Tudor. He was himself a great scholar, a great writer, and a great preacher. As a boy he was fonder of books than of play, and early became a regular Sunday-school teacher. His father was poor, and at school the boy lived on Spartan fare, drinking only water and earning his own education by prizes. His schooling never cost his parents a penny.

Many of his school-fellows became famous in after-life—bishops, primates, statesmen and authors. He refers to them as

"A little bench of bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo."

Sir Edwin Arnold states that Farrar beat him in everything but divinity, in which, by a strange irony, he, the future sceptical poet, won the prize from the future famous divine.

As the head master of some of England's famous schools, Dean Farrar saw that the boys under his care had better fare than he had himself as a scholar. His first sermon was preached in a workhouse a few hours after his ordination, and a very poor sermon he says it was. The best of it was a quotation from a homily which he tried to believe was written by his martyred ancestor. With all his scholarship he "had never had a minute's training or advice about preaching."

He was more a man of books than a man of affairs. A constant stream flowed from his pen, from "Eric," his story of schoolboy life, down to his latest work, "The Life of Lives,"—a score of volumes, some of which reached a thirty-sixth edition. The greatest of these was his "Life of Christ," a work of four years' study and travel. It was translated into many languages, and has given uncounted hosts a more vivid conception of that matchless life.

An intense lover of justice, and chivalrous as Sir Philip Sidney, he often, heedless of personal results, championed the unpopular cause. His devotion to his friend, Bishop Colenso, and his sermons on the Larger Hope lost him a bishopric, but not for a moment did he regret his loyalty to his conscience. His championship of the unpopular cause of total abstinence, and his ringing sermons on the subject in Westminster Abbey, and his work side by side with General Booth, show his fidelity to his sense of right and duty.

His private life was one of great beauty. He was intensely domestic; would work at his desk in a room surrounded by his children, of whom ten grew up to manhood and womanhood, undisturbed by their chatter or games. After a hard day's work at school his study lamp would burn far into the night, and he valued his holidays chiefly for the privilege they gave him of working thirteen hours a day at his beloved book. He had a keen love of nature and wide reading in many tongues.

His successive promotions from schoolmaster to rector, canon and dean, were of the Irish sort, bringing a decrease of salary. He earned large sums by his pen, but gave lavishly to every good cause.

We had the pleasure of meeting Dean Farrar at the hospitable table of

Professor Goldwin Smith at the "Grange," and were charmed with his gracious courtesy, transparent simplicity and wholsomeness of character. Twice between table courses he went to the window to admire the majestic elms on the lawn in the full splendour of their autumnal foliage. Speaking of his pirated "Life of Christ," he said, "If I had received royalties on these sales I should have been a very rich man instead of a very poor one."

He had a genial vein of humour, and when at Westminster referred to himself, wife, daughters, and curates as respectively "the Rector, the Director, the Mis-Directors, and the Correctors."

His lectures on Browning did much to interpret that latter-day prophet to the prosaic age in which he lived. John Stuart Mill, impressed with the beauty of Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," wrote to Tait's Magazine asking permission to review the book. The editor replied that he would esteem it an honour to receive a paper from his pen, but the book had already been reviewed. Mill turned to the Magazine and found this: "Bells and Pomegranates. By Robert Browning. Balderdash." "I consider," said Browning, "that this so-called review retarded recognition of my work by twenty years."

It makes us feel a touch of human nature to learn that this saintly scholar used to play football with the schoolboys and come home covered with mud from head to foot. For cricket he did not care, and satirized the athletic craze that made men think the world was fashioned on the model of a cricket ball.

The last years of his life were the most beautiful of all. In age and feebleness extreme he learned that "they also serve who only stand and wait." A muscular atrophy deprived him of power to move hand or foot or even to lift his head. Yet he was never more serene and cheerful, even to gracious playfulness, than during those years. Loyal to his schoolboys to the last, the day before his death, in spite of a bitterly cold wind, rather than disappoint them, he insisted on being driven to witness their sports. That night, he was busy preparing his Sunday lesson for the boys of the cathedral choir. Next day, faithful unto death, he passed away to receive the crown of life.

"Napoleon. A Short Biography." By R. M. Johnston. New York: A.

S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiii-248. Price, \$1.00 net.

If a novelist had created so potent a figure as that of Napoleon Bonaparte, endowing him with such extraordinary characteristics as that soldier of fortune possessed, and leading him through such remarkable vicissitudes, it would have been called an outrage on all possibilities. But truth is stranger than fiction. The plain, unvarnished tale of Napoleon's career is one of the most dramatic narratives ever recorded. The Little Corporal of Corsica changed the face of Europe and gave a new trend to its whole history. "Without some knowledge of this extraordinary man and of his period it is impossible to understand the politics, constitution, and general circumstances of modern Europe."

It is estimated that Napoleonic literature reaches forty thousand volumes. This book is the best summary of the extraordinary record of the world despot that we know. Napoleon's own story of his life, dictated at St. Helena, our author describes as base and misleading. "He was busy elaborating the Napoleonic legend, creating an atmosphere of fact from which he hoped would emerge at some future time an empire for his son." The narrative is made much more intelligible by means of nine maps illustrating his great campaigns.

"The Story of the Churches." The Congregationalists. By Leonard Woolsey Bacon. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 280. Price, \$1.00 net.

Now that the union of the Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Methodists becomes a question of practical ecclesiastical policy, the series of books on the Story of the Churches will have fresh interest and value to our readers. Methodists should know more of the historic and doctrinal status of these Churches. They will find how much more numerous and important are the great essentials in which we agree than the minor points in which we differ. The Congregationalists, though less numerous than some other Churches, have played an important part in the development of civil and religious liberty and in the great philanthropies of Christendom, especially in Christian missions. This

book gives a concise and judicious account of the origin of Independence, the heroic story of the Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers, the great awakening in New England, the Unitarian Disruption, and the recent progress of this Church.

"The Singular Miss Smith." By Florence Morse Kingsley, author of "Titus," "Stephen," etc. New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: George Morang Co. Pp. 208. Price, \$1.25.

We have had several examples of students of social conditions who, to get the point of view of the working classes, have taken service, lived among the poor, and come in touch with their daily life and needs. But we do not know any in which this was so dramatically presented as in this story. The Singular Miss Smith, possessing a fortune in her own right, is disappointed with the dilettante attempts to solve the social problem of the Ontological Club of her native town. She takes service under sometimes very harsh conditions that she may study the problem for herself. Among her strange acquaintances is a decent foundry-man who proves to be Professor in Sociology of Harvard. After considerable illumination through their working ex-

periences, they agree to pool their resources and efforts for the uplift of the working people. There is a good deal of shrewd wisdom and not a little quaint humour in this story.

RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR NOTICE
IN THIS NUMBER.

"History of Socialism in the United States." By Morris Hillquit. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 371. Price, \$1.50 net.

"The History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia." Formerly New Caledonia. (1660 to 1880.) By the Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I. With map and illustrations. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-349. Price, \$2.50.

"A United Empire Loyalist in Great Britain." Here and There in the Homeland. By Canniff Haight. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 616. Price, \$2.25.

"The Queen's Quair; or, The Six Years' Tragedy." By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. viii-509. Price, \$1.50.

Our Sixtieth Volume.

This number of The Methodist Magazine and Review begins its sixtieth volume. No other magazine published in this country has ever attained such an age, or even, we think, half this age, though many and excellent magazines have been projected, flourished for a time, and failed. We thank the patrons of this magazine for their continued support throughout so many years.

We have endeavoured throughout all these years to cultivate "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." We have also sought to promote an intelligent patriotism among our people. To no nation has God ever given so glorious

a heritage as is ours. In all our periodicals we endeavour to make our readers more familiar with its vast extent, its exhaustless resources, its boundless possibilities. We have had many messages of cheer and encouragement, but no message can carry such cheer and help as the extension of its circulation, which alone can give increased resources for further development. We urgently need an addition of at least one thousand new subscribers to enable us to more nearly fulfil our ideal of what a Methodist family magazine should be. Will not our many friends try by kindly word and by showing this magazine to a neighbour or acquaintance seek to procure for us at once a still wider sphere of influence.